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As I look bact on it, now, I cannot understand why I did this. It was the only piece of proof, the only clue left. And yet, when he asked to keep it for a little, I consented without so much as a demur. I argued, I suppose, that he was a reputable merchant, with an established business, and that, therefore, treachery on his part was not to be considered.

"And your friend," he said, as he folded the paper, "was never in China?"

"Never." I affirmed.

"How do you know?" "He has told me so."

It was neither a smile nor a sneet which floated for just a moment across those sphinx-like features. It was a look of pitying tolerance, a patronizing gleam, merely, from the small, deepset, almond eyes. One of England's greatest actresses, in speaking of the Chinese, has said: "They look as if they are always thinking, 'I have lived before you; I shall live after you." That was how Yup Sing looked then. But he merely said:

"Very well. I will learn what I can. "Soon?" I begged. "Very soon?" He stood up, an imposing figure in

his purple siik. "Come to me tomorrow evening. Not here, but at the Chinese restaurant on Doyers street. Come at nine o'clock."

From my pocket I drew out the copy of the afternoon paper, and pointed to the article about the Celestial and the mysterious box.

"Do you suppose that could have any bearing on the matter?" anked.

He adjusted his spectacles and read the half-column, slowly, from first to last. Then he smiled.

"I have that box in my cellar." said. "It contains woolen underwear shipped to me from Lowell, Massachusetts."

But I scarcely heard him, for my attention was on the swiftly moving brush of the little Chinese maid, as, deftly handled, it now blocked out with bold black strokes a silhouette upon the piece of rice paper before her-a familiar silhouette of a short, clumsy curved boat with broad lug-

CHAPTER XIL

"We Were in Peking Together." At my evening conference with Evelyn Grayson, reviewing the day's events, I dwelt with some insistence upon the singularity of that episode at Yup Sing's.

"It was impressively significant," I maintained, "even if it was only a coincidence. Incidentally it convinced me that nothing escaped Mr. Yup's observation. I had no intention of referring to my discovery. I chose rather to have him think I had not noticed the figure the child was painting. But my choice was not to be gratified. He knew that I had seen and noticed it; and so, to relieve the situation, he frankly directed my attention to the symbol, explaining that what I had regarded as mysterious was most commonplace. It is one of the first things that Chinese babies learn to draw, he went on, 'It is like the pothook and hanger of the American primary schools. First they draw houses, then ships, then men; and the houses, the ships and the men are all alike, just as are your A's, your B's, and your C's. 'And when signed to a letter.' queried, 'what does your ship stand He shrugged his lean shoulders in a manner almost Gallic. "Who shall say?" he returned."

"And do you believe the pothock and hanger explanation?" Evelyn asked, pointedly. It was her way to probe at once to the heart of a matter.

"I can't say that I am altogether convinced," I answered, non-committally. "In apite of Mow's enthusiastic encomium, I was not very favorably impressed by Yap Sing. His wall of reserve is too high and too thick. It is neither scalable nor penetrable. And yet he stands well, I believe, in the community."

We sat in the music room, where fire of drift wood wove a woof of green and violet strands through the red warp of the blaze, for the weather had turned chiff. Evelyn wore a clinging gown of black panne velvet, with purple orchids at her waist. It had a wonderfully mature effect for one so young as she, but it was not unbecoming. Indeed it effectively accentuated the deep raw gold tints of her hair and added to the transparency of her unwonted pallor. I was marvelling once again over her outwardly brave up-bearing in spite of the constant enxiety of which pallid cheeks were the only visible sign, when she said: was sure we should hear from

Captain MacLeod today. "He has probable met with rough venther," L.consoled. "It isn't child's g rounding Point Judith at this sea-

> th weather or not," she insistmust have reached Gloucester

"Gloucester is something of place," I explained, adopting the vernacular. "It includes no less than eight villages and five thousand men are engaged there in the fishing industry. MacLeod can't be expected to learn in five minutes whether a man named Peter Johnson is one of the five thousand."

the state of the s

had no answer ready.

and when our eyes turned downward was on the train for Tien-tsin."

"mais voici des lettres qui jai trouve." gard, Addison." tin despatch box.

Evelyn directed him to place it upon the table by which she sat. It seemed that she had not given over the idea that the letters for which we had searched so diligently on Sunday were somewhere in the house, and had directed Louis to bring to her anything in the way of writing that he could lay his hands upon.

He had found the despatch box, he told us, hidden away behind some seldom employed volumes in the library. and thinking it might contain that of which Miss Grayson was in quest, had foced the lock, to discover several carefully-tied packets of letters.

I wish I could give even a half adequate idea of the way she thanked Louis. It would add so much to a realizing sense of her sweetness without detracting at all from the envisagement of her dignity. No one could have heard her "bon garcon" and not have felt impelled to consecrate his endeavors henceforth and forevermore to her service. As for Louis his respectful homage and fidelity were almost pagan. I verily believe he would willingly have suffered martyrdom to serve ber.

As he withdrew we fell avidly upon the contents of the box, yet with small hope of finding what we sought; for the letters it contained were all, apparently of distant date; letters, for the most part. of a private, personal nature, carefully apsorted, and arranged in red-taped or elastic-banded

It was no mere idle curiosity which impelled us to read many of them. We were in a position which may best be described as anomalous. Though Cameron was my dearest friend I defense knew little of his life prior to our meeting, and Evelyn, his niece and ward, was scarcely less uninformed than myself. In the letters just brought to light there might, we decided, be found some clue of incalculable service in the task now before us. And so we untied the tapes and stripped off the bands and set ourselves to careful painstaking examina-

deadly uninteresting at one moment and so keenly engrossing at the next. There was correspondence here which meant nothing to us whatever, and there was correspondence which threw a search-light upon portions of Cameron's career, baring good deeds and follies alike, without discrimination.

It was only natural, I suppose, that we should dig up a romance-a gem of luster shining amidst dun, sordid surroundings. Evelyn and I came upon two of its facets, simultaneously, and paused in our work to question its disposal. It seemed to us a holy thing, might prove our one agent of revela- ing. tion, we folded it away again with a "Voila, mademoiselle!" he exclaimsense of guilt at having dared to lift ed, delightedly. "Je viens de trou-

even the corner of the veft. For a full hour I had scanned one letter after another in absorbed in valet, nervously turning the pages, tentness, but with small profit. Eve- put his finger upon the name of Holyn, across the table, had been quite ratio Addison, M. D., with the air of as busy. Rarely had we interrupted one who had discovered buried treasour employment with exchange of ure. I am inclined to think that we words. But now the writing which I were ourselves almost as demonstraheld provoked exclamation.

ing the silence that the girl started. "Addison! Did you ever hear of him?" She gestured a negative. Not that I remember, she qualified. Why?"

"Because we must find him," I declared, a little excitedly, I imagine; for the letter seemed wonderfully im-

Instantly she was all alert. "What is it?" she asked, springing up and coming to my side.

have you found?" paper in one upraised hand, a finger totally wrecking his composure, for, of my other hand pointing to a pas- as he started to back from the room, sage. "Look! In 1903, your uncle Rob- I detected unmistakable tears glistenert was in Peking; and yet he gave me his word that he had never visited

China." Resting an arm on my shoulder and bending forward she read for herself: "Just to think! We were in Peking together and neither of us was aware of it until too]r'e! What a foregath-

chat would have been something; but | the clock and advised patience. It I no sooner saw you, than the crowd was already after midnight. on Legation street swallowed you up."

"Have you read it all?" "Not to the end," I told her, "just beginning and the signature. Come," I added, "we'll read it from first to last, together." And I turned

back the page. It was written from Cairo, and bore date of December 7, 1903.

"My dear Cameron," it began, "I am wondering whether you are back in New York again. However, you will probably be there for Christmas and therefore this letter will not long await you. We have been making a rather leisurely tour of the east. Arrived here two days ago and shall remain until some time in January." The writer then gave a general out-

line of his travels. "You will probably be surprised to learn that once you and I passed each other as ships in the night, save only that we did not even speak each other in passing," he went on. "It was my last day-indeed my last hour-in northern China. - Otherwise I should have made search

"But the who!e community would 'or you. Just to think! We were in know if one of their number had such Peking together, and neither of us an experience as he just passed was aware of it until too late. What through." And for this argument I a foregathering we missed! Even five ninutes' chat would have been some-Fortunately, however, none was re- ; hing; but I no sooner saw you, than quired of me, for at that moment :he crowd on Legation street swalsteps were audible crossing the hall, lowed you up. Half an hour later I

they encountered the dapper figure of . The rest of the letter was rather Louis, Cameron's French valet, halt- confusingly personal in its references ing respectfully on the threshold. ; to mutual friends and interests. It "Mademoiselle," he said, bowing, was signed: "Always with warm re-

name or his last?" Evelyn asked me as we came to it.

"I refuse to suppose," I returned, smiling. "It's an even chance, What more to the point is, how long has Louis been your uncle's valet?"

"Several years." "Several is indefinite. Too indefinite. Too indefinite. Suppose we have him in here and find out exactly. Possibly he knows Mr. Addi-

When Louis came, however, he knew nothing. He had never heard of Mr. Addison or of a Mr. Addison Something, in all the three years and eight months of his service with Mr. Cameron. So Evelyn thanked him once more in her own gracious way and we continued our work, directing our efforts especially now to uncerthing further Addison-signed letters which might prove enlightening.

"Why should Uncle Robert tell you be had never been in China?" Evelyn asked me, looking up suddenly and dropping to her lap the letter she was at that moment examining. "I can't my voice was a relief to the strained understand that."

"Nor I," I admitted. "If I had asked him out of idle curlosity he would have been justified perhaps in misleading me; but he must have known that it was in his interest I made the inquiry."

For just a moment she sat in silence, her narrowed gaze on the glowing embers in the fireplace. Then she turned to me again.

"Do you think, Philip, it was because he had something to hide?" she asked, seriously. "Something he was ashamed of and feared might become

instantly I sprang to my friend's

"No," I assured her, with emphasis. "No. Evelyn. Whatever his motive was, I am satisfied it had no dishonorable basis. If he told me a deliberate falsehood it was not to spare himself. Possibly-yes, probably, it was to shield others."

I was perfectly sincere in this, but even had I believed otherwise I should have been tempted to prevarication could I have foreseen my reward. Be-Seldom have I engaged in a labor so forer I quite realized her purpose Evelyn was out of her chair, had slipped over behind me, and encircling my neck with her arms, had pressed her lips softly to my cheek.

"Oh, how glad I am to hear you say hat! You believe in his bigness-in his nobility, just as I do, don't you, Philip, dear?"

"I'm sure he could never have been enilty of anything dishonorable," I declared again, imprisoning her hands. But the next moment, hearing steps again crossing the hall, I reluctantly released them.

For a third time Louis stood in the too sacred for a stranger touch, and, doorway. Now he upheld a small redeven at the risk of passing over what bound book, and his face was beam-

vant ce livre.'

It was a book of addresses, and the tively elated as he, for though "Addison!" I cried, so sharply cut- could not be sure that this was Cameron's correspondent, the odds certainly favored that conclusion; and unless the physician had died moved away since the entry was made. we were now in possession of his address, which chanced to be an apartment house on Madison avenue, that I knew to be given over entirely to doctors' offices.

This time Evelyn assured Louis that "What he was not merely a "good boy" but an incomparable assistant, and the "Look!" I commanded, the sheet of richness of the reward came nigh to ing on his lashes.

"Louis," I checked him, with sudden inspiration, "apportez-nous le directoire telephonie, s'il vous plait." And when the book was brought the fact that Dr. Addison's address had

not been changed was promptly es-

ering we missed. Even five minutes' [then and ther. t Evelyn pointed to

"Tomorrow," she said, in her wise fashion, "you shall call on him, and learn, 'f possible, how Uncle Robert replied to that letter. There is a difference, you know, Philip, between being in a place and having some one see you there. No one's eyes are infallible."

CHAPTER XIII.

When Damon Doubted Pythias. Not until I had been passed into an elevator by a dainty young woman in the white habit of a trained nurse. shot up four floors into the hands of another who might have been the first's twin sister, and ushered by her, in turn, into a severely professionalappearing waiting room, did it occur to me that I was upon an errand involving the employment of an extraordinary degree of tact. So imbued had I been with the importance of learning whether Cameron had or had not been in Peking in 1903, that up to this moment I had quite fost

sight of my own position. Now I asked myself, on what ground was I to make my plea for information? To tell this Dr. Addison the whole story would certainly be inexpedient. To hint even at alarm concerning Cameron might involve the precipitation of that financial disaster he had feared and regarding which he had warned me. Indeed, would not any effort to obtain the facts I desired be likely to arouse suspicion, no matter how delicately

The more I pondered the situation, And we saw, then, that he carried a "Do you suppose that is his first sitting there thoughtfully while one after another the patients who had preceded me passed into the physician's consultation room, the more beggarly, it seemed to me, became my chances of success. And when, at length, my turn came to enter the presence of my friend's friend, I was about persuaded that I should very soon be making an ignominious exit, branded as an impertinently meddling busybody.

I have always contended that it was Dr. Addison's severely professional air which was responsible for my inspiration, for no thought of such a course occurred to me, until standing dumbly hesitant before him, I became conscious that he was making mental inventory of me with a view to a diag-

The penetration of his gaze impresced me at once. His steel gray eyes were like a pair of converging probes; and they were his deminant feature. Aside from them has face was commonglace.

"Doctor," I said, and the sound of tension of the moment, "I learned of you through Mr. Cameron-Mr. Robert Cameron, a mutual friend."

I hoped to see his expression brighton at the name, but it did not. It there was any change whatever it was in the reverse direction. After a second's deliberation he asked:

"You wish to consult me regarding yourself?"

On a sudden impulse I enswered, "Yes," though I had neither ache nor rain, and, so far as I could judge, was perfectly normal.

"I see," he replied. "Am I right in assuming that your trouble is of a nervous character?"

Heaven knows that in spite of my fancied normality there had been sufficient reason in the past few weeks for my nerves to go awry. I confessed that I had been under considerable mental strain.

Thereupon, having bade me be seated, he began to ply me with questions with a view to sympathetic revelation. I fear, however, that I gave him meager material upon which to base a con clusion. I slept well, my appetite was excellent. I had observed neither a numbness nor a supersensitiveness in my finger tips, nor a sensation of fulness at the base of the brain. could not recall any twitching of my muscles, nor any diminution of muscular power. At length, after a brief

pause, he incuired: "Will you be good enough to tell me, Mr. Clyde, why you think you require

professional attention?" And my inability to answer him, offhand, paradoxical as it may seem, eventually supplied me with an answer at once truthful and convincing. "Because," I explained gravely, " find that of late I am losing my power

of mental co-ordination." The ardor with which he seized upon this index of my supposed malady was amusing. Instantly he grew obviously and deeply interested. have since learned that what is known as confusional insanity, a rare condition, usually has its inception in this wise, "without essential emotional disturbance," if I may quote an authority. At the time, I believe be was suspicious of a developing paresis. What he thought, however, or what he did not, is aside from the story. know only that his manner changed abruptly, his object evidently being to gain my full confidence. Whereupon, the bars of reserve lowered between ua, I ventured to revert to our so-called "mutual friend."

"This isn't anything like beri-beri, is it, doctor?" I began. My ideas of the disease I mentioned were of the haziest character. I knew, however, that it was common in the Orient, and thither I would lead him.

"Oh, no, Mr. Clyde," be answered, suavely enough, now. "Beri-beri is merely the eastern name for multiple neuritis. You haven't a neuritis or you would know it. I saw a great deal of beri-beri in China and on the Malay peninsula."

"Do I remember to have heard Cameron say he contracted it in the east?" I asked, plunging for a connection. "I don't recall that Cameron ever tablished. I was for calling him up, had it," was he esponse. And then

his brow grew moughtui. "Are you | duide in a so. . . disguised orgy of sure he told you that he had; and that he was attacked while in-in Asia?" I noted his hesitation over fixing the place, and wondered. At all events I had arrested his interest. Purposely

I adopted a tone of uncertainty. "N-n-no. I can't say definitely. But I had an impression that-- " And there I paused. When I continued it was with the direct question: "Do you happen to know, doctor, whether Cameron was ever in Peking? It seems to me

it was-" "I do know that he was in Peking," he interrupted, almost savagely. "He was in Peking, in September, 1903. To be exact, he was there on the fourteenth day of that month. I have reason to know it—a particular reason

to know it." After all, how easily the information I craved had come to me! And yet would have been glad to hear the contrary; for Cameron had assured me, in all solemnity, that he had never been in China, and it jarred upon my conception of the man's character to discover that he had tried to deceive me. I could only conclude that his

purpose was praiseworthy. But Dr. Addison had not finished.

"Tell me!" he was demanding, eagerly. "Tell me! I have excuse for asking. Has he ever admitted to you that he was there?"

"Now I come to think of it," I returned, "he hasn't. But I had the information from some one, I am pretty

With an effort the physician commanded himself. When he spoke again

he was comparatively composed. "Mr. Clyde," he said apologetically, "I am not given to discussing personal matters with my patients, but the fact that you and Cameron are friends, and the fact that this subject has come up, make it almost imperative, I suppose, that I should explain briefly the feeling I have just exhibited. Five years ago Rob Cameron and I were about as near counterparts of Damon and Pythias as ever existed. While Cameron was in Europe, I had an opportunity to go around the world with a patient. We dawdled a good deal, and, you understand how uncertain correspondence is under those circumstances. I never knew just where I should be at any given time. Consequently, a number of letters were missed by both of us. I was still thinking of Cameron as in England or on the European continent, when lo and behold, I saw him one morning, burrying along the principal street of the inner city of Peking. I don't know whether you have ever been there or not, but if you have, you know what that thoroughfare is. It was all bustle and activity that day, and about as crowded as Broadway at the noon hour, but with much more picturesque and contrasting currents of individuals and vehicles. I was in a carriage, myself, and Cameron was afoot, walking in the opposite direction. As we passed each other, he did not seem to see me, though called to him loudly. This, however, did not surprise me, for there was an angodly racket in progress. Instantly, I had the carriage turned about, but before I could overtake him, he was tost in the crowd. I was leaving Peking that afternoon, and so had no chance to look him up. I wrete him afterwards and told him of the incident, and how I regretted having to go away without exchanging at least a word with him. To my amazement be not only denied having been in Peking, but in the Chinese empire at

all. When we met in London, the following spring, and I recalled the matter, asking why he had refused to admit what I knew to be the truth, be became felly indignant; and that was the beginning of the end. If I had conceded the possibility of mistake on my part, all might have been well, I suppose; but there was no such possibility. I had known Cameron for twenty-odd years, and I could not have made an error. I had seen him distinctly, clearly, at midday in the open It was he beyond all peradventure, and from that time to this I have been unable to conceive why he lied to me, and why he chose to end our friend-

dubitable fact." His explanation finished, he reached for a pen, and, as he dipped it in the ink, he added:

ship rather than admit what was in-

"I trust you will pardon me, Mr.

Clyde. I have detained you." "You have interested me," I assured him. "And that more than I can tell you." Which was quite true; yet 1 was even more perplexed than interested. To the maze of circumstances there was now added another baffling feature.

Dr. Addison handed me the prescription he had written.

"After meals, and at bedtime," he directed, with a return to his professional manner. "If you do not find yourself much better at the end of a week, come in again."

On the sidewalk I tore the little square of paper into bits which the wind carried in a tiny flurry across Madison avenue.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Dark of Doyers Street. At one o'clock that day, Evelyn Grayson joined me at luncheon at Sherry's. She had been in no mood to wait any longer than was absolutely necessary for tidings of my visit to Dr. Addison; and, moreover, she had news of her own which she was

anxious to convey to me. I have often wondered why it is that the I-told-you-so passion is inherent in all women. There are those who manage to control it with admirable success under average circumstances, but soconer or later, even the most courageous battlers against this maternal heritary succumb, and in-

reproach. Evelyn might have told me, for instance, that Captain MacLeod, after careful investigation, had been unable to discover either hair or hide of Peter Johnson in Gloucester or elsewhere, and stopped there. That is what a man would have done. But, altogether admirable though she was, the eternal feminine was strong within her. Therefore it was incumbent roon ber to add:

"It doesn't surprise me, Philip. When you told me how you picked that man up, I was confident that he was floating out there in your path just for that very purpose."

I had no inclination to dispute the point with her. That was the most painful part of it. I knew that she was right—that in putting Peter Johuson ashore, instead of in irons, I had committed an error that might prove irremediable. But why couldn't she see that I realized it, and was smarting under my own condemnation, and so have spared me this added torture of hers? Why? Because she was her mother's daughter. That is the only answer.

As for my interview with "Pythias" Addison, we discussed it in all its phases, without reaching anything like a definite conclusion. Taking everything into consideration the evidence certainly seemed convincing that Cameron, in spite of his denials, had been in China in 1903. And yet we could not reconcile this with that almost fanatical love of truth which we knew to be his.

"Couldn't Dr. Addison have been mistaken?" Evelyn asked,

"It is possible, of course," I answered. "Yet Cameron's face and figure are not of a common type. Besides, I don't believe in doubles. I have heard of so-called wonderful likenesses, but I have never seen any that would deceive a friend of twenty years' standing."

A little later she inquired whether the detective engaged to shadow Philetus Murphy had furnished a report. "Yes," I told her, "it came in my

morning's mail. Murphy is still at Cos Cob. He didn't leave his bungalow all day yesterday, and he had no callers."

"I'm crazy to know what you learn tonight from Yup Sing," she went on. eagerly. "Oh, how I do hope it will give us some hint! It seems terrible to think of Uncle Robert in the hands of those unconscionable Chinamen. And, Philip, don't you think you had better take some one with you? I suppose Mr. Yup is to be trusted, but at the same time, you must remember you are going into the enemy's camp, and you should be careful."

But I laughed at the notion of tak-

ing a body-guard. "I'm to meet him at nine o'clock," I told her, "la a public restaurant. Besides, there'll be a crowd of those 'Seeing New York' people down there about that time, and Chinatowa will be on its best behavior. So never fear, little girl. Do you want me to telephone you when I get uptown? You know I'm going to stop tonight at my

rooms in the Loyalton." "Of course I want you to telephone me," she returned, emphatically. "It shouldn't take you very long to hear what Mr. Yup has to tell, should it? I shall be expecting you to call me up between ten and half-past, or by eleven at the latest; so don't dare to go

for supper first." "As if I could think of supper," I said, looking at her in a way I had, "when I might be hearing your voice!"

Could I have foreseen what the night was to bring forth I certainly should have discouraged her waiting for my message. But the power of prevision is given to few of us, and of those few I am not one.

Assuredly I had no misgivings as, after dining at the University club that evening, I stepped into an electric hansom and gave the driver the address of the Doyers street restaurant. Whatever it may have been in the past, I believed the Chinatown of the present to be, outwardly at least, a reasonably law-abiding section of the borough of Manhattan. And was not I that night the guest of one of its most honored citizens? What, therefore, had I to fear?

On the contrary, as we turned from the Bowery into that little semicircular thoroughfare which is perhaps the most characteristic of Chinatown's three principal streets, I was pleasantly interested. This was quite a different place from that which I had visited the afternoon before. Then, a sort of brooding quiet reigned over what was so ordinary as to be scarcely distinctive; for that part of Mott street on which the Yup Sing establishment is located, have since learned, is merely one of the gates of the real Chihatown, of which Doyers street is the heart and center-and which awakens only after nightfall.

Now the place was alive and alight. Narrow roadway and still narrower sidewalks were thronged with a combination of denizens and sightseers. Shop fronts and upper windows glowed with varying degrees of brightness. From the Chinese theater on the left came a bedlam of inharmonious sounds: the brazen crash of cymbals, the squeaking of raucous stringed instruments, the resounding clangor of a gong. Voices high-pitched and voices guttural, mingled with hoarse and strident laughter, echoed from wall to wall of the street's encroaching

squalfd buildings. (To be continued.)

Grandfather's Record. "Did any of your ancestors do thing to cause posterity to remember them?" baked the haughty woman. "I rechte they did," replied Farmer Corntones. My grandfather put mortgages (this place that ain't off ret."