

The SABLE By HORACE HAZELTINE LORCHA

COPYRIGHT, 1914, A. C. McCLURG & CO.

As I look back on it, now, I cannot understand why I did this. It was the only piece of proof, the only clue left.

"Gloucester is something of a place," I explained, adopting the vernacular. "It includes no less than eight villages and five thousand men."

"Never," I affirmed. "How do you know?" "He has told me so."

Fortunately, however, none was required of me, for at that moment steps were audible crossing the hall, and when our eyes turned downward they encountered the dapper figure of Louis, Cameron's French valet.

"Do you suppose that could have any bearing on the matter?" I asked. "I adjusted his spectacles and read the half-column, slowly, from first to last. Then he smiled."

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.

"What is it?" she asked, springing up and coming to my side. "What have you found?" "Look!" I commanded, the sheet of paper in one upraised hand, a finger of my other hand pointing to a passage.

"What is it?" she asked, springing up and coming to my side. "What have you found?" "Look!" I commanded, the sheet of paper in one upraised hand, a finger of my other hand pointing to a passage.

ering we missed. Even five minutes' chat would have been something; but I no sooner saw you, than the crowd on Legation street swallowed you up."

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."

"Do you suppose that is his first 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 is more to the point is, how long has Louis been your uncle's valet?"

When Louis came, however, he knew nothing. He had never heard of a 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.

"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."

"Voilà, mademoiselle!" he exclaimed, delightedly. "Je viens de trouver ce livre." It was a book of addresses, and the valet, nervously turning the pages, put his finger upon the name of Horatio Addison, M. D., with the air of one who had discovered buried treasure.

"This time Evelyn assured Louis that he was not merely a 'good boy' but an incomparable assistant, and the richness of the reward came right to totally wrecking his composure, for, as he started to back from the room, I detected unmistakable tears glistening on his lashes.

then and there. Evelyn pointed to the clock and advised patience. It was already after midnight. "Tomorrow," she said, in her wise fashion, "you shall call on him, and learn, if possible, how Uncle Robert replied to that letter."

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 professional-appearing waiting room, did it occur to me that I was upon an errand important to me.

The more I pondered the situation, sitting there thoughtfully while one after another the patients who had preceded me passed into the physician's consultation room, the more begrudgingly 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.

"Doctor," I said, and the sound of my voice was a relief to the strained tension of the moment. "I learned of you through Mr. Cameron—Mr. Robert Cameron, a mutual friend."

"Will you be good enough to tell me, Mr. Clyde, why you think you require professional attention?" And my inability to answer him, off-hand, paradoxical as it may seem, eventually supplanted me with an answer at once truthful and convincing.

"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.

"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 had it," was his response. And then

his brow grew thoughtful. "Are you sure he told you that he had; and that he was attacked while in—Asia?" I noted his hesitation over fixing the place, and wondered. At all events I had arrested his interest.

"I do not 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."

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."

"You wish to consult me regarding yourself?" On a sudden impulse I answered, "Yes," though I had neither ache nor pain, and so far as I could judge, was perfectly normal.

"His explanation finished, he reached for a pen, and, as he dipped it in the ink, he added: "I trust you will pardon me, Mr. Clyde. I have detained you."

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 sooner or later, even the most courageous batters against this maternal herit—succumb, and in-

duge in a so... disguised orgy of 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 upon her 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."

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.

"I'm crazy to know what you learn tonight from Yip 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. Yip 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."

"Of course I would 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 provision 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?

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 squalid buildings. (To be continued.)

Grandfather's Record. "Did any of your ancestors do things to cause posterity to remember them? I asked the naughty woman. "I reckon they did," replied Farmer Corcoran. "My grandfather put mortgages on this place that ain't off yet."