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in a blunt, logical way that reminded me of Evelyn's faculty of going to the root of things. "You see, you know so little. The story about the portrait | ship. and the mirror, the police would regard as more amusing than convinc-And besides, you haven't any proof. Yup Sing, you tell me, has the only original letter, and by this time he may have lost it or have forgotten that he ever had it. If you had seen as much of the Chinese as I have, you would appreciate how wily they are. My belief is that the police would conclude that Mr. Cameron fell overboard from his yacht and was drowned. Indeed it would be fortunate if they did not take the view that he jumped overboard and committed suicide. Or, worse still, it would not be beyond Cameron. them, Mr. Clyde, to charge that you pushed him over. The yellow papers would almost certainly intimate such a possibility." Had some one else voiced this suggestion I should probably have resented it, but I understood Miss Clement. She was as kind as her eyes indicated; and that is speaking very strongly.

"Nevertheless," I said, with growing determination, "I shall make the case public. It is my duty, and I am willing to run all the risks you point out. I shall start by making a complaint against Peter Johnson. We'll have him arrested, get his record, and follow along that trail until we turn up the other conspirators. If poor Cameron's shares fall in the market, they'll have to fall. If the notoriety precipitates a delayed fatality of which Cameron is the victim, it cannot be helped. I simply will not longer shoulder the responsibility of silence."

The way she had of silent deliberation was almost masculine. I can see her, even now, as she sat there that afternoon, her hair the same shade of gray as her cloth gown, her fresh, clear complexion lined in thought, her kindly eyes half closed. For the better part of a minute she pondered. Then, suddenly, her face awoke, and she asked me:

"Wiff you wait three days longer? That is all. I have channels of information that are closed to the police, even. There are men in Chinatown, and women too, who would lay down their lives for me. I think some of them would even betray their friends, which is still a greater sacrifice. Wait three days, Mr. Clyde, and if at the end of that time I have not learned for you what you want to know, go on with your publicity idea."

It was now my turn to be thoughtful. Evelyn believed in the woman's | ill health for months, and there are ability to aid. She had said as much to me. And I myself possessed a certain degree of faith in feminine intuition. Aside from that, though, Miss Clement had demonstrated that she wielded a certain power in her balliwick-was not my watch, at that moment, in my pocket?--and her whole personality proclaimed inherent capacity for accomplishment.

"Very well, Miss Clement," I agreed. "I will wait three days. It is now Saturday, November 14. If by this time Tuesday afternoon we are not, least, on the track of something tangible, I shall be on my way to Mulberry street."

Sunday was with me a day of imnationce. I fretted now at confinement, for my ankle was quite strong again, and I was perfectly well in other respects, too. But my physician had set Monday for my first day out, and he refused to concede even a twenty-four-hour change of plan. But chafed more even at the inactivity to which I had agreed concerning Cameron than at the confinement. All at once, I had become imbued with a necessity for prompt and strenuous measures. Some awful thing, I knew not what, seemed ominously imminent, and remorse tore at me tormentingly.

Early Monday, I telephoned Miss Clement for tidings of her progress, but she could only implore me to wait. She had nothing to report, but she was encouraged. With my hands thus tied diversion was my only refuge, and an accumulation of office work into which I plunged served, in part at least, this purpose,

Evelyn and Mrs. Lancaster had come in from Greenwich and opened the Cameron town house, a great white granite Renaissance affair, on upper Fifth avenue, facing the park; and because the girl had made me promise, I lunched there; but I went with less grace than ever before, uncertain as I was of my self-control. Evelya's faith in Miss Clement, however, was contagious. She spoke of lite I rushed through my dinner, and little else, and when I came away it a moment later was speeding up the was with strengthened hope of speedy | avenue as fast as a taxicab could car-

It is my habit to glance over the artier editions of all the evening paers before leaving my office, and lather on the train to Greenwich fully the later issues of the and May. On this particular course, a succession of matters dinner, in the club res cerning her uncle.

"where would you start?" she asked I taurant, I saw ... a window ledge beside me one of the more sensational of the afternoon dailies, and appropriated it in lieu of better companion-

It was one of those journals which, in catering to the tastes of the proletariat, conceive it wise to minimize their references to Wall street, save only when a marked slump or a panic points the moral of the unscrupulous capitalist and his beinous crimes. When, therefore, long, bold-face type attracted my eye with the announcement, "Fall in Crystal Consolidated," I started to read the subjoined article, confident enough that some director or directors had been spitted for barbecue. And before I had read five lines I came upon the name of Robert

If I was to believe this introductory paragraph, my friend was to Crystal Consolidated what John D. Rockefeller was to Standard Oil, yet in the months of our intimacy he had made no reference to this connection; and, though I was thoroughly familiar with the "great glass trust," as it was called, and with the name of its multimillionaire master, strangely enough I had never connected the Cameron I knew with this Cameron, the Captain of Industry.

"I am," he had said, in all modesty, "largely interested in a certain line of industrial enterprises," That was all. suppose I should have known; and yet, "no prophet is without honor, save in his own country."

The newspaper article I now read, however, left no room for doubt on the subject; and, incidentally in a single sentence, revealed the secret of how Cameron had succeeded in escaping that general recognition which is usually the penalty of greatness. "He has never sat for a photograph."

But, while this part of the article interested, that which followed startled and perplexed me:

"Crystal Consolidated fell to 103 today," it went on, "because of a persistent rumor that Robert Cameron is seriously ill, in a New England sanitarium. The greatest secrecy has been maintained as to his malady and his whereabouts by those who are in a position to know. It has been ascertained, however, that after spending s quiet summer at his country place, Cragholt, on Long Island sound, near Greenwich, he started on October 21 on his fast steam yacht Sibylla for cruise along the New England coast Ten days later the Sibylla returned

but Mr. Cameron was not on board. "It is known that he has been in those who now declare that he has sought the seclusion of an institution for the treatment of nervous diseases near Boston, his condition being criti-

"Inquiry, today, at his Fifth avenue home in this city, and at his Connecticut country seat, was fruitless. Mr. Cameron was at neither place, and the servants expressed ignorance concerning his present address.

"At the offices of the Crystal Consolidated Manufacturing company and at those of the missing financier's brokers, Hatch & Hastings, evasion was the keynote of the answers to all questions.

"Whether Mr. Cameron is as ill a is reported, or whether he is quite robust, the effect of the gossip or Crystal Consolidated was disastrous A slump of fifteen points in two hours this afternoon, wiped out many weak ly margined accounts, and spread rule among a number of speculators who fondly imagined this law-defying trust, of which Cameron is the supporting Atlas, as firmly intrenched as is the government itself.

"Unless something definite is forth coming regarding Mr. Cameron's condition before the market opens tomorrow, a panic in Crystal Consolidated is predicted. It closed today at 102% bid, 193 asked: the lowest figures re corded this year."

It startled me, because it showed that at least a part of the secret we were guarding was a secret no longer; and it perplexed me because I could not fancy through what channel these somewhat distorted facts had filtered into publicity. I had no doubt that the ball, having been set rolling in

his fashion, would gain both in volime and momentum unless some enertetic measures were promptly taken to check it. And yet, what, under the Arcumstances, could we do? Subterluge, I knew, would be useless, and the truth must prove an accelerant.

In haste and with diminished appery me, with the Cameron mansion my destination and a consultation with

Evelyn Grayson my object. It must not be imagined that in this matter I expected any weighty assistance from a young woman of such limited experience; but she was practically alone in the great house and I could well imagine how siready reporters must be vying one with another to wring from her admissions con-

To my infinite relief I found that she had returned the word, "Not at home," to all such callers. Inquiries from other sources had been met in similar fashion. Officers of the company had called in person or had telegraphed, and Hatch & Hastings had been almost aggravatingly insistent.

"But, Evelyn," I said, "this is all such a surprise to me. I had no notion your uncle was at all active in any corporation. I functed him a director, probably, in a score or more of companies, but that he was the so-called 'Glass King,' I never for a moment suspected. Under the circumstances, he must have a private secretary somewhere, who might have been of inestimable aid to us."

"He has a private secretary, it seems," she replied, "though even never knew it until I read it in the News this evening. I am sure he never came to Cragbolt. His name is Simms-Howard Simms-and he was interviewed at the Company's office. Didn't you see it?"

I confessed that I had missed every evening paper but one.

"It was he, I think," she went on, "who, becoming alarmed at Uncle Robert's long silence, mentioned it to some one, who in turn spread the damaging reports."

"Then he is a very incompetent private secretary," I commented, "if not, indeed, a dangerous one. I shall make a point of seeing Mr. Simms as early as possible tomorrow. Tonight I am going to call on Tony Hatch-I have a nodding acquaintance with him-and assure him that when I last saw Robert Cameron less than a month ago which his family are entirely cognizant, and that his return may be expected almost any day. I think that ought to turn the tide in Wall street tomorrow. Meanwhile, my dear Evelyn, coutinue to be 'not at home.' "

But neither at his home nor at any of his clubs could I find Mr. Hatch. though I searched for him diligently until long after midnight. Evidently untary, being caused by the roll of the he was intent on evading the sleuth hounds of the press, and had suc- depression in the roadway. cessfully taken to cover.

And then, on my way back down the avenue, to the Loyalton, that happened which made all subterfuge, all tact, all dissembling, unnecessary. For on the sidewalk, opposite the cathedral, I found the best of answers to alive and out of the power of those all the questions raised by the rumor that were bent upon his harm. Good mongers-the animate refutation of every disturbing waif word,

CHAPTER XVII.

Opposite the Cathedral.

morning is fast asleep. There are localities in New York which are more widely awake at that hour than at any other time of day, but the highway of fashion is not one of them; and in the neighborhood of Piftieth ping sharply at brief intervals and the street, its repose is as profound as at jaded horse, thus urged, bounding at a any point of its long, undeviatingly clumsy, lumbering gallop, we rolled straight course.

fice of the plutocrats which ostenta, my most pertinent inquiries, I turned tiously punctuates the avenue at Six my mind to what lay before us. The tieth street, and, tired of sitting, nerv. Cameron establishment would doubtous and disappointed, I had chosen to less be fast locked in slumber as well walk down to my rooms, believing as otherwise, but I made small questhat the exercise in the clear, frosty tion of my ability to rouse some of the air would serve to counteract, in a servants. My hope, however, was not measure at least, all three of these to awaken Evelyn. It could mean only vexations.

away a double, converging chain of at this hour, considering his condition. twin lights marking the curb line fot I was still busy planning when endless blocks, and illuminating the mighty hand on the lines brought our nearer sidewalk and roadway, if not horse to his haunches, and ourselves to effulgence, certainly with a clearly nearly out through the suddenly partdefining radiance. Now and then 1 ed apron; and the Cameron residence met a quick-stepping pedestrian, usp loomed massive and dark on our right. ally in evening dress with cigar alight; As I stepped to the sidewalk the and at more or less brief intervals driver descended, too, but I motioned limousined motors and taxicabs with him back. gleaming lamps sped by me at top hoof-beats of the hard-driven horse re- carry him." And in a moment my

ly across the avenue to the west side, the bell, jarring against the silence of and, continuing my way southward, the great house. absorbed in the problems confronting The promptness with which chains me, had been for a little quite lost to fell and bolts were drawn surprised encompassing objects. Then, sudden me. And yet, I suppose, it was merely, fearing lest in my abstraction I ly an evidence of the perfect manshould pass the street on which my agement of an establishment wherein rooms were located, I aroused myself every contingency is provided against. to get an idea of my location.

brown stone dwellings, monotonously called him by name. ugly, with their high stoops and balus-

the same aspect as this. But as with critical gaze I measured one after another of these combinations I was all at once arrested by sight of a tall, bent figure clutching the high iron railings which guarded the avenue frontage of the house on the corner—the only really individual house in the

My first rough concept was that I had come upon incapability resulting from intemperance. At closer view, however, I tempered my judgment. The possibility of illness or injury intervened, and I paused Samaritan-like to offer succor. The wayfarer was evidently a man of middle age, if I might judge from the contour of his back. which was towards me, and I saw at once that he was struggling to keep ! from the hansom and carried him up upon his feet by sheer muscular handhold of the railing's from uprights, for

his knees were bent threateningly and his arms were extended and tense. Until I was close beside him he gave no sign of realizing my presence. Indeed I think it was not until I spoke that he half turned his head towards me, and, for the first time, I got sight

of his features. Whether or not I uttered a word, or made a sound, or stood for a long moment silent, I cannot say. I know only that I doubted my eyes and questioned my reason; for, if these were not playing me false, the profile thus revealed to me was the profile of Robert Cameron.

To try to set down in detail just what followed must be an idle effort, with fancy providing the bulk of the ingredients. Surprised, amazed, astounded even, are all too feeble terms to apply to my emotional condition. Dazedly, I was floundering in what seemed a veritable sea of unreality. When the commonplaces began to readjust themselves, I was standing at the curb, my arm wound supportingly about Cameron's waist and his arm pressing heavy on my shoulder. Drawing in to us was an empty hansom cab, provided by Providence, and hailed, I suppose, by me, though I swear I have no recollection of it.

The cabman helped me to lift him in, and at this the pity of his plight smote me, tempering the joy of having found him, and quickening within me a spirit of angry retaliation against his enemies. For the man now at my side was far different from that man who had sat with me on the after deck of the Sibylia, only four weeks ago. He was, indeed, it seemed to me little he was in perfect health, and that more than the husk of the Cameron I I am satisfied he is not in any sanita- had known. In facial conformation the rium or suffering from any mental or change was not so marked, though his physical disorder. If he approves of expression was pathetically at varithe idea I shall give out a statement 'ance with anything I had ever before to the newspapers, implying that your seen him wear. The lines of his face uncle has gone on a little journey of were drawn, as with pain, and his eyes were dull to vacancy. He lolled, sleazily, in a crumpled heap in his corner, like a spineless manikin; and though I plied him eagerly with a flood of questions, he might have been a deaf mute for all the answers he accorded me. Once I thought he shook his head in negation, but I was later forced to conclude that this was involcab as one of its wheels encountered a

Yet in spite of his sorriness of presence and demeanor-in spite too of the tormenting mystery of his return, which was scarcely less baffing than the mystery of his departure-it was at least a relief to know that he was nursing, coupled with skilful medical attention, had just worked wonders for me, and I was confident that it would do the same for him; and then we should have facts and not theories to aid us in our quest for the culprits, Fifth avenue at two o'clock in the and, eventually, in the administration of justice to the guilty.

I had given the cabman the number of the Cameron house and admonished him to make all possible speed; so, with the long lash of the whip snapnotally northward. Having given over For over an hour I had waited in the effort to obtain from my fellow that sumptuous white marble club edl. passenger even a gestured answer to a night's rest lost for her, for she To the limit of sight there stretched could gain nothing by seeing her uncle

"Never mind, thank you," I said speed. Once a hansom passed, the "I'll get some one from inside to help sounding jarringly against the night thumb was on the push-button and faintly there came back to me through At Fifty-fourth street I cut diagonal heavy double doors the far-off echo of

A footman, as irreproachably liveried Across the way the grim facade of and groomed as though the time were the Cathedral rising dark and sullen midday instead of after two o'clock in as a fortress made all clear. But, on the morning, greeted me with becommy own side of the avenue there had, ing imperturbalility. I recognized him been no such distinguishing mark. The as one of the men from Cragholt, and

"Stephen." I said, with an effort to traded areas, were no more enlighten disguise the excitement with which ing than the stone flagging of the side | my every pulse was threshing, "your walk or the asphalt of the roadway. master is outside in a cab. He is very Scores of blocks presented practically weak and will need assistance. Get another man to aid me, and then awaken Mr. Checksheedy and Louis. And make haste. No, I can't come in: I'll wait outside." He turned away in obedience to my directions, but checked him. "And, Stephen," charged, "no word to any one else, as you value your position; especially no word to Miss Grayson."

> I marvelled at the man's preserved unemotion. His "Very good, sir," was uttered with all the stolidity which marks a response to the commonplace; and yet I knew that he was fully conscious of the eventfulness of this late and unlooked-for home-coming. And the footman who joined me a few minutes later was not less well-trained.

Together, he and I lifted Cameron the broad flight of granite steps, between the massive guarding lions, and

placed him in a great chair fig the hall, before the wide, sculptured fireplace. And though this would probably prove the most exciting topic of the servants' hall for weeks to come, he gave not the smallest sign that he was taking part in other than the usual.

Checkabeedy, the butler, however, though no less perfect a servitor, was more privileged; and Louis, volatile as the most characteristic of his countrymen, collapsed utterly, without effort, apparently, at any restraint whatever. The former's interest was evidenced in a commiseratingly lugubrious visage and a few blunt questions, but the Frenchman wept and sobbed in wordless sympathy. And I had it not in my heart to blame either, for a | tion. more pitiful picture than the one presented by the restored Cameron as he sat there in his own spacious hall, gazing with lack-luster eyes at the dead and dying embers on the hearth before him, I hope never to see.

The butler, ruddy and rotund, and looking for all the world like a wellfed monk, for he wore a bathrobe of somber hue and his crown was barer than any shaven tonsure, stared for a moment in sad silence. Then, turning to me, he asked:

"But what has happened to Mr. Cameron, sir?" "I wish I could tell you Checkabeedy," was my unguarded reply. "I

wish he could tell us himself." "But he is so wasted, sir! And his clothes. I never saw Mr. Cameron in such clothes."

It was quite true. They were of what is called, I believe, a pepper-andsalt mixture, coarse of texture and fileut, yet not much worn.

"He does not recognize us," Checkabeedy went on, "and still he is conscious. May I ask you, sir, where you brought him from?"

I chose to ignore the question, in sudden realization of the necessity of caution.

"And he has been missing a mouth, they say, sir. Is that true, Mr. Clyde?" "Missing!" I repeated. "Who says he has been missing?"

"The servants all say so, sir." "Then the servants must get rid of the idea, at once," I said, sharply. "Mr. Cameron has merely been out of town for a while. He went away for his health, and now he has returned, benefited. Do you understand, Checkabeedy? He has returned, benefited. And now, you and Louis will get him to his room, while I telephone for Dr. Massey."

Checkabeedy bowed, assenting, and Louis, still whimpering, wiped his

It was nearly four o'clock when the physician left his patient and joined me in the library downstairs. His face was very grave.

"I have examined Mr. Cameron thoroughly," he said, "and I can assure you that he is not seriously injured." The phrase opened up a new line of

thought to me. "Seriously injured?" I repeated. "I don't understand, Doctor. Do you

mean that-" "I mean," he interrupted, "that the blow on the back of the head caused

no fracture." "Then be was struck?"

"Undoubtedly. Probably with a sandbag. Hence his present daxed condition. Had the blow been delivered with more force, it might have resulted in complete loss of memory. You have heard, of course, of instances where men have forgotten even their own names?" I nodded.

"Mr. Cameron will regain his memory, It's merely a temporary matter, I have telephoned for a man nurse for him—one who understands such cases. He will be here in twenty minutes. At present Mr. Cameron is sleeping. am in hopes that when he awakens his

mind will be comparatively clear." He was about to bid me good-night when I checked him.

"Doctor," I said, "I am glad to find you so optimistic. Before you go want you to write me a builetin of Mr. Cameron's condition and sign it. want no mention in it of the injury, since it is not serious. If possible, I would suggest that you use the word "indisposition" and be sure to employ the 'temporary' you called into play a moment ago."

Dr. Massey gladly acceded. Seated at Cameron's writing table he scribbled a bulletin of even more encouraging and confident tenor than I had indicated. And I used it to turn the tide of speculation in Crystal Consolidated. But neither the spoken nor the writ-

ten words of the physician held for me any considerable measure of solace. My friend's condition was desperate. I knew it and my heart ached for him: but it ached more for Evelyn, his ward, who loved him, and who must be given the gladness of good news only to be crucified the next moment on the cross of anxietal

CHAPTER XVIII.

Three Promises.

Need I say that I did not sleep that night? It was five o'clock when I left

Cameron's, after a talk with the nurse and I promised to return in an hour. The interval was devoted to a cold bath, a shave, and a change of clothing at my rooms; and at six I was back again, talking once more with Checkabeedy who was personally serving me with coffee in the breakfast repeated: 'My own house!' and saked.

"Between you and me," I began, "there is small need of concealment in this matter of Mr. Cameron's disappearance and return, his coming as remarkable and mysterious as his going. I think I am experienced enough to understand that such an affair as this cannot be kept entirely secret-especially not from Mr. Cameron's servants-and it is better. Checksheedy, that you should understand it thor-

quehly. I can rancy the distorted story that has been circulated below stairs. That more rumors, wide of the truth, have not leaked out and gained press publicity, speaks very well for you and your staff, and I congratulate you on your loyalty and good judgment. All I ask now is that you will continue to be guarded in what you say. A single unadvised word might interfere very materially with our efforts to trace the guilty ones and bring them to punishment."

And then I told him as much as deemed wise of the facts of the abduction, of my chance finding of his master the previous night, and of my anxiety concerning his present condi-

"And above all things, Checksbeedy," I added in conclusion, "don't look solemn and distressed when Miss Evelyn is present. Before her, no matter how we really feel, we must appear confident."

A little later the morning papers were brought in, and I scanned one after another in search of some new twist or turn of the story of the previous afternoon. The more conservative journals were inclined to make light of the scare. "Mr. Cameron," said one, "ceased to be active in the affairs of the Crystal Consolidated over two years ago. If he be ill, which is by no means certain, the fact can have but little real significance so far as the company of which he is the largest shareholder is concerned. It may be stated on the best authority that Mr. Cameron's shares have never been used speculatively, and that even in the event of his death they could not by any possibility come on the market, for the reason that he has provided a trust fund, by will, for the benefit of his niece, and that they are a part of that fund."

The sensational press, of course, still insisted that the Glass King was in a New England sanitarium, though they had failed to locate the institution. Despite my alarm I smiled at the thought of how their afternoon editions would have to eat the leak, as the Weish say.

The papers finished, I grew restless, I desired constant news from the sick room, and lacking it, I roamed about the house, in nervous unease, my brain busy with conjecture, forming one theory after another, and dismissing each as readily. The situation was a tantalism. The answer to all the questions which had absorbed me for weeks lay dormant in the brain of the man sleeping beyond that closed door. Theories, therefore, were now more futile than ever. The one accomplishment to be asked was the arousing of an intellect, the stirring of a memory. Dr. Massey had promised that when Cameron awakened mental clarity would be restored, that he would be able to answer questions with intelli-

It is hard to explain why I doubted this. I think it must have been something I saw in those dull, vacuous eyes, when I first looked into them under the pale light of the white-globed electric street lamps. If I had been forced to identify Cameron by those eyes alone, I should have said that this man was not he. They were so different, lacking all the expression of the Cameron eyes I knew. And yet I made no question as to his identity. I knew him, despite this; knew that strong chin and jaw, which spelled determination in two syllables; knew his broad, generous nose, and his high intellectual forehead. These points of recognition were so convincing, that I could afford to ignore the eyes I had never seen before and the wasted frame and the shrunken, unsteady

At brief intervals I consulted the clocks. It was marvellous how the time dragged. And that nurse! Would he never have an errand outside the suite? I had told him I should spend the morning in the house, and that I wished to be informed of the slightest change in his patient. I must conclude, therefore, that Cameron was still sleeping, that Bryan was still watching,

From the fact that Evelyn had not ret appeared I drew a measure of consolation. If I could have tidings of even the slightest improvement in Cameron before meeting her, it would aid me in the assumption of confidence upon which I had determined.

At ten minutes past eight I was searching the encyclopaedias in the library for information on the subject of brain concussion. Already I had followed the trail through three volumes from "Brain" to "Nervous System" and from "Nervous System" to "Concussion," when an opening door caused me to turn eagerly, Mr. Bryan, the nurse, in a white uniform such as hospital doctors wear, stood on the threshold. The next moment I had risen from my crouching position before the bookcase and had met him midway across the room with anxious inquiry.

"Mr. Cameron awoke a quarter of an hour ago," he told me. "His power of speech has returned. He asked me where he was and what had happened. I told him he was in his own house, and that he had met with an accident."

"Yes, yes," I hurried him. "And what then? Did he inquire for any

"No. For all of a minute he last looking about the room without another word. Then, in a puzzled way, he Where is this house?' And I told Mm. He did not seem to recognize the room. at all."

"Is he still awake?"

(To be continued.)

Some people are in the prime of life at 50, but you can't make a woman of 30 believe it.