fidential juxtaposition with our own. | way." "It's rather a long story," she be-

gan, in her aweetly quiet voice. "And as it came to me plecemeal, I'm afraid it will be rather disconnected. You see this poor fellow suffered horribly at times and when he was not suffering he was under the influence of opiates, so ordinarily I doubt that it would be safe to accept as fact a good deal said under such circumstances. It appears to me, however, that in his case, these very conditions only strengthen the probabilities; for his mind seemed to hold only the one theme, and his statements could hardly have been either spontaneous or studied inventions. On the other hand, they were rather a sort of involuntary recital of the particulars of a subject which had engrossed him for years to the exclusion of almost everything else."

Dr. Addison nodded his head, encouragingly. "I quite understand, Miss Clement," he said. And I, too, assured her that her reasoning appeared to me logical.

"It was significant," she continued, "that so far as I could fix dates, he made no references at all to any happening prior to sixteen years ago. The tragedy of that time was the beginning of what I think I may call his mania. Everything he told me had to do with it. It came at the beginning, at the apex, and at the end of every revelation."

"The tragedy of sixteen years ago?" inquired the physician.

"The tragedy of what has been called "The Sable Lorcha," I reminded him.

"Oh, yes, of course,"

"You know of that, then?" asked Miss Clement. And briefly I ran over what Yup Sing had told me.

"John Soy, I understand, was the cook whom McNish imprisoned in the galley," I added.

"It seems he broke his way out just as the lorcha was sinking. McNish had waited until he had gone to his bunk for his usual hop, and had chosen the hour he was sleeping to get away and scuttle the vessel. For five days Soy floated about on a bit of wreckage without food or drink, and was finally picked up by a pros and taken back to Macao at the mouth of the Canton river, where, after weeks of delirium, he told his story of the lorcha's fate. From that day the search for McNish began. It seems that he had a partoer, an Irishman, named Moran, who for a time was suspected of having been in the conspiracy; for, you must remember, it was thought then that the sinking of the lorcha had been planned from the first, the idea being that it was simply a scheme to get the passage money from the poor polies, and then drown them."

"Horrible!" ejaculated the phyaician.

"But the Chinese are just," the missionary continued. "They discovered that a certain United States cruiser that had been warned of the attempted smuggling, did, on that particular day, give chase to a lorcha, which eventually disappeared in the fog. So the enmity against Moran subsided, and, ultimately, this same Moran became the most openly bitter of all the avenging horde that for over a decade and a half scoured the four corners of the globe; for it seems that McNish had not only made off with his share of the receipts of their joint enterprise, but had left him with a ruining lot of debts to settle as well. There was something, too, I believe, about a Chinese woman whose loyalty to Moran, McNish undermined, but I confess that part of the story was not very clear to me. At all events Soy, the half-breed, and Moran, the Irishman, who appears to have been a roving blade, a sort of soldier of fortune with some talent for painting, became the prime movers in this relentless quest, in which they were backed by what is known as the Six Companies. All the tongs, no matter how much at variance on other points, were a unit in this instance, and unlimited money was always available to prosecute the

search." A footman, appearing at this juncture with the inevitable tea paraphermalia, interrupted temporarily the curent of Miles Clement's narrative. But or interest was such that we limited the constition to the briefest possible eriod. Dr. Addison, whose profesengagements were being topover one after another, politely her to continue, directly her cup

> Miss Clement." ingratiating smile, "of the rapt have! I trust it is at ration and a compensa-

fortable chair, which I placed in con- by way of the Trans-Siberian Rail

The doctor and I exchanged glances. It was odd how confirmation of the

error he had already avowed should thus come about from the lips of one who knew nothing of his story of a shattered friendship.

"Oddly enough, Moran happened to be in the city at the time and every arrangement was made to capture the long-sought prey and convey him to Canton for some exquisite forture devised especially to fit his crime. In some way, however, the intended victim got wind of what was proposed, and came within an ace of escaping unscathed from under their very fingers. Indeed, he did escape in the end, but not before Moran had very nearly put a finish to him by a knife thrust in his back."

Once more I exchanged glances with the physician, for scarcely half an hour before. I had told him of the scar unuer achish's left shoulder blade, received as I had been told, in Buffalo.

"Moran fled from Peking after this encounter, not knowing whether his enemy were dead or alive, and for awhile, I believe, 'laid very low,' as they say. In spite of all the efforts of the combined Chinese organizations, McNish, warned now of his constant danger, eluded their search, but at length Soy himself succeeded in tracing him to Canada and thence to Buffalo. There Moran came, posthaste, and once more there was a street encounter. Moran was arrested, and McNish charged him with assault with intent to kill. The result was that Moran was convicted and sent to prison for a term of years; and once again the earth seemed to close over McNish."

The discrepancies between Miss Clement's narrative and that of Yup Sing I did not regard as sufficiently vital to raise a question over, yet must admit that I could hardly foresee a conclusion without a much graver antagonism of facts as I knew

The missionary having paused to afp her tea, Dr. Addison asked permission to smoke a cigarette, which she readily granted.

"On Moran's release from prison Miss Clement continued, fortified by the fragrant Oolong, "he appears for the first time to have considered the advisability of adopting some sort of an incognito. Prior to this time he had, Boy told me, been carefully clean shaven and close-cropped. Now he grew a beard and wore his hair long, and, in addition, he doctored it with henna until it became a flery red. He also changed his name from Moran to Murphy, and instead of frequenting the busy marts of men, he retired to an isolated country place on the Cos Cob river and posed as an artist. He employed always a Chinese servant and at least once a week, without fall he visited Chinatown, keeping always in touch with the powers there, which were still unrelenting in their efforts to trace McNish."

She came now to Murphy's so-called chance meeting with Cameron on the Fourth of July, of which Cameron himself had already told me. I would have saved her this recital, but it was new to Dr. Addison and so I allowed her to proceed.

"It was plainly evident to Moran," she pursued, "that McNish-or at least the gentleman he supposed was McNish-did not recognize him, and his delight at this discovery was unbounded; for it gave him opportunity, quite unsuspectedly, to arrange all his plans for a most ingenious campaign of torture. What that campaign consisted of, of course, you already know, Mr. Clyde, and I presume Dr. Addison does, too."

"Yes," I replied, "I have told the

"What you don't know, though," she added, "is how it was managed." "We have been told something about

amyl pearls," I suggested. "Amyl pearls?" queried Dr. Addison,

With as much clearness as possible explained to him what I meant by

using this admittedly inaccurate term. "Incredible!" he exclaimed, "Can it be possible that there is such an anaesthetic as this, and we have never even heard of it before

"There can be no doubt about its existence," I answered. "I myself have experienced its effects, though I have never actually seen it put in opera-

But it was Miss Clement who was

most convincing. "I have never seen either it or its effects, Doctor," she said, "but I am willing to believe even more marvellous things than that where the Chi pess are concerned. You must remember that as a race they are most jealous of their knowledge as well as their possessions. Just now, after all their many centuries of a civilization a few greater in some respects than our we are beginning to learn some and their ways, and

only for days, but for weeks, he himself came and went about Mr. Cameron's-or, as he called it, McNish'scountry place without being either seen or heard, simply by using this ether of invisibility. It was he who delivered the three letters. It was he who cut the head from the portrait, and it was he who broke the mirror; and yet no one saw him on the grounds or in the house, and indeed there were very few who saw him in the vicinity. Again and again, he assured me, he could have taken his victim's life but that he was intent on inflicting a punishment more protractedly horrible than mere sudden death."

"Who wrote the letters?" I asked. "Moran."

"I thought so. And Moran killed the Chinaman who worked for him." "No; there you are wrong, Mr. Clyde."

"Then who did?"

"Soy himself. He learned of how that boy, unable to control his hatred of the man who had slatn some one or more of his kinspeople, carried back the head that had been cut from the portrait, borrowed a rifle from Mr. Cameron's own gamekeeper, and shot the canvas full of holes. It seemed to Soy, then, that in spite of all his and Moran's careful preparation this would surely involve trouble, and that once more their quarry would slip through their fingers. And to prevent the possibility of any more unrestrained fervor on the boy's part, Soy beat him to of The Week. death."

"I know Soy, or Peter Johnson as he called himself, managed the kidnapping from the yacht," I said, "but I shell never understand how it was done. Did he speak of that?"

"Over and over again. It was he who learned of the intention to take the cruise. At first they thought they would have to change their plans and carry their enemy off before he had a chance to take to his yacht. But Soy maintained that that would be too crude a method; whereas to let him think that he had escaped and was safe away, and then, at the very moment of his triumph, to enatch him from seeming security, would be the very refinement of cruelty the avenger so much desired. And so the properties were secured at some fabulous figure-I forgot just what they paid for that fast power boat-the scene was set, and the great act of the drama, with Soy still the star, was carried to a successful climax."

"But," I made question, "I don't see how Boy could take such a risk. If it had been McNish instead of Cameron, he certainly would have recognized him, when he was brought aboard from the disabled dory."

"He thought of that, but you must remember that in all those sixteen years McNish had never once seen Soy. He thought he had perished with the rest when the Sable Lorcha went down. And so Soy decided that in oilskins, apparently unconscious, in an open boat off the New England coast, there was not one chance in ten thousand that McNish would connect him with the cook be had left for dead in the South China sea."

"But McNish did recognize him as soon as he laid eyes on him in this house. I saw that myself, you know, Miss Clement. He recognized him and was terror stricken."

Miss Clement smiled tolerantly, She was armed at all points.

"You did not know, I suppose, Mr. Clyde, that that was not their first meeting," she explaimed. "Soy met McNish on the night you found him. It was he who assaulted him, somewhere about Seventh avenue and Fiftieth street, and would have killed him then had not the police arrived at the moment. The officers probably thought McNish was intoxicated and let him go, seeing that he could stand, and so he staggered on to Fifth avenue; and there you discovered him."

"No, I did not know that," I admitted, a little crestfallen. "What followed?"

"You remember I told Chinatown was in a state of frenzy, the next day? You can understand now, why. Soy, of course, reported that McNish had escaped from the steamer-"

"What steamer?" I cried, suddenly realizing that the one really vital piece of information we should have obtained, had all this while been delayed. "What steamer? Did he give you the name of it?"

"In just a moment, Mr. Clyde," she said, with a smile that I confess exasperated me.

"Pardon me," I returned, insistently, "but you do not realize, I fear, what minutes even may mean in this mat-

"No." still very calm, "I really don't, The steamer has been at sea now twenty-five days. It is bound for Hong Kong. If there was a chance of overtaking it, I-"

"There's every chance of overtaking it," I interrupted once again. "Tomorrow, or next day, or even today, it may put into Rio. We must telegraph the United States Consulate at every possible port."

And then, for the first time, apparently. Miss Clement seemed to appresiate there was a real urgency.

"The steamer is the Glamorganshire," she said, quickly: "A freight-Hong Kong. She sailed on Wednesday, the twenty-eighth of last month and Mr. Cameron was put aboard, halfdrugged, as one of the crew."

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Tortoise and the Hare. Although Miss Clement's interesting chapter of disclosures was by no means ended with the name of the there came, so far as I was goncerned,

For, as though ... delay and inaction of the past month but served to swell the flood of my eager energy, the tide, so long checked but now set free, careering like an unleashed spring freshet, overrode all barriers. With scant apology, I sprang to the telephone, and if Miss Clement continued her conversation with Dr. Addison, 1

was deaf to what she said. What I sought, first of all, was cor roboration. Did a steamship, named the Glamorganshire, sail for Hong Kong on October 28th? In less than five minutes, the facts were mine. Such a steamer had sailed for the east on that date. Her agents were Bartlett Brothers. Their offices were in the Produce Exchange Building.

Another minute, and Bartlett Brothers were on the wire. No, the Glamorgaushire did not take the South American route. Her course was through the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal. She carried no passengers. She was British. She was very slow. She had called at the Azores and then at Gibraltar, where she had been delayed in coaling. Yes, she would make several Mediterranean ports. If all went well, she would reach Port Said about December 6th. Certainly not before that. Probably a day or so later.

I dare say it was exceptional that I secured all this information with so little trouble, and without giving any hint as to why I desired it, but merely on the statement that I was Mr. Clyde, the most important posts in the Brit-

So far as I coeld judge, the Glamorganshire would call at Algiers in a few days; and for a while I considered the advisability of communicating with the United States Consul at that port, through the State Department at Washington. But a knowledge of the tortuous involutions of official red taps deterred me. After all, I believed that if Cameron was to be rescued from the gruelling slavery of servitude on this British freighter, the work must not be intrusted to the personally disinterested.

Thereupon I consulted calendars, steamer schedules, and Continental time-tables. By the fast transatlantic liner sailing on the morrow, I could make Paris in six days, Forty-eight hours later I could be in Brindisi, If good fortune followed, less than four days more would land me at Port Said. It was now Monday, November 23. Twelve days hence would be December 5th, and the Glamorganshire, her agents had told me, could not possibly reach there before December 6th. The margin was not wide, but it seemed to me sufficient, and the thought of further inaction, now that the trail lay bare, was nothing less than unendurable torment.

Wisdom, I suppose, would have dictated the advisability of securing some badge of authority from my own government before setting forth on a mission involving so delicate a point of international maritime law as that which was here embraced; but the saving of time was with me, just then, the paramount consideration. The loss of a day meant the possible missing not only of connections, but of the main object of my journey; and so, armed with nothing more potent than good health, strong determination, and a well-filled purse I boarded the Kronprinz Wilhelm and started on my diagonal race to head off a quarry which already had twenty-five days' start of

Speed being all-important, my wish was to travel alone and unencumbered, but at the last moment I was of both Evelyn Grayson and Dr. Addison. Realizing the brave, unfaltering assistance which the young woman had afforded me from the first, I could hardly refuse to gratify her wish to be present at what we both hoped would be the victorious end. Moreover, the thought of absence from her for month at least, and probably much longer, was far from the most pleasant-contemplation; my yielding, therefore, was not altogether unselfish.

Dr. Addison's case was different. At the last moment he decided to go Abroad by the same ship; and, on the way over, touched by his contrition and his almost pathetic desire to make amends to his quondam friend at the carliest possible minute, I myself invited him to go with us the rest

of the way. Evelyn had proposed that Mrs. Laneaster should also be included in the party, but this I would not hear of. If, for propriety's sake, another presence was necessary, her maid, and, ultimately, Dr. Addison, afforded all the security the conventions could de-

The fever of haste was upon all of us from the start. The time on shipboard, in spite of our common subject of converse dragged eternally.

Should we reach Cherbourg in time to connect with the P. &. O. Express at Paris? That was the one constant ly recurring question, to be speculated upon with varying degrees of hope and despair.

As good fortune would have it, w made the train with fifteen minutes to spare, and the run to Brindisi was ac complished without accident or unseemly delay.

Here, however, we were compelled to wait six hours. The steamer was late, owing to some seismic disturb ance off the coast of Malta, and fear er: a tramp, I suppose; bound for of encountering new and necessarily uncharted volcanic islands, which had demanded slow and cautious sailing.

However sinister had been the game Fate played with us in the earlier stages of our quest, the favor of its present mood could not be gainsaid. That we were now reasonably sure of reaching Port Said in advance of the Glamorganshire was in itself a welcome relief from trying anxiety; but that was only a small part of the steamer and its date of sailing, it | banquet of good things provided for

secure Cameron's release. Without proper introduction to the authorities, it was becoming more and more a question in my mind whether, after all, I should be able to accomplish my end in the brief time to which I was

restricted. With this fell possibility of failure dinging in my reflections, I was striding the white deck of the P. and O. steamer, in the early morning following the night of our departure from Brindisi, when a hand, dropped heavily on my shoulder, spun me round to face a laughing, sun-browned, young Englishman in white flannels.

For just a moment I was literally, as well as figurateively, taken aback, for the tone of the ringing voice which greeted me carried me five years at least into the past, when Lionel Hartley and I had ridden to hounds together at Melton Mowbray, while fellow guests at a house-party in the neighborhood.

"You bally Yankee!" he was shouting. "Fancy running into you in this fashion! I'm jolly glad to see you, old chap!"

Though my delight at seeing him was at that moment tempered by absorbing interest in my mission, it rose a few minutes later to unadulterated ecstasy, when I discoverd that he was stationed at Port Said, and occupied what seemed to me just then one of ish Foreign Service-secretary to the Governor General for the Suez Canal.

"You're going to Cafro, I suppose?" he hazarded. "No," I replied. "I'm going with

you, and I shall not let you out of my sight, my friend, until you have proved you're wething more than a figure head stuck up in the Egyptian sands "

"If there's any little thing I can do -" he began; but I interrupted him. "There's a very big thing you can do," I corrected. And then I told him, "What a lark!" he cried, refusing to recognize the serious side of it.

"Fancy one of your American multi-

millionaires passing coal on a British

freighter." "Passing coal!" I exclaimed. "What

rot! Surely they wouldn't-" "Oh, wouldn't they?" he broke in. "That's just what they would do. He isn't an able-bodied seaman, is he You can safely wager he's an experienced stoker, or at least a trimmer by this time."

"Don't, Hartley, don't," I protested.

"It's too cruel to think of." "Never mind, old chap," was his rejoinder "There's a good time coming. We'll have him out and washed and dressed and sitting at table with us an hour after the old tub lets ber anchor drop. And I'll wager you tenner that there won't be a miss in any part of the programme."

When, at breakfast, I told Evelyn the good news-omitting, of course, all reference to the coal-handling sug gestion-she demanded that I hunt up Hartley, at once, and present him Discretion, however, seemed to me i this instance, the better part of obedi ence. I did hunt Hartley up and did present him, but not until I had allowed time for the first flush of Evelyn's fervor to cool,

He was a very good-looking young chap: Evelyn was both grateful and impulsive, and I-was in love.

Our landing at Port Said was made on the morning of Saturday, the fifth of December, and all that day and the next, we waited in more or less constant expectancy and a boiling temperpersuaded to consent to the company ature for tidings of the tardy Glamor-

> Hartley, meanwhile, was a model of hospitality, but Port Said is primarily a coaling station on the sea-edge of the desert, and aside from the concrete docks, the ships, the light house, and the nearly naked Nubians that swarmed everywhere, it proved utterly lacking in objects of interest.

Sunday night brought some small relief from the intolerable heat, and grateful for the respite, all four of our little party were early to bed. Gradually we had come to believe that our waiting was likely to be prolonged. The earthquake at Malta having delayed one vessel would in all probability delay others as well, including that which we had come so far to intercept So, utterly worn out by nervous tension and the fatigue of the tropical climate, we found rest grateful, and slept soundly. Just how soundly was demonstrated when, at an hour after midnight, three resounding knocks on my hotel chamber door only roused me dully, and left Evelyn and her maid and Dr. Addison, who occupied adjacent rooms, in deep slumber, totally undisturbed.

With what seemed almost superhuman effort, I spurred myself to consciousness and struggled up on elbow.

"Who's there?" I called. "Hartley," came the answer. "Open the door. I thought you'd died of Port Said ennui." And when I had sleepily risen and admitted him he went on hurriedly, "Make haste, now, old chap! The bally freighter has just come in, and I don't propose to lose that tenner through dilatory methods

on your part," But I needed no urging. Wide awake at his first sentence, I was already flinging on my clothes. He still chattered on in his chaffing way, but scarcely heard him. Conscious only of the murmur of his pleasant, cheery English voice, my thoughts were out | coolly. "The man they're trying in the night, across the waters of the harbor, down in the inferno of a rusty ocean tramp, where a sweating stoker was giving battle to despair-a sweating stoker who, in far-away America. owned a pleasure craft almost as big as the ship whose fires he had been

feeding for forty days across two seas. "How about the doctor?" Hartley asked, as I slipped my arms into my coat sleeves and shatched a or from a closet peg.

"It's too late

over the steps which must be taken to swer. "You should have resulted me. I forgot all about him." And it was true. I had forgotten everything, except the imminence of the rescue and the urgency of haste. To one in Cameron's plight every fretting minute

must count a drop of torture. The heavens were splendid with tropic stars, and a faint breeze from the sea gently ruffled the spangled black harbor waters, as Hartley's launch, guided by a pilot of experience, headed for the twinkling lights of the recently anchored freighter.

Silently I sat, with gaze straining, watching the indicated sparks grow larger and brighter, moment by moment, until at length their gleams reflected in the waves, and their background emerged in a great dark shadow, which silhouetted itself against the less opaque sky.

"There she is!" Hartley cried in enthusiasm, as her funnel and masts somberly defined themselves above the black of her hult. "We'll be able to hall her in another minute."

Then I heard the voice of our helmsman ring out, and presently there was an answering shout from above, and an exchange of greetings, succeeded by directions; and the next moment, I was following Hartley up a swaying rope-ladder to where an outheld lantern glowed overhead.

"Yes, Secretary to the Governor General," I heard my friend saying, as I put foot on the iron deck. "You're Captain Murchison, I suppose,"

The captain's affirmative was more than deferential; it was obsequi He was not a tall man, but broad ged and bearded, with long, power gorilla-like arms out of all propi to his stature. I could readily him an ugly antagonist. Unaided Hartley, I concluded, I should have had small chance indeed of succession But the low-born Briton's respect for official authority was evidently strong in him, and I felt that if Cameron was aboard we should be able to effect his

rescue with a minimum of effort. "I should like to see you in your cabin, Captain," Hartley proposed, and when we were closeted there, he continued: "There is a report that you have among your crew a United States subject who was brought aboard, drugged, and forced to remain aboard against his will. His government has interested itself in his behalf, and unless he is restored at once to his friends serious complications will undoubtedly ensue."

The captain, despite his respect for authority, frowned.

"There's nothing to that report, sir," be said, boldly. "I'm not shanghailing men in these days, sir. Every mother's son I've got on this boat shipped for Hong Kong, air, of his own free will and accord."

"I dare say you fully believe that, Captain Murchison," was 'Hartley's diplomatic rejoinder, "but this time you happen to be mistaken. I don't suppose you have any objection to our inspecting your crew, have you? San pose you have both the watches piped forward, and we'll settle this little business for ourselves, Mr. Clyde, here, knows the man."

Captain Murchison's glance at me was undisguisedly venomous. Refuetantly he rang for his steward.

"Send the bo'sun here," he directed, doggedly.

"We'll begin at the bottom, Captain," Hartley suggested, when the boatswain, cap in hand, stood in the doorway. "First, I want to see every man Jack you have working in the

Although the master gave the necessary directions I mistrusted him. Between the boatswain and himself I felt that there was an understanding which required neither voicing nor signal. And as, a little later, we stood on the forward deck, under the bridge, and by the light of a lantern viewed one after another of those swarthy. grimy laborers who had crowded m from below, I was convinced of the correctness of my intuition. For Cam-

eron was not among them. And then a chill fear gripped me. Could a man of his habits and trains ing, suddenly called upon to assume such labor, survive its rigors? He was naturally robust, but he had been weakend by an illness. Might be not therefore have succumbed to the strain died, and been buried at sea?

But one consideration sustained me, In their cunning cruelty, the Chinese who had arranged for his transportation must have stipulated that he be delivered in China alive. Otherwise their vengeance would not be complete. It was not likely that anything had been left to mere chance. The probabilities were that Murchison knew definitely what was required of him and was to be well paid for his services.

Upon his seamed face, new, there was something of a sneer as, our examination concluded, he said:

"What next, Mr. Hartley?" But for a moment Hartley, who was standing thoughtfully with brow contracted, his lower lip gripped he tween finger and thumb, made no response. Before he spoke his attiti changed. Quickly he had assume pose of listening intentness. us, somewhere, a clamor had ar Voices, excited, hoarse, frem

yet muffled by distance, echoed "That man, next, Captain," he

It may have been that his hearing was more acute than mine, or it may only have been a guess. I don't know, But, whichever it was, it hit the mark. It scored a bull'e eye at long range.

(To be continued.)

Back to Eden. "Dress does more harm than an

says a Chicago editor. Are we to have an anti-clothing league