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Captain Murchison's indifference way instantly to palpable uneasi-His hands, which had been In his coat pockets, came out as hough jerked by springs. One of canted his cap from his brow to crown and the other clutched agiedly at his beard. And in that moat the riot advanced, the voices waxed louder and more distinct; scur-Fing feet resounded on the metal deck. saw the captain start hurriedly ward the starboard rail, intent eviently on meeting the rabble which was approaching on that side, and I Hartley boldly block his way. nd then, almost at the same instant, saw a tall figure with naked torso as black and shining as polished ebony black with grime and shining with west-come running backward around the corner of the deck house. Baw it with an iron bar held menacnely aloft against its pressing purers; and even in the uncertain light the deck lanterns, recognized it at by its outline and the characterthe set of its head upon its shoulnude to the waist and collied as was, as the figure of the man I

"Cameron!" I cried, chokingly, my inst-beating heart crowding my utterance. And all unmindful of the dirt which covered him I flung my arms about his waist from behind. "Camaron! Cameron! Thank God! Thank

heard the fron bar drop resoundingly to the deck; I heard Hartley's dee raised in anger, strident, stacento; and I heard the receding shuffle of feet as those who had pursued now backed away. There followed then a moment of silence, while the body had held twisted out of my arms, and saying released itself, turned and led me a moment of silence, only, ir against the sudden stillness there now rang out a weird, palpitant cry, orn of surcharged emotion, as Cameven, casting himself forward into my arms, buried his face in the angle of me neck and shoulder.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Final Problem.

It is doubtful whether in all Egypt there was ever such another period of your thanksgiving as that which folged the bringing of Cameron to the ittle hotel in Port Said. I am inined to question, too, whether in the pace of a single waking day four perons ever talked more, or with more mutual interest, than did the four of there gathered. The heat, the flies, be poor food, and the miserable ac omodations, generally, were not rely gladly tolerated, but absolutely earded. In the exuberance of our folding, annoyances which had med large on the preceding day vindled to the imperceivable; and m early morning until late night exriences were exchanged, adventures nid and speculations indulged in.

Washed, scrubbed, shaved, short clad in raiment put at his disposal the indefatigable Hartley, Cameron peared wonderfully well-looking. Infeed I was amazed by his appearance and by his condition. I had feared to and him a mental and physical ruin. had feared even for his life. And had come to us, if we might judge by outward seeming, stronger, more robust, less nervously relaxed than when he disappeared.

"At first," he told us, as we sat a

reakfast in a little upper room of the hotel, Evelyn close on his right, Dr. Addison at his left, and I opposite him. "I suppose I did suffer, whenever I was conscious, which, fortunately, I think was comparatively seldom They dosed me almost continuously with what I believe to have been some attribute of opium, so that even in my waking moments I was not wholly normal. In this way, of course, I lost all count of time. And so, too, I am unable to give events in sequence. My first conscious moment after being on deck of the Sibylla found me pped in a narrow berth on a rapid, rather rough-riding craft of appar

ntly much smaller dimension than he racht, and with a Chinese boy sitbeside me. You can fancy my amasement at the sudden on. In vain I asked questions wain I struggled to rise. Then I and the Chinese boy lighted ared to be an ordinary joss a stand at the head of my and withdrew from the tiny sensibility followed quickly I have a vague, dreamy of eating something with favor, which seemed my stuper. Once bat I was in a dark hove me were lit

ch the light

"It's quite possible," Cameron went on. "I know that it was very difficult to distinguish, in those days, between dreams and realities. Eventually, however, I awoke to find myself on the Glamorganshire, quartered with the men in the forecastle, a beard well grown and my clothes the coarsest sort of mariner's outfit. For a while I was far too ill for labor. The reaction from the drugs which had been administered caused me the keenest suffering. But, gradually, I came about, and was set to work with paint pot and brush. The humanity shown me at this time was surprising. I couldn't comprehend it. But I realized eventually that my strength was being fostered for future torment."

"Why didn't you explain, dear, to the captain?" Evelyn asked, with one of those bursts of naivette that contrasted so charmingly with her usual ly abounding good judgment.

Cameron smiled. "I couldn't get near the captain, my child," he returned, indulgently. "It wasn't because I didn't try. The officers ridiculed my assertions as pipe dreams, friend, in spite of all my urging, re- bled, "he must have realized that we and when, at each port, I pleaded to fused, with stubborn persistency, it mistook him for-yes, for some one be allowed to communicate with our consul, I was only kept under stricter guard."

And so his story, continued, interrupted at intervals by questions from one or another of us, until we had the whole wretched tale of cruelty, including the final chapter which preceded the rescue.

and trimmer, save himself, had been ordered on deck, still koping against hope that the outside world had at length been moved to intercession in that through O'Hara he was instru- tain, can we? Only I have thought, if his behalf, he demanded to be allowed to go with the rest. And when his demand was refused be rebelled, fight ing his way to liberty with an iron bar from a cinder-tub, which he had purposely concealed for such emer-

by detailing all the events and recording all the dialogue of that happy day. Much that happened and much that was said I must leave to the imagination of those that read. But I cannot refrain from the statement that Cameron's meeting and reconciliation with his old friend Dr. Addison was one of the brightest spots in a delectable constellation. The meeting between Evelyn and her uncle was an episode. too, to touch the sensibility of the most apathetic. And if there had lingered a single doubt as to the wisdom or expediency of accepting their companionship on my expedition of rescue it must have been dispelled by the emotional thrill which these scenes provoked.

Our homeward voyage, which all of us were anxious should not be de | wedding party. layed, was by way of Naples. Hartley, who appeared to be able to go and come as he pleased, accompanied us that far, and our farewells to him, on the deck of the Koenig Albert, were combined with a fervor of gratitude that exhausted our powers of expres-

Evelyn begged me to be permitted to kiss him good-bye, but there I was forced to draw the line. Her caresses in my own direction had not, up to that moment, been so lavish that I felt I could spare any of them, even for this young Englishman, notwithstanding my abundant appreciation of the inestimable service he had rendered. and that was precisely what I told her. when on the first evening out, she had demanded to know my reasons for re-

"You're a very selfish man," she retorted, with a pout. "And I'm not at all sure, now, that I shall ever kiss you again. Besides-" And there she

stopped. We had reached the after end of the deck in our post-dinner promenade and had paused there, leaning on the rail, to watch the phosphorescent gleam and glitter among the turbulent white wake-waters. Cameron and Dr. Addison were talking over their cigars in steamer chairs amidships, and the girl and I were alone together for the first time since her uncle's restoration.

"Besides?" I repeated, questioningly. The big blue eyes she turned to me were never more rogulah.

"Besides," she said, low-voiced and with a just perceptible quiver, "until you keep your promise, I don't see that you have any right to dictate to

I knew very well what she meant Ever since Cameron had come running backward around that deck-house corner-I think even at the minute recognized his naked, smut-covered shoulders—I had had that promise in mind, and had longed for the moment of its fulfilment. But till now not even the briefest opportunity had ared. Nevertheless, her present on was too entirely winsomely lovble to be neglected, and the impulse t ar teasing too strong for

suquenty repentant; still I persisted. "Have I ever falled you?" I asked again.

Quickly her gaze came back, and her eyes had taken something of the cold, snapping fire of the phosphorus. "Since you don't remember," she

said, "it's of no consequence" inly you were so sure that you could b't for Nish."

cruel. "When did I promise?" "I couldn't be so unmaidenly," was ber retort, looking away again. "Was it before we came over here.

or since?" "Before," after a pause. "Long before?"

"Not very."

"Where? At your house?" "Yes."

"In the library?" I asked, with a glance behind for possible intruders. She turned quickly and found me laughing.

ful child!" I cried, and the echo of my words was carried far astern, as my arms went about her and held her close, and my kisses fell thick and fast, on her ripe, tender little mouth.

"What need had I to keep such a promise?" I asked, when in mercy I paused that she might get her breath. "Why should I ask you to tell me that you loved me, when I could read it in letters as long as your glances and as bright as your smile?"

dison much alone together during our probably never have known. And, homeward voyage, who that still re- Clyde," he added, "ever since I learnmembers their own happy days of ed of his having been there, in town, I

my mind as legacy from the strange he was in his brother's house?" case of Cameron and the Sable Lorcha score or more of their satellites we gether, why, knowing that he had a most damaging character. But Camer- seem-" And there I stopped my so far as to discourage my appear- his feet, and smiling, tolerantly, was When he learned that every stoker ance against the former for complicity waving a hushing hand at me. I have no inclination to test patience | trial of his assailant.

to puzzle and disquiet me, long after would all have been so very, very difthe sharp edges of rancorous remembrance had been worn away. And invariably at such times there would recur recollections of those early days of the threatening letters and of that elusive something in Cameron's manner which I was never quite able to had tried to draw for him the differcomprehend or explain.

served for the night preceding my way, had, at her guardian's wish, been veled that I could even have seen a delayed for nearly a year because of vestige of likeness in the brutal, soulwhat he chose to regard as her unseemly youth. The celebration was to take place at Cragholt and the house was already filled with kinsfolk and intimate friends, including most of the

It was after midnight, and Cameron and I were alone together in his mahogany and green study; he at his writing table and I in the same adjacent leather chair in which I had sat a twelvemonth ago while listening to the story of the incised portrait.

As was not unusual we had reverted to that time and to certain of the incidents therewith connected; and had been trying to make clear to Cameron, as I had already frequently tried to do, the peculiar difference between McNish's expression and his.

"In individual feature," I said, warming to my subject, "there never was in all the world before, I believe, such similarity. And in repose, the ensemble, I should say, was equally identical. But when it came to-"

And there Cameron checked me. "Clyde," and his tone was strangely grave, it seemed to me, "you'll pardon my interrupting you, I know. I understand what you would say, probably better than I could from your putting it into words. And I want to tell you why I understand. Indeed I've wanted to tell you for a long while, but whenever I've got to the verge of it, I have balked."

He paused here to shake the asl from his cigar, reaching across his desk for a receptacle, and somehow the gesture reminded me of that of McNish as he had thrown out his arm which held the letter, and so exposed the telltale tattooing.

"I have never told you, Clyde," he resumed, his eyes turned on the glowing tobacco ember which he had just bared, "anything about my birth or my family. But now that you are to become one of us, in a way, it's only fair that you should know; for though Evelyn's mother was but my half-sister, still the girl gets the same blood through her grandsire."

"Yes," I said, "I know that. Evelyn told me that much. I know, too, that you were born in Scotland; and the very name of Cameron is a pretty good guarantee of family worth."

"My father belonged to a rather poor branch," he confessed, "and like many poor men he had a large number children. There were ten, all tol and when my poor mother died, it came a serious problem how to care of us little ones. I was the youngest, not over seven had a twin brother." As he said this Camero

been desultorily drawing fi

writing pad with the end of a penholder, abruptly shot his gaze to mine and caught the quick question of my

"Yes," he said, without change of tone, "yes, you see, now, don't you?" "McNish!" I murmured. "McNish," he echoed. "Donald Mc-

"But," I began, "I don't quite-" and "Give me a hint," I begged, still I thought of the letter from McNish's mother.

"Oh, it is clear enough," he went on. "Some of the children were put out to live amongst neighbors, and eventually, my father and the rest of us came to this country. The others he left behind, promising to send each month the money for their keep. Donald he left with a couple named Mo-Nish, who had no bairns of their own, and when the boy grew to be a big lad, and my father, who in the meantime had been successful here and married again, sent for him to come "Oh, you dear, silly, lovable, delight- to America, word came back that he had been dead a twelvemonth."

"And your father believed it?" "Oh, yes, for they returned the back pay he had forwarded, and sent a lock of my brother's hair, I think, and trinket or two that had been his as kiddie."

"Afterwards, though, you learned that he was still alive?"

"No," was Cameron's answer. "We never heard. Had it not been for that marked resemblance gathering me in And if we left Cameron and Dr. Ad- to the net spread for him, I should young love dreaming can blame us? have been wondering. Do you think For a long while there remained in it possible that he ever realized that

"Hardly," I said. "It doesn't seem conspiracy a seemingly insoluble prob- likely, though; unless the name and lem. On our return to America, my the-He must-Oh, certainly," I stumseemed to me, to aid in the prosecu- named Cameron. He answered to it tion of those who, we knew positive- readily enough; he even insisted that ly, were implicated in the affair. Con- he was Cameron. And if his mird was cerning Murphy, Yup Sing and a clear enough to put two and two tocould have produced evidence of the twin brother in America, it would on was not so minded. He even went floundering, for Cameron had risen to

in the plot to take captive Evelyn and "Yes, yes," he said, "I've argued it myself on the night of our Pell street all out in just the same way, dear visit. Indeed I have always believed friend. And yet we never can be cermental in securing Murphy's release. he might have realized it, and have And I know for a fact that he pro- been able to have played the part, and vided so generously for the young stayed, and taken up my life and lived French driver of the electric brough- it for the rest of his, I might have am, who was so badly injured in that gone on and taken his punishment to Pell street adventure, that the fellow some purpose. For I have had more returned to France a month before the than my share of the good things, Cly le, and maybe if poor little Donnie All these things, I say, continued had had even fialf my chances, it

He still thought of him as the child brother he had parted from long years ago in Scotland, and as such be would ever remember him. I was glad then that he had stopped me when I ence in their faces. For it was such a The true interpretation was re- difference! Looking at Cameron now with the lamp of true greatness alight marriage with Evelyn, which, by the behind those plain features. I marless face of his twin brother.

And then, for the first time, too, I really understood.

THE END.

Had a Good Excuse.

Summoned at Whitley Bay, Northumberland, England for having ridden a bicycle upon the footpath, a miner's excuse was that he was mad with toothache and that it was easier to ride on the footpath than on the road.

Hue and Cry. See the young woman. Is the young woman being suddenly and unexpectedly kissed? Ah, yes. And does the young woman raise a hue and cry? The young woman raises a slight hue, but no cry.

Surely Justified.

Lady Motorist-"Oh, Mr. Policeman, when I tell you why I speeded you'll let me go." Officer-"Why were you speeding?" Lady Motorist-"I was trying to catch up to that car ahead to see how the lady had her hat trimmed."-New York Globe.

Lost and Found.

The ferryman, whilst plying over water which was only slightly agltated, was asked by a timid lady in his boat whether any persons were ever lost in that river. "Oh, no," said he, "we always finds 'em agin, the next day."-Life.

Fleeting Shade. "By jove, I am glad to see you looking so gay and festive!" said Mr. Olde Frend. "You were all in black the last time I saw you." "Yes," demurely replied Mrs. Brown, who had just taken a second husband: "but it wasn't a fast black."-Judge.

Different Kind.

Wife (anxiously)—I do wish you were in some other work, dear. I am in constant fear that you will touch a charged wire at the shop." Hubdoesn't bother me; what I have more dread about is the charged account at the store."

Tough Plant. The root of all evil seems to thrive in any soil.-London Mail.

Different Function. presume you never quarreled rith your wife?" "Certainly not," re-



Thanksgiving Wedding Day. Kindly answer the following questions regarding the noonday wedding to take place on Thanksgiving day at the church. In what order should the maid of honor, ring bearer and the best man enter the church? What should be served at a reception which will follow immediately after the ceremony? Is it necessary to send an invitation to each member of a family, or can I say "Mr. and Mrs. Blank and family?" Thanking you

The best man with the groom enters the church from the vestry and with the minister awaits the coming of the bride, who is first preceded by the ring bearer, then the honored maid, and last the bride on the arm of her father, or whoever gives her away. If there is no one to do this she may enter alone.

most sincerely.—Perplexed.

At that season of the year you could serve chicken or sweetbreads, creamed in heart-shaped pastry shells, sandwiches of brown and white bread. olives, saited nuts, a salad with wafers, coffee, ice cream and of course the traditional wedding cake. Slippers of white or pink or tiny white satin bags filled with candied puffed rice are pretty for souvenirs instead of wedding cake boxes.

Good form requires a separate invitation for each unmarried member of a household; the "and family" strictly out of date. Economize in some other way, but not on your invi-

Duties of a Bridesmaid. Please state the duties of a bridesmaid. In just what way should she assist the bride? I expect to wear deep cream or buff. Please advise. whether you think crepe meteor would be more appropriate than marguisette.

If there is only one maid she immediately precedes the bride to the altar, stands by her side, holds her bouquet and throws back her veil if she wears one. It is customary for her to stand by her side when receiving, but this is not always done.

I fancy the crepe meteor is softer and prettler for your gown than mar

Visiting Cards for Young Girl. I am a young girl-sixteen. How soon will it be proper for me to have my own cards and should "Miss" precede the name and should my name be written out in full?-Schoolgirl.

You may have your own cards right now, although until you make your debut your name is supposed to be on your mother's card to use in making formal calls and for invitation purposes, but there are so many occasions where a girl needs her own card. Have "Miss" and your name. be it short or leng, engraved in full no abbreviation or prefixing initials before a name.

A High Noon Wedding.

Will you kindly state at just what time "high noon" is? Also suggest a menu for three courses for a wedding breakfast at that hour, to be served In buffet style, as a flat prevents any other method of serving.-Mrs. J. H. B.

High noon is exactly 12 o'clock, and is the favorite hour for a wedding with our English cousins, and even more so now since Alice Roosevelt selected that time. For the first course serve iced cantaloupe filled with sliced pineapple and Maraschino cherries, then chicken salad with plain sandwiches.

From a "Perplexed Man."

Sometimes a young woman is very friendly in speaking when she enters the dining-room; again she does not recognize me. Since I consider that it is her place to speak first, am I not justified in not noticing her hereafter?-A Perplexed Man.

I would be really sure that the person in question was intentional in not noticing me, and as it is conceded that a woman has the privilege of being the first to show recognition. If she continued to ignore my presence should certainly give no evidence that I knew she was on earth.

The Proper Thing to Do.

Will you kindly tell me if it is cor-"Oh, the charged wire at the shop rect form for young men to call and leave their cards after they have been invited to a party? Also the correct pronunciation of "Misses" in the Misses Brown.-Alice.

> It is indeed the correct form for young men to make party calls after having partaken of a person's hospitality, but few of them do it-more's the pity. "Misses" is usually preceded by the word "the," and sounds exactly as if spelled "Mrs."

As Gillilly sat huddled on the top

step leading to his house and felt the misty rain against his face he wished he had not been so everlastingly reserved. He wished he had been wont to mingle with his fellow men, especially since coming to the suburbs a few weeks previous to live. These reflections were surging through his soul because Gillilly was locked out. In addition to this fact, it was after 12 o'clock, his wife was away on a visit, and he didn't know the people next door.

He couldn't go to a hotel, because there wasn't a hotel in the suburb. He couldn't take a train back to town, because the trains had stopped running by that time. It grew colder and colder.

Gillilly felt that he must do something. So, tumbling down his steps, he strode across the wet lawn to the neighboring house, where he rang the

"Good evening," said Gillilly to the blue pajamas that finally opened the door. "I'm Mr. Gillilly, and I live next door. I'm locked out. Would you mind lending me all the door keys you have? Perhaps one of them will fit my door."

The blue pajamas laughed a cold, sarcastic laugh. "You have your nerve," he said. "Quite likely that I'm going to help you break into a neighbor's house on any such yarn as that! I happen to know that the people next door are away visiting!"

"I saw the trunks go!" floated triumphantly down the stairs in feminine tones.

"Mrs. Gillilly went away, but I'm at home," explained Gillilly.

The blue pajamas laughed again. "Good night," he said. But Gillilly thrust his foot into the crack of the "I don't blame you," he said, "but

I'm telling you the truth. Here are letters and cards-" "He may have murdered Mr. Gillilly

and taken his papers to help along his story!" excitedly called the feminine voice. "Don't you believe him, George!" "I can't hang around outdoors on

a night like this!" protested Gillilly. "Come along with me and I'll prove to you that I know the house!"

The blue pajamas wavered, then slipped on an overcost and tramped across the lawn with Gillilly. In the porch behind them the owner of the feminine voice stood watchfully. "I've got the hatchet, George, if he

does anything to you!" she called. The third key the neighbor tried turned in the lock of Gillilly's front door, but the blue pajamas stopped him. "What wood," he demanded, "Is in the dresser in the back bedroom on your second floor.

Gillilly is the most unobservant of men. If Mrs. Gillilly should paper the whole inside of the house with purple wall paper with yellow polka dots Cillilly would not be likely to notice it. "I den't know!" he said.

"There!" cried the blue pajamas. sternly. "I knew you were a fake!" Then, pocketing the key, he strode away indignantly.

"Wait a minute!" Gillflly begged. "If you won't believe me and let me into my own house, let me sleep in -your barn."

"Don't do it, George!" cautioned the voice from the front porch. smoke or something and set the gasoline on fire. They always do."

"No go, old chap," said the blue pajamas firmly. "All I've got to say to you is to beat it quick before the patrol wagon gets here! I'm not going to permit Gillilly's house to be robbed, even if he is a stuck up dub!"

Gillilly slunk away and passed the night in a secluded corner of the suburban railroad station, where only three-quarters of him got wet.

At noon the next day he walked into the office where he knew he should find the owner of the blue pajjamas.

"How do you do?" he said beamingly to that nonplused person. "My name's Gillilly. I'm the stuck-up dub who lives next door to you. think I owe you a lunch. Besides, I'd like to impress my countenance upon your memory by way of preparing for future emergencies!"-Chicago Daily

Influence of the Cinematograph. A striking illustration of the infigence of the ubiquitous cinematograph is reported by the United States consulate at Belgrade, Servia, American fashions have recently become very popular with the young men of that city, there is an unprecedented demand at the local shops for hats, boots, and other wearing apparel similar to that in vogue in the United States; and the American style of hair cutting has come into favor. These innovations are unmistakably the result of the exhibition of moving pictures of American origin. The obvious moral of all this, as the consul points out, is that the cinematograph might be used to great advantage in advertising all kinds of American products. For instance, pictures of American agricultural machinery in operation would probably create a great demand for the thing itself. This plan offers an economical substitute for the actual exhibition of American products in commercial museums and the like.

Putting It Mildly.

"Does the gentleman mean to say that I'm a Har?" shouted Senator A "The gentleman," replied Senator B., "has too much regard for the cour tesies of the chamber to utter the star

pressed by his learned friend." enatorial courtesy is a great

timent so aptly and accurately ex-