Red Heart and Black Arrow

A Tale of the Rolling Wave

CHAPTER XII.

As to Vizard's identity with the stowaway there was no doubt in my mind at all. His height and build were similar, and allowing for the difference caused by the bushy black hair and whiskers which "Enriquez" had worn, the features I now saw were the same. In the wisdom that comes after the event I wondered that I had not recognized him before but it was the voice that did it.

With difficulty I forced myself to give him a civil answer, having no wish in Aline's presence to demand the explanation I meant to have from him, and luckily he relieved me from the need for further caution by almost immediately going below to see the chief steward about his berth.

One thing was very certain—whether there was anything in Kennard's graver charges or no, the Queen of Night was too full of petty mystery for my liking, and I made up my mind there and then to have an end of it. My discovery of Vizard's peculiar conduct in coming aboard as a stowaway after booking a passage would furnish me with a quite legitimate excuse for raising the question of his relations with Zavertal, and after the rumpus that was sure to ensure I hoped that the air would be cleared all round by a disclosure of anything that was not on the square

Being detained over some trifle I was a little late for dinner that night, and when I entered the saloon the company was already seated. Here and there at the tables there were a few gaps, owing to several of the passengers preferring to dine on shore, and I was somewhat disturbed to see that both Zavertal's and "General Waldo's" chairs were empty. In view of my approaching interview with Vizard I was particularly anxious to see and consult Kennard, the more so as the verification of his prophecy that I should hear more of the stowaway within forty-eight hours seemed to indicate that he understood far better than I what was going on. Though he had no knowledge of Vizard, he must have foreseen that the stowaway would come round from Barcelona to Genoa by rail and make another attempt to board the ship.

Without in any degree shaking my conviction as to his identity, one fact with regard to Vizard filled me with a sense of the difficulty of the task before me. He seemed to be well known to at least a dozen of the passengers, and from the remarks made by some of those near me I gathered that he was an enormously wealthy man and quite a personage in London society. This made no difference to my intention to have it out with him after dinner ; he had pointed a pistol at my boat's crew, and he had threatened me personally—eccenricities which, so long as I commanded the ship, I did not mean to go unpunished, no matter how powerful the perpetrator —but I foresaw that his popularity and position might place serious obstacles in the way of getting rid of him. If he denied having come aboard as a stowaway, people would be more likely to believe him than me ; while if he admitted it lightly, as having been done as a practical joke, I would probably be expected to pass it over. And that was just what I would rather chuck up the command than do.

During dinner I watched Vizard closely as he chatted easily with a London banker and his wife, next whom he had procured a seat on the ground of previous acquaintance. He gave me the impression of having an iron will, and his face in repose, I thought, would be a cruel one, but as it always appeared to be covered with a stereotpyed "society" smile, I had no chance of fathoming its capacity of expression. I was glad that he sat at the other table and that I was not called upon to converse with him, for once or twice I caught him eyeing me in a way that was almost a challenge. Indeed, it seemed as if he were actually courting recognition, so obviously did he seek to meet my gaze.

As soon as the saloon was cleared, instead of joining the passengers on deck I went straight to my room, and, ringing up my own steward, sent him to ascertain whether either Doctor Zavertal or "General Waldo" or both, had returned to the ship. In each case the answer was in the negative. Without a moment's hesitation, for the man's covertly defiant bearing in the saloon had put my back up, I despatched the steward to Vizard with "Captain Forrester's compliments, and he would be glad if he would come to the captain's room." Then I sat down and waited, full of righteous indignation, and determined to command my own ship.

In less than two minutes there was a tap at the door, and Vizard stepped into the cabin. His smile had vanished, leaving his face very hard and stern ; but though he looked alertly expectant, he showed no traces of the surprise which a passenger suddenly summoned to the captain's cabin in such a high-handed way would naturally have felt if ignorant of the cause. This strengthened me in the accusation I was going to make, and I spoke with confidence.

"I have sent for you, Mr. Vizard," I said, "because I recognized you the moment you came on board this evening. What do you mean by shipping as a stowaway, and then when I land you as such, by threatening my crew and myself with a revolver ?"

"It is always open to a man to place his own constructions on the actions of another," was the reply, spoken sneeringly, which almost took my breath away. It was tantamount to an admission, and his manner had nothing of the practical joker about it. I felt that whatever his motive had been, whatever his schemes were, that they had been conceived and carried out in grim earnest.

"And the constructions that I put upon your conduct, sir, are such that I decline to take you as a passenger," I replied hotly. "The steward shall render you every assistance, but a boat will be ready to take you and your baggage ashore in fifteen minutes."

The notice to quit was received with a sarcastic bow.

"It has not dawned upon you, my worthy Captain, that the constructions which your owners may put upon your conduct, in forcibly landing a passenger whom they have contracted to carry, may cause them to dispense with your services ?" he said.

"Damn the owners !" I retorted, and I remembered afterwards the curious smile with which he heard the expletive. "If you can settle it that way with them, do so by all means. I wouldn't sail under owners who would back up a masquerading mountebank of a stowaway—no matter what his position—against their captain. Come, sir, you had best go and see about your things. The boat will be manned and ready on the port side in ten minutes."

"Very well, I will go," he replied, drawing himself up to his full height and turning to the door, but pausing on the threshold to say : "You alleged just now that I threatened you at Barcelona. Do you recollect the words of my threat ?"

I wanted no more truck with him, so merely nodded.

"Then, speaking entirely without prejudice, you can consider those words as still in force and as exactly defining the position," he said as he left the cabin.

Ten minutes later I had the satisfaction of seeing him into the boat, which I took care was not manned by any of the crew who had put him ashore at Barcelona. The third mate went in charge, and I gave him a hint that he had a tough customer to deal with and had better slip a pistol into his pocket. I was curious to see if Vizard would make any protest or explanation before the passengers, but, so far as I know, he held no communication with any one from the time of leaving the captain's room to that of going over the side. As the boat shot out into the darkness towards the twinkling lights of the city, he waved his hand jauntily to me, and I heard him laugh.

In half an hour the boat returned, and the third officer reported that Vizard had given him no trouble whatever. He had not alluded to the circumstances under which he was being put ashore, but had chatted civilly on trifles, and had finished up by giving the boat's crew a sovereign to drink his health. On the part of such a man this complacency struck me as ominous. Naples was our next port of call, and I determined to keep a good look-out for him there.

For the moment, however, I was rid of the undesirable passenger, and I was free to turn my attention to a matter of more immediate interest. This was the non-return of Zavertal, who, when I turned in at eleven o'clock, was still absent from the ship. Kennard, also, was still on shore, but from what he had said, I regarded this as merely a consequence of the doctor's absence, and in any case, as a passenger, he was entitled to a freedom of action which was hardly the privilege of an officer paid to discharge medical duties. To my mind, the doctor's conduct in spending the night on shore without leave constituted, to say the least of it, a breach of discipline, though whether, in the peculiar organization sanctioned by the owners, he would consider it so was doubtful.

In the morning he was still absent, and at ten o'clock I had heard nothing of him or his "shadow," though they were both aware that the ship was to proceed on her voyage at noon. Another half-hour passed, and I was thinking of sending on shore to the Hotel de Genes, which Zavertal had mentioned as the place of meeting with his friend, when a shore boat came alongside, bringing a letter addressed to me in his handwriting. Tearing it open, I read as follows :—

"British Consulate, Genoa,
"June 24, 1893.

"Dear Captain Forrester,

"I am detained here in an extremely awkward dilemma, from which your presence can alone extricate me.

"May I beg of you, on receipt of this, to come ashore at once to the Consulate, where you will find me anxiouslyawaiting you. The affair will not take long to settle, and there is no reason why the sailing of the ship should be delayed if you act at once.

"Yours respectfully,
"LUCIUS ZAVERTAL."

There was only one thing to be done, and that was to go and get him out of pawn whatever his trouble might be, or, failing that, to secure the services of another medical officer. For a pleasure-cruiser, with between two and three hundred people on board, many of them considering themselves invalids, to put to sea without a doctor would be an impossibility. The boat that had brought the letter was still alongside, and I decided to go in her in preference to waiting while my gig was manned. After informing the chief officer of the contents of Zavertal's letter, I put a sum of money in my pocket in case of need, and went towards the boat. On my way along the deck I met Aline and told her that I was going to fetch the doctor, who had been detained by business on shore.

"I wish you would leave him behind then, Cyril," she said. "I cannot bear that man."

"Why—what has he been doing ?" I asked, in some surprise, for I had noticed that Zavertal had been particularly civil and deferential to her and Mrs. Brinkworth.

"Oh, nothing very much ; only he is always pestering me to take his medicines when I am perfectly well and don't require them," she replied.

This piece of information was so new, and, moreover, fitted in so compactly with the horrid thought that had crossed my mind as to Zavertal's possible reasons for mentioning the three "serious cases," that it occupied me all the way to the landing-place. Taken in conjunction with the doctor's strange detention at the Consulate, the only conclusion I could deduce from it was that Kennard had made some important discovery which had warranted his applying to the authorities, but how Zavertal could suppose that I should be either able or willing to liberate him under such circumstances was beyond my understanding.

The two nimble Italian boatmen made short work of the distance, and I was soon walking across the Piazza Cavour to the Consulate. From my early studies of detective literature, I had half expected to see Kennard hanging about the door in his disguise, but he was nowhere visible. Only the usual streams of ships' captains, seamen, and merchants' clerks jostled each other going and coming through the swing-doors leading into the waiting-room of the busiest Consulate in Europe. On my entrance, I wrote my name and business, so far as it was describable, on a slip, and gave it to an attendant who vanished with it into another room, to return almost immediately with the welcome news that the Consul would see me at once. A moment later I was ushered into the presence of her Majesty's representative.

My first impulse on entering was to look around for Zavertal, but a glance showed that there was no one in the private room besides the Consul himself, seated at his desk, and a clerk writing at a side table. Curbing my surprise, I pulled myself together in time to return the official's salutation.

"You have called, Captain Forrester, in consequence of a communication from your medical officer, I think," the Consul said, and I remembered afterwards the look of keen inquiry with which he eyed me.

"Yes ; I understood that Doctor Zavertal was here," I replied.

"So he is ; you will see nim presently," returned the Consul. "There is a matter about which I want to question you first. A gentleman named Vizard has been here to lodge a complaint against you, Captain, for refusing to carry him on your steamer, although he has paid his fare. He says you accuse him of having been a stowaway from London to Barcelona—or something of the kind."

"And so he was, sir," I replied. "Why, he as good as admitted it last night. There is no doubt he is the same man whom I landed. If Doctor Zavertal is here, he should be able to corroborate me."

"Doctor Zavertal has alceady seen Mr. Vizard," said the Consul curtly. "One more question. Have you any accusation or charge to make against the doctor ?"

From the Consul's tone and manner I guessed that Zavertal had taken sides against me, by pretending to fail in recognizing Vizard as Enriquez. I began to have an uneasy feeling that something had been got up for me, and this so raised my gorge that I answered rashly,—

"Not exactly an accusation—at least, not yet," I blurted out. "But I believe him to be a scheming, underhand scoundrel. I cannot put it into words, but I only know that the ship has been chock full of mysteries and disguises and conspiracies ever since she left port, and they can all be traced to this man."

"Ah, that about settles it then," said the Consul decisively. "If you will step in there, Captain, you will find that I have arrived at a practical solution of the difficulties that are worrying you."

He pointed to a baize-covered door at the opposite end of the room from that at which I had entered, and in my anxiety for a speedy settlement of the Vizard affair I made for it in all haste, my impression being that it would lead to an inner apartment where I should perhaps find other parties to the controversy in which I was now apparently involved. Directly I opened the door I saw, by a wall four feet in front of me, that I was mistaken. The place in which I found myself was a narrow passage, passing the door in each direction to the right and left. Before I could note more, a number of faces closed in upon me on either hand, I was violently seized by strong arms, a pungent cloth was pressed to my nostrils, and I felt myself becoming quickly powerless in mind and body.

But as my senses left me, the last definite objects presented to my fading sight were the features of Vizard and Zavertal standing out distinct and triumphant among the crowd of olive-skinned, unknown faces that hemmed me in on every side. Then I struggled hard, but my limbs refused to answer to my will, my ears buzzed and roared like the engines of a tramp steamer, darkness and silence swooped down upon me, and I knew no more.

(To Be Continued.)

Coughs, Colds and Asthma

As Well as Croup, Bronchitis and Whooping Cough are Quickly Cured by

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE.

The virtue of this great prescription of Dr. Chase is so well known in Canadian homes that it seems useless to do more than remind you that it has a larger sale and is curing more people than ever before.

Mrs. J. W. Lloyd, Albion street, Belleville, Ont., states:

"In the beginning of last winter I took a very severe cold, accompanied with a bad cough, and was almost laid up for a time. I tried several remedies, but with indifferent results. On the advice of a friend I got a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and found that it relieved the cough at once. By the time I had taken the one bottle my cold was gone, and I can truthfully recommend it as a splendid remedy for coughs and colds."

Mrs. A. A. Vanbuskirk, Robinson street, Moncton, N. B., and whose husband is carpenter on the I.C.R., states: "For years I have used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for my children whenever they take cold. I used it first with one of my children suffering with a severe form of asthma. It seemed as though the least exposure to cold or dampness would bring on an attack of this disease. I began using this medicine, and must say that I found it most excellent. We have never tried anything in the way of a cough medicine that worked so satisfactorily. It seemed to go right to the diseased parts and brought speedy relief."

Do not be satisfied with imitations or substitutes. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase is on every bottle of the genuine. 25 cents a bottle, family size (three times as much) 60 cents. at all dealers, or

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

THE SPRING FEELING.

Weariness, Lassitude and a Desire to Avoid Exertion.

There are few people who have not experienced what is aptly termed the spring feeling. Languor and weariness, loss of appetite, touches of indigestion, pimples and irritation of the skin. They all come with the spring. All these ills are banished by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They enrich the blood, brace up the nerves, and charm away all spring weariness. Dr. Williams Pink Pills are the best tonic medicine in the world. They make new, rich, red blood; strengthen men and women and make the roses of health bloom on pallid cheeks. Here is proof: Miss Catherine Johnston, Gardner Mines, N. B., says: "I was very much run down, and so weak that I would frequently have to lie down. My appetite was poor and food distasteful. I often suffered from headaches, and the least exertion left me completely used up. I used a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and since then I have felt like a new person. I do not know of any medicine equal to these pills."

In this climate a tonic is an absolute necessity in spring, and health will be gained and money saved by using only Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Don't take a substitute or something else said to be "just as good." If in doubt send to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents per box or six boxes for $2.50.

SIAMESE TYPEWRITERS.

How many typewriter operators know that machines have been invented for peoples using more than twenty-five different languages? The latest patent is the Arabic typewriter, with a keyboard no larger than the one we use in this country, although the Arabic of textbooks is described as having 638 different characters. A single typewriter company advertises "one hundred styles in twenty-six languages." Many of these languages, of course, have nearly the same characters as the English. For instance, the French, Spanish, and Scandinavian machines are like ours, except that the keyboards contain certain accents that are not needed by us. The German, Greek, and Russian keyboards, of course, have their distinctive characters, but the number of keys is practically the same in every case. There are special machines for writing Gaelic. There is another machine with a keyboard of Burmese characters, as well as one for the Siamese.

SMOKING UNDER WATER.

Says an expert swimmer:

"It looks very strange to see a man go under water with a lighted cigar in his mouth, smoke calmly at the bottom, and come to the surface with the cigar burning as nicely as if he were smoking in his easy-chair. Apparently he defies all natural laws, but, of course, he does not really do so.

"It is a simple trick, but it requires practice. Just as I throw myself backward to go down I flip the cigar round end for end with my tongue and upper lip, and get the lighted end in my mouth, closing my lips watertight around it. A little elm-juice gargled before going in prevents any accidental burning of the mouth. Going slowly down backward, I lie at full length on the bottom of the tank, and blow smoke through the cut end of the cigar. Just as I reach the surface again another flip reverse the cigar, and there I am smoking calmly. The reversing is done so quickly that nobody notices it."

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS

We are permitted to make public the following letter, which is a fair sample of hundreds written by mothers throughout Canada praising Baby's Own Tablets:

Dunbar, Ont., March 18, 1903.

Several weeks ago my baby was very cross and ill owing to troubles common to children when teething. A correspondent highly recommended Baby's Own Tablets, saying she would use no other medicine for her baby. I sent for a box, used them according to directions, and must say that I have found them the best medicine for a teething child I have ever tried. One Tablet every other day keeps my baby well and I am sure of my rest at night. I echo the words of my friend and say "they are just splendid."

Mrs. Charles Willard.

Baby's Own Tablets will cure all the minor ailments of children, and may be given with absolute safety to even a new born baby. These Tablets are the only medicine for children sold under an absolute guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by druggists or sent by mail post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MAID'S MONEY.

Two domestic servants, observing a curious custom, which has existed at Guildford, England, for 250 years, threw dice at the Town Hall for what is known as maid's money. The winner received the sum of 12 guineas, which is annually presented to a servant-maid who has kept her situation for two years and upwards.