Red Heart and Black Arrow

A Tale of the Rolling Wave

CHAPTER XVI.

It was the morning of my second day in Naples, and no news had reached me of Kennard, or of the man from whose dagger his meteor-like dash through the railway carriage at Pisa had saved me. I had put up at the Hotel Victoria on the Parthenope Quay, whence I could watch the blue waters of the beautiful Gulf for the coming of the Queen of Night, and all through the day after my arrival I had been thrown into a fever every time the smoke of an incoming steamer appeared on the horizon. But I was doomed to disappointment; none of the vessels seeking harbor proved to be the graceful craft which the detective had called a "murder-trap."

My impatience was becoming almost unbearable. Not only did I chafe against the delay in the arrival of the ship, but I feared from Kennard's absence that some harm had befallen him, and that unaided I should never be able to cope with the difficulties that beset me. Acting on the advice he had given, I had abandoned disguise and resumed my own garments before engaging a room at the hotel, and I was beginning to consider whether my best course would not be to confide my position and anxiety to the English Consul, in the hope that he would be more helpful than his colleague at Genoa. Once I put on my cap to go to the Consulate, but the thought of the stone cell at the Convent of Santa Lucia overcame me, and I turned again to vainly scanning the sky-line beyond the Bay.

In the ordinary course the Queen of Night should have arrived at Naples early on the previous day, and as the weather was fine and calm the delay was quite inexplicable. It was now eleven o'clock in the forenoon, so that she was nearly thirty hours overdue, which, unless something had happened, was out of all proportion to any legitimate detention in so short a voyage. To my other anxieties began to be added wild thoughts of collisions, fire, shipwrecks, and a hundred other perils of the deep.

At last I reached such a pitch that to stay kicking my heels about the hotel and staring out to sea was no longer possible to me. I decided to go down to the quays and endeavor to find some one who could aid my inquiries by interpreting for me, and glad to be up and doing anything I sallied forth at once. Passing through the Via Gioja, I chanced to notice a name over a doorway which filled me with a sudden inspiration—the name of the agent whom Nathan had mentioned as his correspondent in Naples, one Signor Girolamo Volpe. If any one in the city was likely to be able to give news of the ship, this was the man, and at all risks I determined to try him.

I say all risks, because there was every probability that if he knew who I was he would serve my enemies rather than myself by taking steps to curtail my liberty. Vizard, if still a free agent, having seen me on my way south, would have been certain to apprise their correspondent of the fact, with instructions to throw obstacles in my way, if nothing worse, and it would not therefore be safe to make inquiry in my own name and person. As I was still wearing the mercantile uniform in which I had gone ashore at Genoa, I went first to a clothier's and bought a ready-made tourist suit, changing into it, by permission of the proprietor, in a room behind the shop. Then, having given instructions for my uniform to be sent to the hotel, I returned to the Via Gioja.

The offices of Mr. Girolamo Volpe, though in a large and handsome building, were not themselves on a lordly scale, consisting, so far as I was able to judge during my brief acquaintance with them, of a couple of rooms on the ground floor just inside the main entrance. Assuming a confident air, I walked into the outer office, and found it a poky little place, with an ink-splashed counter running from wall to wall. A middle-aged, seedy-looking Italian clerk was writing at a desk behind the counter, but the back part of the room was mostly hidden from view by a portable Japanese screen between five and six feet high.

"You act as agents for the owners of the steamer Queen of Night ?" I asved of the clerk, who came forward with alacrity.

"Yase, sar—Mr. Volpe is agent," was the reply which promised a sufficient knowledge of English for my purpose.

"Then where the devil is the ship ?" I proceeded, adopting the manner of the irascible Briton on his travels. "Here have I been waiting for her ever since yesterday morning. I was unable to join her in London, so came across the Continent to join her here for the rest of the trip. The delay is very annoying."

At that moment I caught sight of the shining top of a bald head, raised an inch above the screen as if some one behind it were changing his position. It disappeared so quickly as not to distract my attention from the clerk's reply.

"It is most unforchnit, sar, that you should be so discommode," he said. "I regret ver moosh that there can be no booking per Queen of Night from Naples. After leaving Genoa she call for orders at Leghorn, and receive instructions by cable from the owners to proceed to Cagliari in Sardinia, whence she goes direct to Alexandria. She not come to Naples at all."

This was terrible news, and I was so overcome that I nearly betrayed myself. The villains had evidently arranged that the ship on leaving Genoa should call at Leghorn, so that Zavertal could be informed whether I was still safely out of the way at the Convent. In this case they could, without risk of complications, carry out the original programme of visiting Naples; but if anything should have gone wrong with their plans with regard to the quieting of myself, pursuit on my part was to be stalled off by the simple process of avoiding the port where I should expect to find the ship. The latter contingency had occurred, and by this time the Queen of Night must be nearing Cagliari, whence in a few hours she would start for Alexandria, and commence that portion of the voyage over which hung the foreshadowing of such dreadful mystery.

Collecting sense enough to hurl a few anathemas at the clerk, I left the office and walked slowly back to the hotel. One ray of comfort was alone granted to me. I remembered that Pisa, where Kennard and Vizard had both so mysteriously disappeared, was the junction with the short line running to Leghorn, and I reflected that if Vizard had got on board there the detective would have the chance of doing so too. I hoped frantically that he had availed himself of it, and that his non-communication with me was due to his having gone to those who needed his protection so much more urgently. This thought, however, though it lifted a little of my load, did not compensate for being left high and dry where I was powerless myself to aid; and directly I reached the hotel I inquired if there were any boats leaving for Caglari which would give me a chance of catching up the Queen of Night before she sailed. Again I met with a rebuff. The day was Thursday. The steamer for Sardinia would not leave till Saturday.

I went up to my room, well-nigh in despair, and racked with doubt whether I had better go to the Consulate or try the Italian police authorities. I had nearly, after my last experience, decided in favor of the latter, when a waiter knocked at the door and said that a signor—an English signor—was inquiring for me below. Who my visitor could be, unless it was either Kennard or Vizard, I had no idea, but, glad at the prospect of any sort of change from blank inaction, I gave orders for him to be instantly shown up. Half a minute later I was more mystified than ever, for on the individual who came tripping obsequiously into the room I had certainly never set eyes before. He was a middle-aged, rather dissipated-looking, shabbily-dressed man, whose nationality at first sight would have been a mystery if it had not been announced.

Stranger though he was, there was something about him as he entered that struck a recent chord in my memory, and I scrutinized him more closely to see if I was confronted with yet another disguise. But the notion was no sooner formed than it was dispelled by the discovery of what had seemed familiar in him. It was the shining top of his dome-shaped bald head which had recalled the bald head seen by me an hour before over the screen in Volpe's office, and suspicious as I was growing of everything and everybody, I recognized that it would be ridiculous to assume that it was the same.

He advanced into the room smiling and rubbing his hands, and the moment he opened his mouth he chased away all inclination to confound him with any one else.

"I come from Mr. Kennard," he said. "I saw him in Leghorn yesterday morning shortly before he went aboard the Queen of Night, and he took advantage of my being a fellow-countryman of yours to entrust me with a message to you. He said I should probably find you at one of the hotels facing the Bay."

"Pray sit down, sir, and make yourself comfortable," I said, wheeling a chair for him. "I have been most anxious about Mr. Kennard, and at my wits' end as to how to communicate with him. Did he say anything of the circumstances under which we parted at Pisa ?"

"Not a word—and for the reason that there was no time," replied my visitor. "I made Mr. Kennard's acquaintance quite casually in a hotel at Leghorn ten minutes before he was going on board. Finding that I was coming on to Naples, he asked me to make inquiries for you in the hotels along the sea-front, and to tell you in these words that the ship's programme having been altered he thought it best to go in her, especially as he had ascertained that a certain person—you would understand who—had gone on board. He concluded by begging me to urge you to join him at Cagliari, even if you had to hire a special boat to get there, as he had every hope at that port of bringing matters to an issue and of inducing certain mutual friends, I think he said, to leave the ship."

This was good news indeed. The person alluded to as having gone on board at Leghorn was evidently Vizard, but neither he nor Zavertal would be half so dangerous with the detective at hand to watch their every move. A great deal would depend, however, on whether he was on board in his own character, or still successfully disguised as the old American General, and I questioned my visitor as to how Mr. Kennard was dressed.

"You require proof of my having met Mr. Kennard ?" he said, showing at once by his manner that he had put upon my question a construction I had not intended it to bear. The information he brought tallied so exactly with my previous surmise, and with what I had learned at Volpe's office, that to doubt him after he had made his statement never crossed my mind, and I hastened to disclaim any such intention.

"I am glad to hear you say that," he replied, "for it would be hard to meet with such a reception after going to the expense of considerable time and trouble to do a service to strangers. I am sorry to say that I suffer from shortness of sight, and did not take particular notice of your friend's costume. By the way, allow me to rectify an omission—I should have introduced myself on entering. My name is Matthew Mayfield. I am a missionary working among the English sailors who frequent Italian ports."

I should certainly never have guessed Mr. Mayfield's profession from his appearance, though I had had enough experience of longshore preachers to know that they do not usually wear purple and fine linen. The disclosure of his avocation inspired me with a new idea, and I promptly asked him if he knew of any private boat on the point of sailing for Cagliari, or which could be chartered for that purpose at a moderate figure. I had taken the precaution on the previous day to wire home to the bankers who had my modest savings in their charge and they had cabled back a credit of two hundred pounds for me to their local agents. I was willing, nay, eager, to spend every penny of it in getting to Cagliari.

But Mr. Mayfield shook his head. "A sailing vessel could easily be procured at a small sum to put you across to the island, but it would not take less than two and a half days under the most favorable conditions of wind and tide. That, I understand, would be too late to catch the Queen of Night. There are no small steamers here disengaged which could be got ready for sea at such short notice."

Polishing the top of his shining head with a red handkerchief, he rose as if to go, then flopped down in his chair again, tapping his forehead and knitting his brows with the air of a man who was trying to remember. "Yes, it was this evening," he said aloud to himself at last. "My dear sir," he went on, "it is just possible that I may be of assistance to you after all. There is a steam-yacht here belonging to a London gentleman named Smith. She is named the Miranda, and I know her skipper, Captain Dicey, very well. But what is more to the point, I believe that she is under orders from the owner to proceed to Cagliari this very night. Mr. Smith is not on board, as he purposes joining the yacht in Sardinia, where he has been shooting while she came to Naples to refit. I think I can induce Captain Dicey to give you a passage—on the quiet—for a ten-pound note or so."

"He shall have twenty if he will put me across," I said eagerly, "and twenty more if he gets me there before the Queen of Night leaves. Will you see him, Mr. Mayfield, and place me under an eternal obligation ?"

"I will go at once," was the reply; it is one of the sweetest pleasures vouchsafed to us poor laborers in the vineyard to befriend our fellow-countrymen in their need. It is now nearly one. Expect me back in an hour from now."

And he went out, leaving me wondering at the combination of so much disinterested goodness with an extremely unprepossessing exterior.

(To Be Continued.)

No Energy For The Daily Work

But Rich Blood Makes the Weak Strong and the Blood is Made Rich by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

You are tired, listless, weak and languid; have no interest in your work; lack the energy required for going about your usual occupation; your appetite is not good, and your meals have no attraction for you; you have headaches, it may be, and spells of weakness, and dizziness; you feel down-hearted and discouraged, and wonder what causes you to be so miserable.

It is the blood. The blood is thin, weak and watery, and lacking in the qualities which go to form nervous energy, the vital force which runs the machinery of the body. Your health has become run down, and you cannot get better without the assistance of some restorative. In this connection we mention Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, because it has proven itself to be the most satisfactory spring medicine and system-builder that can be obtained.

Mrs. G. M. Brown, Cobourg, Ont., states: "I was completely run down in health last spring, and could not do one day's work without being laid up for about two days afterward. I felt weak, languid and miserable most of the time, and was often blue and discouraged because of my continued ill-health. When in this state I was advised to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and did so, with most satisfactory results. It built up my system wonderfully, strengthened and fostered my nerves, and took away all feeling of languor and fatigue. I cannot say anything too good about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and hope that others may profit by my experience."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is bound to prove beneficial to you, for it is composed of nature's greatest restoratives, and acts in accordance with nature's laws. Gradually and certainly it increases flesh and weight, adds new, firm muscles and tissues to the body, rounds out the form, and instils new energy and vigor into the system. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

HEART DISEASE.

A Trouble Much More Common Than Is Generally Supposed.

A healthy person does not feel the heart at all. If the heart makes itself felt it is a sure sign of some one of the many phases of heart trouble. Some of the symptoms of heart trouble are shortness of breath, trembling of the hands, violent throbbing or fluttering of the heart, sharp spasms of pain, oppression on the chest, dizziness and clammy sweating, irregular pulse, and the alarming palpitation that is often felt most in the head or at the wrists. Of course people suffering from heart trouble haven't all these symptoms, but if you have any of them it is a sign of heart trouble and should not be neglected for a moment.

Most of the troubles affecting the heart are caused by anaemia, indigestion or nervousness, and when any of these causes lie at the root of the trouble it can be surely cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. You mustn't trifle with common medicines, and above all you shouldn't further weaken your heart by using purgatives. You must cure your heart disease through the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. You can easily see why this is the only way to save yourself. The heart drives your blood to all parts of the body. Every drop of your blood flows through your heart. If your blood is thin or impure your heart is bound to be weak and diseased; if your blood is pure, rich and healthy, it will naturally make your heart sound and strong. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich, red blood. And that new, rich, red blood strengthens your stomach, stimulates your liver, soothes your nerves and drives out of your system all the disorders that helped to disturb your heart. This has been proved in thousands of cases. Here is a case in point. Mr. Adelard Lavoie, St. Pacome, Que., says: "For nearly three years I was greatly troubled with a weak heart, and in constant fear that my eand would come at any time; the least exertion would overcome me; my heart would palpitate violently and I would sometimes have a feeling of suffocation. I was under the care of a doctor, but did not get relief, and eventually my condition became so bad that I had to discontinue work. While at my worst a neighbor advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so, and they simply worked wonders in my case. I used only half a dozen boxes when I was able to return to my work, strong and healthy, and I have not since had any sign of the old trouble."

We would again impress upon those who are ailing that they must get the genuine pills with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A BLESSING TO CHILDREN.

Strong words, but truthful, and the experience of a mother who has thoroughly tested the value of Baby's Own Tablets. Giving her experience with the use of this medicine, Mrs. Geo. Hardy, of Fourchu, N. S., writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and find them a blessing to children, and I am not satisfied without a box in the house at all times." These Tablets cure all the minor troubles of babyhood and childhood. They are prompt and effective in their action, and are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. They always do good — they cannot possibly do harm. Good-natured, healthy children are found in all homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used. You can get these Tablets from any druggist, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PAID FOR HIS BOAST.

A man moved to the country and bought a farm. He was just getting settled when a man with a book under his arm leaned over the fence and said :—

"Just bought this land ?"

"Yes."

"Very fine farm."

"Yes, sir ; very fine."

"Must be worth $2,000."

"More than that. I paid $3,000 for it. Then there are indications of coal on it, which are alone worth $5,000."

"You don't mean it ?"

"Yes, sir. There's coal on it. Then the new railway is going across one corner. I consider my farm worth $15,000 of any man's money."

"Fifteen thousand, eh ?"

"Yes, sir, $15,000 at least. I wouldn't take a penny less. What are you putting down in the book?"

"Oh, nothing much. You see, I am the tax assessor. Other farms round here are not worth more'n $1,500 or $2,000, but I've just put yours down at the figure you mentioned because you insist. Good mornin', sir ; glad you've moved into the neighborhood, and hope you'll stay some time."

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

According to Sir James Crichton Browne, the air of London contains 150,000 proportional parts of dust, to 210,000 in Paris.

ONE WHO COULDN'T.

"Yes, my friends," exclaimed a teetotal lecturer, "there are many excuses for the glass. The sick man says he must have his glass to make him well ; the shivering cabman must have his glass to make him warm; the hard-working mechanic must have his glass to make him cool. But they lie, friends. Don't believe the workman who says he can't work without his glass. I defy anyone to mention to me a workman who cannot work as well, and better, without his glass as with it."

"I'll tell yer one."

"I defy you to do so," said the lecturer. "I defy you, sir !" he roared.

Then the voice observed :

"The glazier can't do without his glass."

The lecturer continued that oration at a decided disadvantage.

HARD MEDICINE TO TAKE.

"Doctor," said a fashionably dressed woman to her new physician, "I want you to give me a prescription which will cure me of a most irritating trouble." The doctor bowed, and waited for her to go on.

"About eleven o'clock every evening," said the patient, "I am overcome by a feeling of sleepiness, no matter where I am—at the opera, at a dinner-party, wherever I may be, this dreadful sensation comes over me. I have suffered from it now for five weeks, and no remedy has seemed to do any good."

"Oh, I can give you a prescription that will prevent it from overcoming you ever again," said the doctor.

His new patient was radiant, but when she looked at the slip of paper the doctor gave her, her face clouded. He had written :

"Bed from ten at night till seven the next morning. Repeat dose once in twenty-four hours, whenever symptoms recur."

UNCLE REUBEN SAYS :

One reason why so many of us are honest is bekase we nebber had a real good chance to be anything else.

"You say there's a man at the door wishes to see me. Does he look like a gentleman ?" "Well, not exactly like a gentleman, sir ; just something like yourself."