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# THE CHRONICLE 25c

**Balance of the Year To New Subscribers**

# The Man From Brodneys

By **GEORGE BARR M GUTCHEON**

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## CHAPTER XII THE LANTERN ABOVE.

**C**HASE sat for hours on his porch that night gazing down upon the chateau. Lights gleamed in a hundred of its windows. The bitterness of his own isolation, the ostracism that circumstance had forced upon him, would have been maddening on this night had not all rancor been tempered by the glorious achievement in the market place. He wondered if the princess knew what he had dared and what he had accomplished in the early hours of the night. He wondered if they had pointed out his solitary light to her—if now and then she bestowed a casual glance upon that twinkling star of his. The porch lantern hung almost directly above his head.

The chateau was indeed the home of revelry. The pent up, struggling spirits of those who had dwelt therein for months in solitude arose in the wild stampede for freedom. All petty differences between Lady Deppingham and Drusilla Browne, and they were quite common now, were forgotten in the whirlwind of relief that came with the strangers from the yacht. Mrs. Browne's good looking, eager husband revelled in the prospect of this delirious night, this almost Arabian night. He was swept off his feet by the radiant princess, the Scheherazade of his boyhood dreams. His little heart thumped as it had not done since he was a boy. The Duchess of N. and the handsome Marchioness of B. came into his tired, hungry life at a moment when it most needed the light. It was he who fairly dragged Lady Agnes aside and proposed the banquet, the dance, the concert—everything—and it was he who carried out the hundred spasmodic instructions that she gave.

Late in the night, long after the dinner and the dance, the tired but happy company flocked to the picturesque hanging garden for rest and the last refreshment.

The hanging garden was a wonderfully constructed open air pleasure suspended between the chateau itself and the great cliff in whose shadow it stood. The cliff towered at least 300 feet above the roof of the spreading chateau, a veritable stone wall that extended for a mile or more in either direction.

Near the chateau there was a real waterfall, reminding one in no small sense of the misty falls at Lunter brunne or Goshach. The swift stream which obtained life from these falls, big and little, ran along the base of the cliff for some distance and was then diverted by means of a deep, artificial channel into an almost complete circuit of the chateau, forming the moat. It sped along at the foot of the upper terrace, a wide torrent that washed between solid walls of masonry, which rose to a height of not less than ten feet on either side. There were two drawbridges, seldom used, but always practicable. A small stationary bridge crossed the vicious stream immediately below the hanging garden and led to the ladders by which one ran far back into the mountain.

Two big black irregular holes in the face of the cliff marked the entrance to these deep, rambling caves, wonderful caverns wrought by the convulsions of the dead volcano, cracks made by these splintering earthquakes when the island was new.

The garden hung high between the building and the cliff, swung by a score of great steel cables. These cables were riveted soundly in the solid rock of the cliff at one end and fastened as safely to the stone walls of the chateau at the other. It swung stanchly from its moorings with the constancy of a suspension bridge and trembled at the slightest touch.

It was at least a hundred feet square. The floor was covered with a foot or more of soil, in which the rich grass and plants of the tropics flourished. Cool fountains sprayed the air at either end of the green inclosure. The illusion was complete. The walls surrounding the garden were three feet high and were intended to represent the typical English garden wall of brick. To gain access to the hanging garden one crossed a narrow bridge which led from the second balcony of the chateau. There was not an hour in the day when protection from the sun could not be found in this little paradise.

Bobby Browne was leaning forth with his usual exuberance on the magnificence of the British navy.

"There she is now, sleeping out there in the harbor, a great big thing with the kindest of hearts inside of those steel ribs—her majesty's ship the King's Own! Think of it! She conveys a private yacht, she stops off at this beastly island to catch her breath

and to see that all are safe, then she charges off into the horizon like a bird that has no home. May I offer you a cigarette, princess? By the way, I wonder how Chase came off with his side show."

"Saunders tells me that he was near being butchered, but luck was with him," said Deppingham. "His ship came home."

"It was a daring trick. I'm glad he pulled it off. He's a man, that fellow is," said Browne. "See, princess, away up there in the mountain is his home. There's a light. See it? He keeps rather late hours, you see."

"Tell me about him," said the princess suddenly. She arose and walked to the vine covered wall, followed by Bobby Browne.

"I don't know much to tell you," said he. "He's made an enemy or two, and they are trying to drive him out. We've asked him down here just because we can't bear to think of a fellow creature wasting his days in utter loneliness, but he has so far declined with thanks. The islanders are beginning to hate him. They distrust him, Britt says. Of course you know why we are here. You?"

"Every one knows, Mr. Browne. You are the most interesting quartet in the world just now. Every one is wondering how it is going to end. What a pity you can't marry Lady Agnes!"

"Oh, I say!" protested Browne. She laughed merrily.

"But how dull it must be for Mr. Chase! Does he complain?"

"I can't say that he does. Britt—that's my lawyer—Britt says he's never heard a murmur from him. He takes his medicine with a smile. I like that sort of fellow, and I wish he'd be a little more friendly."

"He has learned to know and keep his place," said she coolly. Perhaps she was thinking of his last night in the palace garden. Away up there in the darkness gleamed his single, lonely, pathetic little light. "Isn't it rather odd, Mr. Browne, that his light should be burning at 2 o'clock in the morning? Is it his custom to sit up?"

"I've never noticed it before, now you speak of it. I hope nothing serious has happened to him. He may have been injured in—I say, if you don't mind, I'll ask some one to telephone up to his place."

"Yes, do telephone," she broke in. "I am sure Lady Deppingham will approve. No, thank you, I will stand here awhile. It is cool, and I love the stars." Five minutes later he returned to her, accompanied by Lady Agnes. She was still looking at the stars.

"Lady Deppingham called him up," said Bobby.

"And he answered in person," said her ladyship. "He seemed strangely agitated for a moment or two, Genevra, and then he laughed—yes, laughed in my face, although it was such a long way off. I asked him if he was ill or had been hurt. He said he never felt better in his life and hadn't a scratch. He laughed—I suppose to show me that he was all right. Then he asked me to thank you for bringing a warship. You saved his life. Really one would think you were quite a heroine, or a goddess or something like that. I never heard anything sweeter than the way he said good night to me. There?"

The light in the bungalow bobbed mysteriously for an instant and then went out.

"How far is it from here?" asked the princess abruptly.

"Nearly two miles as the crow flies, only there are no crows here. Five miles by the road, I fancy. Isn't it, Bobby? I call him Bobby, you know, when we are all on good terms. I don't see why I shouldn't if you stop to think how near to being married to each other we are at this very instant."

"I wonder if help could reach him quickly in the event of an attack."

"It could if he'd have the kindness to notify us by phone," said Browne.

"But he wouldn't telephone to us," said Lady Deppingham ruefully. "He's not so communicative as that."

"Surely he would call upon you for help if he?"

"You don't know him, Genevra."

The princess smiled in a vague sort of way. "I've met him quite informally, if you remember."

"I should say it was informally. It's the most delicious story I've ever heard. You must tell it to Mr. Browne, dear. It's all about the enemy in Thorberg, Mr. Browne. There's your wife calling, Bobby. She wants you to tell that story again about the bishop who rang the doorbell."

The next morning the captain of the King's Own came ashore and was taken to the chateau for dejeuner. Late in the afternoon the marquis and his

party, saying farewell to the princess and the revived legates, put out to the yacht and steamed away in the wake of the great warship. The yacht was to return in a month to pick up the princess.

Genevra, her maids, her men and her boxes, her poodle and her dachshund were left behind for the month of March—not without misgiving, it must be said, for the marquis, her uncle, was not disposed to look upon the island situation as a spot of long continued peace.

"You won't be able to get help as cleverly and as timely as that American chap got it last night," protested the marquis. "Warships don't broost around like gulls, you know. Karl will never forgive me if I leave you here."

"Karl is of a very forgiving nature, uncle, dear," said Genevra sweetly. "He forgave you for defending Mr.

Chase, because you are such a nice Englishman. I've induced him to forgive Mr. Chase because he's such a nice American—although Mr. Chase doesn't seem to know it—and I'm quite sure Karl would shake his hand if he should come upon him anywhere. Leave Karl to me, uncle."

And so they sailed away without her, just as she had intended from the beginning. Lord Deppingham stood beside her on the pier as the shore party waved its adieus to the yacht.

"By Jove, Genevra, I hope no harm comes to you here in this beastly place!" said he, a look of anxiety in his honest eyes. "There goes our salvation if any rumpus should come up. We can't call 'em out of the sky as Chase did last night. Lucky beggar! That fellow Chase is ripping, by Jove! That's what he is. I wish he'd open up his heart a bit and ask us into that devilish American bar of his."

"He owes us something for the warship we delivered to him last night," said Bobby. "He has made good with his warship story, after all, thanks to the King's Own and Britt."

"And the fairy princess," added Lady Deppingham.

"I am doubly glad I came if you include me in the miracle," said Genevra, shuddering a little as she looked at the lounging natives. "Isn't it rather more of a miracle that I should come upon mine ancient champion in this unheated corner of the globe?"

"I'd like to hear the story of Chase and his adventures in the queen's garden," reminded Bobby Browne.

"I'll tell it to you tonight, my children," said the princess as they started for the palanquins.

Hollingsworth Chase dodged into the American bar just in time to escape the charge of spying.



"I hope no harm comes to you here in this beastly place!"

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. SAUNDERS HAS A PLAN.

**M**ISS PELHAM'S affair with Thomas Saunders by this time had reached the stage where observers feel a hesitancy about twitting the parties most concerned.

"Miss Pelham is a clever girl, much cleverer than Saunders would be if he were a girl," said Britt. "She's found out that he earns a thousand a year and that his mother is a very old woman. That shows foresight. She says she's just crazy about London, although she doesn't know where Hammersmith is. That shows discretion. She's anxious to see the boats at Putney and talks like an encyclopedia about New gardens. That shows diplomacy. You see, Saunders lives in Hammersmith, not far from the bridge, all alone with his mother, who owns the house and garden. It's all very appealing to Miss Pelham, who has got devilish tired of seeing the universe from a nineteenth story in Broadway."

"She's a very nice girl," agreed Bobby Browne.

"A very saucy one," added Deppingham, who had come a severe cropper in his single attempt to interest her in a mild flirtation.

"She's off with Saunders now," went on Britt. "That's why you can't find him, my lord. If you really want him, however, I think you can reach him by strolling through the lower end of the park, but don't fall to shout."

"I want to ask him, confound him! I want to ask him how many days there are left before our time is up on the island. Demmed, annoying that I can't have legal advice when I—"

"How many days have you been here?"

"How the devil should I know? That's what we've got Saunders here

Continued on page 6.

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| Read down                 | Read up        |
|---------------------------|----------------|
| 8.45 3.00 Lv. Walkerton   | Ar. 8.40 12.35 |
| 6.58 3.13 " Maple Hill    | " 9.27 12.42   |
| 7.06 3.23 " Hanover       | " 9.19 12.3    |
| 7.14 3.33 " Allan Park    | " 9.11 12.22   |
| 7.28 3.42 " Durham        | " 8.57 12.13   |
| 7.38 4.03 " McWilliams    | " 8.47 12.02   |
| 7.50 4.17 " Prievidje     | " 8.35 11.50   |
| 8.00 4.30 " Saugueny Jct. | " 8.25 11.40   |

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