

The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON

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CHAPTER XXXII.

IN THE SAME GRAVE WITH SKAGGS.

DOWN in the village of Ararat there were signs of a vast commotion. Early risers and the guards were flying from house to house, shouting the news.

Outside the harbor lay the low, savage-looking ship. Its guns were pointed directly at the helpless town. Its decks were swarming with white-clothed men.

The plague was forgotten. The strategy that had driven off the ships of peace was lost in the face of this ugly creature of war. Rasula's reign of strategy was ended.

"They will not fire! They dare not!" he was shrieking as he dashed back and forth along the dock. "It is chance! They do not come for Chase! Believe in me! The tug! The tug! They must not land!"

The crash of the long unused six-pounder at the chateau, followed almost immediately by a great roar from one of the cruiser's guns, brought the panic to a crisis.

The islanders scattered like chaff before the wind, looking wild-eyed over their shoulders in dread of the pursuing cannon ball, dodging in and out among the houses and off into the foothills.

Rasula, undaunted, but crazed with disappointment, struck to his colors on the deserted dock. He cursed and raved and begged. In time two or three of the more canny, realizing that safety lay in an early peace offering, ventured out beside him. Others followed their example, and still others slunk trembling to the fore, their voices ready to protest innocence and friendship and loyalty.

They had heard of the merciless American gunner, and they knew in their souls that he could shoot the island into atoms before nightfall.

The native lawyer harangued them and cursed them and at last brought them to understand in a feeble way that no harm could come to them if they faced the situation boldly. The Americans would not land on British soil; they would precipitate war with England. They would not dare to attempt a bombardment; Chase was a war, a mountebank, a dog! After shouting himself hoarse in his frenzy of despair he finally succeeded in forcing the men to get up steam in the company's tug.

All this time the officers of the American warship were dividing their attention between land and sea. Another vessel was coming up out of the misty horizon. The men on board knew it to be a British man-of-war!

Suddenly a party of white men approached the startled Rasula. A hundred eager hands were extended, a hundred voices cried out for mercy, a hundred Mohammedans beat their heads in abject submission.

Hollingsworth Chase, Lord Deppingham and a familiar figure in an ill-fitting red jacket and forage cap strode firmly, defiantly between the rows of humble Japannites. Close behind them came a tall, resolute grenadier of the Rapp-Thorberg army.

"Make way there! Make way!" Mr. Bowles was crying, brandishing the antique broadsword that had come down to Wyckholme from the dark ages. "Stand aside for the British government! Make way for the American!"

Rasula's jaw hung limp in the face of this amazing exhibition of courage on the part of the enemy. He was glaring insanely at the calm, triumphant face of the man from Brodney's, who was now advancing upon him with the assurance of a conqueror.

"You see, Rasula, I have called for your bidding, and it has come at my bidding." Turning to the crowd that surged up from behind, cowed and cringing, Chase said: "It rests with you. If I give the word that ship will blow you from the face of the earth. I am your friend, people. I would do you no harm, but good. You have been misled by Rasula. Rasula, you are not a fool. You can save yourself even now. I am here as the servant of these people, not as their master. I intend to remain here until I am called back by the man who sent me to you. You have!"

Rasula uttered a shriek of rage. He had been crouching back among his cohorts, panting with fury. Now he sprang forward, murder in his eyes. His arm was raised, and a great pistol was leveled at the breast of the man who faced him so coolly, so confidently.

Deppingham shouted and took a step forward to divert the aim of the frenzied lawyer.

A revolver cracked behind the tall American, and Rasula stopped in his tracks. There was a great hole in his forehead. His eyes were bursting. He sank to the ground dead!

The soldier from Rapp-Thorberg, a smoking pistol in his hand, the other



raised to his helmet, stepped to the side of Hollingsworth Chase.

"By order of her serene highness, sir," he said quietly.

"Good God!" gasped Chase, passing his hand across his brow. Deppingham, repressing a shudder, addressed the stunned natives.

"Take the body away. May that be the end of all assassins!"

The King's Own came alongside the American vessel in less than an hour. Accompanied by the British agent, Mr. Bowles, Chase and Deppingham left the dock in the company's tug and steamed out toward the two monsters. The American had made no move to send men ashore.

Standing on the forward deck of the swift little tug, Chase unconcernedly accounted for the timely arrival of the two cruisers.

"Three weeks ago I sent out letters by the mail steamer, to be delivered to the English or American commanders, wherever they might be found. Undoubtedly they were met with in the same port. That is why I was so positive that help would come sooner or later. I knew that we'd need help, and I knew that if I brought the cruisers my power over these people would never be disturbed again."

"My word!" exclaimed the admiring Bowles.

"Chase, you may be theatrical, but you are the most dependable chap the world has ever known," said Deppingham, and he meant it.

The warships remained off the harbor all that day. The British captain consented to leave a small detachment of marines in the town to protect Chase and the bank. To a man the islanders pledged fealty to the cause of peace and justice. They shouted the names of Chase and Allah in the same breath and demanded of the latter that he preserve the former's beard for all eternity.

The King's Own was to convey the liberated heirs to Aden, whither the cruiser was bound. At that port a P. and O. steamer would pick them up. One white man elected to stay on the island with Hollingsworth Chase, who steadfastly refused to desert his post until Sir John Brodney indicated that his mission was completed. That one man was the wearer of the red jacket, the bearer of the king's commission in Japat, the undaunted Mr. Bowles.

The Princess Geneva, the wistful light deepening hourly in her blue-gray eyes, avoided being alone with the man whom she was leaving behind. She had made up her mind to accept the fate inevitable. He had reconciled himself to the ending of an impossible dream. There was nothing more to say except farewell.

The last day dawned. The sun smiled down upon them. The soft breeze of the sea whispered the curse of destiny into their ears. It crooned the song of heritage; it called her back to the fastnesses where love may not venture in.

The chateau was in a state of upheaval. The exodus was beginning. The princess waited until the last moment. She went to him. He was standing apart from the rest, coldly indifferent to the pangs he was suffering.

"I shall love you always," she said simply, giving him her hand—"always, Hollingsworth!" Her eyes were wide and hopeless; her lips were white.

He bowed his head. "May God give you all the happiness that I wish for you," he said. "The end!"

She looked steadily into his eyes for a long time, searching his soul for the hope that never dies. Then she gently withdrew her hands and stood away from him, humbled in her own soul.

"Yes," she whispered. "Goodbye."

He straightened his shoulders and drew a deep breath through compressed nostrils. "Goodbye! God bless you!" was all that he said.

She left him standing there. The wall between them was too high, too impregnable, for even love to storm.

Lady Deppingham came to him there a moment later. "I am sorry," she said tenderly. "Is there no hope?"

"There is no hope for her!" he said bitterly. "She was condemned too long ago."

On the pier they said goodby to him. He was laughing as easily and as blithely as if the world held no sorrows in all its mighty grasp.

"I'll look you up in London," he said to the Deppinghams. "Remember, the real trial is yet to come. Goodby, Browne. Goodby, all. You may come again another day."

The launch slipped away from the pier. He and Bowles stood there, side by side, pale faced, but smiling, waving their handkerchiefs. He felt that Geneva was still looking into his eyes even when the launch crept up under the walls of the distant ship.

Slowly the great vessel got under way. The American cruiser was al-

ready low on the horizon. There was a



There was a single shot from the King's Own.

single shot from the King's Own, a reverberating farewell.

Hollingsworth Chase turned away at last. There were tears in his eyes, and there were tears in those of Mr. Bowles.

"Bowles," said he, "it's a beastly shame they didn't think to say good-by to old man Skaggs. He's in the same grave with us."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE middle of June found the Deppinghams leaving London once more, but this time not on a voyage into the mysterious south seas. They no longer were in the island of Japat, except as a reminiscence, nor were they concerned in the vagaries of Taswell Skaggs' will.

The estate was settled—closed! Two months have passed since the Deppinghams departed from Japat, "for good and all." Many events have come to pass since that memorable day, not the least of which was the exchanging of \$500,000, less attorneys' and executors' fees. Lady Deppingham and Robert Browne divided that amount of money and passed into legal history as the "late claimants to the estate of Taswell Skaggs."

It was Sir John Brodney's enterprise. He saw the way out of the difficulty, and he acted as pathfinder to the other and less perceiving counselors, all of whom had looked forward to an endless controversy.

The business of the Japat company and all that it entailed was transferred by agreement to a syndicate.

Never before was there such a stupendous deal in futures. The grandchildren of the testators were ready to accept the best settlement that could be obtained. There was a rather forlorn hope to begin with. When it was proposed that Agnes Deppingham and Robert Browne should accept \$250,000 apiece in lieu of all claims, moral or legal, against the estate, they leaped at the chance.

They had seen but little of each other since landing in England, except as they were thrown together at the conferences. Lady Agnes went in for every diversion imaginable. For a wonder, she dragged Deppingham with her on all occasions. It was a most unexpected transformation. Their friends were puzzled. The rumor went about town that she was in love with her husband.

As for Bobby Browne, he was devoted to endure the itching, painful distress of Piles. There's no need to. Listen: "I suffered much from Piles," writes Will A. Marsh, of Siler City, N. C., "till I got a box of Bucklin's Arnica Salve, and I was soon cured." Burns, Boils, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Eczema, Cuts, Chapped Hands, Chillsblains, vanish before it. 25c at West Side Drug Store, John A. O'Malley, Prop.

Mr. Britt afterward spent three weeks of incessant travel on the continent and an additional seven days at sea. In Baden-Baden he happened upon Lord and Lady Deppingham. It will be recalled that in Japat they had always professed an unshy aversion for Mr. Britt. Is it quite correct to wonder, then, that they declined his invitation to dine in Baden-Baden? He even proposed to invite their entire party, which included a few dukes and duchesses who were leisurely on their way to attend the long talked of nuptials in Thorberg at the end of June.

In Vienna the Deppinghams were joined by the Duchess of N., the Marchioness of B. and other fashionables. In a week all of them would be in the castle at Thorberg for the ceremony that now occupied the attention of social and royal Europe.

"And to think," said the duchess, "she might have died happily on that miserable island. I am sure we did all we could to bring it about by steaming away from the place with the plague-chasing us. Dear me, how diabolically those wretches led to the marquis! They said that every one in the chateau was dead, Lady Deppingham, and buried, if I am not mistaken. It would be much better for poor Geneva if she were to be buried instead of married next week," lamented the duchess.

"Other women have married princes and got on very well," said Prince Lichtenstein.

"Oh, come now, prince," put in Lord

Deppingham; "you know the sort of chap Brabets is. There are princes and princes, who would not mince words."

"He's positively vile!" exclaimed the duchess, who would not mince words.

"She's entering upon a hell of a—I mean a life of hell," exploded the duke, banging the table with his fist. "That fellow Brabets is the rottenest thing in Europe. He's gone from bad to worse so swiftly that public opinion is still months behind him."

"Nice way to talk of the groom," said the host genially. "I quite agree with you, however. I cannot understand the grand duke permitting it to go on unless, of course, it's too late to interfere."

"Poor dear! She'll never know what it is to be loved and cherished," said the marchioness dolefully.

Lord and Lady Deppingham glanced at each other. They were thinking of the man who stood on the dock at Ararat when the King's Own sailed away.

"The grand duke is probably saying the very thing to himself that Brabets's associates are saying in public," ventured a young Austrian count.

"What is that, pray?"

"That the prince won't live more than six months. He's a physical wreck today and a nervous one too. Take my word for it, he will be a creeping, imbecile thing inside of half a year—locomotor ataxia and all that. It's coming positively with a sharp crash."

"I've heard he has tried to kill that woman in Paris half a dozen times," remarked one of the women, taking it as a matter of course that every one knew who she meant by "that woman."

"She was really responsible for the postponement of the wedding in December, I'm told. Of course I don't know that it is true," said the marchioness, wisely qualifying her gossip. "My brother, the grand duke, does not confide in me."

"Well, my heart bleeds for her," said Deppingham.

"She's going into it with her eyes open," said the prince. "It isn't as if she hadn't been told. She could see for herself. She knows there's the other woman in Paris and—Oh, well, why should we make a funeral of it? Let's do our best to be revelers, not mourners. She'll live to fall in love with some other man. They always do. Every woman has to live at least once in her life—if she lives long enough. Come, come! Let us forget the future of the Princess Geneva and drink to her present!"

"And to her past, if you don't mind, prince!" amended Lord Deppingham, looking into his wife's somber eyes.

(To be Continued)

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From Experience.

Mrs. Enpeck—I learned today that Bob Smith and Mary Jones were secretly married ten months ago. Just think of it! Married nearly a year and nobody the wiser! Mr. Enpeck—Oh, I don't know! I'll bet Smith was a whole lot wiser before he had been married a month.

In Stock.

Joker—Do you keep smokeless tobacco? Clerk—Sure, we do. Joker—What kind is it? Clerk—Chewing tobacco, of course.—Cornell Widow.

Down on Rival Plants.

Wife—John, the hens have scratched up that eggplant you sowed. Hub—Darn 'em! Jealousy, I suppose.—Boston Transcript.

A Wretched Mistake.

to endure the itching, painful distress of Piles. There's no need to. Listen: "I suffered much from Piles," writes Will A. Marsh, of Siler City, N. C., "till I got a box of Bucklin's Arnica Salve, and I was soon cured." Burns, Boils, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Eczema, Cuts, Chapped Hands, Chillsblains, vanish before it. 25c at West Side Drug Store, John A. O'Malley, Prop.

Her Transformation.

Irene was a little street walf. A kind hearted woman called her into her home one day, gave her a bath, brushed her hair and arranged it becomingly, tying it with a clean pretty ribbon, then stepped back to view the result. That there was such a change one would scarcely know that it was the same child. Then the little girl spoke up timidly, "But my name's Irene yet, ain't it?"—Delinctor.

Mr. O'Donnell and the Hour.

An excellent hull was perpetrated in the house of commons one morning at half past 1 o'clock. Mr. O'Donnell was the author. He rose suddenly to his feet and cut into the debate with, "At this late hour of the morning, Mr. Speaker—"

"Early hour you mean," from the government benches.

"Well, Mr. Speaker," he continued, "at this early hour of the following day."

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FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP



Photo by Alman & Co., New York.

MARGARET SANGSTER

Interesting Literary Career.

THE sweet face of Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, serene and calm, with steadfast, trustful blue eyes and a crown of silver-white hair, tells her autobiography. It is the revelation that she has lived in her own life the simple philosophy of sunshine, optimism and helpfulness which she has been giving to the world in her literary life of nearly half a century.

Mrs. Sangster was born in New Rochelle, N. Y., in 1833, on Washington's birthday, and received her early education in private schools. At sixteen she wrote her first story, a simple sketch of child-life, which brought her a prompt letter of acceptance and a check for forty dollars, which she unselfishly spent for silverware for the home—making a red-letter day in the calendar of her years. At twenty she married, and on the death of her husband became a contributor to leading periodicals. In 1871 she became editor of "Hearth and Home," and did excellent editorial work on other papers, notably among them "Harper's Bazar," but it has been by her poetry that Mrs. Sangster has most endeared herself to the American people, and her simple heart verses have been an inspiration and guide to thousands who have been touched and awakened to the fuller realization of the simple duties, the trifles of light and cheer and helpfulness that make up the sum of the happiness of our daily living.

Her tender, sympathetic verses, "Our Own," a plea for more thoughts and deeds of loving kindness to those nearest to us, were written one morning at the breakfast table and were published anonymously. "The Help That Comes Too Late," written as a protest against lost opportunities, sounds the same note. "The Sins of Omission," one of the most popular of her poems, shows again the vibrating of the dominant chord in Mrs. Sangster's writings and life, not the grand heroics of high-tide moments of living; but the simple, patient, kind and sympathetic putting of our whole life at its best into every day.

Mrs. Sangster has passed through trials and sorrows that have but sweetened and intensified the purity of her nature and her outlook on life. In her home at Glen Ridge, N. J., she writes in a library that she loves, with her favorite books and flowers always near her. Here she wrote her latest book, a novel called "Eleanor Lee," a story of the life-struggle of a beautiful girl to redeem the husband she loves to better and higher living, and which the author feels is the best book she has ever written.

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A LITERARY AFFAIR.

By ARTHUR D. BERWICK.
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It was a pretty town, but inordinately dull. The branches of the trees formed an arch over the streets—they were rather roads—giving in summer a delicious shade. But few people walked on them, and where there was a footstep it sounded loud. In winter there was no sound at all, for snow covered the ground, and even wheels could not be heard.

He went there in midsummer. He didn't go from choice. He was obliged to go. There was a deal on, and he must manage it from this quiet spot. His work was principally waiting for people to make up their minds to sell what they owned and for instructions.

The town possessed a dainty little library. He went there for something to read. There was a cheerful appearance inside, logs blazing in a broad tiled fireplace. The librarian, a girl of twenty, stepped to the desk.

"I would like a book of some kind," he said. "I'm cooped up here with little to do and inactively bored."

"There were books on the desk which he took up and scanned listlessly.

"What book would you like?" asked the librarian.

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"You'll find the card rack over there."

"Fiction?"

"Yes."

"Have you read 'Robinson Crusoe'?"

"Yes, when a boy. Why should I read that now?"

"Well, Crusoe was alone on his island; you are alone here. You might get some suggestion from him as to how to occupy your time."

"Thank you; I'd rather read this, 'The Heart's Highway.' I could do better in recommending books to you."

"What would you suggest?"

"Put Yourself In His Place."

"That's impossible. You are a man, I am a woman. You are a stranger; I am at home here."

"I am a bachelor, and you, I presume, are a maid."

"How would 'When a Man's Single' suit you?"

"I think I should like it better than 'Robinson Crusoe.' Would it help me?"

"Possibly. When you have finished it you might take up this one: 'Is Never Too Late to Mend.'"

She blushed as she said it.

"The one appears to be a natural sequel of the other. What's this, 'Red as a Rose Is She?'"

She blushed still deeper.

"We are not getting on. I wish a novel to while away the time, and I don't find one."

"You are right. This conversation can do you no good, and it might produce—"

"Bitter Fruit," he interrupted, reading the title of a volume she handed him.

She turned away, and he, going to

the card rack, fingered the cards for awhile in silence, looking aside occasionally at the girl, who sat by the fire reading. Presently he selected a book. She jabbed it with a stamp and, glancing at the title, gave her head a slight toss. It was "A Passing Fancy."

"Better take that," she said, handing him "A Bit of a Rogue."

He came again the next day and the next, talking out books and keeping up the same sort of chat till the autumn arrived. Then he finished his work and before leaving went to the library to return what books remained with him.

"I go tomorrow," he said, "Thanks for the books. This one," laying "The Woeing O'" on the desk, "I have enjoyed very much." He looked at her with an unmistakable glint in his eye.

"I thought you would prefer 'A Midsummer Madness.'"

"I warn you that you may cast ridicule on my feelings—"

"Once Too Often!" stamping a book of that name.

"Have you considered what I said to you the last time I was here?" he asked.

"Yes, and I regard it"—the stamp came down on—"A Flirtation With Truth."

"How can you say that? I told you I loved you and wished you to be my wife, giving you time for consideration."

"And my answer is that I prefer this retreat and independence to the city and slavery to an artificial life."

He stood regarding her indignantly. Presently his eye, falling to the desk, lighted on a book. He took it up and handed it to her. It was "A Woman's Hand."

Thus far the desk had been between them. Lifting the latch to the gate that shut him off from the interior, he went inside. She was leaning on the desk. He stole his arm around her waist and spoke low in her ear:

"I came into this library a few months ago to seek solace from loneliness. I found it, but not in the books I have taken out. For I have not read one of them. Nevertheless I appreciate them because they have afforded us a language of love. They have served as shields to that diffidence which hedges a newborn affection. But they are no longer needed. Let us now talk plainly. Tell me, do you love me, and will you marry me?"

"I will."

When he returned to the city he was commended for his patience in remaining in a dull country town until every bit of the work assigned him had been satisfactorily closed. It was only when the winter came on and they received his wedding cards that they understood the reason for his acquiescence in his hard lot.

Seeking For Danger.

"I'm going to lick Smith."

"Why?"

"He said I was a horse thief and a liar."

"Did he prove it?"

"No."

"Then let well enough alone and don't get him any madder."—Cleveland Leader.