

# The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON

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## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### THE TITLE CLEAR.

**T**WO men and a woman stood in the evening glow looking out over the tranquil sea that crept up and licked the foot of the cliff. It was September. Five months had passed since the King's Own steamed away from the harbor of Ararat. The new dispensation was in full effect. During the long, sickening weeks that preceded the coming of the syndicate Hollingsworth Chase toiled faithfully, resolutely, for the restoration of order and system among the demoralized people of Japan.

With the transfer of the company's business his work was finished. Two young men from Sir John's were now settled in Ararat as legal advisers to the islanders, Chase having declined to serve longer in that capacity.

He was now waiting for the steamer which was to take him to Cape Town on his way to England—and home.

The chateau was closed and in the hands of a small army of caretakers. The three widows of Jacob von Blitz were now married to separate and distinct husbands, all of whom retained their places as heads of departments at the chateau, proving that courtship had not been confined to the white people during the closing days of the siege.

The head of the bank was Oscar Arnheimter, Mr. Bowles having been deposed because his methods were even more obsolete than his coat of armor.

Selim disposed of his lawful interest in the corporation to Ben Ali, the new radi, and was waiting to accompany his master to America. It may be well to add that the deal did not include the transfer of Neenah. She was not for sale, said Selim to Ben Ali.

It was of Mr. Bowles that the three persons were talking as they stood in the evening glow.

"Yes, Selim," said the tall man in flannels, "he's a sort of old dog Tray, ever faithful, but not the right kind. You don't happen to know anything of old dog Tray, do you? No? I thought not. Nor you, Neenah? Well, he was!"

"Was he the one who was poisoned at the chateau, excellency?" asked Neenah timidly.

"No, my dear," he replied soberly. "If I remember my history, he died in the seventeenth century or thereabouts. It's really of no consequence, however. Any good, faithful dog will serve my purpose. What I want to impress upon you is this—it is most difficult for a faithful old dog to survive a change of masters. It isn't human nature—or dog nature, either. I'm glad that you are convinced, Neenah. But please don't tell Sabih Bowles that he is a dog."

"Oh, no, excellency!" she cried earnestly.

"She is very close mouthed, sahib," added Selim, with conviction.

"We'll take Bowles to England with us next week," went on Chase dreamily. "We'll leave Japan to take care of itself."

He lit a fresh cigarette, tenderly fingering it before applying the match.

"I'll smoke one of hers tonight, Selim. See! I keep them apart from the others in this little gold case. I smoke them only when I am thinking, now, run in. I want to be alone."

They left him, and he threw himself upon the green sod, his back to a tree, his face toward the distant chateau. Hours afterward the faithful Selim came out to tell him that it was bed-time. He found his master still sitting there, looking across the moonlit flat in the direction of a place in the hills where once he had dwelt in marble halls.

"Selim," he said, arising and laying his hand upon his servant's shoulder, his voice unsteady with finality, "I have decided, after all, to go to Paris. We will live there, Selim. Do you understand?" with strange fierceness, a great exultation mastering him. "We are to live in Paris!"

To himself all that night he was saying: "I must see her again! I shall see her!"

A thousand times he had read and reread the letter that Lady Deppingham had written to him just before the ceremony in the cathedral at Thorberg. He knew every word that it contained. He could read it in the dark. She had said that Geneva was going into a hell that no hereafter could surpass in horrors! And that was ages ago, it seemed to him. Geneva had been a wife for nearly three months—the wife of a man she loathed. She was calling in her heart for him to come to her. She was suffering in that unspeakable hell. All this he had come to feel and shudder over in his unspeakable loneliness.

He would go to her. There could be no wrong in loving her, in being near



her, in standing by her in those hours of desperation.

A copy of a London newspaper strolled away in the recesses of his trunk, dated June 29, had come to him by post. It contained the telegraphic details of the brilliant wedding in Thorberg. Every royal family in Europe was represented. The list of noble names seemed endless to him, the flower of the world's aristocracy. Chase was silent for a long time. He was quite cool and composed when at last he turned to his friend.

"Arch, do me a great favor. Look out for Selim and Neenah. Take 'em to the hotel and see that they get settled. I'll join you this evening. Don't ask questions, but put me down here. I'll take another cab. There's a good fellow. I'll explain soon. I'm—I'm going somewhere, and I'm in a hurry."

The voiture drew up before the historic old palace in the Boulevard St Germain. Chase's heart was beating furiously as he stepped to the curb. The cocher leaned forward for instruc-

Three weeks later Hollingsworth Chase stepped from the deck of the yacht to the pier in Marseilles. The next day he was in Paris, attended by the bewildered and almost useless Selim. An old and valued friend, a campaigner of the wartime days, met him at the Gare de Lyon in response to a telegram.

"I'll tell you the whole story of Japat, Arch, but not until tomorrow," Chase said to him as they drove toward the Ritz. "I arrived yesterday on the Marquis of B.'s yacht, the Cricket. Do you know him? Of course you do. Everybody does. The Cricket was cruising down my way and picked me up—Bowles and me. The captain came a bit out of his way to call at Ararat, but he had orders of some sort from the marquis by cable, I fancy, to stop off for me."

He did not regard it as necessary to tell his correspondent friend that the Cricket had sailed from Marseilles with but one port in view—Ararat. He did not tell him that the Cricket had come with a message to him and that he was answering it in person, as it was intended that he should—a message written six weeks before his arrival in France. There were many things that Chase did not explain to Archibald James.

"You're looking fine, Chase, old man. Did you a lot of good out there. You are as brown as that Arab in the sunometer back there. By Jove, old man, that Persian girl is rippling. You say she's his wife? She's—" Chase broke in upon this far from original estimate of the picturesque Neenah.

"I say, Arch, there's something I want to know before I go to the marquis' this evening. I'm due there with my thanks. He lives in the Boulevard St. Germain—I've got the number all right. Is one likely to find the house full of swells? I'm bit of a savage just now, and I'm correspondingly timid."

His friend stared at him for a moment.

"I can save you the trouble of going to the marquis," he said. "He and the marchioness are in London at present. Left Paris a month ago."

"What? The house is closed?" In deep anxiety.

"I think not. Servants are all there, I dare say. Their place adjoins the Brabent palace. The princess is his niece, you know."

"You say the Brabent palace is next door?" demanded Chase, steady his voice with an effort.

"Yes—the old Flauert palace."

The princess was to have been the social sensation of Paris this year. She's a wonderful beauty, you know."

"Was to have been?"

"She married that rotten Brabent last June, but of course you never heard of it out there in what's-the-name-of-the-place. You may have heard of his murder, however. His mistress shot him in Brussels!"

"Great God, man!" gasped Chase, clutching his arm in a grip of iron.

"The devil, Chase!" cried the other, amazed. "What's the matter?"

"He's dead? Murdered? How—when? Tell me about it!" cried Chase his agitation so great that James looked at him in wonder.

"Gad, you seem to be interested!"

"I am! Where is she? I mean the princess and the other woman?"

"Cool off, old man. People are staring at you. Brabent was shot three weeks ago at a hotel in Brussels. He'd been living there for two months, more or less, with the woman. In fact, he left Paris almost immediately after he was married to the Princess Geneva. The gossip is that she wouldn't live with him. She'd found out what sort of a dog he was. They didn't have a honeymoon, and they didn't

attempt a bridal tour. Somehow they kept the scandal out of the papers. Well, he hiked out of Paris at the end of a week, just before the 14th. The police had asked the woman to leave town. He followed. Dope fiend, they say. The bride went into seclusion at once. She's never to be seen anywhere. The woman shot him through the head and then took a fine dose of poison. It was a ripping news-story. The prominence of the"—

"This was a month ago?" demanded Chase, trying to fix something in his mind. "Then it was after the yacht left Marseilles with orders to pick me up at Ararat."

"What are you talking about? Sure it was, if the yacht left Marseilles six weeks ago. What's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing. Don't mind me, Arch. I'm a bit upset."

"There was talk of a divorce almost before the wedding bells ceased ringing. The grand duke got his eyes opened when it was too late. He repented of the marriage. The princess was obliged to live in Paris for a certain length of time before applying to the courts for freedom. Gad, I'll stake my head she's happy these days!"

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husband to mourn for. He was nothing to me. I want you for my husband, dearest. It was what I meant when I sent out there for you—that and nothing else."

[THE END.]

## DROPS OF WATER.

Thrown Upon a Redhot Stove, They Will Never Touch It.

It is impossible to throw a few drops of water on a redhot stove. The water can never touch the stove at all. What is seen is a few drops rolling rapidly over the surface, gradually getting smaller until they disappear. If the drops are on a perfectly level place one can see under them to the other side of the room, thus proving that they are not in contact with the stove itself.

What actually happens is that the bottom of the drop changes at once to steam or vapor on coming close to the hot surface, and this vapor is supplied by the drop as it gradually goes away. So the drop rests on a cushion of vapor until it is entirely dissipated. This state of water is known as the spherical state and is of interest simply on account of its peculiarity and seeming paradoxical behavior.

The reason why the drop is not immediately evaporated or changed to steam is also very interesting. The water vapor that intervenes between its under surface and the redhot stove is a very bad conductor of heat, and consequently the full intensity of the heat cannot get to the water itself, only the amount transmitted through the vapor being available for this purpose.—St. Louis Republic.

## ENGLISH COUNTRY BANKS.

It Takes Strong Iron Bars to Win the Depositors' Confidence.

Rural customers attach great importance to the bank's outward appearance. A thrifty tradesman having opened a deposit account with a bank distant some thirty miles from his home, the cashier had the curiosity to ask why he traveled so far when there was a branch of the same bank almost at his door. The depositor smiled knowingly and replied, "I lodged opposite here all the time while this bank was being built, so I know it's safe." Balance sheets to the rustic are a meaningless and arbitrary arrangement of figures. Iron bars he understands.

In a city in the north of England there is a bank widely known for the artistic merit of its doors. Designed by an eminent sculptor, they are executed in relief in copper or bronze and appear to represent tableaux from "Aesop's Fables" and Greek history. About a week after they were unveiled an old man who had been a depositor for many years withdrew his balance and took it to a rival bank almost opposite. Questioned as to his reason for changing, he replied: "I don't hold w' them doors of theirs. Punched the ain't businesslike, and it ain't safe."—London Saturday Review.

## A Perfect Disguise.

Frank Lockwood's bantam was excellent and always good humored. I recollect him cross examining a detective in a divorce case, says a writer in London. M. A. P. The witness was dressed in well cut broadcloth; he was portly; a massive gold chain and seals hung from his fob; he might have passed for a country banker or solicitor of the old style.

Sir Frank (very politely)—I believe you are a member of the eminent firm of detectives, Messrs. Blater & Co?

Witness—Yes, sir; I represent that firm.

Sir Frank—And, I presume, in the course of your professional duties you have to assume many disguises?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Sir Frank—Pray, may I ask you what you are disguised as now?

## Turner Was Gruff.

The great artist Turner is said to have been peculiar in his way of selling his pictures. At times nothing could induce him to part with one of them, and at other times he would receive a customer with the greatest affability of voice and manner and readily settle upon the sum to be paid for one of his treasures. On one occasion when he was offered £1,000 apiece for some old sketch books he turned them over leaf by leaf before the eyes of the would be purchaser, saying, "Well, would you really like to have them?" Then, just as the man proceeded to take possession of the books, Turner, with a tantalizing "I dare say you would!" suddenly thrust them into a drawer and turned the key in the lock, leaving the customer dumb with indignation.

## Drop In Any Time.

One of the pitfalls of friendship is the standing invitation. It is easy and pleasant to say: "Come whenever you like, my dear! We shall be delighted to see you at any time; don't stand on ceremony—come whenever you are this way." But let those who receive such invitations beware. It stands to reason that an unexpected visit cannot always be convenient—the hostess is in the midst of something or other and "not fit to be seen," or her husband has rushed home to take her out somewhere and she would rather go than stay at home and entertain her dearest friend, or the luncheon or the dinner is a makeshift—very nice, so far as the family is concerned, but not exactly suitable to set before visitors. The hostess tries to be nice, but can't help showing her vexation or embarrassment. The guest perceives something indefinable in the atmosphere and is accordingly constrained, and every one is uncomfortable. Yet people still go on giving and accepting standing invitations.—New York Tribune.

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# FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP



HELEN KELLER

The World's Most Remarkable College Graduate.

**T**HE life of Helen Keller has been a miracle in education; a living sermon of inspiration and protest to those who dare to murmur at their lack of opportunity and weakly surrender to an environment which they accept as final. Nature herself seems to have stepped aside for this girl with a purpose. One of the most beautiful phases of her wonderful autobiography recently published, is the steadfastness, wisdom and consecration of her teacher, counselor and friend, Miss Annie M. Sullivan. Helen Keller's conquest has not been a solo of triumph, it has been a beautiful duo of effort of two faithful souls.

It was in the little town of Tuscaloosa, Ala., where her widowed mother still resides, that Miss Keller was born in 1880. Her father, who had been a Captain in the Confederate Army, was a man of marked mental ability, the proprietor and editor of the local paper. At the age of nineteen months, Helen was stricken with a severe stomach trouble which left her deaf, dumb and blind—a grim trio of afflictions that seemed to close forever the door of light and hope—the only avenue of the mind to reach the world through these senses being touch.

When she was seven years old, through the kindly influence of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, Mr. Anagnos, director of the Perkins school for the blind, sent Miss Sullivan to Tuscaloosa as her teacher. Helen was then a perverse, rebellious child, intolerant of discipline; but as her mind became illuminated by the sunlight of truth, her life was gradually transformed into one of sweetness, calmness and gracious humanity.

The long series of patient trials and ingenious ways by which Helen learned to read with her little index finger placed on the lips of her teacher, the words spoken and then to translate the vibrations into ideas, makes a wondrous story. Slowly, step by step, was the progress made, until today Miss Keller, a graduate of Radcliffe College, has passed examinations in Latin, Greek, French and German, and writing all these languages on her typewriter, mastering higher mathematics, chemistry and all the other prescribed studies, through the sense of touch, which contains all her memories in one. She can row, swim, play chess and cards and do many other things that challenge credence. Her nature seems to have been chastened and sweetened by her sorrow and she is as happy as a woman whose sky has never had a cloud.

*Courtesy transferred to Wm. C. Mack, 1908.*

## ODELL

## SAUNEMIN

Miss Ella Langan was the guest of Joliet friends last Saturday.

Joseph Grundler, of near Dwight, was an Odell caller Tuesday.

Miss Nellie Condor was the guest of friends in Pontiac Thursday.

Edward T. Metz transacted business at the county seat Tuesday forenoon.

A. S. Niles spent a few hours with friends in Pontiac last Sunday afternoon.

W. W. Wassom, of Pontiac, called on his daughter, Mrs. Ida Allen, Wednesday afternoon.

Misses Kate Sutton and Eva Barnes are Fairbury guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. McDonald here.

John McGreevy has returned to his home at Jan Jean, Manitoba, after several weeks visit with his mother, Mrs. Catherine McGreevy, and other relatives in Odell.

E. S. Pfau, of Chicago, a former resident of Odell, was in town Wednesday calling on old friends and acquaintances. Ernest is in the mercantile business and seems well pleased with the enterprise.

Wednesday morning at St. Paul's church the wedding of Miss Florence Gassensmith and Mr. James Murphy was solemnized. Rev. Father Griffy officiating. Miss Marguerite Salzer of Dwight, acted as bridesmaid and William Murphy as groomsman. After the ceremony the happy couple, with many friends, partook of a sumptuous wedding breakfast, which was prepared at the home of the bride. Mrs. Murphy has lived in and near Odell all her life and is admired by every one who knows her. She was a graduate of St. Paul's school in 1906. Mr. Murphy is a son of Mr. and Mrs. James Murphy and is a young man of sterling qualities. The happy couple left for Chicago, where they will spend their honeymoon, after which they will reside on a farm south of Odell.

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