## Dark Star Robert W. No doubt you'll get along very well to bulletins posted containing our wire

TEELAND had several letters from

The princess has been so friendly. I should have died, I think, without her, what with my seasickness and homesickness, and brooding over my terrible fall. I know it is immoral to say so, but I did not want to live any longer, truly I didn't. I even asked to be taken. I am sorry now that I prayed that

Then came a note from the Princess

O'clock afternoon train, carrying with him a suitcase and an automatic pistol from Rue: from Rue:

him from Miss Carew: The princess is simply adorable. Since I have laid aside mourning we go to concerts, plays, operas, to St. Cloud, Versailles, Fontambleau.

is so long since I have read the diary I can't remember the story in which names Nais and Mistchenka are con-

the names Nais and Mistenensa are con-terned. As I recollect, it was a tragic story that used to thrill me. At any rate, I didn't speak of this te Priocess Nais; but about a week ago there were a few people dining here with us-among others an old Turkish Admiral. Murad Pasha, who took me out. And as soon as heard his name I thought of that diary; and I am sure it was mentioned in it. Anyway, he happened to speak of Trebl-tond: and, naturally, I said that my father had been a missionery there many years

Age.

As this seemed to interest him, and beeause he questioned me, I told him my
father's name and all that I knew in regard to his career as a missionary in the
Trebizond district. And, somehow—I don't
exactly recollect how it came about—I spoke
of Herr Wilner, and his death at Gallipoli,
and how his effects came into my father's
possession.

And because the old, sleepy-eyed Admiral ned so interested and amused, I told about Herr Wilner's box and his diary and the plans and maps and photographs with which I used to play as a little child. Murad did not come again: but a few days later the Turkish Charge d'Affairs was present at a very large dinner given by Princess Noia.

And two curious conversations occurred at The Turkish Charge, Izzet Bey, suddenly turned to me and asked me in English whether I were not the daughter of the Reverend Wilbour Carew who once was in charge of the American mission near Trebisond. I was so surprised at the question, but I answered yes, remembering that Murad must have mentioned me to him. He continued to ask me about my father, and spoke of his efforts to establish a girls school, first at Bruss, then at Tchardak, and finally near Gallipoli. I told him I had eiten heard my father speak of these matters with my mother, but that I was toe young to remember anything about my own life in Turkey.

All the while we were conversing. I neticed that the Princess kept looking across the table at us as though some chance word had attracted her attention.

I didn't know what she meant, but Izzet Bey turned a bright scarlet, bowed again, and returned to the smoking room.

And that night, while Suzanne was un-The Turkish Charge, Isset Bey, suddenly

and returned to the smoking room.

And that night, while Suzame was unhocking me, Princess Nais came into my bedroom and asked me some questions, and I told her about the box of instruments and the disry, and the slippery linen papers covered with drawings and German writing, with which I used to play.

She said never to mention them to anybedy, and that I should never permit anybedy to examine those mittary papers, because it might be harmful to America.

How edd and how thrilling! I am most curious to know what all this means. It seems like an exciting story just beginning, and I wonder what such a girl as I has to do with secrets which concern the Turkish Charge in Paris.

Den't you think it premises to be re-

Charge in Paris.

Don't you think it promises to be romantic? Do you suppose it has anything to do with spies and diplomacy and kings and thrones, and terrible military secrets? One hears a great deal about the embassies here being hotbeds of political intrigue. And of course France is always thinking of ace and Lorraine, and there is an ever sent danger of war in Europe.

One day there came to him a note from the Princess Mitschenka:

from the Princess Mitschenka:

Dear Jim: You, in America, have heard of the murder of the Austrian Archduke, of course. But—have you, in America, any dea what the consequences of that murder may lead to?

Enough of that. Now for the favor I ask. Will you so at once to Brookhollow, go to Ruhannah's house, open it, take from it a chest made of olive wood and bound with some metal which looks like sliver, lock the box and take it to New York, place it in a safe deposit vault until you can sail for Paris on the first steamer that leaves New York?

Will you do this get the box I have de-scribed and bring it to me yourself on the first steamer that salis? And, Jim, keep your eye on the box. Don't trust anybody near it. Rue says that, as she recollects, the box is about the size and shape of a suitcase and that it has a can-vas and leather cover with a handle which buttons aver it.

If you find yourself embarrassed finanially, cable me Just one word, "Black," and shall arrange matters through a New York

If you feel that you do not care to do me his favor, cable the single word, "White."
If you have sufficient funds, and are rilling to bring the box to me yourself, able the word, "Blue."
Jim, I have seldom taken a very serious one with you since we have known each ther. I am very serious now. And if our

INSTALLMENT IV.

EELAND had several letters from Ruhannah Carew that autumn how or other—there came a ring at his

Dear Mr. Neeland: Please forgive me for writing to you, but I am homesick.

I have written every week to mother and have made my letters read as though I were still married, because it would almost kill har if she knaw the truth.

Some day I shall have to tell her, but not yet. Could you tell me how you think the news ought to be broken to her and father? That man was not on the steamer. I was muite ill crossing the ocean. But the last wo days I went on deck with the Princess lettchenks and her maid, and I enjoyed the last to the princess has been so friendly. Labout to the went to the work on his and he went to the last to be went to the work on his and he went to the went to the last to be broken.

way.

Well, I have passed through the most awful part of my life, I think. I feel strange and different, as though I had been very sick, and had died, and as though it were another girl sitting here writing to you, and not the girl who was in your studio last August.

On his way downtown to his bank he stopped at a telegraph and cable office and sent a cable message to the Princess Mistchenka. The text consisted of only one word: "Blue."

He departed for Gayfield on the 5

Then came another letter, later, to the creek road and sped along it until he judged that neither his lights nor the princess is simply aderable. Since I

tinguished by the unknown occupant of the Carew house. He fitted his key to the door, care-less of what noise he made, unlocked

have laid saide mourning we go to concerts, plays operats, to St. Gloud, Versailles, Fontableau.

So many interesting men come to our Thursdays: and some women. I prefer the men, I think. There is one old French general who is a dear; and there are young officers, too; and yesterday two cabinet ministers and several people from the British charge, whom I dislike.

The women seem to be agreeable, and they all are most beautifully gowned. Some have titles. But all esem to be a Bittle too much made up. I den't know any of them except formally. But I feel that I know some of the men better—especially the old general end a young military attache of the Russian embassy, whom everybody calls Prince Erilk—such a handsome boy! And his real name is Alak, and I think he is very much in love with Princess Naia.

Now, something very odd has happened which I wish to tell you about. My father, as you know, was missionary in the Vilsyet of Trebizond many years ago. While there he came into possession of a curious sea chest belonging to a German named Conrad Wilner, who was killed in a riot near Gallipoli.

In this chest were, and still are, two very interesting things—an old bronse Chinesse The other object of interest in the box was the manuscript diary kept by this Herry Wilner to within a few moments of his death. This I have eften heard read aloud by my father, but I forgot much of it now, and I never understood it all, because I was alougous.

It is so long since I have read the diary that I can't remember the siory in which

her face.

"Let o your pistol," he breathed.

She strove doggedly to retain it, but her slender fingers slowly relaxed under his merciless grip; the pistol fell; and he kicked the pearl-handled, nickel-plated weapon across the dusty

arm, rigid, still remained in his powerful clutch. He released it presently, stepped back and played the light over her from head to foot.

She was deathly white. Under her smart straw hat, which had been pushed awry, the contrast between her black hair and eyes and her chalky skin was

Without further ceremony, he pulled

her right shoulder.
"Who are you?" he demanded. "Why did you come here?" he demanded

banded by some metal resembling

He managed to light it finally: turned off his flash light and examined the contents of the box again thoroughly.

"Get up," he said. She looked at him sullenly without moving "I'm in a hurry." he repeated; "get

But he caught hold of her, held her untied the handkerchief, freeing her

concealed under your clothing," he said impatiently. And, as she made no motion to comply: "If you don't I'll do

flamed. "Fou treacherous little cat, do you think I'll hesitate?" he retorted. "Do you imagine I retain any respect for you or your person? Give me those

papers!" There were papers in her stockings, papers stitched to her stays, basted inside her skirts. A roll of drawings traced on linen lay on the floor, still retaining the warmth of her body around which they had been wrapped. Halfway across the dark pasture sh

stopped short in her tracks.
"Have I got to carry you?" he de-manded sharply.

"I'm not a-a thief." "Oh! Excuse me. What are you?"

opyright, 1917, by Robert W. Chambers, friendship means anything to you, prove it and copyright, 1918, 1917, by the Interna-ional Magazine company.) As he sat there in his studio, perand winter. The first one was door bell. A messenger with a cable written a few weks after her arrival tore open the envelope, and read:

in his breast pocket.

Mistchenka, enclosing a tremulous line from Rue:

Mon cher James: Doubtless you have already heard of the sad death of Ruhannah's parents—within a few hours of each otherboth stricken with pneumenia within the same week. The local minister cabled her as Mra Brandes in my care, Then he wrote to the child; the letter has just arrived.

My poor little protege is prostrated—talks wildly of going back at once. But to what purpose now, mon ami? Her loved dones will have been in their graves for days before Ruhannah could arrive.

There are bound to be complications, I fear, in regard to this mock marriage of hera. I have consulted my attorneys here and they are not very certain that the ceremony was not genuine enough to require further legal steps to free her entirely. A suit for annulment is possible.

Please have the house at Brookhollow locked up and keep the keys in your possession for the present Judge Cary will have the keys sent to you.

NAIA.

Then came another letter, later, to

They both were panting; her right

out his handkerchief, caught her firmly, reached for her other arm, jerked it behind her back, and tied both her wrists. Then he dragged a chair up

and pushed her on it.

Her hat had fallen off, and her hair sagged to her nock. The frail stuff which her waist was made had been badly torn, too, and hung in rags from

"Did you come to get an olive-wood

He turned abruptly and swept the furniture with his searchlight and saw on a table her coat, gloves, wrist bag, and furled umbrella; and besides them what appeared to be her suitease, open. It had a canvas and leather cover; he walked over to the table, turned back. "A spy! he repeated. "Is that what you are? And you suppose me to be one too? That's funny. That's extremely—" He checked himself, looked around at her. "What are you about?" he demanded. "What's that in your hand?" "A clearatte." the cover of the suitcase and revealed a polished box of olive wood, heavily

silver.

He picked up her wrist bag and of sparks from the end of the lighted opened it, but discovered only some rose in her seat and flung the lighted opened it, but discovered only some rose in her seat and flung the lighted opened, a handkerchief, a spool of cigarette high into the air. Instantly it burst into a flare of crimson fire, the standard and packet of needles. There was a glass lamp on the table.

Then he came back to where she was

up. I'm going to search you.

At that she bounded to her feet.

"What!" she exclaimed furiously.

wrists.
"Now pull out those papers you have

it for you.
"You dare lay your hand on me!" she

"Don't have me locked up."
"Why not?"

"My Darling Rue - My Little Rue Carew - "

"If you don't keep on walking," he said, "I'll pick you up as I would a pet cat and carry you. Now, then, once more, who are you working for? By whom are you employed, if you're not plain thief?"

-Turkish embassy.' "What!" "You knew it," she said in a low

oice, walking through the darkness beside him. "What is your name?" he insisted.

What else?" "Ilse Dumont."

"That's French."
"It's Alsatian German."
"All right. Now, why did you break
into that house?" take what you took." "To take what you took."
"To steal these papers for the Turk

ish embassy? "To take them."
"For the Turkish ambassador!" repeated increduously. 'No: for his military attache."

"What are you, a spy?"
"You knew it well enough, You are one, also. But you have treated me as though I were a thief. You'll be killed for it, I hope. "You think I'm a spy?" he asked,

bound box with silver?"

A slight color tinted the ashy pallor
under her eyes.

"What else are you?"
"A spy?" he repeated. "Is that what

"A cigarette." They had arrived at the road. He got over the wall with the box; she vaulted it lightly.

In the darkness he caught the low.

Inside the box were books, photographs, a bronze Chinese figure, which he recognized as the Yellow Devil, a pair of revolvers, a dagger very much like the one he had wrested from her. But there were no military plans there. He turned to his prisoner:

"Is everything here?" he asked very sharply.

"Yes."

He picked up her wrist bag and the car started, the girl blew a shower of sparks from the end of her cigarette, rose in her seat and flung the lighted.

hanging aloft as though it were a fire balloon, and lighting up road and creek and bushes and fields with a brilliant strontium glare. Then, far in the night, he hoard a motor horn screech three times.
"You young devil!" he said, increas-

ing the speed. "I ought to have remmebered that every snake has its mate. . . . If you offer to touch me—if you move—if you as much as lift a finger, I'll throw you into the

"Listen!"—she laid one hand lightly on his arm—"Why should you involve yourself—you, an American? This mat-ter is no concern of yours— "What matter?"

"The matter concerning those pa-pers. I tell you it does not concern you; it is none of your business. Let you; it is none of your business. Let me be frank with you; the papers are ef importance to a foreign govern-ment—to the German government. And in no way do they threaten your peo-ple or your country's welfare. Why, then, do you interfere? Why do you use violence toward an agent of a for-sier and friendly government?" and friendly government? "Why does a foreign and friendly government employ spies in a friendly

"All governments do." "Is that so?" "It is. America swarms with Britand French agents."

"How do you know?"
"It's my business to know, Mr. Nee-"Then that is your profession! You really are a spy?" "And you pursue this ennobling pro-

"You know. Don't humiliate me."

"Answer my question! What are you if you're not a lady crook?"

"I'm employed—as you are! Play the game fairly." She halted in the dark pasture, but he motioned her to go forward.

"If you don't keep on walking," he said, "I'll pick you up as I would a pet y nersonal feeling incites me. The said, "I'll pick you up as I would a pet y nersonal feeling incites me. The years was wrong with him—set y personal feeling incites me. The years was wrong with him—set y personal feeling incites me. The years was wrong with him—set y personal feeling incites me. The years was wrong with him—set y personal feeling incites me. The years was wrong with him—set y personal feeling incites me. The years was wrong with him—set y personal feeling incites me. The years was wrong with him—set y personal feeling incites me. The years was wrong with him—set y personal feeling incites me. The years was wrong with him—set y personal feeling incites me."

"Yes, it might become so. . . Mr. Neeland, I have no personal feeling of any personal feeling incites me."

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"Yes, it might become so. . . Mr. Neeland, I have no personal feeling of any personal feeling of any personal feeling incites me. The year was a personal feeling of any personal feeli petty personal feeling incites me. The wrong you have done me is nothing; the injury you threaten to do my counry is very grave. I ask you to be lieve that I speak the truth. It is in the service of my country that I have acted. Nothing matters to me except my country's welfare. Individuals are nothing; the fatherland everything.

nothing; the fatheriand will you give me back my pa-"No. I shall return them to their owner.

"Is that final?"

"I am sorry," she said. A moment later the lights of Orange ville came into distant view across the dark and rolling country.

It was in mid-ocean that Neeland finally came to the conclusion that nobody on board the Volhynia was likely to bother him or his box. The July weather had been magnifi-

cent-blue skies, a gentle wind, and a sea scarcely silvered by a comber. Assorted genizens of the Atlantic took part in the traditional vaudeville performance for the benefit of the Volhynia passengers; gulls followed the wake to mid-ocean; Mother Carey's chickens skimmed the baby billows; dolphins turned watery flip-flaps under the hows: and even a distant whale consented to oblige.

Everybody pervaded the decks morning, noon and evening; the most squeamish recovered confidence in 24 hours: and every constitutional lubber concluded he was a born sailor.

Neeland really was one; no nausea born from the bad adjustment of that anatomical auricular gyroscope recent-ly discovered in man ever disturbed his abdominal nerves. Short of shipthe Atlantic offered him. So he was always on deck, tran quilly happy and with nothing in the world to disturb him except his re-

ponsibility for the olive-wood box. He dared not leave it in his locked cabin; he dared not entrust it to any body; he lugged it about with him wherever he went. On deck it stood beside his steamer chair; it dangled from his hand when he promenaded, exciting the amazement and curiosity of others; it reposed on the floor under the table and beneath his attentive feet when he was at meals.

These elaborate precautions indicated his wholesome respect for the persistence of Scheheragade and her friends; he was forever scanning his fellow-voyagers at table, in the smoking room, and as they strolled to and fro in front of his steamer chair, try-ing to make up his mind concerning

feel particularly hungry that his din-ner appeared unappetising; possibly because it had been standing in the corridor outside his door for 20 minutes, which did not add to its desirability. The sun had set and the air in the room had grown cold. He felt chilly; and, when he uncovered the silver tureen and discovered that the soup

Perhaps it was because he

was still piping hot, he drank some of it to warm himself. He had swallowed about half a cupful before he discovered that the seasoning was not agreeable to his palate In fact, the flavor of the hot broth was so decidely unpleasant that he pushed aside the cup and sat down on the edge stolen, even before I started in quest and he followed Necland on a run to of his bunk without any further desire to eat anything.

A glass of water from the carafe did

not seem to rid him of the subtle, disagreeable taste lingering in his mouth—in fact, the water itself seemed to be tainted with it. He sat for a few moments fumbling for his cigarette case, feeling curiously uncomfortable, as though the slight

Something was wrong with him very wrong.

The captain of the Volyhnia had just come from the bridge and was taking a bite of late supper in his cabin when planet. I knew you at once, Jim Nee-planet. I knew you at once, Jim Nee-planet to relinquish possession of Nee-planet. the orderly announced Neeland. He land. Would you have passed without rose at once, offering a friendly hand: recognizing me?"

"Mr. Neeland, I am very glad to see you by name and reputation already, after seeing you—"

"Perhaps I wouldn't have passed its waking up and I do not wish to go be a recognized without lands arm.

"Dear friend," he explained. "I am just waking up and I do not wish to go be a recognized without lands arm.

There were some excellent pictures by you in the latest number of the Mid- laughed.

"Tim Neeland! What a remark!" She laughed. "Anway, it's nice to believe myself attractive enough to be noticed. And I'm so glad to see you. Nain is here, somewhere, watching for you"—turning her pretty, eager head to search for the Princess Mistchenka. "Oh, there she is! She doesn't see "Over there," he said invanily "Lie." hem-a galety. And such a fetching girl you drew for your heroine!"
"You think so! It's rather interesting. I met a young girl once—she comes from up-state where I came from. There was a peculiar and rather subtle attraction about her face. So I altered the features of the study I was

making from my model and put in hers as I remembered them." "She must be beautiful, Mr. Neeland." in my life-the second time under exceedingly dramatic circumstances. And now I'm crossing the Atlantic at a day's notice to oblige her. It's an

nusing story, isn't it? "Mr. Neeland, I think it is going to he what you call a 'continued' story."

clining an invitation to supper, and the captain asking his indulgence if he talked while eating. "Mr. Neeland," he said, "I'm about to

talk rather frankly with you. I have had several messages by wireless today from British sources, concerning you."
Neeland, surprised, said nothing.
Captain West finished his bite of supper; the steward removed the dishes and went out, closing the door. The captain glanced at the box which Neeland had set on the floor by his chair.
"May I ask," he said, "why you brought your suitcase with you?"

"It's valuable." captain's keen eyes were on his. Why are you followed by spies?

he asked. Neeland reddened. "Yes," continued the captain of the Volhynia, "my government instructs me, by wireless, to offer you any aid and protection you may desire. I am informed that you carry papers of military importance to a certain foreign nation with which neither England nor France are on what might be called cordial terms. I am told it is likely that agents of this foreign country have followed you aboard my ship for the purpose of robbing you of these papers Now, Mr. Neeland, what do you know about this business?"

"Very little," said Neeland. "Have you had any trouble?" The captain smiled:

"Evidently you have wriggled out of 'Yes, wriggled is the literal word." "Then you do not think that you require any protection from me?"
"Perhaps I do. I've been a singularly innocent and lucky ass. It's merely of them.

"Have you been troubled aboard my

The street was absolutely empty, except for the sparrows, and the big, fat, Neeland waved his hand carelessly slate-colored pigeons that strutted and "Nothing to speak of, thank you."If you have any charge to makeo-cooed under the shadow of the The captain regarded him intently.
"Let me tell you something," he said.
"Since we sailed, have you noticed the

less news?

nurder?"

Prussian war.

Neeland nodded.

first sight and contact.

"Jim! Jim Neeland!"

woollen cloth which seemed to suffo-

cate him.

woollen.

the steering wheel.

away.

"Yes, I've read them."

"Who is he?" asked Neeland.

"Did they interest you?"
"Yes. You mean that row between
Austria and Servia over the archduke's "A Captain Sengoun, one of our attaches. It's likely you'll find a con-genial soul in this same Cossack whom we all call Alak." She added malicious-ly: "His only logic is the impulse of "I mean exactly that, Mr. Neeland. | ly: the moment, and he is known as Prince Erlick among his familiars. Erlik was And now I am going to tell you some-thing else. Tonight I had a radio mes-sage which I shall not post on the bul-

the devil, you knowletins for various reasons. But I shall tell you under the seal of confidence." I give you my word of honor, said Neeland quietly.
"I accept it, Mr. Neeland. And this is what has happened: Austria has decided on an ultimatum to Servia. And probably will send it."

They remained silent for a moment, then the captain continued:

They remained silent for a moment, then the captain continued:

But the was announced at that moment, and came marching in—a dark, handsome, wiry young man with winning black eyes and a little black moustache and a head shaped to contain the devil himself—the most reckless looking head, Neeland thought, that he ever had beheld in all his life.

But the young fellow's frank smile

then the captain continued:

"Why should we deceive ourselves? Was utterly irresistible, and his straight manner of facing one, and of looking beautiful and the straight manner of facing one, and of looking directly. This is the most serious thing that has happened since the Hohenzollern incident which brought on the Franco-Prussian war."

directly into the eyes of the person he addressed in his almost too perfect English, won any listener immediately. He bowed formally over Princess

Prussian war."

Neeland nodded.

The sun hung well above the river mists and threw long, cherry-red beams across the choppy channel where clotted jets of steam and smoke from tug and steamer drifted with the log; and still the captain of the Volhynia and young Neeland sat together in low voiced conference in the captain's cabin; and a sallor, armed with cutlass and pistol, stood outside the locked and bolted door.

Off the port bow, Liverpool spread as far as the eye could see through the shredded fog; to starboard, off Birkenhead, through a haze of pearl and lavender, the tall phantom of an old-time battleship loomed.

Through the crowded Paris terminal Neeland pushed his way, carrying the olive-wood box in his hand and keeping an eye on his porter, who preceded him carrying the remainder of his lug-

him carrying the remainder of his lug-The princess shrugged: gage and repeating:

"Place, s'il vous plait, m'sleu', you answer him at all, Alak?"

"Place, s'il vous plait, m'sieu'.
dames!"

To Neeland it was like a homecoming after many years' exile; the subtle but perfectly specific odor of Faris assalled his nostrils once again; the rapid, emphatic, lively language of France sounded once more delightfully in his eager ears; vivacity and intelligence sparkled in every eye that met his own. It was a throng of rapid movement, of animated speech, of gesticulation. And, as it was in the beginning when he first arrived there ginning when he first arrived there I came in." as a student, he fell in love with it at Captain

Captain Sengoun bowed over her slender white hand: And, of a sudden, he noticed the prettiest girl he had ever seen in his life. She was in white, with a black straw tecture, Miss Carew. Why should it tecture, Miss Carew. hat, and her face and figure were love-ly beyond words. Evidently she was zarre beauty?"

ing expectancy on her fresh young face, a slight forward inclination of her body, as though expectancy and happy impatience alone controlled her. Her beauty almost took his breath away.

At midnight the two waits of the girl, "Tm contented that you left devilry for revelence, and the beauty almost took his breath away.

At midnight the two waits of the girl, "Tm contented that you left devilry for revelence, a slight for the state of the girl, "Improve the girl, "I At midnight the two young men had "Lord!" he thought to himself. "If such a girl as that ever stood waiting for me—"

At the same moment her golden-grey eyes, sweeping the passing crowd, met

At the same moment her golden-grey eyes, sweeping the passing crowd, met his; a sharp thrill of amazement passed through him as she held out both gloved hands with a soft exclamation gloved hands with a soft exclamation ing perspectives still unexplored. From every fairy lamp the lustrous capital signalled to youth her invita-

"Jim! Jim Neeland!"

"Rue Carew!" He could scarcely credit his eyesight, where he stood, hat in hand, helding both her little hands in one of his.

No, there was no use in trying to disguise his astonishment. He looked into the face of this tall young girl, searched it for familiar features, recognized a lovely paraphrase of the freckled face and thin figure he remembered, and remained dumb before this radiant reincarnation of that other unhappy, shabby and meager child he had known two years ago.

Ruhannah, laughing and flushed, withdrew her hands.

"Have I changed? You haven't. And I always thought you the most wonder—

land's arm.
"Dear friend," he explained. "I am just waking up and I do not wish to go

"Oh, there she is! She doesn't see us "Over there," he said Joyousiy. "Lister, old fellow, Fil teach you the skating step as we cross the Place! Then, old fellow, Fil teach you the skating step as we cross the Place! Then, old fellow, Fil teach you the skating step as we cross the Place! Then, old fellow, Fil teach you shall try it on the fairest form since Helen fell and Troy but for coming! So you found him, Rue? How are you, Jim? And where is the olive-wood box?"

"They made their way between the passing ranks of passengers and portion."

In the first Bal, you shall try it on the fairest form since Helen fell and Troy but for coming! So you found him, Rue? How are you, Jim? And where is the olive-wood box?"

Neeland tried to free his arm—to ex-

"She must be beautiful, ar. Necland." is the clive-wood box?"
"It hadn't struck me so until I drew her from memory. And there's more to the story. I never met her but twice it in his hand to exhibit it. "Nain, the firmly in Neeland's, crossed the Place next time you want it, send an escort in a series of Dutch rolls and outer of artillery and two battleships!" edges, in which Neeland was compelled edges, in which Neeland was compelled to join.

"Did you have trouble?"

"Trouble? I had the time of my life. No moving picture can ever again excite me; no best seller. I've been both since I had your cable to get this "No. Oh, no. It ought to be, considering its elements. But it isn't. There's no further romance in it, Captain West."

The captain's smile was pleasant but skeptical.

Both since I had your Caute to get the passing populate: and bring it to you."

He laughed as he spoke, but the mount a boulevard bench and address princess continued to regard him very seriously, and Rue Carew's smile came and waned like sunlight in a wood, for skeptical.

"There's a German place, now!" ex-

she was not quite sure whether he had really encountered any dangers on this distinction to supper, and he captain asking his indulgence if the talked while eating.

"Mr. Neeland," he said, "I'm about to alk rather frankly with you. I have alk rather frankly with you. I have alk everal messages by wireless to ay from British sources, concerning ward the entrance to the huge tarminal street, the rue Vilna.

"There's a German place, now!" exclaimed Sengoun, delighted.

And Neeland, turning to look, perceived the illuminated sign of the Cafe des Bulgars.

Sengoun protested in loud, nasal tones that the house to which his comrade referred was suspected of unfair play: referred was suspected of unfair play; and a noisy dispute began, listened to ward the entrance to the huge terminal.
"I haven't decided where to stop yet,"
began Neeland, but the princess
checked him with a pretty gesture: attentively by the pretty but brightly painted cashier, the waiters, the gerant,

and every guest in the neighborhood.
"As for me," cried Sengoun, feigning "You stop with us, Jim."
The chauffeur had swung Neeland's The butler, bowing, relieved him of the clive-wood box. At the same in-

fare.

The butler, bowing, relieved him of the clive-wood box. At the same instant the blue-bloused man with the "Be reasonable-"Reasonable!" repeated Sengoun, hose turned the powerful stream of water directly into the butler's face, knocking him flat on the sidewalk; pealingly to the people around them. "Permit me to ask these unusually inand his two comrades tripped up Neel-and, passed a red sash over his head, and hurled him aside, blinded, half strangled, staggering at random, tear-ing furiously at the wide band of telligent gentlemen whether it is reasonable to play roulette in a place where the wheel is notoriously con-trolled and the management a dishonest one! Could a gentleman be expected to frequent or even to countenance places of evil repute? Messieurs, I await your

verdict!" And he folded his arms dra-Already the chauffeur had tossed the matically. olive-wood box into the cas; the three Somebody said, from a neighboring blue-bloused men sprang in after it; table:

the chauffeur slipped into his seat, threw in the clutch, and, driving with one hand, turned a pistol on the half "Vous avez parfaitement raison, monsieur!"
"I thank you," cried Sengoun, with an drowned butler, who had reeled to his admirably dramatic bow. "Therefore, I shall now go home to bed?" Necland, maintaining his gravity with feet and was lurching forward to seize The taxicab, gathering speed, was aldifficulty, followed Sengoun toward the ready turning the corner of the rue de la Lune when Neeland managed to free throat and eyes from the swathe of unmistakable German stepped forward unmistakable German, stepped forward

woollen.

The butier, checked by the leveled pistol, stood dripping, still almost bilinded by the force of the water from the hose; but he had plenty of pluck, and he followed Necland en a run to the corner of the street.

The street was absolutely empty, ex-

ruptly. 'On the third floor, monsieur." "Here?"

narked the princess, "who has the same irresponsible and casual views on life and manners which you get to see what can be accomplished."