

The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON

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"It's a devil of a mess," sighed Bagg when they were far from the walls. "I'm sure it will cost you your job, if nothing else. You'll be relieved before tomorrow night, my word for it. And you'll be lucky if that's all. The duke's a terror. I don't for the life of me see how you failed to know who the chap really is."

"An Englishman never sees a joke until it is too late, they say. This time it appears to be the American who is slow witted. What I don't understand is why he was leading that confounded band."

"My word, Chase, everybody in Europe, except you, knows that Brabets is a crank about music—composers, directors and all that. He's a confounded little bouncer just the same. He's mad about music and women and doesn't care a hang about wine—the worst kind, don't you know. I say it's a shame she has to marry him. But that's the way of it with royalty, old chap. You Americans don't understand it. They have to marry one another whether they like it or not. But, I say, you'd better come over and stop with me tonight. It will be better if they don't find you just yet."

Three days later a man came down to relieve Chase of his office. He was unceremoniously supplanted in the duty of Rapp-Thorberg.

It was the successful pleading of the Princess Geneva that kept him from serving a period in durance vile.

CHAPTER V. THE ENGLISH INVADE.

THE granddaughter of Jack Wyckholme, attended by two maids, her husband and his valet, a clerk from the chambers of Bosworth, Newnes & Grape, with a red cocker, seventeen trunks and a cartload of late novels, which she had been too busy to read at home, was the first of the bewildered legation to set foot upon the island of Japt.

She was very pretty, very smart and delightfully arrogant after a manner of her own.

Mr. Saunders was the polite but extremely middle class clerk who went out to keep the legal strings untangled for them. He was soon to discover that his duties were even more comprehensive.

It was he who saw to it that the luggage was transferred to the lighter which came out to the steamer when she dropped anchor off the town of Ararat; it was he who counted the pieces and haggled with the boatmen; it was he who carried off the hand luggage when the native dock boys refused to engage in the work; it was he who unfortunately dropped a suit case upon the hallooed tail of the red cocker, an accident which ever afterwards gave him a tenacity of grip that no man could understand.

If Lady Deppingham expected a royal welcome from the inhabitants of Japt she was soon to discover her error. Not only was the pictured scene of welcome missing on the afternoon of her arrival, but an overpowering air of antipathy smote her in the face as she stepped from the lighter, suspecting in her smile of conciliation.

She glanced from right to left down the lines of swarthy islanders and saw nothing in their faces but surly, bitter unfriendliness. They stood stolidly, stoically at a distance, white robed lines of resentment personified.

Not a hand was lifted in assistance to the bewildered visitors; not a word, not a smile of encouragement escaped the lips of the silent throng.

"Is there no English agent here?" she demanded imperatively, perhaps a little more shrilly than usual.

No one deigned to answer. Glances of indifference, even scorn, passed among the silent lookers-on, but that was all.

"Does no one here understand the English language?" she demanded. "I don't mean you, Mr. Saunders," she added sharply as the little clerk set the suit case down abruptly and stepped forward, again fumbling his much fumbled straw hat. This was the moment when the red cocker's tail came to grief. The dog arose with an astonished yelp and fled to his mistress. He had never been so out-rageously set upon before in all his pampered life. Seizing the opportunity to vent his feelings upon one who could understand, even as she poured words upon the insulted Pong, whom she clasped in her arms, Lady Agnes transformed the unlucky Saunders into a target for a most ably directed volley of wrath.

Lady Deppingham, a slow and cumbersome young man, stood by nervous-fingered his eyeglass. For the better time he felt that the clerk was better than a confounded dog after all.

"My dear," he said, waving Saunders into the background. "I think it was

the came sully growing upon him. He was half asleep quite a good bit of the time and wholly asleep during the remainder."

"Everything is transferred by hand, my lord, and the chateau is two miles farther up the side of the mountain. It's quite a walk, sir."

"Do you mean to say we are to walk?"

"Yes, my lord, if you expect to go there."

"Of course we expect to go there. Are there no horses on the beastly island?"

"Hundreds, my lord, but they belong to the people, and no one but their owners ride them. The servants at the chateau turned Mr. Baggs' horses out to pasture before they left."

"Before they left?"

"The servants, my lord."

Lady Deppingham's eyes grew wide with understanding. "You don't mean to say that the servants have left the place?" she cried.

"Yes, my lady. They were natives, you know."

"What's that got to do with it?" demanded Deppingham.

"I'm afraid you don't understand the situation," said Mr. Bowles patiently. "You see, it's really a triangular controversy, if I may be so bold as to say so. Lady Deppingham is one of the angles; Mr. Bowles, the American gentleman, is another; the native population is the last. Each wants to be the hypotenuse. While the interests of all three are merged in the real issue, there is nevertheless a decided disposition all around to make it an entirely one-sided affair."

"I don't believe I grasp"—muttered Deppingham blankly.

"I see perfectly," exclaimed his wife. "The natives are allied against us, just as we are, in a way, against them and Mr. Bowles. Really, it seems quite natural, doesn't it, dear?" turning to her husband.

"Very likely, but very unfortunate. It leaves us to broil our brains out down here on this pier. I say, Mr.—er—old chap, can't you possibly engage some sort of transportation for us? Really, you know, we can't stand here all day."

"I've no doubt I can arrange it, my lord. If you will just wait here until I run back to the bank I dare say I'll find a way. Perhaps you'd prefer standing under the awning until I return."

It was fully half an hour before he was seen coming down the street, followed by a score or more of natives, their dirty white robes dripping with their brown legs. At first they could not believe it was Bowles. Lord Deppingham had a sharp thrill of joy, but it was short lived. Bowles had changed at least a portion of his garb. He now wore the tight red jacket of the British trooper, while an ancient army cap was strapped jauntily over his ear.

"It's all right, my lord," he said, saluting as he came up. "They will do

anything I tell 'em to do when I represent the British army. This is the only uniform on the island, but they've been taught that there are more where this one came from. These fellows will carry your boxes up to the chateau, expense to the man, if you please, sir, and I've sent for two carts to draw your party up the slope. They'll be here in a jiffy, my lady."

Then, turning majestically to the huddled natives, he waved his slender stick and said: "Lively now! No loafing! Lively!"

Whereupon the entire collection of boxes, bags and bundles figuratively picked itself up and walked off in the direction of the chateau.

CHAPTER VI. THE CHATEAU.

THE road to the chateau took its devious way through the little town out into the green foothill beyond. Two lumbering wooden wheeled carts, none too clean, each drawn by four perspiring men, served as conveyances by which the arrivals were to make the journey to their new home.

Lady Deppingham's pert little nose lifted itself in disgust as she was joggled through the town behind the grunting substitutes for horseflesh. She sat beside her husband in the foremost cart. Mr. Bowles, very tired, but quite resplendent, walked dutifully beside one wheel; Mr. Saunders took his post at the other. The servants came along belted in the second cart. Far ahead, like hounds in full cry, toiled the unwilling luggage bearers. From the windows and doorways

of every house, from the bazaars and cafes, from the side streets and mosque approaches, the gaze of the sullen populace fastened itself upon the little procession. The town seemed ominously silent.

At last they came to the end of the sunlit street and plunged into the shadow that ascended the slope through what seemed to be an absolutely unbroken though gorgeous jungle. The cool green depths looked most alluring to the sun-baked travelers. They could almost imagine that they heard the dripping of fountains, the gurgling of rivulets, so like paradise was the prospect ahead. Lady Agnes could not restrain her cries of delighted amazement.

"It's like this all over the island, your ladyship," volunteered Mr. Bowles, mopping his brow in a most unimpassioned way, "except at the mines and back there in the town."

"Where are the mines?" asked Deppingham.

"The company's biggest mines are seven or eight miles eastward as the crow flies, quite at the other side of the island. It's very rocky over there, and there's no place for a landing from the sea. Everything is brought overland to Ararat and placed in the vaults of the bank. Four times a year the rubies and sapphires are shipped to the brokers in London and Paris and Vienna. It's quite a neat and regular arrangement, sir."

"But I should think the confounded natives would steal everything they got their hands on."

"What would be the use, sir? They couldn't dispose of a single gem on the island, and nothing is taken away from here except in the company's chests. Besides, my lord, these people are not thieves. They may kill people occasionally, but they are quite honest, believe me. And, in any event, are they not a part of the great corporation? They have their share in the working of the mines and in the profits. Mr. Wyckholme and Mr. Skaggs were honest with them, and they have been just as honest in return."

"I should think they'd be terribly tempted," said Lady Agnes. "They look so wretchedly poor."

"My lady," said Bowles, "there are but four poor men on the island—myself and the three Englishmen who operate the bank. There isn't a poor man, woman or child among the natives. This is truly a land of rich men. The superintendent of the mines is a white man—a German—and the three foremen are Boers. They work on shares, just as the natives do, and save even more, I think. The clerical force is entirely native. There were but ten white men here before you came, including two Greeks. Being part owners, the natives have decided that four hours constitute a day's work. They pay themselves accordingly, as it were. No one works after midday, sir."

"I say, wouldn't this be a paradise for the English workman?" said Deppingham. "That's the kind of day's labor they'd like. Do you mean to say that these fellows trudge eight miles to work every morning and back again at noon?"

"Certainly not, sir. They ride their thoroughbred horses to work and ride them back again."

"You take a breath away," said the other, lapsing into a stunned silence.

The road had become so steep and laborious by this time that Bowles was very glad to forego the pleasure of talking. He fell back with Mr. Saunders and proceeded to give the inquisitive lawyer's clerk all the late news of the island.

The inhabitants of Japt had been prompt to protect themselves in a legal sense. They had engaged the services of eminent solicitors in London, who were to represent them in the final settlement of the estate. London was to be the battleground in the coming conflict. A committee of three had journeyed to England to put the matter in the hands of these lawyers and were now returning to the island with a representative of the firm, who was coming out to stand guard, so to speak. Von Blitz, the German superintendent, was the master mind in the native contingent. The absent committee was composed of Ben Adl, Abdallah Ben Sabbat and Rasula, the Ararat lawyer. They were truly wise men from the east—old, shrewd, crafty and begotten of Mohammed.

The mines continued to be operated



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at normal pending the arrival of the executives' representative, who, as we know, was now on the ground in the person of Thomas Saunders. The fact that he also served as legal adviser to Lady Deppingham was not of sufficient moment to disturb the arrangements on either side.

As for the American heir, Robert Browne, he had not yet arrived. He was coming by steamer from the west, according to report, and was probably on the Boswell, Sumatra to Madagascar, due off Ararat in two or three days.

"The islanders," said Mr. Bowles, lighting a cigarette, "it looks to me, have all the best of the situation. They get the property whether they marry or not, while the original beneficiaries have to marry each other or get off the island at the end of the year. Most of the islanders have got three or four wives already."

"You mean to say that they can have as many wives as they choose?" demanded Saunders, wrinkling his brow.

"Yes, just so long as they don't choose anybody else's."

"My word!"

"Eh?" queried Bowles, arousing himself.

"I didn't say anything," retorted Saunders, looking up into the treetops.

Standing out against the sky fully a mile ahead was the home to which they were going. The chateau, beautiful as a picture, lifted itself like a dream castle above all that was earthly and sordid. It smiled down from its lofty terrace and glistened in the sunset glow like the jewel that had been its godmother.

According to its own records, the chateau, fashioned quite closely after a famous structure in France, was designed and built by La Marche, the illustrious French architect who was lost at sea in the wreck of the Vendome. Three years and more than £700,000—to make it seem more prodigious, nearly 18,000,000 francs—were consumed in its building.

Apartments fit for a king abounded. Suits which took one back to the luxuries of Marie Antoinette were common. Banquet halls, ballrooms, reception halls, a chapel and even a crypt were to be found if one undertook a voyage of discovery.

Lord and Lady Deppingham, being first in the field, at once proceeded to settle themselves in the choicest rooms—a Henry VI. suit, which looked out on the sea and the town as well. It is said that Wyckholme slept there twice, while Skaggs looked in perhaps half a dozen times—when he was lost in the building and trying to find his way back to familiar haunts.

There was not a sign of a servant about the house or grounds. The men whom Bowles had engaged carried the luggage to the rooms which Lady Deppingham selected and then vanished as if into space.

"They say these Americans are a wonderful people, my lord," ventured Mr. Bowles. "I dare say when Mr. and Mrs. Browne arrive they'll have some way of it."

"Browne?" cried her ladyship. "This very evening I shall give orders concerning the rooms they are to occupy. I suppose, however, that the rooms we have taken are the best?"

"The choicest, my lady," said Bowles, bowing.

"See here, Mr.—er—old chap, don't you think you can induce the servants to come back to us? By Jove, I'll make it worth your while."

"What are we to do?" wailed Lady Agnes, sitting down suddenly upon the edge of a fountain.

"You see, my lady, they take the position that you have no right here," volunteered Bowles. "They've got the ridiculous idea into their noddies that you can't be the heiress unless Lord Deppingham passes away inside of a year, and—"

"I'm — if I do!" roared the perspiring obstacle. "I'm not so obnoxious as that, let me tell you. If it comes to that, what sort of ass do they think I'd be to come away out here to pass away? London's good enough for any man to die in."

"You are not going to die, Deppy," said his wife consolingly, "unless you starve to death," she supplemented, with an expressive frown.

(Continued next week.)

SIMPKINS SUSPECT

FINALLY RELEASED

AT THE DALLES

The Dalles, Or., July 31. —The man arrested here on suspicion that he was Jack Simpkins, wanted for complicity in the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg, of Idaho, has been released. There was a remarkable resemblance and the man who caused him to be arrested still insists the suspect is Simpkins.

EUGENE W. O. W. WOMEN

RECEIVE APPOINTMENTS

At the grand lodge of Women of Woodcraft held in Portland this week, Mrs. Alberta S. McMurphy, of Eugene, was appointed on the committee on resolutions. Dr. W. Kuykendall, of Eugene, was appointed chairman of the committee on laws and grievances. The grand lodge consists of lodges from nine of the Pacific states.

An effort to poison, harmless to be made by disbursement of water and a little sugar.

WILL HERMANN BE CANDIDATE ONCE MORE?

Portland, Or., July 31.—"Binger Hermann, congressional candidate." It sounds natural and it may be true.

Up from the south, out of the orchards and fields of Douglas county, comes the rumor, more or less insistent, that Mr. Hermann is thinking of entering into the political arena once more and trying to unseat Congressman Hawley, who is now, more or less permanently, in the saddle.

According to the story, Mr. Hermann has been building his political fences for some time and has about made up his mind to get back into the political harness if it is possible for him to do so. He has confided his heart's desire to some of his very close friends, so it is said, and these friends have been out cultivating the ground for the seed of his candidacy.

These culturists, it is said, have found evidence of a great demand that Mr. Hermann once more place himself on the altar of public duty and have been assured of much support in certain high quarters should the veteran sniff the battle smoke to such an extent that he would really get out on the field.

Mr. Hermann himself, however, as is usual, displays becoming modesty in regard to his possible candidacy.

"The rumor that I am contemplating becoming a candidate for congress," he said at Roseburg this morning, "has been incorrectly reported."

So there you are. Some of his close friends say he is. He says he isn't. Only the passage of time and approach of election will definitely tell.

CORVALLIS PAPER

KNOCKS OREGON EXHIBIT

The editor of the Eugene Guard, who was at the Seattle exposition last week, assures his readers that Oregon has the best exhibit on the grounds, that the Kiser photographs of Eugene attract a great deal of attention and that the Seattle Times did Eugene a great service in presenting on its front page a picture of the ten young ladies sent to Seattle by The Guard.

The Guard may be right, but the editor of the Gazette-Times found the Oregon exhibit less attractive than that of Washington, California and Canada. The Oregon building is a superb structure, but the Oregon exhibit lacks much of being as good as Oregon can produce, and it lacks much of being displayed to the best advantage. Less money in the building, more in the exhibit, and a more artistic arrangement would have produced more satisfactory results.

That pyramid of apples in the center of the building, and half-moon rousing of fruit about it, would be a joke if it were not serious. The finishing touches to the exhibit as a whole looks like it had been shoveled into place rather than arranged to the best effect. The Oregon exhibit is not discreditable in any sense, and many people express hearty appreciation of what they see there, but in absolute truth there is none of that magnificent impressiveness that one finds in some of the other buildings, and a better display of products could have been secured by people thoroughly onto their job.

Kiser Pictures a Joke. The Kiser pictures of Eugene, with which the Guard is pleased, are very pretty, but the writer did not see anyone looking at them during his half-dozen visits to that portion of the building. The pictures are small, are hung high, and though beautifully colored, there is nothing about them, or in their location, that forces them upon the attention of visitors to the building. In fact, pictures at the exposition are not a success. Many of the buildings have quite an array of beautiful photos, but these are passed up by nine out of ten. The Spokane building, in particular, has a fine display of pictures, and in its spacious rest room at that, but even here the pictures receive practically no consideration.

The writer has seen three other fairs, found nothing of interest at Seattle, and spent his time in observing matters of this kind. A week's inspection convinced him that he would not spend ten cents for pictures that were not inside of printed literature, shown in a moving picture exhibit, or shown by a lecturer with the ability to hold a crowd.

MORE TRACKAGE ROOM IN THE DEPOT YARDS

General Manager J. P. O'Brien, of the Harriman lines in the Northwest, and other officials of the company, were in Eugene for two hours this morning making an inspection of the local yards, having come in last night from Southern Oregon. They looked at the strip of land between West Fourth street and the railroad tracks recently purchased by the company. The present house track at the freight depot will be extended north some distance on this tract of land and all cars will be unloaded there. Not much was said in regard to a larger freight house, but this will probably come in due time, as the officials have been apprised of the need of larger and better quarters for the freight department.

A public telephone booth was installed in the lobby of the Hotel Smeede today.

GOOD SPEAKERS TELL OF BENEFITS IN IRRIGATION

(From Saturday's Daily Guard.) "The purpose of this meeting is to give the people information," said Helms W. Thompson, president of the Commercial Club, in today's irrigation meeting. "We have here today experts, men who have studied irrigation all their lives. They will give us the facts. Irrigation adds a billion dollars to the products of our country," said Tom Richardson in his speech. "In Idaho they have raised gardens from the deserts. In the Yakima Valley they have more rainfall during the dry season than we do. And some people say we don't need it, when they know Yakima does."

Million and a Half People. "If we have irrigation," the inimitable booster continued, "we will have a million and a half people in the Willamette Valley and will produce thirty or forty times the products that we now raise. One Italian on an acre of land near Portland with water on his land reaped \$1500 worth of vegetables. We know that we must have water for our lawns and gardens, why not for our fields?"

Richardson then discussed the livestock market and told how closely the cow, the steer, the hog and any other domestic animal is linked with the produce of the soil.

Then he showed that Eugene's wonderful progress, in which it has grown faster than any other agricultural town in the world, is based on the farming district. The size of a city depends on the mines, the forests and the fields.

On introducing S. Fortier, the United States investigator, President Thompson said that he is the highest authority in the country on irrigation. He described irrigation conditions generally, dwelling upon those in California, which he said were somewhat similar to those in Oregon.

He said that one of the things that must always be remembered is that water to irrigate with is limitless. "We estimate at first that there were 120,000,000 of acres west of the Missouri. Now we estimate that there will not be more than enough water for more than 50,000,000 acres."

In discussing Lane county he said that here are found natural reservoir sites and that the water supply should not cost more than \$25 per acre. He advised that the co-operative plan of control of water be adopted by Lane county. He told of the history and showed it first. Another is the irrigation corporation, which sells water direct. This plan is successful. The irrigated district plan has also been successful, being a method provided by law. The system laws worked well and the taxes in the district have provided the cheapest water of any method. On irrigation rotation of crops is needed to save the land as well as when artificial waterways are resorted to.

Illustrated Lecture. In the illustrated lecture by Arthur P. Stover, of Portland, graphic proof was demonstrated of the long dry season in the Willamette Valley. This period was shown to be less than in the Yakima Valley, at Twin Falls, and at La Grande. Pictures of the experiment fields at Hillsboro, Corvallis and Albany, were shown. Oswald West, of Salem, last year irrigated his hops, but because the expense of harvesting was so great and the price so low he lost money. This year West still irrigates and the price is good and he is happy.

The lecturer brought out that water would not take the place of fertilizer. Rotation of crops or fertilizer added to water is the remedy for land.

Irrigate at Hood River. Throughout the afternoon the speakers emphasized that the Hood River orchards and fields of fruit are irrigated. Those opposed to irrigation have advertised that the famous fruit district is not irrigated. One day during the middle of the season a flume was destroyed in a Hood River strawberry patch and the berries were without water for about two weeks. The first day that the berries were dry they quit bearing new blossoms.

Other Speakers. Ex-Governor T. T. Geer told of his past experience in Marion county as a practical farmer. Other speakers were President Campbell and L. H. Bingham. After the speeches a public discussion in which the farmers asked questions, was presented.

At the meeting there were representatives of every class, farmers who have tilled the Oregon soil for a score of years, merchants, real estate people, and capitalists. All listened with deep attention. The lower part of the theatre was well filled and everyone seemed to be personally interested.

Begin Movement. The meeting is expected to culminate the movement for an irrigation scheme in the Lane county lowlands. All of the 200 farmers were impressed with the subject matter. However, those in favor of irrigation do not intend to stop with this meeting. President Thompson announced that this meeting today but begun the movement.

F. C. Bean and wife returned yesterday morning from their trip to Los Angeles.