

# The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON

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Rasula's messenger came to the gates and announced that he had a letter for Mr. Chase. Rasula had this to say:

"We have reason to suspect that you were right in your suspicions. The gold mine has been found this day in the cave below the chateau, just as you have said. This much of what you have charged against Jacob von Blitz seems to be borne out by the evidence secured. Last night there was an attempt to rob the vaults in the company's bank. Again I followed your advice and laid a trap for the man engaged. They were slain in the struggle which followed. I have to inform you, sir, that your charge against Jacob von Blitz does not hold good in the case of the bank robbery. Therefore I am impelled to believe that you may have unjustly accused him of being implicated in the robbery of the treasure chest. He was not among the bank thieves. There were but those of them—the floor foreman. Jacob von Blitz came up himself and joined us in the fight against the robbers. He was merciless in his anger against them. You have said that you will testify against him. Sir, I have taken it upon myself to place him under restraint notwithstanding his actions against the robbers. He shall have a fair trial. If it is proved that he is guilty, he shall pay the penalty. We are just people.

"If you, the people of Japan," will take you at your word. We ask you to appear against the prisoner and give evidence in support of your charge. He shall be placed on trial tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock. On my honor as a man and a believer I assure safety to you while you are among us on that occasion. I, Rasula, will meet you at the gates and will conduct you back to them in safety. If you are a true man, you will not evade the call.

"Well, it looks as though Von Blitz has spiked your guns," said Deppingham. "The dog turns against his confederates and saves his own skin by killing them."

"In any event," said Browne, "you spoiled his little game. He loses the treasure, and he didn't get into the vaults. Rasula should take those points into consideration."

"He won't forget them, rest assured. That's why I'm sure that he'll take my word at the trial as against that of Von Blitz," said Chase.

"You—you don't mean to say, Mr. Chase, that you are going into the town?" cried Lady Agnes, wide eyed.

"Certainly, Lady Deppingham. They are expecting me."

"Don't be foolishly, Chase. They will kill you like a rat!" exclaimed Deppingham.

"Oh, no, they won't," said the other confidently. "They've given their promise through Rasula. Whatever else they may be, they hold a promise sacred. They know I'll come. If I don't they'll know that I'm a coward. You wouldn't have them think I am a coward, would you, Lady Deppingham?"

The next morning he coolly set forth for the gates, scarcely thinking enough of the adventure to warrant the matter of fact goodbyes that he bestowed upon those who were congregated to see him off. His heart was sore as he strode rapidly down the drive. Geneva had not come down to say farewell.

"By heaven," he muttered, strangely vexed with her, "I fancy she means it. She's bent on showing me my place. But she might have come down and wished me good luck. That was little enough for her to do. Ah, well!" he sighed, putting it away from him.

As he turned into the tree lined avenue near the gate a slender young woman in a green and white gown arose from a seat in the shade and stopped a pace forward, opening her parasol quite leisurely as he quickened his steps. Her eyes gleamed brightly, and she was breathing as one who has run swiftly.

"You are determined to go down there among those men?" she demanded, the smile suddenly giving way to a look of disapproval. She ignored his hand.

"Certainly," he said after the moment of bewilderment. "Why not? I thought you had made up your mind to let me go without a word for good luck." She found great difficulty in meeting the wistful look in his eyes. "You are good to come down here. You are good to say goodby. We're almost strangers again."

"I did not come down to say goodby," she said, her lips trembling ever so slightly.

"I don't understand," he said.

"I am going with you into the town—a witness," she said, and her face went pale at the thought of it.

"Geneva," he cried, "you—you would do that?"

"Why not, Mr. Chase?" She tried to speak calmly, but she was trembling. After all, she was a slender, helpless girl—an amazon! "I saw and heard everything. They won't believe you unappointed. They won't harm me. If I swear to them that what you say is true they'll—"

"No, no! It isn't that," she said, her eyes narrowing. "Don't misinterpret my coming here to say that I will go. It isn't because—no, it isn't that!"

"I was unhappy because you had forsaken me," he said gently. "You are brave—you are wonderful! But I can't take you down there. I know what will happen if they find him guilty. Goodby, dear one. I'll come back—surely I'll come back. Thank you for sending me away happy."

"Won't you let me go with you?" she asked after a long, penetrating look into his eyes.

"I would not take you among them for all the world. You forget. Neither of us would come back."

"Neither of us?" she said slowly.

"I wouldn't come back without you," he said quietly, earnestly. She understood. "Goodby! Don't worry about me. I am in no danger."

"Goodby," she said, the princess once more. "I shall pray for you with all my soul." She gave him her hand. It was cold and lifeless. He pressed it warmly and went quickly away, leaving her standing there in the still shade of the sallows, looking after him with eyes that grew wilder and wilder with the tears that welled up from behind.

Hours went by—slow, tortuous hours in which the souls of those who watched and waited for his return were tried to the utmost.

Once there came to the ears of the watchers on the mountain side the sound of distant shouts, later the brief rattle of firearms. The blood of every one turned cold with apprehension. Every voice was stilled, every eye wide with dread. Neenah screamed as she fled across the terrace toward the drawbridge, where Selim stood as motionless as a statue.

Luncheon time passed, and again, as if drawn by a magnet, the entire household made its way to the front of the chateau.

At last Selim uttered a shout of joy. He forgot the deference due his betters and unceremoniously dashed off toward the gates, followed by Neenah, who seemed possessed of wings.

Chase was returning!

They saw him coming up the drive, his hat in his hand, his white umbrella raised above his head. The eager, joyous watchers saw him greet Selim and his fluttering wife. They saw Selim fall upon his knees, and they felt their tears rushing to their own eyes.

"Hurray!" shouted little Mr. Saunders in his excitement. Bowles and the three clerks joined him in the exhibition. The princess was conscious of the fact that at least five or six pairs of eyes were watching her face. She closed her lips and compelled her eyelids to obey the dictates of a resentful heart. She lowered them until they gave one the impression of indolent curiosity, even indifference. All the while her incomprehensible heart was thumping with a rapture that knew no allegiance to royal conventions.

A few minutes later he was among them, listening, with his cool, half satirical smile, to their protestations of joy and relief.

"Nonsense," he said in his most deprecating voice, taking a seat beside the princess on the railing and fanning himself lazily with his hat, to the mortification of his body servant, who waved a huge palm leaf in vigorous adulation. "It was nothing. Just being a witness, that's all. You'll find how easy it is when you get back to London and have to testify in the Skaggs will contest. Tell the truth, that's all." The princess was now looking at his brown face with eyes over which she had lost control. "Oh, by the bye," he said, as if struck by a sudden thought, "it is my painful duty to announce to the Mesdames von Blitz that they are widows."

There was a dead silence. The three women stared up at him, uncomprehending.

"Yes," he went on solemnly. "Jacob is no more. He was found guilty by his judges and executed with commendable haste and precision. He took

against me—which is most gratifying to my pride. One other man testified against him—a chap who saw him with the Hoers not ten minutes before the attempt was made to rob the vaults. Rasula appeared as counsel for the defense. Merely a matter of form. He knew that he was guilty. There was no talk of a new trial; no appeal to the supreme court, Brit; no expense to the community."

He was as unconcerned about it as if discussing the most trivial happening of the day. Von Blitz lived not ten minutes after sentence was passed.

"As to their intentions toward us," said Chase, "they are firm in their determination that no one shall leave the chateau alive. Rasula was quite frank with me. He is a cool devil, but he calmly notified me that we will all be dead inside of two weeks. No ships will put in here so long as the plague exists. I asked him how we were to die, and he smiled as though he was holding something back as a surprise for us. He came as near to laughing as I've ever seen him when I asked him if he'd forgotten my warships. 'Why don't you have them here?' he asked. 'We're not ready,' said I. 'The six months are not up for nine days yet.' I also made the interesting discovery that suits have already been brought in England to break the will on the grounds of insanity."

"But what good will that do us if we are to die here?" exclaimed Bobby Browne.

"None whatsoever," said Chase calmly. "You must admit, however, that you exhibited signs of hereditary insanity by coming here in the first place. I'm beginning to believe that there's a streak of it in my family too."

"And you—you saw him killed?" asked the princess in an awed voice, low and full of horror.

"Yes, I could not avoid it."

"They killed him on you—on you?"—She could not complete the sentence, but shuddered expressively.

"Yes. He deserved death, princess. I am more or less like the Moslem in one respect. I might excuse a thief or a murderer, but I have no pity for a traitor."

"You saw him killed?" she said in the same awed voice, involuntarily drawing away from him.

"Yes," he said, "and you would have seen him killed, too, if you had gone down with me to appear against him." She looked up quickly and then thanked him almost in a whisper.

"Don't, please! I'm not asking you to marry me if we should leave the island. You must give me credit for that," he argued whimsically.

"Ah, I see," she said, apparently very much relieved. "You want me only with the understanding that death should be quite close at hand to relieve you. And if I were to become your wife, here and now, and we should be taken from this dreadful place—what then?"

"You probably would have to go through a long and miserable career as plain Goodwife Chase," he explained.

"If it will make you any happier," she said, with a smile in which there lurked a touch of mischievous triumph, "I can say that I might consent to marry you if I were not so positive that I will leave the island soon. You seem to forget that my uncle's yacht is to call here, even though your cruisers will not."

"I'll risk even that," he maintained stoutly.

She stopped suddenly, her hand upon his arm.

"Do you really love me?" she demanded earnestly.

"With all my soul, I swear to you," he replied, staggered by the abrupt change in her manner.

"Then don't make it any harder for me," she said. "You know that I could not do what you ask. Please, please be fair with me. I—I can't even jest about it. It is too much to ask of me."

She went on, with a strange firmness in her voice. "It would require centuries to make me forget that I am a princess, just as centuries were taken up in creating me what I am. I am no better than you, dear, but—but—understand?" She said it so pleadingly, so hopelessly, that he understood what it was that she could not say to him. "We seldom, if ever, marry the men whom God has made for us to love."

He lifted her hands to his breast and held them there. "If you will just go on loving me I'll some day make you forget you're a princess." She smiled and shook her head. Her hair gleamed red and bronze in the kindly light; a soft perfume came up to his nostrils.

The next day three of the native servants became violently ill, seized by the most appalling convulsions. At first a thrill of horror ran through the chateau. The plague—the plague in reality!

But these fears were quickly dissipated. The sufferers soon began to mend. By nightfall they were fairly well recovered. The mysterious seizure, however, was unexplained. Chase alone divined the cause. Poison! He was sure of it! But who the poisoner?

All previous perils and all that the future seemed to promise were forgotten in the startling discovery that came with the fall of night.

Lady Deppingham and Robert Browne were missing! They had disappeared as if swallowed by the earth itself! Neenah, the wife of Selim, was the last of those in the chateau to see the heirs. They crossed the swift torrent by the narrow bridge at the base of the cliff and stopped below the mouth of the cavern which blew its cool breath out upon the hanging garden. Later on she saw them climb the stanch ladder and stand in the black opening, apparently enjoying the cooling wind that came from the damp bowels of the mountain. Her attention was called elsewhere, and that was the last glimpse she had of the two people about whom centered the struggle for untold riches.

"Chase, they are lost in there!" groaned Deppingham, numb with apprehension. He was trembling like a leaf.

"There's just one thing to do," said Chase. "We've got to explore that cavern to the end. They may have lost their bearings and strayed off into one of the lateral passages."

"I can't bear the thought of her wandering about in that horrible place," Deppingham cried as he started resolutely toward the ladder.

"She'll come out of it all right," said Chase, a sudden compassion in his eyes.

Drusilla Browne was standing near by, cold and silent with dread, a set expression in her eyes. Her lips moved slowly, and Deppingham heard the bitter words: "You will find them, Lord Deppingham. You will find them!"

He stopped and passed his hand over his eyes. Then, without a word, he snatched a rifle from the hands of one of the patrol and led the way up the ladder. Chase turned to the white faced princess and said between his teeth:

"If Skaggs and Wyckholme had been in the employ of the devil himself they could not have foreseen the result of their infernal plotting. I am afraid—mortally afraid!"

"Take care of him, Hollingsworth," she whispered shuddering.

"Goodby, Geneva, my princess," said Chase softly and then was off with Britt and Selim. As he passed Drusilla he seized her hand and paused long enough to say:

"It's all right, little woman, take my word for it. If I were you, I'd cry. You'll see things differently through your tears."

The four men, with their lights, vanished from sight a few moments later. Chase grasped Deppingham's arm and held him back, gravely suggesting that Selim should lead the way.

They were to learn the truth almost before they had fairly begun their investigations.

The heirs already were in the hands of their enemies, the Islanders! The eager searchers, shouting as they went, had come to what was known as the "cathedral." This was a wide, lofty chamber, hung with dripping stalactites, far below the level at which they began.

"The door was almost battered and even as that of a modern dwelling. Here the cavern branched off in three or four directions, like the tentacles of a monster devilfish, the narrow passages leading no one knew whither in that tomblike mountain.

Selim uttered the first shout of surprise and consternation. An instant later they were standing at the edge of a vast hole in the floor—newly made and pregnant with disaster.

A current of air swept up into their faces. The soft, loose earth about the rent in the floor was covered with the prints of naked feet; the bottom of the hole was packed down in places by a multitude of tracks. Chase's bewildered eyes were the first to discover the presence of loose, scattered masonry in the pile below, and the truth dawned upon him sharply. He gave a loud exclamation and then dropped lightly into the shallow hole.

"I've got it!" he shouted, stooping to peer intently ahead. "Von Blitz's powder kegs did all this. The secret passage runs along here. One of the discharges blew this hole through the roof of the passage. Here are the walls of the passage. By heaven, the way is open to the sea!"

"My God, Chase!" cried Deppingham, staggering toward the opening. "These footprints are—They've murdered her! They've come in here and surprised!"

"Go easy, old man! We need to be cool now. It's all as plain as day to me. Rasula and his men were exploring the passage after the discovery of the treasure chests. They came upon this new made hole and then crawled into the cavern. They surprised Browne and—Yes, here are the prints of a woman's shoe—and a man's too. They are gone. God help 'em!"

Signs of a fierce struggle were found near the entrance to the cathedral. Robby Browne had made a gallant fight. Blood stains marked the smooth floor and walls, and there was evidence that a body had been dragged across the chamber.

Britt put his hand over his eyes and shuddered. "They've settled this contest, Chase, forever!" he groaned.

CHAPTER XXVII. THE PRISONER.

DEPPINGHAM sprang to his feet with a fierce oath on his lips. His usually lustreless eyes were gleaming with something more than despair. There was the wild light of unmistakable relief in them. It was as if a horrid doubt had been scaled from the soul of Lady Deppingham's husband.

"We must follow!" shouted his lordship, preparing to lower himself into the jagged opening. "We may be in time."

"Stop, Deppingham!" cried Chase, leaping to his side. "Don't rush blindly into a trap like that. They've got an hour or more start of us. Nothing will be accomplished by rushing into an ambush. They'd kill us like rats. Rasula is a sagacious scoundrel. He'll not take the entire responsibility. There will be a council of all the headmen. It will be of no advantage to them to kill the heirs unless they are sure that we won't live to tell the tale. They will go slow now that they have the chief obstacles to victory in their hands."

"If they will give her up to me I will guarantee that Lady Agnes shall relinquish all claim to the estate," announced the harassed husband.

"They won't do that, old man. Promises won't tempt them," protested Chase. "We've got to do what we can to rescue them. I'm with you, gentlemen, in the undertaking—first, for humanity's sake; second, because I am your friend; last, because I don't want my clients to lose all chance of winning out in this controversy by acting like confounded asses. It isn't what Sir John expects of me."

In the meantime the anxious coterie in the chateau were waiting eagerly for the return of the searchers. Drusilla made one remark, half unconsciously, no doubt, that rasped in the ears of the princess for days. It was the cold, bitter, resigned epitome of the young wife's thoughts:

"Robert has loved her for months." That was all.

Mr. and Mrs. Saunders, thankful that something had happened to divert attention from their own conspicuous plight, were discoursing freely in the center of a group composed of the four Englishmen from the bank.

CHAPTER XXVIII. CENTURIES TO FORGET.

"My lord," said Saunders the next day, appearing before his lordship after an agitated hour of preparation, "it's come to a point where something's got to be done." He got that far and then turned quiet purple. His collar seemed to be choking him. "If what Mr. Chase says is true, we've got a precious short time to live. Well, we've concluded to get all we can out of the time that's left, my lord. So I've come to ask if it will be all right with you and her ladyship, sir. We don't want to do anything that would seem forward and out of place, sir."

"It's very considerate of you, Saunders, but what the devil are you talking about?"

"Miss—Miss Pelham and I have decided to get—get married before it is too late."

Deppingham stared hard for a moment and then grinned broadly.

"You mean before you die?"

"That's it exactly, my lord. Haw, haw! It would be a bit late, wouldn't it, if we waited till afterward. Haw, haw! Splendid! So I have come to ask if you think it will interfere with your arrangements if—if we should be married tonight?"

"I'm sure, Saunders, that it won't discommode me in the least," said his lordship gently. "By all means, Saunders, let it be tonight, for tomorrow we may die."

"Will you kindly speak to her ladyship, sir?"

"Gladly. And I'll take it as an honor if you will permit me to give away the bride."

"Thank you, my lord," cried Saunders, his face beaming. His lordship shook hands with him, whereupon his cup of happiness overflowed, notwithstanding the fact that his honeymoon was likely to be of scarcely any duration whatsoever.

The wedding took place that night in the little chapel. Chase deliberately took possession of the princess after the hollow wedding supper had come to an end. Her mood had changed. Now she was quite at ease with him. The taunting gleam in her eyes presaged evil moments for his peace of mind.

"I'm inspired," he said to her. "A wedding always inspires me."

"It's very strange that you've never married," she retorted. She was smiling freely by his side, confident in her power to resist sentiment with mockery.

"Will you be my wife?" he asked abruptly. She caught her breath before laughing tolerantly and then looked into his eyes with a tantalizing ingenuousness.

"By no means," she responded. "I am not oppressed by the same views that actuated Miss Pelham. You see, Mr. Chase, I am quite confident that we are not to die in two weeks."

"I could almost wish that we could die in that time," he said.

"How very diabolical!"

"It may seem odd to you, but I'd rather see you dead than married to Prince Karl." She was silent. He went on, "Would you consent to be my wife if you felt in your heart that we should never leave this island?"

"I think I shall go, Mr. Chase," she said, with a warning shake of her head.

## FIVE GENERATIONS OF THE SCOTT FAMILY



—By courtesy of Creswell Chronicle.

MRS. SURENA SCOTT AND DESCENDANTS.

The accompanying illustration pictures the five generations of the Scott family, four of which were born in Oregon. Mrs. Surena Scott was born December 2, 1847, in Shelby county, Ohio. In 1847 she crossed the plains with her father, riding the entire distance on horseback, driving the stock belonging to her father. In this day of rapid and easy methods of transportation few can realize the tiresome and seemingly never-ending journey this would be. In 1850 she was married to W. J. Scott in Polk county and has resided continuously in Oregon since that date, a period of 59 years, and 53 of these in Lane county. To this union were born 10 children, all of whom are still living. Namely: Mrs. B. Trimble, Mrs. R. E. Brown, Mrs. M. J. Landers, Mrs. M. A. Brown, Mrs. C. C. Hazelton, Mrs. R. E. Dersham, W. W. Scott, J. R. Scott and R. F. Scott. Besides these she has 27 grandchildren living, 20 great grandchildren, and three great-great-grandchildren. In the illustration reading from left to right are: Seated, Mrs. Surena Scott, Mrs. B. Trimble; standing, Mrs. H. Nash, Mrs. L. B. Tuel and the child held by Mrs. Scott is Raymond W. Nash, the oldest of the great-great-grandchildren. In December Mrs. Scott will celebrate her 81st birthday. She is remarkably active for a woman of her years, often walking from her home to town, a distance of a mile, to do her trading. Last December she prepared her own birthday dinner, at which were present all of her 19 children. Mr. Scott, the husband, died in 1896. He was a public-spirited man and was instrumental in securing the location of the state university at Eugene. When the first building of that institution was completed funds were lacking with which to pay for its construction. The building was to be sold to satisfy a labor lien, when Mr. Scott assumed the indebtedness, saving the building from sale. He in turn was repaid by the Board of Directors in later year. A R. E. family gathering recently at her home the photo was taken from which the accompanying illustration was made. It is a rare occurrence, we judge, when a family of ten grown children gather together to honor a mother as old as is Mrs. Scott. And it is also a rare thing to have represented in the gathering five generations, four of which were born in one state. Mrs. Scott has friends innumerable, all of whom hold her in highest esteem, and look upon her as one who has fulfilled, in every respect, the highest type of American pioneer motherhood.—Creswell Chronicle.

## SUNSHINE TRUST GATHERS HEKELS OF MITE BOXES

Guard Special Service. New York, Oct. 16.—A sunshine trust is the latest development, and a mighty profitable one it is. According to an apparently reliable statement, fifty per cent. of the golden rays of the International Sunshine Society focus themselves in the pocket of the Rev. Edward C. Holman, of Brooklyn. That fact was made known when the State Board of Charities heard the society's application for a broadening of its certificate of incorporation. Mrs. Cynthia W. Allen, founder of the society, explained that Mr. Holman received 25 per cent. of the collection of the mite boxes all over the city as his compensation for taking care of the collection, and 25 per cent. additional for keeping the boxes in repair.

As the immigration authorities have been convinced that Mrs. Pankhurst, the original Suffragette, who fought her way to fame through an English jail, is not guilty of moral turpitude, she will be permitted to come ashore when she arrives here next Wednesday. Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, president of the Equality League of Self-Supporting Women, under whose auspices Mrs. Pankhurst is to come, has testified that, so far from inciting riots, Mrs. Pankhurst has done nothing more than collect a crowd of one hundred thousand peaceful citizens. The explanation is entirely clear.

Mrs. Pankhurst will tell of the value of militant methods in winning the ballot in Carnegie hall on Oct. 25. Her background will be a platform full of self-supporting women. As far as possible all professions and trades will be represented, and Mr. Man's eyes will be opened as to the incursions of womankind into the field of work. Wall street is somewhat interested.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]