

The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR M'GUTCHEON

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"It's a plain out and out elopement," said Mrs. Saunders, fanning herself vigorously.

"But, my dear," expostulated her husband, blushing vividly over the first public use of the appellation, "where the devil could they elope to?"

"I don't know, Tommy, but elopers never take that into consideration. Do they, Mr. Bowles?"

At last the four men appeared in the mouth of the cavern. The watchers below fell into chilled silence when they discovered that the missing ones were not with them. Stupefied by apprehension, they watched the men descend the ladder and cross the bridge.

"They are dead," fell from Drusilla Browne's lips. She swayed for an instant and then sank to the ground unconscious.

In the conference which followed the return of the searchers it was settled that three of the original party should undertake the further prosecution of the hunt for the two heirs. Lord Deppingham found ready volunteers in Chase and the faithful Selim. They prepared to go out in the hills before the night was an hour older. Selim convinced Chase that the wily Rasula would carry his captives to the palace, where he was in full power.

"You're right, Selim. If he's tried that game we'll beat him at it. Ten to one if he hasn't already chucked them into the sea they're now confined in one of the mills over there."

They were ready to start in a very short time. Selim carried a quantity of food and a small supply of brandy. Each was heavily armed and prepared for a stiff battle with the abductors.

"We seem constantly to be saying goodbye to each other," thus spoke the princess to Chase as he stood at the top of the steps waiting for Selim. The darkness hid the wan, despairing smile that gave the lie to her sprightly words.

"And I'm always doing the unexpected thing—coming back. This time I may vary the monotony by failing to return."

"I should think you could vary it more pleasantly by not going away," she said. "You will be careful?"

"The danger is here, not out there," he said meaningly.

"You mean me? But, like all danger, I soon shall pass. In a few days I shall say goodbye forever and sail away."

"How much better it would be for you if this were the last goodbye and I should not come back?"

"For me?"

"Yes. You could marry the prince without having me on your conscience forevermore."

"Mr. Chase?"

"It's easier to forget the dead than the living, isn't it?"

"Don't be too sure of that."

"Ah, there's Selim! Goodby! We'll have good news for you all, I hope, before long. Keep your eyes on Neenah and Selim have arranged a set of signals. Don't be awake all night, and don't pray for me," he scoffed, in reckless mood.

The three men stole out through the small gate in the upper end of the park. Selim at once took the lead. They crept off into the black forest, keeping clear of the mountain path until they were far from the walls.

The starlight filtered down through the leafy canopy above the road, in crossing rather than decreasing the density of the shadows through which they sped. None but strong, determined, inspired men could have followed the pace set by the lithe, sure-footed Selim.

Mile after mile fell behind them with no relaxation of energy or purpose. They were coming to the ridge road, and Selim fell back to explain the need for caution. This was the road, in all likelihood, he explained, that the abductors would have used in their flight from the cavern. Two miles further south it joined the wide highway that ran from Aratat to the mines.

Selim crept on ahead to reconnoiter. He was back in ten minutes with the information that a party of men had but lately passed along the road toward the south. Their footprints in the soft, untraveled road were fresh. The stub of a cigarette had scarcely burned itself out.

They broke away from the road and took a less exposed course through the forest to their right, keeping well within the shelter of the ridge, but moving so carefully that there was slight danger of alarming the party ahead.

At last the sound of voices came to the ears of the pursuers. As they crept closer and closer they became aware of the fact that the party had halted in the roadway at the point where a sharp defile through the rocks opened a way down into the valley. Like snakes the pursuers wriggled their way to a point just above the small basin in which the party was

ing his wife's imp form in his arms, calling out to her in the agony of fear, utterly oblivious to all else that was happening about him, his two friends were swiftly disarming the groveling natives. Selim's knife severed the cords that bound Bobby Browne's hands. He was staring blankly, dazedly before him.

Ten minutes later Chase was addressing himself to the four islanders who, bound and gagged, were tied by their own sashes to trees some distance from the roadside.

"I've just thought of a little service you fellows can perform for me in return for what I've done for you. All the time you're doing it, however, there will be pistols quite close to your backs. Lady Deppingham is much too weak to take the five mile walk we've got to do in the next two hours—or less. You are to have the honor of carrying her four miles and a half, and you will have to get along the best you can with the gags in your mouths. Two of you form a basket with your hands. I'll show you how."

With Selim in the lead the little procession moved swiftly, but cautiously, through the black jungle, bent on reaching the gate if possible before the night lifted. Chase and Bobby Browne brought up the rear with the two reserve carriers in hand. Browne, weak and suffering from torture and exposure, struggled bravely along, determined not to retard their progress by a single moment of indolence.

In his heart Browne was now raging against the fate that had placed him in this humiliating, almost contemptible position. He, and he alone, was responsible for the sufferings that Lady Agnes had endured. It was as gall and wormwood to him that other men had been ordered to save her from the misery that he had created. He could almost have welcomed death for himself and her rather than to have been saved by George Deppingham.

His wife! He could never be the same to her. He had forfeited the trust and confidence of the one loyal believer among them all. And now Lady Deppingham loathed him because his weakness had been greater than hers!

When he would have slain the four helpless islanders with his own hands Hollingsworth Chase had stayed his rage with the single, caustic adjuration:

"As you like, Abou Dal," said Rasula, shrugging his pinched shoulders. "I shall come to the mill at 6 o'clock." Turning to the prisoners, he bowed low and said, with a soft laugh: "Adios, my lady, and you, most noble sir. May your dreams be pleasant ones. Dream that you are wedded and have come into the wealth of Japan, but spare none of your dream to the husband and wife who are lying awake and weeping for the foolish ones who would go searching for the forbidden fruit. Folly is a hard road to travel, and it leads to the graveyard of fools. Adios!"

Lady Agnes bent over and dropped her face into his hands. She was trembling convulsively. Browne did not show the slightest sign that he had heard the galling words.

At a single sharp command the six men picked up the three chests and moved off rapidly down the road, Rasula striding ahead with the flaring torch.

They were barely out of sight when Deppingham moved as though impulsive was driving him into immediate attack upon the guards who were left behind with the unhappy prisoners. Chase laid a restraining hand upon his arm.

"Wait! Plenty of time. Wait an hour. Don't spoil everything. We'll save them sure," he breathed in the other's ear.

The minutes slipped by with excruciating slowness. The wakeful eyes of the three watchers missed nothing that took place in the little grassy niche below them. They could have sprung almost into the center of the group from the position they occupied. Two of the men sat with their backs to the rocks, their rifles across their knees. The others sprawled lazily upon the soft grass. Two torches stuck in the earth threw a weird light over the scene.

Bobby Browne was now lying with his shoulder against a fallen tree trunk, staring with unswerving gaze at the woman across the way. She was looking off into the night, steadfastly refusing to glance in his direction.

Then suddenly Lady Agnes arose to her feet and lifted her hands high toward the black dome of heaven, Salammbolike, and prayed aloud to her God, the sneering islanders looking on in silent derision.

CHAPTER XXVIII. THE PERSIAN ANGEL.

THE man called Abou suddenly leaped to his feet and, with the cry of an eager animal, sprang to her side. His arms closed about her slender figure with the unmistakable west of the victor. A hoarse, inarticulate cry of rage burst from Deppingham's lips. His figure shot out through the air and down the short slope with the rush of an infuriated beast. Even as the astonished Abou dropped his struggling burden, the attack of the unexpected deliverer was felled to the earth by a mighty blow from the rifle which his assailant swung swift and true. His skull was crushed as if it were an eggshell.

Lady Agnes struggled to her feet, wild eyed, half crazed by the double assault. The next instant she fell forward upon her face, dead to all that was to follow in the next few minutes.

There was no struggle. Chase and Selim were upon the stupefied islanders before they could move, covering them with their rifles. The wretches fell upon their knees and howled for mercy. While Deppingham was hold-

ing his wife's imp form in his arms, calling out to her in the agony of fear, utterly oblivious to all else that was happening about him, his two friends were swiftly disarming the groveling natives. Selim's knife severed the cords that bound Bobby Browne's hands. He was staring blankly, dazedly before him.

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CHAPTER XXIX. A PRECIPITOUS MALADY.

YOU are wonderful, staying out there all night watching for us." He was about to say "me."

"How could any one sleep? Neenah found this dress for me. Aren't those baggy trousers funny? She rifled the late Mr. Wyckholme's wardrobe. This costume once adorned a sultana, I'm told. I wore it tonight because I was much less conspicuous as a sultana than I might have been had I gone to the wall as a princess."

"I like you best as the princess," he said, frankly surveying her in the gray light.

"I think I like myself as the princess, too," she said naively. He sighed deeply. They were quite close to the excited group on the terrace when she said: "I am very, very happy now, after the most miserable night I have ever known. I was so troubled and afraid!"

"Just because I went away for that little while? Don't forget that I am soon to go out from you for all time. How then?"

"Ah, but then I will have Paris," she cried gaily. He was puzzled by her mood—but then, why not? What could he be expected to know of the moods of royal princesses? No more than he could know of their loves.

Lady Deppingham was got to bed at once. The princess, more thrilled by excitement than she ever had been in her life, attended her friend. In the

sanctity of her chamber the exhausted young Englishwoman bared her soul to this wise, sympathetic young woman in Persian vestment.

"Genevra," she said solemnly in the end, "take warning from my example. When you once are married don't trifle with other men—even if you should not love your husband. Sooner or later you'd get tripped up. It doesn't pay, my dear. I never realized until tonight how much I really care for Deppy, and I am horribly afraid that I've lost something I can never recover."

"You were not in love with Mr. Browne. That is why I can't understand you, Agnes."

"My dear, I don't understand myself. How can I expect you or my husband to understand me? How could I expect it of Bobby Browne? Genevra, you are in love—madly in love—with Hollingsworth Chase. Take my advice. Marry him. He's one man in a million—Genevra placed her hand over the lips of the feverish young woman.

"I will not listen to anything more about Mr. Chase," she said firmly. "I am tired—tired to death—of being told that I should marry him."

"But you love him," Lady Agnes managed to mumble despite the gentle impudences.

"I do love him—yes, I do love him!" cried the princess, casting asperses to the winds. "He knows it—every one knows it. But marry him? No—no! I shall marry Karl. My father—my mother, my grandfather, have said so, and I have said it too. That ends it, Agnes. Don't speak of it again!"

She cast herself down upon the side of the bed and clutched her hands in the fierceness of despair and decision.

After a moment Lady Agnes said dreamily: "I climbed up the ladder to make a ladyship of myself by marriage, and I find I love my husband. I dare say if you should go down the ladder a few rounds, my dear, you might be as lucky. But take my advice. If you won't marry Hollingsworth Chase, don't let him come to Paris."

The Princess Genevra lifted her face instantly, a startled expression in her eyes.

"Agnes, you forget yourself!"

"My dear," murmured Lady Agnes sleepily, "forgive me, but I have such a shockingly absurd mind." She was asleep a moment later.

In the meantime Bobby Browne, dis-

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CHAPTER XXX. THE PRINCESS'S DEBUT.

THE whole world remembers Miss Liberty's debut on Bedloe's Island, in New York Harbor, on Oct. 25, 1886. She was unveiled in the presence of President Cleveland and his cabinet, the governors of many states, senators, Representatives, hundreds of the most distinguished Americans, Count de Lesseps and many noted foreigners.

New York Harbor was the scene of a majestic marine ceremonial. War ships thundered salutes and cannon smoke drifted through miles of flame. An imposing parade passed through the triumphal arch erected on Park

But Miss Liberty's glorious debut was not achieved without many troubles. Like all great celebrities, she had a struggle in attaining her position. She is a goddess with a history. It reads like a fairy story.

The people of France, with the active sympathy and assistance of the French Government, gave a large sum of money for the purpose of presenting a colossal bronze figure of Liberty Enlightening the World to the American people as an enduring sign of friendship between the two great republics.

The committee which undertook to build a pedestal worthy of this international monument to republican sentiments, had appealed to the people for money and had failed of success.

Meanwhile, the giant statue, 150 feet in height, was nearing completion. The American people were in despair. Apathetic America in the face of the splendid gift from the country of France, was generally laughed and jeered at in the press of all countries. Where were the honor and national pride of a people who would not build a fitting place for the symbol of liberty in their chief city?

Where governments and patriotic organizations had failed the press of New York succeeded, the glorious unveiling followed and Miss Liberty has since been doing her enlightening stunt even to this day.

It will be startling news to many that the gross debt of New York City is as large as the national debt, and the annual expenditures of the city are one-quarter as large as the average annual expenditure of the national Government. There are very nearly fifty thousand persons on the city's payroll. The interest and amortization charge on the city's debt alone is \$5,000,000 a year, and before the expiration of the term of the next Mayor will, in the opinion of some, be \$75,000,000.

Prophets who have alleged that the business center of the metropolis will some time be in Harlem may have to wait so long as the sceptical believe to see their forecast realized.

Statisticians have calculated that the city's center of population is moving northward at the rate of two blocks and a bit more yearly.

Since the subway supplemented the elevated road in providing rapid transit connections with Manhattan, New York expansion has been directed northward in a more noticeable manner than before quick transit was inaugurated.

The Bronx is filling up at a faster rate than other outlying territories, and, unless development of suburban traffic facilities changes the balance, indications are that the present tendency will not only be maintained, but will in the course of another year or so be further accelerated, as a result of new rapid transit developments in that section.

Frederick Hoss, a shoemaker who died at Colville, Wash., a few days ago, supposed to be in poverty, left \$25,000 in an old lard pail \$4500 in gold, \$2500 in paper money and numerous securities were found, making the total mentioned.

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"As you like, Abou Dal," said Rasula, shrugging his pinched shoulders. "I shall come to the mill at 6 o'clock." Turning to the prisoners, he bowed low and said, with a soft laugh: "Adios, my lady, and you, most noble sir. May your dreams be pleasant ones. Dream that you are wedded and have come into the wealth of Japan, but spare none of your dream to the husband and wife who are lying awake and weeping for the foolish ones who would go searching for the forbidden fruit. Folly is a hard road to travel, and it leads to the graveyard of fools. Adios!"

Lady Agnes bent over and dropped her face into his hands. She was trembling convulsively. Browne did not show the slightest sign that he had heard the galling words.

At a single sharp command the six men picked up the three chests and moved off rapidly down the road, Rasula striding ahead with the flaring torch.

They were barely out of sight when Deppingham moved as though impulsive was driving him into immediate attack upon the guards who were left behind with the unhappy prisoners. Chase laid a restraining hand upon his arm.

"Wait! Plenty of time. Wait an hour. Don't spoil everything. We'll save them sure," he breathed in the other's ear.

The minutes slipped by with excruciating slowness. The wakeful eyes of the three watchers missed nothing that took place in the little grassy niche below them. They could have sprung almost into the center of the group from the position they occupied. Two of the men sat with their backs to the rocks, their rifles across their knees. The others sprawled lazily upon the soft grass. Two torches stuck in the earth threw a weird light over the scene.

Bobby Browne was now lying with his shoulder against a fallen tree trunk, staring with unswerving gaze at the woman across the way. She was looking off into the night, steadfastly refusing to glance in his direction.

Then suddenly Lady Agnes arose to her feet and lifted her hands high toward the black dome of heaven, Salammbolike, and prayed aloud to her God, the sneering islanders looking on in silent derision.

CHAPTER XXXII. THE PRINCESS'S DEBUT.

THE whole world remembers Miss Liberty's debut on Bedloe's Island, in New York Harbor, on Oct. 25, 1886. She was unveiled in the presence of President Cleveland and his cabinet, the governors of many states, senators, Representatives, hundreds of the most distinguished Americans, Count de Lesseps and many noted foreigners.

New York Harbor was the scene of a majestic marine ceremonial. War ships thundered salutes and cannon smoke drifted through miles of flame. An imposing parade passed through the triumphal arch erected on Park

But Miss Liberty's glorious debut was not achieved without many troubles. Like all great celebrities, she had a struggle in attaining her position. She is a goddess with a history. It reads like a fairy story.

The people of France, with the active sympathy and assistance of the French Government, gave a large sum of money for the purpose of presenting a colossal bronze figure of Liberty Enlightening the World to the American people as an enduring sign of friendship between the two great republics.

The committee which undertook to build a pedestal worthy of this international monument to republican sentiments, had appealed to the people for money and had failed of success.

Meanwhile, the giant statue, 150 feet in height, was nearing completion. The American people were in despair. Apathetic America in the face of the splendid gift from the country of France, was generally laughed and jeered at in the press of all countries. Where were the honor and national pride of a people who would not build a fitting place for the symbol of liberty in their chief city?

Where governments and patriotic organizations had failed the press of New York succeeded, the glorious unveiling followed and Miss Liberty has since been doing her enlightening stunt even to this day.

It will be startling news to many that the gross debt of New York City is as large as the national debt, and the annual expenditures of the city are one-quarter as large as the average annual expenditure of the national Government. There are very nearly fifty thousand persons on the city's payroll. The interest and amortization charge on the city's debt alone is \$5,000,000 a year, and before the expiration of the term of the next Mayor will, in the opinion of some, be \$75,000,000.

Prophets who have alleged that the business center of the metropolis will some time be in Harlem may have to wait so long as the sceptical believe to see their forecast realized.

Statisticians have calculated that the city's center of population is moving northward at the rate of two blocks and a bit more yearly.

Since the subway supplemented the elevated road in providing rapid transit connections with Manhattan, New York expansion has been directed northward in a more noticeable manner than before quick transit was inaugurated.

The Bronx is filling up at a faster rate than other outlying territories, and, unless development of suburban traffic facilities changes the balance, indications are that the present tendency will not only be maintained, but will in the course of another year or so be further accelerated, as a result of new rapid transit developments in that section.

Frederick Hoss, a shoemaker who died at Colville, Wash., a few days ago, supposed to be in poverty, left \$25,000 in an old lard pail \$4500 in gold, \$2500 in paper money and numerous securities were found, making the total mentioned.

ing his wife's imp form in his arms, calling out to her in the agony of fear, utterly oblivious to all else that was happening about him, his two friends were swiftly disarming the groveling natives. Selim's knife severed the cords that bound Bobby Browne's hands. He was staring blankly, dazedly before him.

Ten minutes later Chase was addressing himself to the four islanders who, bound and gagged, were tied by their own sashes to trees some distance from the roadside.

"I've just thought of a little service you fellows can perform for me in return for what I've done for you. All the time you're doing it, however, there will be pistols quite close to your backs. Lady Deppingham is much too weak to take the five mile walk we've got to do in the next two hours—or less. You are to have the honor of carrying her four miles and a half, and you will have to get along the best you can with the gags in your mouths. Two of you form a basket with your hands. I'll show you how."

With Selim in the lead the little procession moved swiftly, but cautiously, through the black jungle, bent on reaching the gate if possible before the night lifted. Chase and Bobby Browne brought up the rear with the two reserve carriers in hand. Browne, weak and suffering from torture and exposure, struggled bravely along, determined not to retard their progress by a single moment of indolence.

In his heart Browne was now raging against the fate that had placed him in this humiliating, almost contemptible position. He, and he alone, was responsible for the sufferings that Lady Agnes had endured. It was as gall and wormwood to him that other men had been ordered to save her from the misery that he had created. He could almost have welcomed death for himself and her rather than to have been saved by George Deppingham.

His wife! He could never be the same to her. He had forfeited the trust and confidence of the one loyal believer among them all. And now Lady Deppingham loathed him because his weakness had been greater than hers!

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