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The Man From Brodney's

By George Barr McCutcheon

(Chapter VIII Continued)

"Good!" Then he went away, leaving the quarter unconsciously depressed by the emphasis he placed upon that single word.

"The next day but one it was announced that the enemy had moved into the bungalow. From time to time his gray, blue or white clad figure could be seen directing the operations of the natives who were engaged in stabilizing Wyckholme's "nest."

The chateau was now under the very eye of the enemy.

CHAPTER IX.
THE AMERICAN BAR.

"I WANTED at the phone," Mr. Britt said, "Miss Pelham. It was late in the evening a day or two afterward she went into the booth. He was in there long, but when he came out he found that Miss Pelham had disappeared. The colorless was still absent—Mr Saunders was also missing from his seat on the window sill at the far end of the long corridor. He looked his disgust and muttered something characteristic. Having no one near with whom he could confabulate, he boldly set off for the dining garden, where Deppingham had installed the long file roulette apparatus.

"Say," he said without ceremony to the enemy's wife, "Bowles just disclosed. There's a lot of excitement in the town. I don't know what you make of it."

"Then why the devil are you brooding here with it?" growled Deppingham.

"That's interest you, never fear. There's been a row between Von Blitz and the lawyer, and the lawyer has unmercifully thrashed Von Blitz. Good lord, I'd like to have seen it, wouldn't you, Brownie? Say, he's all right, isn't he?"

"What was it all about?" demanded "Brownie."

"It seems that Von Blitz is in the habit of kicking his wives," said Britt, "my friend the enemy met him this evening and told him that no white man could beat his wife, singular or plural, while he was around. Von Blitz is a big, ugly chap, and he naturally resented the interference with his divine right. He told the lawyer to go long or something equivalent. The lawyer knocked him down. From the way Bowles tells it he must have knocked him down so incessantly in the next five minutes that Von Blitz's attempts to stand up were nothing but a stutter. Moreover, he wouldn't let Von Blitz stab him worth a cent. Bowles says he's got Von Blitz cowed, and the whole town is walking in circles. It's so dizzy. Well, to make it short, the lawyer has got Von Blitz to hating him secretly, and the German has a lot of influence over the people. It may be uncomfortable for our good looking friend."

"If he should be in great danger down there," said her ladyship firmly—perhaps consciously—"we must offer him a safe retreat in the chateau." The others looked at her in surprise. "We can't stand off and see him murdered, you know," she qualified hastily.

The next morning a messenger came up from the town with a letter directed to Messrs. Britt and Saunders. It was from the enemy and requested them to meet him in private conference at 4 that afternoon. "I think it will be for the benefit of all concerned if we can get together," wrote the enemy in conclusion.

The messenger carried back with him a dignified response in which the counselors for Mr. Browne and Lady Deppingham respectfully declined to engage in any conference at this time.

At 2 o'clock that afternoon the entire force of native servants picked up their belongings and marched out of the chateau. The major domo, suave and deferential, gravely informed Mr. Britt that they were leaving at the instigation of their legal adviser, who had but that hour issued his instructions.

"I hope you are not forgetting what I said about the American gunboats," said Britt ponderously.

"Ah," said Ballio, with a cunning smile, "our man is also a great American. He can command the gunboats, too, sahib. We have told him that you have the great power. He shows us that he can call upon the English ships as well, for he comes last from London. He can have both, while you have only one. Besides, he says you cannot send a message in the air without the wife unless he give permission. He have a little machine that catch all the lightning in the air and hold it till he reads the message. Our man is a great man—next to Mohammed."

Britt passed his hand over his brow, staggered by these statements.

"Say, he's smoother than I thought. Most men would have been—fools enough to say that it was all poppycock about me sending wireless messages and calling out natives, but not he! And that machine for tapping the air! Say, we'd better go slow with that fellow. Shall I call him up on the phone and head off the strike?"

"Anything, Mr. Britt, to get back our servants," said Lady Deppingham,

who had come up with Mrs. Browne. When Britt reappeared after a brief stay in the telephone booth he was perspiring freely, and his face was redder, if possible, than ever before.

"He was very peremptory at first and very agreeable in the end. I said we'd come down at 4.30. He asked me to bring some cigarettes. Say, he's a strenuous chap. He wouldn't haggle for a second."

Britt and Saunders found the enemy waiting for them under the awning in front of the bank. He looked a man from the top of his head to the tips of his canvas shoes. Every line of his long body indicated power, vitality, health. Both men were surprised by the sincere manner in which he

of life. I happen to know that you have a million packages of them, more or less, up at the chateau. My spies told me. I dare say you know that I have spies up there all the time. Don't pay any attention to them. You're at liberty to set spies on my trail at any time. Here we are. This is the headquarters for the Mine Owners' Association of Japan."

He led them down a flight of steps and into a long cool looking room some distance below the level of the street.

"The Mine Owners' association, gentlemen, comprises the entire population of Japan. Here is where I receive my clients. Here is where they receive their daily loaf, if you will pardon the simile. I sit in the chair; they squat on the rug. We talk about rubies and sapphires as if they were peanuts. Occasionally we talk about our neighbors. Shall I make three mint juleps? Here, Sellin! The ice, the mint and the straws—and the bottles. Sit down, gentlemen. This is the American bar that Bowles tells you about—the one you've searched all over Europe for, I dare say."

"Reminds me of home, just a little bit," said Britt as the tall glasses were set before them. The Englishman was still clothed in reticence. "They shan't catch me napping," was the sober reflection of Thomas Saunders.

The enemy planted the mint in its bed of chipped ice. "The sagacity that Tassel Skaggs displayed in erecting an ice plant and cold storage house here is equaled only by John Wyckholme's foresightedness in maintaining a contemporary mint bed. I imagine that you, gentlemen, are hoping to prove the old codgers insane. Between the three of us, and man to man, how can you have the heart to propose anything so unkind when we look, as we now do, upon the result of their extreme soundness of mind? Here's how!"

Sellin passed the straws, and the three men took a long and simultaneous "pull" at the refreshing julep. Mr. Saunders felt something melt as he drew the subsequent long and satisfying breath. It was the outer rim of his cautious reserve.

"I think we'll take you up on that proposition to trade mint for cigarettes," said Mr. Britt. "Mr. Browne, my client, for one, will sanction the deal. How about your client, Saunders?"

"I can't say as to Lady Deppingham, but I'm quite sure his lordship will make no objection."

"Then we'll consider the deal closed. I'll send one of my boys over tomorrow with a bunch of mint. Telephone up to the bungalow when you need more. By the way, dropping into a curiously reflective air, "may I ask why Lady Deppingham is permitted to ride alone through the unfrequented and perilous parts of the island?" The question was directed to her solicitor.

"Perilous? What do you mean?"

"Just this, Mr. Saunders," said the enemy, leaning forward earnestly. "I'm not responsible for the acts of these islanders. There are men among them who would not hesitate to dispose of one or both of the heirs if they could do it without danger to their interests. What could be more simple. Mr. Saunders, then the death of Lady Deppingham if her horse should stumble and precipitate her to the bottom of one of those deep ravines? She wouldn't be alive to tell how it really happened."

"My word!" was all that Saunders could say, forgetting his julep in contemplation of the catastrophe.

"He's right," said Britt promptly. "I'll keep my own client on the straight and public path. He's liable to tip over too."



"Our man is a great man—next to Mohammed."

"Don't take your Browne," said Saunders, with mild asperity. "He never rides alone."

"I've noticed that," said the enemy coolly. "He's usually with Lady Deppingham. It's lucky that Jap is free from gossip, gentlemen."

"Oh, I say," said Saunders, "none of that talk, you know."

"There's another thing I want to speak of," said the enemy, arising to prepare the second round of juleps. "I hear that your clients and their partners for life are in the habit of gambling like fury up there."

"Gambling?" said Britt. "What rot!"

"The servants say that they play bridge every night for vast piles of rubies and turn the wheel daily for sapphires uncountable. Oh, I get it straight."

"Why, man, it's all a joke. They use gun wads and simply play that they're rubies."

"My word," said Saunders, "there isn't a ruby or sapphire in the party."

"That's all right," said the enemy, standing before them with a bunch of mint in one hand and the bowl of ice in the other. "Every man in Jap thinks that your people are gambling with jewels that belong to the corporation. They think there's something crooked, d'ye see? My advice to you is, stop that sort of joking."

"By Jove," said Saunders, taking a straw and at the same time staring in open mouthed wonder at the tall host, "you appall me! It's most extraordinary."

"This is all offered in a kindly spirit, you understand," said the magnanimous enemy. "We might as well live comfortably as to die unseasonably here. Another little suggestion, Mr. Saunders. Please tell Lord Deppingham that if he persists in sniping about the ravines in search of rubies he'll get an unmanageable bullet in the back of his head some day soon. He has no right to a single ruby, even if he should see one and know what it was. Just tell him that, please, Mr. Saunders."

"I shall, confound him," exploded Saunders, smiling the while mightily. "He's too uppish anyhow. He needs taking down."

"Ah, Sellin," interrupted the enemy as the native boy entered, "no mail, eh?"

"No, excellency, the ship is not due to arrive for two weeks."

"Ah, but, Sellin, you forget that I am expecting a letter from Von Blitz's wives. They promised to let me know how soon she is able to resume work at the mines."

"I hear you polished him off neatly," said Britt, with a grin.

"Just the rough edges, Mr. Britt. He is now a gem of purest ray serene. By the way, I hope you'll not take my mild suggestions amiss."

"There's nothing I object to except your power to call strikes among our servants. That appeals to me to be rather high handed," said Britt good naturedly.

"No doubt you're right," agreed the other, "but you must remember that I needed the cigarettes."

"My word!" muttered Saunders admiringly.

"Look here, old man," said Britt, his cheeks glowing. "It's mighty good of you to take this trouble for—"

"Don't mention it. I'd only ask in return that you three be a little more sociable hereafter. We're not here to out each other's throat, you know, and we've got a deadly half year ahead of us. What say?"

For answer the two lawyers arose and shook hands with the excellent enemy. When they parted, they were to the tune of six mint juleps about his person, they were too mellow for analysis. The enemy, who had drunk but little, took an arm of each and piloted them sturdily through the town.

CHAPTER X.
THE EPOCH OF TRANQUILITY.

THREE months stole by with tantalizing slowness. The autumn passed on into winter without a change of expression in the benign face of nature. Christmas day was as hot as if it had come in mid-summer; the natives were as naked, the trees as fully clad. The six months were passing away in spite of themselves. Ten weeks were left before the worn but determined heirs could cast off their bonds and rush away to other climes. It mattered little whether they went away rich or poor. They were to go! Go! That was the richest thing the future held out to them.

Five, they rode and played and swam and romped without restraint, but beneath all of their abandon there lurked the ever present pathos of the jail, the asylum, the detention ward.

Not until the end of January was there a sign of revolt against the ever growing, insidious condition of melancholy. As they turned into the last third of their exile they found heart to rejoice in the thought that release was coming nearer and nearer. The end of March—eight weeks off! Soon there would be but seven weeks, then six!

And all this time the islanders toiled as they had toiled for years. They reckoned in years, while the strangers cast up time's account in weeks and called them years. Each day the brown men worked in the mines piling gems into the vaults with a resolute-ness that never faltered.

From London came disquieting news for all sides to the controversy. The struggle promised to be drawn out for years, perhaps. The lonely legatees, anchored in the far south sea, began to realize that even after they had spent their six months of probation they would still have months, even years, of waiting before they could touch the fortune they laid claim to. The islanders also were vaguely awake to the fact that everything might be tied up for years despite the provisions of the will. A restless, stubborn feeling of alarm spread among them. This feeling gradually developed itself into bitter resentment. Hatred for the people who were causing this delay was growing deeper and fiercer.

Their commoner, the complacent enemy, held himself aloof from the men and women that his charges were fighting. He met the two lawyers often, but nothing passed between them that could have been regarded as the slightest breach of trust. He lived like a rajah in his shady bungalow, surrounded by the luxuries of one to whom all things are brought indistinguishable. If he had any longing for the society of women of his own race and kind, he carefully concealed it. His indifference to the subtle though unmistakable appeals of the two gentlemen in the chateau was irritating to the extreme. When he deliberately, though politely, declined their invitation to tea one afternoon their humiliation knew no bounds.

Lady Deppingham and Mrs. Browne should not be misunderstood by the reader. They loved their husbands—I am quite sure of that—but they were tired of seeing no one else, tired of talking to no one else. Moreover, in support of this one-sided assertion, they experienced from time to time the most melancholy attacks of jealousy. If Mrs. Browne in plain despair went off for a day's ride with Lord Deppingham, that gentleman's wife was sick with jealousy. If Lady Agnes strolled in the moonlit gardens with Mr. Browne, the former Miss Bate of Boston could scarcely control her emotions. They shed many tears of anguish over the faithlessness of husbands, tears of hatred over the viciousness of temptresses. Their quarrels were fierce, their upbraidings characteristic, but in the end they cried and kissed and "made up."

They did not know, of course, that the wily Britt, despite his own depression, was all the while accumulating the most astounding lot of evidence to show that a decided streak of insanity existed in the two heirs.

"If they could only be married in some way," was Britt's private lament to Saunders from time to time when despair overcame confidence.

"I've got a ripping idea," Saunders said one day.

"Let's have it. You're always got 'em. Why not divide with me?"

"Can't do it just yet. I've been looking up a little matter. I'll spring it soon."

"How long have you been working on the idea?"

"Nearly four months," said Saunders, yawning.

"God, this climate is enervating!" was Britt's caustic comment.

Saunders was beelie over head in love with Miss Pelham at this time, so it is not surprising that he had some sort of an idea about marriage, no matter whom it concerned.

Night after night the Deppinghams and Brownes gave dinners, balls, musicales, "bridges," masks and theater suppers at the chateau. First one would invite the other to a great ball, then the other would respond by giving a sumptuous dinner.

One morning during the first week in February the steamer from Aden brought stacks of mail—the customary newspapers, magazines, novels, telegrams and letters. It was noticed that her ladyship had several hundred letters, many bearing crests or coats of arms.

At last she came to a letter of many pages covered with a scrawl that looked preposterously fashionable. Lady Agnes gave a sudden shriek and, leaping to her feet, performed a dance that set her husband and Bobby Browne to gasping.

"She's coming!" she cried ecstatically, repeating herself a dozen times.

"Who's coming, Aggy?" roared her husband for the sixth time.

"The princess! Deppy, I'm going to squeeze you! I must squeeze somebody! Isn't it glorious? Now—now—now life will be worth living in this beastly place."

Her dearest friend, the princess, had written to say that she was coming to spend a month with her.

"In her uncle's yacht, Deppy—the big one that came to Cowes last year, don't you know? Of course you do. Don't look so dazed. He's cruising for a couple of months and is to set her down here until the yacht returns from 'Borneo and the Philippines. She says she hopes it will be quiet here. Quiet! She hopes it will be quiet!"

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"I say, Deppingham, you can take her out walking and pick up a crownful of fresh rubies every day or so," said Brownie.

"Hang it all, Brownie, I'm afraid to pluck a violet these days. Every time I stoop over I feel that somebody's going to take a shot at me. I wonder why the beggars select me to shoot at. They're not always popping away at you, Brownie. Why is it?"

"It's all right so long as they don't kill you," was Brownie's consoling remark.

"By Jove!" said Deppingham, starting up with a look of horror in his eyes, sudden comprehension rushing down upon him. "I wonder if they think I am you, Brownie! Horrible!"

The enemy's office hours were from 3 to 5 in the afternoon. Twice a week Miss Pelham came down from the chateau in a gayly bedecked jirrikisha to sit opposite to him in his stuffy corner of the banking house, his desk between them, her notebook trembling with proximity. Mr. Britt generously lent the pert lady to the enemy in exchange for what he catalogued as "happy days."

Miss Pelham made it a point to look as fascinating as possible on the occasion of these interesting trips into the enemy's territory.

The enemy, doing his duty by his clients with a determination that seemed incontestable, was the last to realize that an intrigue was shaping itself to combat his endeavors. Von Blitz, openly his friend and ally, despite their sad encounter, was the thorn which pricked the natives into a state of uneasiness and doubt as to their agent's sincerity.

They began to believe that no good could come out of the daily meetings of the three lawyers.

It was Von Blitz who told the leading men of the island that their wives—the Persians, the Circassians, the Egyptians and the Turkish houris—were in love with the tall stranger. It was he who advised them to observe the actions, to study the moods of their women.

The German knew the condition of affairs in his own household. His overthrew at the hands of the American had cost him more than physical ignominy; his wives openly expressed an admiration for their abandonment. Every eye in Jap was upon him; every hand was turning against him.

It was Miss Pelham who finally took it upon herself to warn the lonely American. The look of surprise and disgust that came into his face brought her up sharply.

"Miss Pelham," he said coldly, "will you be kind enough to carry my condolences to the ladies at court and say that I recommend reading as an antidote for the poison which ill-fatedness produces. Neither my home nor my barroom is open to ladies. If you don't mind we'll go on with this report."

Miss Pelham flushed and looked very uncomfortable.

"You're wrong about Lady Deppingham and Mrs. Browne," she began hurriedly. "They've never said anything mean about you. It was just my miserable way of putting it. The talk comes from the islanders. Mr. Bowles has told Mr. Britt and Mr. Saunders. He thinks Von Blitz is working against you, and he is sure that all of the men are furiously jealous of you."

"Perhaps there is something in what you say. I'm grateful to you for preparing me." It had suddenly come to mind that the night before he had seen a man skulking in the vicinity of the bungalow.

"I just thought I'd tell you," murmured Miss Pelham nervously. "I—we don't want to see you get into trouble—none of us."

"Thank you." After a long pause he went on, lowering his voice: "Miss Pelham, I have had a hard time here in more ways than I care to speak of. It may interest you to know that I had decided to resign next month and go home. I'm a living man, and a living man objects to a living death. But I've changed my mind. I'll stick my time out. I've got three months longer to stay, and I'll stay. If Von Blitz thinks he can drive me out, he's mistaken. I'll be here after you and your friends up there have sailed away, Miss Pelham—God bless you, you're all white—and I'll be here when Von Blitz and his wives are dancing to the tunes I play. Now let's get back to work. If Von Blitz is working in the dark, I'll compel him to show his hand. And, Miss Pelham," he concluded very slowly, "I'll promise to use a club, if necessary, to drive the Persian ladies away. So please rest easy on my account."

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"The Mine Owners' association, gentlemen, comprises the entire population of Japan. Here is where I receive my clients. Here is where they receive their daily loaf, if you will pardon the simile. I sit in the chair; they squat on the rug. We talk about rubies and sapphires as if they were peanuts. Occasionally we talk about our neighbors. Shall I make three mint juleps? Here, Sellin! The ice, the mint and the straws—and the bottles. Sit down, gentlemen. This is the American bar that Bowles tells you about—the one you've searched all over Europe for, I dare say."

"Reminds me of home, just a little bit," said Britt as the tall glasses were set before them. The Englishman was still clothed in reticence. "They shan't catch me napping," was the sober reflection of Thomas Saunders.

The enemy planted the mint in its bed of chipped ice. "The sagacity that Tassel Skaggs displayed in erecting an ice plant and cold storage house here is equaled only by John Wyckholme's foresightedness in maintaining a contemporary mint bed. I imagine that you, gentlemen, are hoping to prove the old codgers insane. Between the three of us, and man to man, how can you have the heart to propose anything so unkind when we look, as we now do, upon the result of their extreme soundness of mind? Here's how!"

Sellin passed the straws, and the three men took a long and simultaneous "pull" at the refreshing julep. Mr. Saunders felt something melt as he drew the subsequent long and satisfying breath. It was the outer rim of his cautious reserve.

"I think we'll take you up on that proposition to trade mint for cigarettes," said Mr. Britt. "Mr. Browne, my client, for one, will sanction the deal. How about your client, Saunders?"

"I can't say as to Lady Deppingham, but I'm quite sure his lordship will make no objection."

"Then we'll consider the deal closed. I'll send one of my boys over tomorrow with a bunch of mint. Telephone up to the bungalow when you need more. By the way, dropping into a curiously reflective air, "may I ask why Lady Deppingham is permitted to ride alone through the unfrequented and perilous parts of the island?" The question was directed to her solicitor.

"Perilous? What do you mean?"

"Just this, Mr. Saunders," said the enemy, leaning forward earnestly. "I'm not responsible for the acts of these islanders. There are men among them who would not hesitate to dispose of one or both of the heirs if they could do it without danger to their interests. What could be more simple. Mr. Saunders, then the death of Lady Deppingham if her horse should stumble and precipitate her to the bottom of one of those deep ravines? She wouldn't be alive to tell how it really happened."

"My word!" was all that Saunders could say, forgetting his julep in contemplation of the catastrophe.

"He's right," said Britt promptly. "I'll keep my own client on the straight and public path. He's liable to tip over too."

Five, they rode and played and swam and romped without restraint, but beneath all of their abandon there lurked the ever present pathos of the jail, the asylum, the detention ward.

Not until the end of January was there a sign of revolt against the ever growing, insidious condition of melancholy. As they turned into the last third of their exile they found heart to rejoice in the thought that release was coming nearer and nearer. The end of March—eight weeks off! Soon there would be but seven weeks, then six!

And all this time the islanders toiled as they had toiled for years. They reckoned in years, while the strangers cast up time's account in weeks and called them years. Each day the brown men worked in the mines piling gems into the vaults with a resolute-ness that never faltered.

From London came disquieting news for all sides to the controversy. The struggle promised to be drawn out for years, perhaps. The lonely legatees, anchored in the far south sea, began to realize that even after they had spent their six months of probation they would still have months, even years, of waiting before they could touch the fortune they laid claim to. The islanders also were vaguely awake to the fact that everything might be tied up for years despite the provisions of the will. A restless, stubborn feeling of alarm spread among them. This feeling gradually developed itself into bitter resentment. Hatred for the people who were causing this delay was growing deeper and fiercer.

Their commoner, the complacent enemy, held himself aloof from the men and women that his charges were fighting. He met the two lawyers often, but nothing passed between them that could have been regarded as the slightest breach of trust. He lived like a rajah in his shady bungalow, surrounded by the luxuries of one to whom all things are brought indistinguishable. If he had any longing for the society of women of his own race and kind, he carefully concealed it. His indifference to the subtle though unmistakable appeals of the two gentlemen in the chateau was irritating to the extreme. When he deliberately, though politely, declined their invitation to tea one afternoon their humiliation knew no bounds.

Lady Deppingham and Mrs. Browne should not be misunderstood by the reader. They loved their husbands—I am quite sure of that—but they were tired of seeing no one else, tired of talking to no one else. Moreover, in support of this one-sided assertion, they experienced from time to time the most melancholy attacks of jealousy. If Mrs. Browne in plain despair went off for a day's ride with Lord Deppingham, that gentleman's wife was sick with jealousy. If Lady Agnes strolled in the moonlit gardens with Mr. Browne, the former Miss Bate of Boston could scarcely control her emotions. They shed many tears of anguish over the faithlessness of husbands, tears of hatred over the viciousness of temptresses. Their quarrels were fierce, their upbraidings characteristic, but in the end they cried and kissed and "made up."

They did not know, of course, that the wily Britt, despite his own depression, was all the while accumulating the most astounding lot of evidence to show that a decided streak of insanity existed in the two heirs.

"If they could only be married in some way," was Britt's private lament to Saunders from time to time when despair overcame confidence.

"I've got a ripping idea," Saunders said one day.

"Let's have it. You're always got 'em. Why not divide with me?"

"Can't do it just yet. I've been looking up a little matter. I'll spring it soon."

"How long have you been working on the idea?"

"Nearly four months," said Saunders, yawning.

"God, this climate is enervating!" was Britt's caustic comment.

Saunders was beelie over head in love with Miss Pelham at this time, so it is not surprising that he had some sort of an idea about marriage, no matter whom it concerned.

Night after night the Deppinghams and Brownes gave dinners, balls, musicales, "bridges," masks and theater suppers at the chateau. First one would invite the other to a great ball, then the other would respond by giving a sumptuous dinner.

One morning during the first week in February the steamer from Aden brought stacks of mail—the customary newspapers, magazines, novels, telegrams and letters. It was noticed that her ladyship had several hundred letters, many bearing crests or coats of arms.

At last she came to a letter of many pages covered with a scrawl that looked preposterously fashionable. Lady Agnes gave a sudden shriek and, leaping to her feet, performed a dance that set her husband and Bobby Browne to gasping.

"She's coming!" she cried ecstatically, repeating herself a dozen times.

"Who's coming, Aggy?" roared her husband for the sixth time.

"The princess! Deppy, I'm going to squeeze you! I must squeeze somebody! Isn't it glorious? Now—now—now life will be worth living in this beastly place."

Her dearest friend, the princess, had written to say that she was coming to spend a month with her.

"In her uncle's yacht, Deppy—the big one that came to Cowes last year, don't you know? Of course you do. Don't look so dazed. He's cruising for a couple of months and is to set her down here until the yacht returns from 'Borneo and the Philippines. She says she hopes it will be quiet here. Quiet! She hopes it will be quiet!"

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