

The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA F. WEST

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CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

One bit of documentary evidence that materialized in the Hackley home at Cairo was bruited about in all the papers.

On the fly leaf of a French Bible, in a woman's hand—an odd hand with peculiarly forcible strokes—were these entries:

"Married January 10, 1899, Corissa Corella Wayne, daughter of Deairo and John Francis Wayne, and Hamley Hackley, third son of Sir Walter and Lady Evelyn Hackley.

"Born, November 1st, 1900, to Corissa Corella Wayne Hackley and Hamley Hackley, a son, Walter Hamley Hackley.

"Born, October 15, 1901, to Corissa Corella Wayne Hackley and Hamley Hackley, a daughter, Paula Corissa Hackley."

Gradually there became fixed more securely the public idea that Hackley had murdered his wife. And the growing impression was that Hackley and Harcourt were one and the same, but the most inexplicable of all was the dual resemblance between the two women, but at that the Man-Aperilla puzzled.

Mark Flanders, the old attorney from whom Hackley had rented the house at 44 Briarwood place, was so upset by the sensation in which the said old home was figuring that he nearly went wild. As it was, he cut short his European trip, and came home in a jiffy to see that the beloved old homestead was not whittled to bits by enterprising sleuths who were seeking further secret passages and subterranean ways.

Mrs. Desterle died early in the fall and her heart-broken husband took their accumulated savings and went home to Paris. Harold Harcourt was still sitting behind the bars of the jail. The British government did not come and lead him out of captivity.

Harcourt's wife was slowly getting better in the hospital to which they had removed her. There had been shocking days of ravings so extraordinary that the nurses had stood abashed at the horrors revealed; there had been times when Mrs. Harcourt's strength outranked that of even the strongest attendants, and in her violence she had essayed to kill herself, but oftenest she was weak as a sick kitten, and lay inert and helpless on her narrow bed, moaning as if within her slender frame fermented the anguish of the world. Philip Hartley came daily to see her. His quiet presence always had a calming effect upon the sick woman, and she seemed to recognize him. One day there drifted in an aunt of the inmate, a gray-haired doctor who had done missionary work in India for thirty-five years. The intern discussed the case with his aunt, and took her around to see the patient. The old doctor—Fothergill—was her name—examined the young woman closely.

"I think, John," she said, after she had looked at Mrs. Harcourt, according to the prescribed ritual for medicinal inspection, "that the poor little thing has been drugged to death. They do these things here in the tropic suns very frequently. There are weird drugs put to queer purposes over there. Where they stop at murder, even by slow poison, death in life is no more than a convenience to them if they so desire. I think this drug-sick, glenzy her light food, stimulants, and plenty of morphine. It's the best reagent I've found for those indiscriminate drugs that grow over there. Also a powder I'll bring you."

The intern quoted his aunt to the attending physicians. And because of the fame of Dr. Fothergill, which had traveled even across the broad seas and the line of sex, they listened to what she said. They followed Dr. Fothergill's advice and slowly but surely Mrs. Harcourt began to improve. One day she looked at her stupor, sat up and looked at her, and said, "I do not remember," she stammered. "I cannot remember, and—I'm glad, for the hurt has all gone from here."

As she spoke she pressed one hand to her heart, and the other to her head. There Philip Hartley found her when he came an hour later. He had a long bunch of asters for her—lavenders, whites, soft pinks—and ashes of roses. Sweet flowers with their colors burned away," she murmured as she reached out for them. There was the same innocent friendliness between these two pure-souled ones as there might have been between two seraphims.

"Your flowers of the north countries seem so pale and so pure," she continued, as she buried her face within the shaggy petals. "But they have no perfume."

"Ah, yes, they have," denied Hartley. "We have rose gardens here, too, and violet beds in springtime, and carnations in June, when the roses are sweet; and mignonette, and flowering almond, syringas, and sweet alyssum—we have our perfumes, too, my lady. But they're not musk-laden like your feverish India."

"Feverish India," mused Mrs. Harcourt. "I wonder if it is so? I am so much better to-day. I can't remember anything; it's all a dim, gray waste in my head, but it doesn't hurt any more, and I'm so glad. My husband—where is he?"

It was the first time she had asked about Harcourt. Hartley hesitated. He did not know whether to break the blessed peace that surrounded her. He did not know what to tell her. Finally he decided to tell the truth—a rash thing always.

"Why, Miss Lancy disappeared, you know; or do you remember the young girl who went to your room that night."

"Well, but you did it," retorted Betty.

"I know, but I had a wife to start out with, and felt I ought to get Larry tied up, too. Besides, I think it will be a joke to assist at the wedding. Oh, I know Larry hasn't asked you yet, but then he's afraid to. He's planning to just carry you off."

"I'm going to draw the line at being abducted twice, till I get a prodigal's return on the strength of the first kidnaping," laughed Betty. "Do you suppose that the Man-Aperilla could have stolen me? And if so, why? I'd like to find Le Malheureux, perhaps he'd tell me. The why of things as they are is troubling me."

"We're going to find Le Malheureux right now," said Meta. "If we don't we'll never find ourselves again. We must make haste out of here, Miss Lancy."

"Oh, call me Bettista, like you have done, and beg me to stop mimicking me. Meta has had given her in the days of their broken dialect. 'I like it better.'"

"Anything, only make haste," cautioned Benoni. "We cannot take you women where we men have gone. Time is life just now."

Meta aided Betty to don some heavy wraps of panther skin, brought her stockings and the dancing slippers, so economically used because they were the only shoes the American girl possessed and her feet were not injured to the hard ground and cold stones like Meta's. Meta had stowed some provisions in a leather wallet and Meta carried a similar bag heavy and hard.

"What have you there, my wife?" questioned the black.

"A few of the jewels," she answered. "I thought we might need them. No, there are not many left. They were an odd cavalcade. Benoni was at the head of the procession, then Johnny, close behind him, Betty, with City Editor Burton tugging at a leash, then Larry, and last of all Meta. Each of the men carried a pistol, and Meta had put a tiny revolver into Betty's hand. They went down the steps, retracing their way along the same corridors down which they had brought Betty so many weeks before. In the lower passage three pigeons flew out and rested on Betty's shoulder, hovering there an instant, then darting away, up towards the rain-gray sky.

The boat that awaited them was a smaller model of the yacht that had borne Betty across seas, and of less elaborate construction. Benoni disappeared below deck to a location similar to the one where Le Malheureux had been wont to station himself. Betty, looking backward through the archway, saw to her surprise hundreds of stalwart negroes embarking from a fleet of boats that suddenly appeared upon the swollen bosom of the river. She started to cry out, but Meta's hands closed over her mouth and she went spinning along the tunnel.

"Benoni, Benoni," called Meta, when they had gone a distance of several rods. "They have come. They are there! I must help him," she added to the Americans, and followed her husband below stairs.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT EVENTS OF THE WEEK

Doings of the World at Large Told in Brief.

General Resume of Important Events Presented in Condensed Form for Our Busy Readers.

Roosevelt will press the fight for direct nominations.

The congress of American republics is in session at Buenos Ayres.

All pupils in the Chicago public schools will be taught to swim.

A Hungarian aviator committed suicide because of a series of mishaps.

Germany denies any intention of antagonizing the United States in Nicaraguan matters.

The house of commons passed the woman suffrage bill to its second reading, but it probably will not get any further.

Cattle rustlers are said to have killed some of their Indian competitors in Southern Idaho, and considerable indignation has been aroused.

After a long conference on Alaskan affairs, President Taft has decided to send Attorney General Wickham and Secretary Nagel to Alaska to make a personal investigation.

It is reported that the huge glacier in Rainy Hollow, near Haines, Alaska, is moving 12 feet per day. Earthquake disturbances are believed to have accelerated its speed.

Dr. G. Stanley Hall, professor of psychology at Clark university, Worcester, Mass., says girls about 16 seem to have no souls. He says they are nothing but "rats," fudge and giggles.

Henry W. Savage, noted playwright, has severed all connection with the Klaw & Erlanger theatrical syndicate, and will hereafter allow his plays to be used only by independent houses.

The late Chief Justice Fuller left an estate valued at over a million.

Three were killed and four hurt in a powder explosion near Ottawa, Ont.

An offer to arbitrate has been made by 50,000 striking cloakmakers of New York City.

Health officers of New York City seized 4,600,000 ice cream cones, claiming they contained bacid.

The University of Michigan has granted the degree of Master of Arts to a girl graduate only 17 years old.

During naval maneuvers off the Atlantic coast one submarine was accidentally rammed by another. No lives were lost.

A well known citizen of Tacoma who came from Canada when a boy, is found to not be a citizen of the United States, as his father was never naturalized.

Four children have been stricken with paralysis in one family in Kansas. Two are dead. It is believed that flies carried the infection from one to another.

"Excuse me just a moment," she said to Juliet Beckman. "I want to speak to your grandfather."

She ran back up the steps and held out her hand for a trumpet.

"We are going to climb Old Bald," she explained. "We expect to reach the top about noon. We have mirrors to signal with and a field glass. Won't you wave to us? I am sure we could see you."

The old man's face brightened. "Surely! Surely!" He nodded eagerly. "I'll watch."

All the morning he was restless and excited. He climbed to his room for his largest handkerchief, and went into the house half a dozen times to compare his watch with the clock. Finally the flashes appeared. A number of people were watching, and answered from the steps. In his corner he waved his handkerchief alone.

He was waiting when the crowd returned. Carol went to him at once.

"I brought you the prettiest stone I could find on the top," she said.

"I thank you—thank you kindly!" the old man answered; and then, his eagerness conquering, "Are you sure you saw me?"

"Sure," Carol answered. "You were standing right on this corner; the others were on the steps."

The old man's face was almost radiant. Some one had watched for him—for him!

That was the way it began—the old man's happy summer. Presently a few others fell into the habit of stopping a minute or two to tell him of their trips; and when they had a "stripping bee," at Carol's suggestion he was invited. It did not trouble him that he could not hear; it was happiness enough to be doing something with other people. His old, trembling fingers fumbled eagerly over the fragrant fir.

Juliet did not wholly like it. "You mustn't let grandfather bother," she told Carol.

"He doesn't," Carol answered, quietly. "It isn't a bother; it's a pleasure."

A month after she reached home Carol received a package and a note. The package contained an old medal. The note was from Juliet.

"Poor grandfather left us last week," Juliet wrote. "He wasn't ill; he just fell asleep one night and did not wake again. Afterward we found this old school medal marked with your name. You won't care for it, I know, but I send it for his sake. We miss him more than we would have thought possible. I wish I had the chance to talk to him again—he wanted so little, and we were so thoughtless."

Carol touched the little old medal tenderly. It had cost sometimes, that summer—but she was so glad now.—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

By Proxy.

"The king is going to try to raise some pin money by starring his court jesters in vandeville."

"He'll try to live by his wits, eh?" —Kansas City Times.

AEROPLANE DROPS "BOMBS."

Curtis Lands Oranges Accurately on War Ship's Deck.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Glenn H. Curtiss tossed oranges as mimic bombs within three feet of the decks of the yacht John E. Mehrer II, used in place of a battleship during the sham battle arranged to demonstrate the utility of the aeroplane in coast defense.

The mock "bombs" were dropped from a height of about 300 feet and Curtiss purposely failed to strike the deck of the yacht for fear of injuring the officials and passengers on her decks.

Experts agreed that the experiments showed that a fleet of aeroplanes armed with bombs could wreck any warship before guns could be trained on them.

Curtiss was flying about 45 miles an hour when he dropped the "bombs" and officials on the deck declared that he was within accurate distance of rifle fire less than half a minute. Colonel William Allen Jones, retired, formerly of the United States Engineer corps, who is an advocate of aeroplanes for coast defense, stated after the trials his belief that the air machine has proved its efficacy.

"The armored battleship is approaching its last days as an engine of attack against a city or country guarded by aeroplanes," he said.

"I believe a fleet of a score of air machines would absolutely protect any coast city. A night flight by such a fleet not only would probably demolish an entire fleet of battleships, but would so demoralize the crew of the attacked vessels as to make them useless."

Curtiss also dropped oranges over a fortification marked out on the beach, making practically every shot a "hit," although the trajectory was sometimes as great as 30 degrees, because of the wind and his speed.

Walter Brookings' flight here was sensational, the adept driver gliding his machine toward the ocean until his runners were submerged in a breaker. He arose safely and glided to the beach.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

WILL MAKE WHEAT RECORD. OUYHIEE PROJECT RUSHED.

Weather Ideal for Wheat and a Bountiful Crop Will Be Harvested.

Wasco—From Wasco to the Shaliko hills, a distance of 40 miles; from this place to the John Day, about 12 miles, and about an equal distance to the Deschutes river, wheat is ripening very fast.

Sherman county intends to make a record for itself in wheat production this season and while it is not likely that all previous records will be broken, the showing of the grain fields is pleasing to all concerned.

Cool weather at a time when the moisture in the ground was not too plentiful, was the saving grace this season. For several weeks weather conditions in Sherman county have been close to the ideal, and the grain has in consequence ripened very slowly, but surely. During the critical period—when the fall wheat was put in the "dough," hot weather would have pulled down the prospects to an alarming degree.

While it is very true that the spring sown wheat is not all out of danger, with present weather conditions continued for awhile longer, nothing except a strike of harvesters could possibly stop Sherman county from giving an unusually good account of a very good all around wheat producing section.

Good farming is one of the secrets of Sherman's generally good showing, and whenever nature helps out a little, the outcome looks like magic. Sherman county wheat growers know how to farm and they are practicing what they know.

RACE COURSE TO BE CLEAR.

Government to Patrol River During Astoria Regatta.

Astoria—For the first time in the history of the Astoria regatta the course on the river will this year be officially taken notice of by the Federal government. Steps are now in progress to this end, and that they will be successful is undoubted, as proceedings are being taken through the proper channel. A survey of the proposed course was made and submitted to Collector McGregor, who approved of it, and then forwarded it to the department of commerce and labor at Washington, which has authority over such matters.

The survey was returned without approval and a suggestion was made as to a change in the survey. This has been done, and the resurvey returned, and when it is approved the department will promulgate a general order directing that all vessels of every character and description shall keep off the course during the hours of the races. The course will be patrolled by government launches, and the master of any vessel violating the order will be subjected to a fine of \$500.

Autos Will Carry Mails.

Lakeview—An automobile stage line, the first in Lake county, has been established between Lakeview and Paisley. S. B. Chandler has the contract for carrying mail and has established the new service to shorten the time between the two places. The question of carrying the mails in automobiles was taken up with the department some time since, and Postmaster Miller was instructed to assist Mr. Chandler in every way possible.

Surveyors Finish Work.

Newport—Morris Wygant has finished a location railroad survey along the coast from Siletz bay to Yaguna bay. The preliminary survey was made two years ago. Wygant would make no statement, but from remarks dropped around camp it is believed the Spalding Lumber company, of Falls City, is behind the proposed railroad. On the other hand, the United Railways company has a 24-mile contract for a line into Tillamook, which is 25 miles above Siletz bay.

Byllesby Will Commence Work.

Eugene—Byllesby & Co., who recently purchased the gas and electric plant in Eugene, as well as numerous similar plants throughout the Northwest, announce that they will lay seven miles of new gas mains in Eugene this summer and will at once put 100 men to work digging ditches for the mains. The superintendent of construction is already in the city, laying his plans for the improvement. The gas manufacturing plant will be rebuilt. The company says it will expend \$250,000 in rehabilitating the system.

Lebanon Says Train Service Bad.

Salem—The railroad commission received a complaint from the citizens of Lebanon, Ore., of the passenger service afforded them between Lebanon and Albany on the Southern Pacific line. The complainants allege that the Southern Pacific passenger trains are seldom on time and its coaches are inadequate to comfortably carry passengers from Lebanon to Albany.

Gold Find Arouses Town.

Marshfield—It is reported here that there has been much gold found in the mountains about 30 miles southeast of Myrtle Point. There is a rush of people from Myrtle Point to the supposed rich district. For many years mining has been carried on in that part of the state, but never has paid well.

Prizes for Apples Offered.

Salem—As a premium for the best apple exhibit from Marion county at the State Horticultural society show in Portland in November, the Salem board of trade has just offered \$25. A local concern has also offered a barrel of spray for the best box of Spitzenberg apples grown in the Willamette valley.

Woolen Mill Busy.

Randon—Manager Bedillion of the Randon Woolen Mills has just closed another big contract with the Detroit firm for which he has been manufacturing goods in the past. The contract is sufficiently large to keep the mill running at full blast for a year.

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