

The Quest of Betty Lancey

BY MAGDA F. WEST

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CHAPTER XVIII.

"If that isn't a wireless I'm hearing, never heard one," quoth Johnny.

The trio had taken refuge below, as the rain was falling heavily and there was no cabin accommodation above.

"I learned the code, you know, coming over," he confided to Betty. "Wonder what they're saying?" Listen."

Johnny's knowledge was not very extensive. He recited the words "Tyoga, 'great horn,' make all effort to save life" and "H. H."

"Well, we're on the trail of the story, anyhow," he cheerfully mused. "That ought to be some consolation."

All night the three were crowded in a space not big enough for two of them. The yacht made good time, and when it finally stopped with a jolt, Meta sought them out and bade them ashore.

They were landing at the wharf of what might have been a conventional English seaport country place. At the end of a driveway, over which everybody limped except City Editor Burton, who Benoni had left tethered in the yacht, rambled a pretentious house of Gothic architecture. A modern glass covered piazza was built along one side of the place, and as they mounted the steps Betty recognized within this enclosure Tyoga in cap and apron, in charge of a pair of children, approximately 9 and 10 years old. The boy was the larger of the two, a slight dark lad, with a petulant expression and awkward movements. Late Betty saw this awkwardness was caused by a deformity of the hip. The girl was plainer of face than her brother, but her figure had the perfect symmetry of all wild things that live in the open air.

Tyoga was mending a white garment, but at sight of the strangers she dropped her work and went forward to greet them, leaving the children staring after her.

She bowed before Betty and the two other Americans, kissed Meta warmly on the cheeks, and embraced Benoni passionately. When these two were together the relationship of mother and son was easily discernible.

"Ah, so you came safely away," she sighed, in a relieved manner. "I was so alarmed. Hamley came home this morning. He and the old man had a dreadful argument. They are upstairs now. It has been frightful. But you must not mind. I do not know what I am going to do with the children. They are getting so old now, I can't put them off with fairy tales any longer. It is racking." She turned to Betty. "I'm glad your friends found you. Poor child! The strain on you has been terrible, but the snarl is nearing its end. You shall soon see."

The interior of the house was as conventional as its exterior. Betty, Larry Morris and Johnny felt that the pre-nuptial of mystery was at length being pierced by the return of reason.

"But if Mr. Wayne finds these people here he will kill them," objected Benoni.

"He shall not see them," assured Tyoga. "Nor Hackley, neither. They and the children must all be out of sight before he comes down stairs. Since she is dead Hackley cannot abide the sight of the children anymore. And all her things she wants out of sight down here, yet he lives in her old rooms. Take them to the north wing. Meta and I will bring the children."

The north wing had four bedrooms, a sitting room and a small alcove. It was done in English chintz, and several canaries sung and swung in the windows. In Betty's room had been placed garments more conventional than those she wore, and a dozen little toilet conveniences, not the least welcome of which was a box of hairpins in assorted sizes. She lingered long at her dressing—why shouldn't she have done so? In all this time she had not been so near the accustomed luxuries of life. The bath tub was a delight, the brushes, creams and powders brought back visions of civilization, and even the make-shifts for fashionable clothing were a comfort. True, the skirt laid out was plainly Tyoga's and needed a dozen reefs and tucks; but for a waist there was an old-fashioned polonaise, and this was better suited to Betty's size. When she was finished she really felt proud of herself, and awaited the reunion with the boys in the sitting room with great anticipation. They had fared better in the matter of clothes, though Johnny's trousers were too long and Larry's were at half-mast. While they criticised, commented, and compared the children burst in upon them. The boy limped quietly in, but the girl stormed through the doors like a whirlwind.

"Where you live when you were a little girl?" inquired at Betty. "Did they always have something doing around that you couldn't get into?"

"Of course they did," said Betty. "The things always happen when you're children."

"But I don't believe it was like it is here," persisted the child. "Here things are so funny, they make you creep if you don't want to. You needn't scowl, brother, you know it's true. Anybody can see it. And why did these people come here in those skin clothes? And why has Tyoga been so worried? And why won't papa see us, and where is mother? Do you—oh, tell me—do you think our mother's dead?" the child cried, flinging herself in Betty's lap. "We had the loveliest mother, and she's been gone for so long!"

"What was your mother's name, dear?" questioned Betty, though she knew before she asked, and felt ashamed of the query. She had the hot little head pressed close to her shoulder and could feel the rising sobs. The boy had gone over to the window and was tapping it moodily with his fingers.

"She was Mrs. Cerisse Wayne Hackley," replied the child, "but we just called her mother."

Betty's tears mingled with those of the little girl. "I don't know, dear," she answered. "Wait till we get a post and then we'll know."

"That's what Tyoga always says," continued the child. "But the post never comes here any more. What's your name?"

"Betty Lancey."

"And his?"

"Mr. Johnson."

"And his?"

"Mr. Morris."

"Mine's Paula, and brother's is Walter Hamley," announced the child. "We can call him Walter, though. He's wear full of shy, is brother. He doesn't wear mother's picture any more. He says she's been away so long that she doesn't love us or else she'd come back. But that isn't so. Tyoga went away for a long time, but Tyoga came back. This is mother, see?"

She opened the locker around her neck and displayed to Betty the now familiar face of Cerisse Wayne.

It was such a beautiful, lovely, mocking face, but it wasn't a good face; Betty couldn't help acknowledging that to herself even as she made her bow to the witchery of the painted features before her. There was the painted features before her. There was the painted features before her.

"I hate this place," went on Paula. "I don't like the blacks and I don't like the quiet that's always here. Papa said he'd take us to England, but since mother went away he never talks of that any more. Papa doesn't seem to love me like he did. He was away, too. He's just come home. And so cross. Why, the other day he stepped on one of my guinea pigs and killed it, and then he killed another and took and drowned the whole pen full of them in the river. He used to be so good."

"Paula, you've talked enough," chid the boy. "These folks don't care."

Larry proceeded to make friends with Walter, and Betty and Johnny kept Paula amused with a wonderful game of ball that you make out of your handkerchief and twirl around from one to another on two hat pins.

Gradually Larry and Walter got into the fun, and the revel was at its height when Le Malheureux came into the room.

"Le Malheureux!" cried Betty, and stretched out her hand in welcome.

But the shrouded figure stood aside.

"Excuse me, please," he protested.

"So these are your friends? Now they have found you, I hope they may be able to see you, too, a favor. Will you take these two helpless children with you? They belong to my sister, Mrs. Hackley, known to you as Mrs. Wayne. I wish they may go to their father's people in England. There is no one else who can take care of them and they mustn't stay here any longer. No," reading the question in Larry's eyes, "the father is not dead, but he is not well. And it is best for them to go."

"When can we go?" blurted Larry, "and where is the father? Didn't he know?"

Betty threw the ball at Larry, and it struck him squarely in the mouth, interrupting the question on his lips.

"Judge not," caressed Le Malheureux. "I will dine with you later, after the children have gone to bed."

The remainder of the day was a catechism by the children. They developed their strange visitors with questions about the country they had never seen, wondered if they would meet their mother, made a thousand childish plans for the voyage, and drew lots as to which of their pets they would take with them. Discussion as to the relative merits of white mice over guinea pigs and peacock was bordering on belligerency when Tyoga carried the juveniles away to the room that did duty as a nursery and left their impatient elders to await the race for speaker.

has long been with one man, and now with all this new wealth she shall have him. Money buys anything! Diamonds are money! Cerisse shall be rid of this Hackley. I hate him, too!"

Another figure stepped out of the darkness. Johnny recognized the early morning visitor he had trailed from the Desterle home into the Flanders mansion months before.

"Don't believe that for a moment," this man rasped. "You blithering old fool you! Cerisse is dead! Do you hear! She's dead! Dead!"

The old man dropped his staff and fell back into the arms of Le Malheureux, who led him to a seat near by.

"Hackley, Hackley!" wailed the old man, "you didn't—you didn't. You didn't kill her!"

Hackley pulled a roll of newspaper clippings from his pocket and dangled them before the old man's eyes, and spread them out on the table before him. With quivering lips the stricken man read, punctuating each sentence with a moan. He saw the papers from him and tried to reach Hackley with his staff.

"And you, you—" he malevolently called to Le Malheureux, "why did you not prevent it?"

"How could I?" answered Le Malheureux, "and why should I? You know what Cerisse was, father. A murderer at heart, and my own sister. My daughter's daughter!"

"Yes and mine," snarled the old man. "Where are the parents of Hackley's? I'll kill them! I'll kill them! I tell you!"

Le Malheureux rang sharply on a bell. Benoni entered from the hall, and together they bore the old man from the room. Hackley gathered up the clippings and, with darkening brow paused before the portrait of the two children that hung on the wall before him. Opposite was a life size painting of the mother, and his wife—radiant, smiling as she had been in her early girlhood, and when she had listened to the ardent love-making of her future husband.

As the man looked the frown vanished. A breeze stealing in from the window swayed the portrait forward on the wall. With outstretched hands and lips apart the girl in the picture seemed to move towards the weary man, to offer him the roses she held in her hands. The dim lights completed the illusion. Hackley sprang forward to embrace the girl in the picture, soft words upon his lips.

"Sweetheart, sweetheart," he cried, "you've come back to me. I know it, and you'll never go again, will you dear? Just my girl again, just mine, just mine!"

Had he touched the canvas now and its clammy surface woke him from his dream. He dashed it back against the wall. Hackley snatched a jeweled knife from the table, and slashed the canvas into finest fringe.

"And all for love of a woman," quoted Johnny to himself, as Hackley unseeing rushed down the corridor in a blind rage and almost knocked him over.

(To be continued.)

THE PARADISE OF BABIES.

Japanese Find No Trouble Too Great in Giving Pleasure to Children.

Japan, the Flower Land—the Land of the Cherry Blossom and the Chrysanthemum—is a happy place for the wee folk to live in. No trouble is too great for the Japanese if it brings pleasure to the "treasure flowers," as their babies are called, hence small wonder is it that tears are but seldom seen.

Japanese babies never seem to cry, writes V. Louise Wrench. Quaint, little, sage faced individuals, with short heads and obliquely set eyes, they remind us of dolls, the gayest and most delicately embroidered garments encircling the tiny limbs, for a mother's first care after her baby is born. So will it dress. Each baby's robe will have some special color, according to the month in which it was born, and a mother will spare no expense over the tiniest mite's wardrobe. There seems to be a superstition that the gayer the child's kimono, the better wonder is it that tears are but seldom seen.

Employers of labor in Stockton, Cal., have declared war to the finish upon the closed shop principle. All building is at a standstill.

A broken trolley wire fell upon a bicyclist riding on Morrison street bridge, in Portland, but his rubber tires saved him from electrocution.

The Wright Brothers have been sued for \$40,000 damages for breach of contract in connection with the aviation meet at Toronto, just closed.

A Chinaman arrested in Seattle for having opium in his possession was found to have \$150,000 in gold, bills and certificates of deposit stowed in two heavy wooden chests in his room.

A general strike has been ordered by the National Railroaders' union of France.

Great secrecy over a conference in the house of lords has alarmed British Liberals.

President Taft has emphatically declared that he will take no part in state politics.

Sixty carloads of heavy steel rails passed through Portland for the Pacific & Eastern road at Medford, Ore.

Taft has started a movement to restore the Colorado river to its original bed in the Imperial valley of California.

Speaker Cannon, of the house of representatives, was overcome by heat while speaking before the Chautauqua assembly at Winfield, Kansas.

Despite the wrecking of the first regular train on the new monorail system in New York, the damage will be repaired and the service resumed.

Flames starting from a surveyors' camp have ruined thousands of acres of timber and many settlers' homes on Kellogg Peak near Wallace, Idaho.

Three of England's most prominent "suffragettes" will visit America in the interest of woman suffrage, and will probably come to the Pacific coast.

Canada and United States will confer on the establishment of through freight rates.

Many banks are making application to be appointed depositories for the postal savings banks.

Secretary Ballinger will tour National park to see what improvements can be made.

The section of Nicaragua controlled by Madrid is violently hostile to all foreigners, especially Americans.

Five Republican, one Democrat, one Prohibitionist and one Socialist are engaged in a lively race for the nomination for governor of California under the new primary law of that state.

Forest fires in Idaho are again beyond control. Millions of dollars worth of timber is being destroyed by fire in Washington, Idaho, and Montana.

A company of Spokane men have arranged to spend \$2,000,000 on an irrigation project in Rogue river Valley, Oregon.

Reasons for Leaving the Country.

A college man has made an inquiry as to why a group of 400 students left the country. Forty per cent of them said there wasn't any money in farming.

Seventeen per cent left because of the hard work, and another 17 per cent left because of the lack of social advantages.

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.

A negro has been appointed collector of customs at Washington, D. C.

Stock is reported to be dying on Montana ranges on account of drought.

Fire destroyed a North Yakima, Wash., clothing store, causing \$18,500 damage.

The Forty-seventh annual convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians is in session in Portland.

President Taft visited Eastport, Maine, in the extreme northeast corner of the United States.

The First National convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Board of Erin, is in session in New York City.

There is much trouble in Bogota, Colombia, caused by fighting against the American streetcar company operating there.

Agents of the Russian government allege that the charges of ill-treatment of Russian peasants in the Hawaiian islands are groundless.

A motor fishing boat on the Columbia was seized to capsize and sink with two men. No help could reach them in time and both were lost.

It is reported that President French, of the North Bank road, has resigned, but we know nothing of it.

Forest fires have destroyed the logging camp of the Slade Lumber company, near Elma, Wash.

A Roseburg, Or., man aged 75 years, shot a panther, and thinking the animal dead, leaned over to examine it, when it leaped up and attacked him and nearly killed him before it was dispatched by his companion.

Five persons have lost their lives in forest fires about Spokane.

Continued reports of crop failure keep the price of wheat going up.

A long drought in Nevada was broken by a cloudburst, in which one person was drowned.

The Washington Coast artillery reserves made perfect scores at practice with 10 and 12 inch guns.

All conductors and trainmen on the Grand Trunk railroad of Canada, have gone on a strike for advanced wages.

Two men arrested as horse-thieves in Sacramento, Cal., have been identified as men who held up a Southern Pacific train last April.

In a speech at Emporia, Kansas, "Uncle Joe" Cannon says the muckrakers can't make him withdraw from the race for speaker.

(To be continued.)

STILL PERSECUTE JEWS.

Russians Expel Them From Kiev, But Many Return.

Kiev, Russia.—The expulsion of Jews from Kiev continues at the rate of 45 a day. From July 4 to July 15, 497 were expelled by what is known as the second method—that is, they were forced to actually leave town. During the same period 1