

# BANDIT VILLA DEAD; BODY IS EXHUMED

## Persistent Mexican Reports Say Carranzaists Have Corpse.

### VERACITY OF RUMOR STILL DOUBTED

#### Incidents Confirm Story of Blood-Poisoning Supposed to Have Ended Outlaw's Career.

Mexico City—Villa's dead body has been dug up out of a two weeks' grave by Carlos Carranza, nephew of General Carranza, the first chief of the constitutionalists, and is now being brought by him and an escort of soldiers to the city of Chihuahua. This information was contained in a telegram received by the War department late Sunday.

El Paso—Francisco Villa is dead and his body, disinterred some days after his burial, is in possession of the Carranza troops, according to a series of telegraphic messages received in Juarez Sunday by the Mexican officials.

For more than a week reports that Villa had died from wounds have been current both here and in Juarez. Sunday's accounts were the most circumstantial and apparently reliable yet received. They were accepted with reserve by American officials, including General Bell, but the Mexican officials expressed confidence in their reliability.

The dispatcher of the Mexican Western railroad at Juarez reported to General Gabriel Gavira, Carranza commander at Juarez, that he had heard a conversation over the telegraph wires to the effect that Villa's body was in the hands of Carranza troops. General Gavira notified Consul Andres Garcia here, who rushed messengers to the telegraph operators at Madero and Cusuhuirachi operators answered confirmed the report and said the body was being taken to Chihuahua.

The telegraph operator at San Antonio, Mexico, 50 miles west Chihuahua, telegraphed Consul Garcia that Villa's body was in possession of Colonel Carlos Carranza, nephew of General Carranza, who was taking it in a special train to Chihuahua.

In reply to these messages, telegrams were sent to the Carranza generals in the field and to officers in Mexico City, Chihuahua and other points, asking confirmation, but no answers have yet been received.

Apart from the telegrams sent here there are some known facts which have been pointed out by Mexican officials as lending strong support to the truth of the report that the bandit chief's career has been closed by death.

Villa has been suffering for more than a year from a virulent form of blood poisoning.

He was treated for this disease while in Juarez by Dr. W. L. Brown.

Dr. Brown says that the condition of the bandit was such that even a minor wound would be fatal in ten days unless treated promptly and with the best medical skill and care. Even under the most favorable conditions such a wound would be of the gravest character.

## Austria-Hungary Will Avoid Break With United States

Buda Pest—The probability of war between America and the Central Empires is a grave concern to Austria and Hungary alike, for millions of Hungarians and Austrians in America would suffer considerably in case relations were broken off and everything is being done in the Vienna foreign office to persuade Germany to evade a rupture if possible. Austria-Hungary insists on being consulted in the matter and negotiations are going on between Berlin and Vienna.

Should a break occur, the Austro-Hungarian government will not take official notice of it and even if it should come to war between Germany and the United States the monarchy will disregard the alliance as a consideration, as in the case with Germany and Italy. The press is devoting marked attention to the situation.

**Author "Peck's Bad Boy" Dies.**  
Milwaukee—George W. Peck, 75 years old, former governor of Wisconsin for two terms, and at one time mayor of Milwaukee, died here Sunday after a short illness. Mr. Peck was one of three Democrats who, since the admission of Wisconsin to the Union, in 1848, held the position of governor. In 1892 his opponent on the Republican ticket was ex-United States Senator Spooner, whom he defeated. Mr. Peck achieved national fame as a writer of humorous tales, his best-known book being "Peck's Bad Boy."

**Deaf Boy Equals Record.**  
Vancouver, Wash.—Louis Kotula, the Polish pitcher for the State School for the Deaf, is thought to have equalled the world's record for striking out batsmen in a nine-inning game, whiffing 21 of the players of the Benson Polytechnic School nine of Portland, Saturday.

A week previously he struck out 18 batters in a game with Lincoln High School, of Portland.

Kotula will try to catch on with the Tacoma team in the Northwestern League this summer.

**Mary Phagan Suit Ends.**  
Atlanta, Ga.—The suit brought by Mrs. J. W. Coleman to recover \$10,000 from the National Pencil company on account of the death of her daughter Mary Phagan, for whose murder Leo M. Frank was convicted, was dismissed in Superior court here Saturday after attorneys announced that a settlement out of court had been agreed upon.

Mary Phagan's body was found in the pencil factory.

## PRESIDENT WILSON FRAMES VIRTUAL ULTIMATUM TO BERLIN GOVERNMENT

Washington, D. C.—President Wilson completed his indictment of Germany Tuesday for her submarine operations and it will go forward at once to Berlin.

The communication, according to those who have seen it, will leave nothing to the imagination. It is virtually an ultimatum without a time limit for response. As the alternative of refusal to make thorough reparation and give complete guarantees that submarine operations hereafter shall be conducted in accordance with the principles of humanity and international law, Ambassador Gerard will be withdrawn from Berlin.

It develops that the President has been considering three courses to pursue with reference to Germany. They are:

1. To present all the facts in possession of this government to Germany and to demand an explanation of how that nation can square its deeds with its promises.

2. To send a note reciting that Germany has violated the solemn assurances made to the United States, and notifying her that unless prompt reparation be made Ambassador Gerard will be withdrawn.

3. To break off relations without discussion.

It is not understood the President is prepared at this moment to adopt the third proposal. It is the second which appears to him and which probably will meet with his approval.

## Thirty Burn to Death in New Haven Train Wreck

Bradford, R. I.—Thirty or more persons were reported to have been crushed or burned to death in a collision of trains on the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad here Tuesday night. The accident occurred at 7:30 o'clock and four hours later wrecking and hospital crews were said to have recovered 30 bodies.

The dead were in the rear car of a four-coach local train, bound from Boston to New London, and which had stopped at the local station when it was run down by the Gilt Edge express, bound from Boston for New York.

This coach was telescoped, set afire and burned.

The car head also took fire, and the flames, communicating to the passenger station and freight house, destroyed both buildings.

It was stated that there were known to have been 37 persons in the destroyed car and that only six of these had been accounted for several hours later.

Among those reported to have been burned to death were Miss Janet Clark, daughter of William Clark, president of the Westery mill of the American Thread company, and W. M. Barber, also of Westery.

## Von Papan and Four Others Are Indicted for Plot to Destroy Canal

New York—Captain Franz von Papan, recalled military attaché to the German embassy at Washington, was indicted Tuesday by the Federal grand jury here, as the organizer and financier of an alleged conspiracy to blow up the Welland Canal in Canada. With him also were indicted Captain Hans Tauscher, alleged agent of the Krupp in the United States and husband of Mme. Johanna Gaski, the prima donna; Constantine Govani, Alfred J. Fritzen and another man whose name has not been revealed. It was learned from a reliable source that the last named is a prominent German whose name has been mentioned frequently in connection with German propaganda.

Federal officials do not expect to bring Von Papan to trial. While he is no longer immune from prosecution by the United States civil authorities, since he ceased to be a member of the German embassy staff, the offense with which he is charged is not extraditable under any treaty with a foreign government.

The indictment, it is understood, was returned with the sanction of the Department of Justice, and is believed to establish a precedent. No effort will be made to have Von Papan brought here, but the indictment will be held in abeyance in case he should ever return to the United States.

**West Point Bill Passed.**  
Washington, D. C.—A bill doubling the number of cadets at the West Point military academy, the second of the preparedness measures to go through both branches of congress, was passed by the house after it had been amended to eliminate a section which would have authorized the President to fill vacancies at the beginning of a school year from the alternates whose principles had entered. A similar bill, doubling the personnel at the naval academy, was signed by the President several weeks ago.

**Lone Pirate Indicted.**  
Wilmington, Del.—Clarence R. Hudson, alias Ernest Schiller, who, single-handed, seized the British freight ship Matoppe off Sanly Hook light on the night of March 29 and compelled the crew to put into the Delaware breakers, was indicted by the Federal grand jury on a charge of piracy. There were four counts in the indictment and in case of conviction Hudson is liable to life imprisonment. Hudson was not brought into court but remained at the county workhouse, where he has been confined.

**\$205 Gold Nugget Found.**  
Grants Pass, Ore.—One of the largest gold nuggets ever found in the Southern Oregon placer fields was brought to Grants Pass Tuesday by Ben S. Watts of Williams. It measured three and a half inches in length and a like distance in width with a thickness of about half an inch. It weighed 11 ounces, 11 pennyweights and 15 grains when placed in the scales, its value being \$205. It was found 25 miles from here.

## Made Record Flight in Mexico in This Aeroplane



Lieutenant Edgar S. Gorrell. Lieutenant Herbert A. Dargue.

Lieutenants Edgar S. Gorrell and Herbert A. Dargue, now with General Pershing's troops in Mexico, made a record flight the other day when they went from San Antonio, in Chihuahua, to Columbus, N. M., a distance of more than 350 miles in less than four hours. They made a single stop, that at Casa Grandes, where they heard reports that Villa had died of his wounds.

## Sugar on Free List May 1, Unless Houses Reach Agreement

Washington, D. C.—The senate late Wednesday adopted its substitute for the house free sugar repeal resolution, extending the present duty of 1 cent a pound on sugar until May 1, 1920. The vote was 40 to 32.

Four Democrats joined the Republicans in voting against the substitute. They favor the flat repeal adopted by the house. A sharp controversy in conference between the two houses is predicted. Anticipating that the house would insist upon its resolution, Senators Lodge, Simmons and Stone were named as the senate conferees.

Unless a conference agreement is reached and approved before May 1 sugar will go on the free list until such time as the repeal or extension of the duty can be made effective. Most of the tariff discussion did not touch on the sugar issue, which had been discussed previously, but was devoted to an amendment by Senator Works of California, to increase the tariff on lemons and other citrus fruits to 1 cent a pound. This was defeated by a vote of 44 to 29, Senator Phelan, of California, being the only Democrat to support it.

Senator Phelan declared seven counties in California comprised the whole union producing region in the United States and that the reduction of the duty on lemons had caused a loss of \$80,000 in revenue.

Senator Vandeman opposed the Works amendment and said, while he would vote for the senate substitute sugar resolution, he would not give his assent to the house measure.

"I would not vote to tax any of the necessities of life for battleships that are not needed," he said. "I have very little sympathy for the preparedness program that seems to be agreed upon, but if I had, I would not be willing to pay for it with a tax on sugar, but would raise the money with a greater income tax, an inheritance tax and a gift tax."

**Textile Mills Raise Pay.**  
Boston—Wage advances, which will put the pay of textile operatives in many of the mills in New England and New York state on the highest basis in the history of the industry, were announced Wednesday. The American Woolen company, employing 25,000 operatives, issued notice of an advance of 10 per cent. The Arlington mills, of Lawrence, and the affiliated Merrimac mills, announced an advance to approximately 6500 operatives. Similar action will be taken this week by other manufacturing interests.

**Warrant Issued for Hyde.**  
Kansas City, Mo.—A complaint charging Dr. B. Clarke Hyde, of Kansas City, with the murder of Colonel Thomas H. Swope, an aged millionaire, was filed in justice court here Wednesday, and a warrant for Dr. Hyde's arrest was issued. The action followed the filing Tuesday by the prosecuting attorney of a new information against Dr. Hyde, in which he was charged with poisoning Colonel Swope. Swope died in 1909, under mysterious circumstances. Dr. Hyde has been tried three times for the murder.

**Canada Opens U. S. Mail.**  
Washington, D. C.—Several protests have been made to the Postoffice department recently by postal authorities at offices along the Canadian border, that American letters have been opened in the Dominion and passed on by a censor.

No action has been taken, and it was understood Wednesday that the feeling of authorities here that mail

in Canada is subject to such regulation as the Canadian officials desire, tax and a much greater tax on the luxuries of life.

Senator Underwood defined the competitive tariff as a tax allowing reasonable competition and raising a reasonable amount of revenue. "I believe it is wrong to tax a dollar out of the pockets of one citizen into the pockets of another," he said. "Our tariff has succeeded in producing revenue and in reducing the tariff wall. If there have been mistakes made on some points, they have been mistakes of the head, and not of the heart."

Senator Weeks attacked the Democratic tariff, declaring it was not a good revenue producer. He argued at length against the contention that the European war was responsible for the great falling off in customs receipts.

**Villa Leaves His Command; Death Report Believed Ruse.**  
Mexico City—Francisco Villa has left the main body of his command and is hiding, almost unattended, in the Sierra mountains of Chihuahua, according to information given out by the War department Wednesday.

The latest of his retreating forces passed through the town of Cusuhuirachi, Chihuahua, in their flight toward the mountains. They were closely pursued by forces of the de facto government, who hope to capture the bands and locate their leader.

Rumors from several sources that Villa had died of blood poisoning and press dispatches from Queretaro telling of an announcement by the de facto government's war department that it had reason to believe the bandit chief had been killed in action were the occasion of much discussion here. In some quarters there was a disposition to credit the reports, but they were without official confirmation and both army officials and State department officials suggested that they had probably been put out by Villa's friends as a ruse.

**Streeter Knocked Off Treatie.**  
Seattle, Wash.—Twenty-five persons on an outboard Aiki Point street-car were thrown headlong through windows or buried in mud and debris Wednesday night when the car was struck by an O. W. R. & N. Co. freight train at Spokane and Whatcom avenues. One passenger was killed and all the others more or less injured. The motor man says that the freight train, backing up without a rear light, struck the car amidships. It rolled over once and then slid off the edge of the trestle into the tideflats.

**Giant Submarine Is Ready.**  
Boston—The largest submarine in the United States navy, the L-1, the first of a series of seven of that type, was turned over to the commandant of the Charlestown navy yard Wednesday. She is 170 feet over all, and instead of the usual rounded bow of previous models has an ordinary ship's bow, which is expected to add materially to her speed. Her equipment includes four torpedo tubes. She will be propelled by oil-burning engines. The other six boats of the L type will be ready for delivery before July 1.

**Training Bill Is Passed.**  
Albany, N. Y.—The senate Saturday considered out of its regular order and passed by a vote of 41 to 1, the Walsh-Slater bill to provide for general military and physical training for boys between the ages of 16 and 18. This action was taken after Governor Whitman had sent a special message urging preparedness legislation.

# The Red Mirage

## A Story of the French Legion in Algiers

By I. A. R. WYLIE

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### SYNOPSIS.

When Sylvia Omney, a beautiful English girl, returns from a search in Algiers for her missing brother, her lover, Richard Farquhar, finds she has fallen in love with Captain Arnaud of the Foreign Legion. In Captain Sower's room Farquhar gets deliberately drunk, but when young Preston loses all his money to Lowe, a shady character, Farquhar forces Sower to have Preston's I. O. U.'s returned to him. Farquhar is helped to his rooms by Gabrielle Smith.

"The call of fighters to the fighting man"—do you know what it means to respond to the call of your country when it asks you to defend it against threatening enemies? Imagine what the sound of bugles and tramping feet and the sight of streaming khaki-clad men means to the Englishman these days.

### CHAPTER II—Continued.

"Now lie down. Your head is aching furiously I have no doubt, and probably you have work in front of you like other mortals. I have some eau-de-Cologne upstairs. Don't jeer. I am going to fetch it."

"Wait a minute. Won't you please tell me your name?"

She put her head a little on one side.

"Gabrielle—Gabrielle Smith. Not very euphonious, is it? But one's baptism is the first occasion where the great law concerning the sins of the fathers comes into operation. Now—"

"And won't you tell what you are?"

"That's a large question. I wish I knew myself. Officially I am anything from a traveling companion to an unsatisfactory nursemaid, in either case out of a job. Is that what you want?"

He closed his eyes wearily.

"I don't know—you have been awfully decent—it all seems rather like a grotesque, gigantic dream from which I can't wake up—"

When she came back with her eau-de-Cologne bottle and a handkerchief he was asleep.

### CHAPTER III.

#### The Great Law in Force.

When Richard Farquhar awoke from his heavy sleep it was broad daylight. He dressed, and by midday was on duty. Those who had witnessed the scene on the preceding night glanced at him curiously, but his face betrayed nothing—neither weariness nor the self-disgust usual on such occasions.

They saw he had changed, but the change was indelible. They saw, also, that, whatever else had happened, he had not apologized to Sower. The two men exchanged the curtest and most perfunctory greeting.

By seven o'clock he stood again in the Omneys' library, and Sylvia Omney stood on the threshold waiting. She was simply dressed in a dark, clinging material which set off more perfectly the fair sweetness of her features.

"You wanted to speak to me, Richard?"

"Yes; it was good of you to come. I know I hadn't the right to ask. I behaved vilely last night."

She looked up into his face with an innocent wonder.

"Did you? I didn't see it. I only thought that you were just as I had always believed you to be—generous and chivalrous and loyal."

He still held her hand, and with a grave courtesy he led her to the great armchair by the fire. She sat there, her head bent like a frail flower, and he turned away from her for a moment, his face colorless.

"I want to tell you that I know," he went on quietly. "I thought it would save you trouble if I told you. One has a fine instinct in these things, and last night I felt suddenly that I had gone out of your life. It hurt me unbearably for a time."

"I am to marry Captain Arnaud," she said, with a note of defiance in her low voice.

"That can make no difference. I take you with me always. You understand?"

"Yes," she said.

"Then good-by."

She must have felt that he was bringing up his last reserve of self-control, yet she rose impulsively with outstretched hands.

"Good-by, Richard. Forgive me—and God bless you."

He turned abruptly and left her without answer.

Outside a gray twilight already shrouded the pompous London square. Above the immediate silence there sounded the note of a bugle, and after that the long-drawn-out wail of the bagpipers. Some regiment on the march forward. Richard Farquhar lifted his head and listened. It came down to him through the ages, the call of fighters to the fighting man, the command of duty. That much was left. Richard Farquhar turned and went homeward.

As he entered and saw Robert Sower standing by the fireside, his gloved hands behind his back, his whole attitude expressive of a cool self-certainty, his very pulses seemed to stop and then break into a hammering gallop of triumph. He closed the door sharply, and Sower turned.

"Well? Farquhar said quietly.

"I have come for your apology."

"Then you have come on a fruitless errand."

A tremor seemed to pass over Sower's body. The brown, slightly protruding eyes flickered. Suddenly and terribly his self-restraint broke down.

"I am the Jew, and I not—the son of a Jew!"—Very well—now I shall act like one!"

He began to pace the room with short, feverish steps. "I am going to tell you something no one has ever heard before. Only three people know it, and they have held their tongues—your mother and Major Mowbray. No—don't interrupt. You can't silence me with those damned eyes of yours. You've got to listen. You don't remember your father, do you? He was in India when you were a child, and your mother does not speak very often of him. You see how well I know things. But you are very proud of him—and rightly. He was a brilliant soldier and something of an inventor. He invented a gun that, though it would be twenty years old now, would still rank head and shoulders above anything we have. It was unfortunate that he spent more than he had and gambled with what he did not possess. The British government was, as usual, dilatory and parsimonious. Colonel Farquhar offered his invention to a foreign power. My father knew everything. I was a young subaltern at the time. My father felt it his duty to inform the authorities. Previous to this he and Colonel Farquhar had been intimate. As a last act of friendship he warned your father of his purpose. Your father murdered him."

"My father lived a few hours," Sower went on deliberately. "He was a Jew, but he was a great man. He held your father in his power. He could have had his pound of flesh. He had mercy. He let your father go—on three conditions. The first condition was that he withdraw his offer to the foreign power, the second that he resign his commission, the third that he left the country. These things he did."

"My father died in Africa," Farquhar said.

"So I have been told."

There was a long silence. Sower studied the younger man out of the corner of his eyes. There was something he did not fully understand—a phase of humanity that did not fit in with his carefully drawn up catalogue. This red-hot temperament grown suddenly cold frightened him. It was like handling an unknown explosive.

"Your father signed a confession in front of witnesses. You will understand that in view of the circumstances it was felt necessary to have some hold over him. Here is the paper."

Farquhar accepted the neatly folded document and took it nearer to the light. He read it carefully without any trace of emotion.

"I understand." He held the paper thoughtfully, as though weighing it. "Of course it is obvious that this is of great value to me. How much do you want?"

"I am in no need of money. It is your career or mine," he said. "You must resign. Half an hour since I would have been satisfied with an apology."

Farquhar nodded.

"I give you my word of honor that I shall send in my papers tonight in return for this letter."

"I accept your word. The letter is in your hands."

Farquhar started slightly and then smiled.

"Ah, I might have burned it. You are a man of remarkable discernment. Well, our bargain is closed. I dare say I have to thank you for your long silence in this matter. But virtue is its own reward. Good night."

Sower took up his hat from the table. He frowned at his own hand, which shook.

"You are confoundedly cool about it all," he said. "One would think you didn't care."

The door closed. Farquhar went back to his writing table. He did not tear up the yellow, faded letter, but propped it against a bronze candlestick and sat there staring at it with blank eyes.

"No," she nodded. "You were going to kill yourself."

"I don't think it's much good lying about it, Miss Smith," he said, with a short laugh.

"No." She nodded. "You were going to kill yourself. I have seen that before. My father blew out his brains. It was an act of sudden madness. Money drove him mad. Is it money with you?"

"No. I have lost everything."

"There is always the light ahead."

"I don't understand—"

She turned to him with an expression that was new to him. The small, thin face seemed illuminated with an inward fire.

"There is a light somewhere," she said, and her voice rang with stern enthusiasm. "It must exist—and if it does not exist we must light it ourselves. Then he began to write. He wrote four letters. One was to the war office. When he had finished he opened a drawer and took out an army revolver, which he examined and then loaded carefully. He switched off the electric lamp. He went over to the hearth and stamped his father's confession into the embers. The polished barrel winked like an evil silver eye in the reflected firelight.

"Mr. Farquhar—are you there?"

His hand still lifted, frozen by surprise into immobility, he saw in the glass opposite him that the door had opened. Against the dimly lighted passage outside he recognized the neat silhouette of a woman's figure. The next instant the room was flooded with light.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. It was so quiet and dark I did not know you were in. I came for my eau-de-Cologne—"

She stopped. He had turned instantly, but not in time. Her eyes rested on his hand. "Oh!" she said under her breath. She closed the door and came quietly across the room till she stood opposite him. "What were you going to do, Mr. Farquhar?"

He threw back his head. He was still very young, and in a minute more he had counted on facing the mysteries of life and death. His face was ghastly in its rigid resolve and dread.

"I don't think it's much good lying about it, Miss Smith," he said, with a short laugh.

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