By Eden Phillpotts and Arnold Bennett

She murmured a faint appreciation of this witticisms. Then the two couples turned their backs on each other. Philip and Mary found the walking comparative ly easy. She would not take his arm. He was on her left, between her and the water, into which his foot splashed lightly at intervals. She now wore her cloak. Once she stumbled, and once she drew back with swift foreboding at sight of a long dark object which barred their propress, one end of it disappearing in the water.

They waited, silent. The moon in blanched majesty stepped forth from her

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long dark object which barred their propress, one end of it disappearing in the water.

"Step over it," said Philip. "It's only a dead tree."

"I thought"—she began, but did not finish the sentence.

He helped her over the tree.

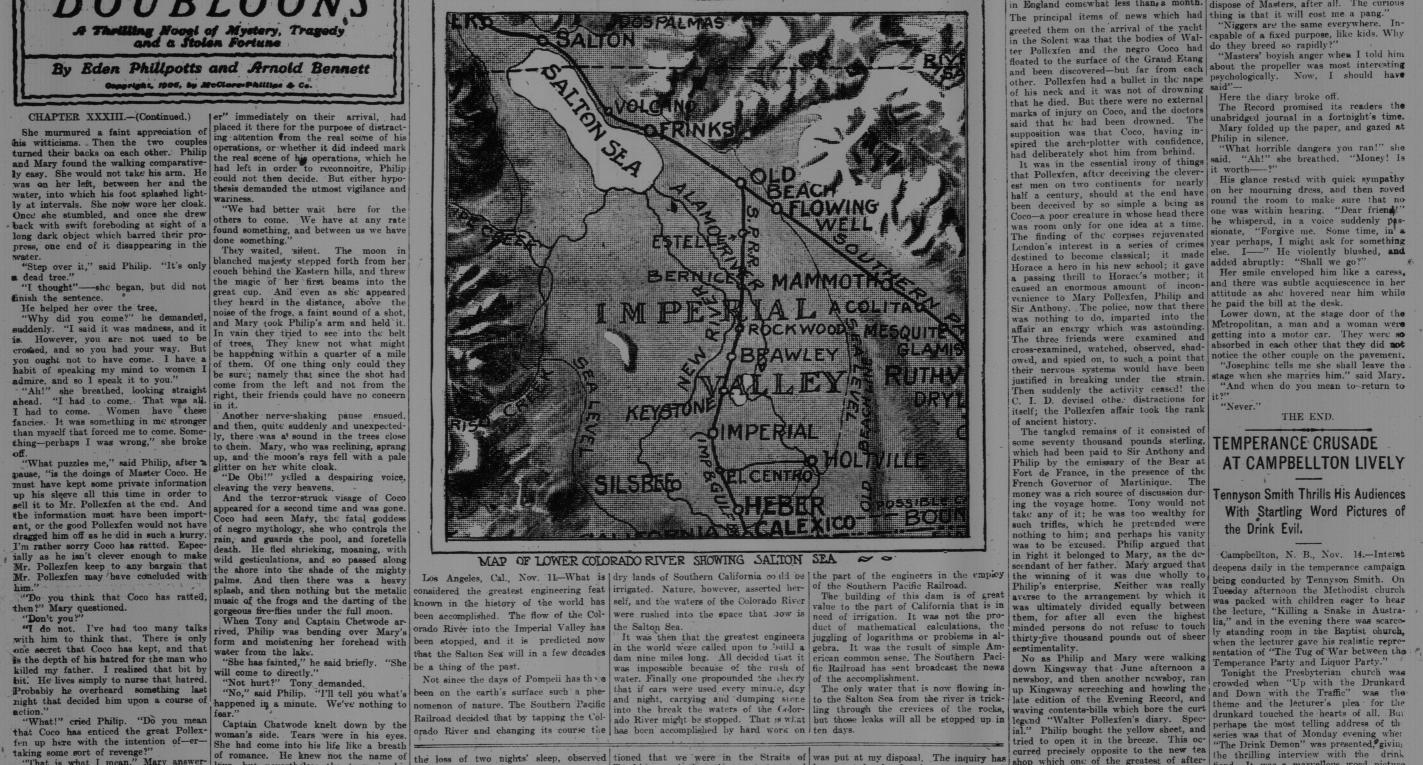
"Why did you come?" he demanded, suddenly. "I said it was madness, and it is. However, you are not used to be crossed, and so you had your way. But you ought not to have come. I have a habit of speaking my mind to women I admire, and so I speak it to you."

"Ah!" she breathed, looking straight ahead. "I had to come. That was all. I had to come. That was all. I had to come. Women have these fancies. It was something in me stronger than myself that forced me to come. Something."

They waited, silent. The moon in blanched majesty stepped forth from her couch behind the Eastern hills, and threw the magic of her first beams into the great cup. And even as she appeared they heard in the distance, above the noise of the frogs, a faint sound of a shot, and Mary took Philip's arm and held it. In vain they tried to see into the belt of trees, They knew not what might be happening within a quarter of a mile of them. Of one thing only could they be sure; namely that since the shot had come from the left and not from the right, their friends could have no concern in it.

Another nerve-shaking pause ensued, and then, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, there was a' sound in the trees close to them. Mary, who was reclining, sprang up, and the moon's rays fell with a pale litter on her wite sleek.

Flow to Salton Sea Checked by Long Rock Dam



dents that will occur even to the most has charm. Twenty years since I was

dents that will occur even to the most serious young men, he happened to overtake her in the street. They had been in England comewhat less than, a month. The principal items of news which had greeted them on the arrival of the yacht in the Solent was that the bodies of Walter Pollexien and the negro Coco had floated to the surface of the Grand Etang and been discovered—but far from each other. Pollexien had a bullet in the nape of his neck and it was not of drowning that he died. But there were no external marks of injury on Coco, and the dectors said that he had been drowned. The supposition was that Coco, having inspired the arch-plotter with confidence, had deliberately shot him from behind. It was in the essential iroup of things that Pollexien, after deceiving the eleverest men on two continents for nearly half a century, should at the end have been deceived by so simple a being as Coco—a poor creature in whose head there was room only for one idea at a time. The finding of the corpses rejuvented London's interest in a series of crimes destined to become classical; it made Horace a hero in his new school; it gave a passing thrill to Horace's mother; it caused an enormous amount or inconvenience to Mary Pollexien, Philip and Sir Anthony. The police, now that there was nothing to do, imparted into the affair an energy which was astoinding. The three friends were examined and owed, and spied on, to such a point that their nervous systems would have been justified in breaking under the strain. Then suddenly the activity exested! the C. I. D. devised other distractions for itself; the Pollexien affair took the rank of ancient history.

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TEMPERANCE CRISADE

of ancient history.

The tangled remains of it consisted of some seventy thousand pounds sterling, which had been paid to Sir Anthony and Philip by the emissary of the Bear at Fort de France, in the presence of the French Governor of Martinique. The money was a rich source of discussion during the voyage home. Tony would not take any of it; he was too wealthy for such trifles, which he pretended were nothing to him; and perhaps his vanity was to be excused. Philip argued that in right it belonged to Mary, as the descendant of her father. Mary argued that the winning of it was due wholly to be provided by Tennyson Smith.

