

copy

THE MAN FROM BRODNEY'S

(Continued)

The native lawyer harangued them and cursed them and at last brought them to understand in a feeble way that no harm could come to them if they faced the situation boldly. The Americans would not land on British soil; it would precipitate war with England. They would not dare to attempt a bombardment; Chase was a bar, a monte-bank, a dog! After shouting himself hoarse in his frenzy of despair he finally succeeded in forcing the men to get up steam in the company's tug.

All this time the officers of the American warship were dividing their attention between land and sea. Another vessel was coming up out of the misty horizon. The men on board knew it to be a British man-of-war! Suddenly a party of white men approached the startled Rasula. A hundred eager hands were extended, a hundred voices cried out for mercy, a hundred Mohammedans beat their heads in abject submission.

Hollingsworth Chase, Lord Deppingham and a familiar figure in an ill-fitting red jacket and furred cap strode firmly, defiantly between the rows of huddle Japaites. Close behind them came a tall, resolute grenadier of the Rapp-Thorberg army.

"Make way there! Make way!" Mr. Bowles was crying, brandishing the antique broadsword that had come down to Weycholine from the dark ages. "Stand aside for the British government! Make way for the American!"

Rasula's jaw hung limp in the face of this amazing exhibition of courage on the part of the enemy. He was glaring insanely at the calm, triumphant face of the man from Brodney's, who was now advancing upon him with the assurance of a conqueror.

"You see, Rasula, I have called for the cruiser, and it has come at my bidding." Turning to the crowd that surged up from behind, cowed and cringing, Chase said: "It rests with you. If I give the word that ship will blow you from the face of the earth. I am your friend, people, I would do you no harm, but good. You have been misled by Rasula. Rasula, you are not a fool. You can save yourself even now. I am here as the servant of these people, not as their master. I intend to remain here until I am called back by the man who sent me to you. You have—"

Rasula uttered a shriek of rage. He had been crouching back among his cohorts, panting with fury. Now he sprang forward, murder in his eyes. His arm was raised, and a great pistol leveled at the breast of the man who faced him so coolly, so confidently. Deppingham shouted and took a step forward to divert the aim of the frenzied lawyer.

A revolver cracked behind the tall American, and Rasula stopped in his tracks. There was a great hole in his forehead. His eyes were bursting. He sank to the ground dead!

The soldier from Rapp-Thorberg, a smoking pistol in his hand, the other raised to his helmet, stepped to the side of Hollingsworth Chase.

"By order of her serene highness, sir," he said quietly.

"Good God!" gasped Chase, passing his hand across his brow. Deppingham, repressing a shudder, addressed the stunned natives:

"Take the body away. May that be the end of all assassins."

The King's Own came alongside the American vessel in less than an hour. Accompanied by the British agent, Mr. Bowles, Chase and Deppingham left the dock in the company's tug and steamed out toward the two monsters. The American had made no move to send men ashore.

Standing on the forward deck of the swift little tug, Chase unconcernedly accounted for the timely arrival of the two cruisers.

"Three weeks ago I sent out letters by the mail steamer to be delivered to the English or American commanders, wherever they might be found. Undoubtedly they were met with in the same port. That is why I was so positive that help would come sooner or later. I knew that we need help, and I knew that if I brought the cruisers my power over these people would never be disturbed again."

"My word!" exclaimed the admiring Bowles.

"Chase, you may be theatrical, but you are the most dependable chap the world has ever known," said Deppingham, and he meant it.

The warships remained off the harbor all that day. The British captain consented to leave a small detachment of marines in the town to protect Chase and the bank. To man the islanders pledged fealty to the cause of peace and justice. They shouted the names of Chase and Allah in the same breath and demanded of the latter that he preserve the former's beard for all assembly.

The King's Own was to convey the bearded heirs to Aden, whither the cruiser was bound. At that port a P. and O. steamer would pick them up. One white man elected to stay on the island with Hollingsworth Chase, who steadfastly refused to desert his post until Sir John Brodney indicated that his mission was completed. That one man was the wearer of the red jacket, the bearer of the king's commission in Japan, the undaunted Mr. Bowles.

The Princess Geneva, the wistful first daughter, lay in her blue gray

coat from the fate inevitable, himself to the end dream. There was say except farewell. The last day smiled down upon breeze of the sea of destiny into the the song of herit to the fastnesses venture in.

The chateau wa heaved. The exot The princess wait ment. She went standing apart fr indifferent to the p ing.

"I shall love you simply, giving him Hollingsworth." E and hopeless; her li He bowed his he you all the happi you," he said. "Th

She looked stood a long time, search hope that never di withdrew her han from him, humbled "Yes," she whis He straightened

drew a deep breath through compress ed nostrils. "Goodby! God Bless you!" was all that he said.

She left him standing there. The wall between them was too high, too impregnable, for even love to storm.

Lady Deppingham came to him there a moment later. "I am sorry," she said tenderly. "Is there no hope?"

"There is no hope—for her," he said bitterly. "She was condemned too long ago."

On the pier they said goodby to him. He was laughing as gayly and as blithely as if the world held no sorrows in all its mighty grasp.

"I'll look you up in London," he said to the Deppinghams. "Remember, the real trial is yet to come. Goodby, Browne. Goodby, all. You may come again another day."

The launch slipped away from the pier. He and Bowles stood there, side by side, pale faced, but smiling, waving their handkerchiefs. He felt that Geneva was still looking into his eyes even when the launch crept up under the walls of the distant ship.

Slowly the great vessel got under way. The American cruiser was already low on the horizon. There was a



There was a single shot from the King's Own.

single shot from the King's Own, a reverberating farewell.

Hollingsworth Chase turned away at last. There were tears in his eyes, and there were tears in those of Mr. Bowles.

"Bowles," said he, "it's a beastly shame they didn't think to say goodby to old man Skaggs. He's in the same grave with us."

CHAPTER XXXIII

A TOAST TO THE PAST.

THE middle of June found the Deppinghams leaving London once more, but this time not on a voyage into the mysterious south seas. They no longer were interested in the island of Japat, except as a reminiscence, nor were they concerned in the vagaries of Taswell Skaggs' will.

The estate was settled—closed! Two months have passed since the Deppinghams departed from Japat, "for good and all." Many events have come to pass since that memorable day, not the least of which was the exchanging of \$500,000, less attorneys' and executors' fees. Lady Deppingham and Robert Browne divided that amount of money and passed into legal history as the "late claimants to the estate of Taswell Skaggs."

It was Sir John Brodney's enterprise. He saw the way out of the difficulty, and he acted as pathfinder to the other and less perceiving counselors, all of whom had looked forward to an endless controversy.

The business of the Japat company and all that it entailed was transferred by agreement to a syndicate. Never before was there such a

syndicate. Never before was there such a

were ready to accept the best settlement that could be obtained. There was a rather forlorn hope to begin with. When it was proposed that Robert Browne should accept £250,000 apiece in lieu of all claims, moral or legal, against the estate, they leaped at the chance.

They had seen but little of each other since landing in England, except as they were thrown together at the conferences. Lady Agnes went in for every diversion imaginable. For a wonder, she dragged Deppingham with her on all occasions. It was a most unexpected transformation. Their friends were puzzled. The rumor went about town that she was in love with her husband.

As for Bobby Browne, he was devotion itself to Drusilla. They sailed for New York within three days after the settlement was effected, ignoring the enticements of a London season. The Brownes were rich. He could now be come a fashionable specialist. They were worth nearly a million and a quarter in American dollars. They now had nothing in common with Taswell Skaggs. Skaggs is not a pretty name.

Mr. Britt afterward spent three weeks of incessant travel on the continent and an additional seven days at sea. In Baden-Baden he happened upon Lord and Lady Deppingham. It will be recalled that in Japat they had always professed an unholy aversion for Mr. Britt. Is it curious for wonder, then, that they declined his invitation to dine in Baden-Baden? He

even proposed to invite their entire party, which included a few dukes and duchesses who were leisurely on their way to attend the long talked-of nuptials in Thorberg at the end of June.

In Vienna the Deppinghams were joined by the Duchess of N., the Marchioness of B. and other fashionable. In a week all of them would be in the castle at Thorberg for the ceremony that now occupied the attention of social and royal Europe.

"And to think," said the duchess, "she might have died happily on that miserable island. I am sure we did all we could to bring it about by stealing away from the place with the plague chasing us. Dear me, how diabolically those wretches lied to the marquise! They said that every one in the chateau was dead, Lady Deppingham, and buried, if I am not mistaken. It would be much better for poor Geneva if she were to be buried instead of married next week," lamented the duchess.

"Other women have married princes and got on very well," said Prince Lichtenstein.

"Oh, come now, prince," put in Lord Deppingham; "you know the sort of chap Brabetz is. There are princes and princes, by Jove!"

"He's positively vile!" exclaimed the duchess, who would not mince words. "She's entering upon a hell of a—I mean a life of hell," exploded the duke, banging the table with his fist.

"That fellow Brabetz is the rottenest thing in Europe. He's come from bad to worse so swiftly that public opinion is still months behind him."

"Nice way to talk of the groom," said the host genially. "I quite agree with you, however. I cannot understand the grand duke permitting it to go on unless, of course, it's too late to interfere."

"Poor dear! She'll never know what it is to be loved and cherished," said the marchioness dolefully.

Lord and Lady Deppingham glanced at each other. They were thinking of the man who stood on the dock at Ararat when the King's Own sailed away.

"The grand duke is probably saying the very thing to himself that Brabetz's associates are saying in public," ventured a young Austrian count.

"What is that, pray?"

"That the prince won't live more than six months. He's a physical wreck today and a nervous one too. Take my word for it, he will be a creeping, imbecile thing inside of half a year—locomotor ataxia and all that. It's coming positively with a sharp crash."

"I've heard he has tried to kill that woman in Paris half a dozen times," remarked one of the women, taking it as a matter of course that every one knew who she meant by "that woman."

"She was really responsible for the postponement of the wedding in December, I'm told. Of course I don't know that it is true," said the marchioness, wisely qualifying her gossip. "My brother, the grand duke, does not confide in me."

"Well, my heart bleeds for her," said Deppingham.

"She's going into it with her eyes open," said the prince. "It isn't as if she hadn't been told. She could see for herself. She knows there's the other woman in Paris and— Oh, well, why should we make a funeral of it? Let's do our best to be revelers, not mourners. She'll live to fall in love with some other man. They always do. Every woman has to live at least once in her life—if she lives long enough. Come, come! Let us forget the future of the Princess Geneva and drink to her present!"

"And to her past, if you don't mind, prince!" amended Lord Deppingham, looking into his wife's somber eyes.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE TITLE CLEAR.

TWO men and a woman stood in the evening glow looking out over the tranquil sea that crept up and licked the foot of the cliff. It was September. Five months had passed since the King's Own steamed away from the harbor of Ararat. The new dispensation was in full effect. During the long, sickening weeks that preceded the coming of the

The Advocate Offers the Best DOLLARS WORTH OF READING MATTER IN NEW BRUNIWEK SEND

in your Dollar and we will put you on the paid up list.

OUR RATES FOR Advertising ARE VERY LOW

Try us and see the good that will result

Let Us Furnish You with Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Statements, Note Heads, Draft Forms, Visiting Cards, Business Cards, Posters, Dodgers.

OR IN FACT, ANYTHING IN THE Printing Line. end, or Bring your orders and we will do the rest.

We Supply and Print ADVOCATE PUBLISHING CO., LTD.