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The whole thing is moreover immensely complicated by the utter unscrupulousness

of that association universally notorious as the Macedonian Committee. These people, who may be described as a company of aspirants to the crown of immortality earned by other people's martyrdom, have themselves assisted in the work of lighting the fires of Turkish passions and they have helped to provoke atrocities which will enable them to pose before the eyes of the civilized world as the interesting victims of Moslem ferocity."

Thus Hands read in his loud, grave voice the boiling winter sea. Thus and much more, as the cloud grew darker and darker over Eastern Europe, darker and darker


In a week it became plain to the world that Bulgarians, Servians and Armenians alike had collapsed utterly before the insolent exultation of the Turks. The spirit of resistance and enthusiasm had gone. The ignorant and tortured peoples had no answer for those who flung foul insults at the Cross.

the reflected in the newspapers, the public mind in England was becoming seriously alarmed at these horrible and deplorable bulletins, but neither Parliament nor the people were as yet ready with a suggested course of action. The forces of disintegration had been at work; it seemed no longer possible to secure a great body of opinion as in the old times. And Englishmen were troubled with grave domestic problems also. More especially the great increase of the worst forms of crime attracted universal attention and dismay.

Our special correspondent in Bombay telegraphs disquieting news from India. The native regiments in Bengal are becoming difficult to handle. The officers of the staff corps are making special reports

This first guarded intimation of serious disaffection in India was followed, two days afterwards, by longer and far more serious reports. The Indian mail arrived with copies of The Madras Mail and The Times of India, which disclosed much more than had hitherto come over the cables.

Long extracts were printed from the journals in the English dailies. Epitomised, Hands learnt the following facts. From a mass of detail a few lun facts remained fixed in his brain. The well-meant but frequently un-



cessual mission efforts in Southern India were brought to a complete end and standstill.

By that thought-willed system of communication and the almost flame-mouth-to-mouth carriage of news, we are insuperable to Western minds, can only understand the workings of electric telegraph, the whole of India seemed to be throbbing with the news, the downfall of Christianity, and within a fortnight of the publication of the *Enquiry* report.

From Calcutta to Travancore the lines whispered the news to each other with fierce if secret exaltation.

The higher Hinduism, the key to the native character in India, the way

passionate earnestness of the mission was met by questions they could not answer. In a few days the work of year seemed utterly undone.

Europeans began to be insulted in Punjab as they had never been since day before the Mutiny. English officers and civilians also began to send wives home. The great P. and O. L. were inconveniently crowded.

In Afghanistan there was a great easiness. The British had received two slain officers. Russian troops were on the Northwest Frontier. Pan began to appear in the Hill provinces.

possibly? Could that congress of learned be all mistaken and imposed on? It was not possible. It could not be. Would that it were possible.

There was no hope, despite the newspapers. For centuries the world had been living in a fool's paradise. He had destroyed it. It would be a hundred years before the echoes of his deed had died away.

But the terrible weight of the world

The life seemed oozing out of him pressed out by a weight—the sensation was physical.

He wished it was all over. He had hope for the future, and no fear.

The weight was too heavy. The outside dark came through the walls and began to close in on him. His heart beat loudly. It seemed to rise up in his throat and choke him.

The pressure grew each moment; mo-

The wind was but a distant murmur now, but the weight was crushing! Only a few more moments and his head would burst. At last!

The dark thing huddled on the hearth-rug, which the girl found when she came down in the morning, was the school-boy.

The newspapers he had been reading lay upon his chest.

CHAPTER XXV.  
The Luncheon Party.

Constantine Schuäbe's great room at the Hotel Cecil had been entirely refurnished and arranged for the winter months.

The fur of great Arctic beasts lay upon the heavy Teheran carpets which had replaced the summer matting—furs of enormous value. The dark red curtains were hung by windows and over doors worked with threads of dull gold.

All the chairs were more massive material and upholstered warmly in leather; the logs in the fire-place crackled with white flame, amethyst in the glowing cavern beneath.

However the winter winds might sweep over the Thames below or the rain pelt and welter on the Embankment, no sound or sign of the turmoil could reach or trouble the people who moved in the frost-rant warmth and comfort of this room.

For his own part Schubert never gave any attention to the mise-en-scene which he was surrounded, here or there. The head of a famous Oxford Street firm was told to call with his taste and undermen; he was given to understand that the best that could be done was to be done, and the matter left entirely to him.

In this there was nothing of the venue or of an ignorance of art, as far as Schubert was concerned. He was a

of catholic and cultured taste. But experience had taught him, that his furnishing firm were trained to be catholic and cultured also, that an artist would to it that no jarring notes appeared. since he knew this, Schuabe infinitely preferred not to be bothered with details, absolute contrast to Llwellyn, his was always busy with abstractions, thought and forms of thought, things cannot be handled or seen. They

The millionaire sat alone by the glowing fire. He was wearing a long gown of camel's hair, dyed crimson, confined round the waist by a crimson cord. In this garment and a pair of morocco slippers without heels, he looked singularly modern. The whole face and figure suggested that—sinister, lonely and splendid.

The morning papers were resting on the chair by his side. He was reading or

It announced the death from heart-  
ease of Mr. Cyril Hands while taking  
a few days rest in a remote village of C  
wall. Not a shadow of regret passed  
the regular impassive face. The eyes  
remained in fixed thought. He was  
ly going over the bearings of this even  
his mind. How could it affect him? W  
it affect him one way or the other?

He paced the long room slowly. On

whole the incident seemed without meaning for him. If it meant anything at all, it meant that his position was stronger than ever. The voice of the discoverer was now forever silent. His testimony was reluctant but convinced opinion, was on record. Nothing could alter Hands might perhaps have had doubts about the future. He might have examined more keenly into the way in which the body came to the ground where the new tomb was hidden. Yes, this was

ter. That danger, remote as it had  
was over.  
As his eyes wandered over the re  
the news columns they became  
alert, speculative and anxious. The v  
was in a tumult, which grew louder  
louder every hour. There were roo  
dynamics trembling.  
He sank down in his chair with a  
passing his hand wearily over his  
Who could have foreseen this? It

beyond belief. He gazed at the havoc ruin in terrified surprise, as a child who had lit a little fire of straw, which had grown and devoured a great city. It was in this very room—just there in the centre—that he had buried the brain and soul of the archaeologist. The big man had stood exactly on the spot, blanched and trembling. His audible notes of hand and promises that he had flamed up in this fit.

And now? India was slipping  
away; a bloody civil war was brewing  
America: Central Europe was a smoldering  
torch; the whips of Africa were  
lashing the ears of Enghenien; the  
tunes of thousands were melting  
like ice in the sun. In London gentlemen  
were going from their clubs to  
houses at night carrying stools and  
sticks. North of Helms, south of  
Thames, no woman was safe after

He saw his face in a pool of silver  
It fascinated him as it had never  
before. He gripped the leather bar  
a chair and stared fiercely, hungry  
the image. It was thick as man's  
looking at, some strange, seemed  
had done all this. He gulped—a  
ful, mouthless, hollow again. This  
of, phirtheas, carbonated water.

had done, to whisper it into her ears  
watch the mask of flesh change  
shrink, to see his words carve deep  
rows in it, sear the eyes, burn the  
from the lips. He saw his own face  
working with the mad violence of his  
agitations.

He wrenched his brain back into  
mal grooves as an engineer pulls over  
lever. He was half-conscious of the si  
as he did so.

got beyond control. No, come what may, he must watch himself cunningly that he did not succumb. A tiny speck in brain, and then good-bye to thought for life forever. He was a visitor of Lancashire Asylum—had been so once at least—and he had seen the soulless life of flesh the doctors called "patients." "I am the master of my fate. I am captain of my soul," he repeated to himself, and even as he did so his other hand sneered at the weakness which must

He tried to shut out the world's aches from his mental eyes and ears.

He went back to the scenes of his triumph. They had been sweet indeed. Yes! worth all the price he had paid and might be called upon to pay.

All over England his life's thought, constant programme had been gloriously vindicated. They had hailed him as the saviour of the nation.

prophet of truth at first—a prophet  
had cried in the wilderness for years,  
who had at last come into his own.  
The voices of great men and vast  
titudes had come to him as incense.  
He was to be the leader of the new religion  
of common sense. Why had they doubt-  
ed him before, led away by the old es-  
tablishments?

Men who had hated and feared him  
the old days, had spoken against him  
his doctrines as if both were abhorred

unclean, were his friends and servants now. Christians had humbled themselves to the representative of the new pope. Bishops had consulted him as to the wishes of the Church, and its reconstruction upon "never, broader, more illuminating lines." They had come to him with anxious, eager to confess the errors of the past, swift to flatter and suggest with his help, the fabric and polish of power of the Church might yet stand.

He was shown, with intrusive eyes hesitating lips, from which the sludge had not yet been cleaned, how desolate and necessary it was that in the reconstruction of Christianity the Church should still have a prominent and influential part.

He had been a colossus among all. But—and he thought of it with anger and the old amazement—all this had been at first, when the discovery flashed over a startled world. While

As has already been pointed out, religious people—a vast host, but beside the mass of Englishmen—were disturbed seriously by what had happened. The price of bread remained the same, but the price of meat was no longer beef was no dearer.

During these first weeks Schuabe been all-powerful. He and his friends had lived in a constant and stupor triumph.

But now—and in his frightful eyes he frowned at the thick black headlines the newspapers—the whole attitude everyone was changed. There was a flat action, and in the noise it, Schuabe was forgotten.

Men had more to think of now. There was no time to congratulate the man

Consols were at 65! Bread was rising each week. War imminent. On all sides great mercantile houses were crashing. Each fall more and more thousand minor catastrophes all over the country. The anticristians had no time to spend at the Faithful; they must work and strain to save their own fortunes from the wreck.

The mob, who were swiftly becoming the luxuries which kept them in humor, were turning on the anti-Chinese party now. In their blind selfishness they cried them down, saying that they were responsible for the misery and horror that lay over the world.

With an absolute lack of logic the churches were crowded again. The irreligious cried for the good old times. Those who had most coarsely exulted in the broken cross now bewailed it.

Christianity was daily being torn  
 avenged through the pockets and  
 aches of the crowd.

It was bizarre beyond thinking,  
 in its immensity, vulgar in its  
 soulless greed, but TRUE, RE-  
**PEARFUL FACT.**

A stupendous confusion.

Two great currents had met in a  
 storm. The din of the disturbance

And the man who had done all the brain which had called up the regions from hell, which had bowed fiery sorrows on mankind, was in room in a luxurious hotel, alone. Again the shock and marvel took of the man and shook him like a

(To be continued.)

**"The millionaire sat alone by the glowing fire."**

our ancient faith in Bulgaria." M. Danef was extremely affected during the interview, and states that Prince Ferdinand is unable to leave his rooms."

Never before in the history of Eastern Europe had the future appeared so gloomy or the present been so replete with horror.

The massacres of bygone years were nothing to those which were daily flashed over the wires to startle and appal a world which was still Christian, at least in name.

Direct from a leading article in *The Daily Wire* shows that the underlying reason and cause was thoroughly appreciated and understood in England no less than abroad.

"In this labyrinth of myth and murder," the article said, "a sudden and spontaneous outburst of hatred, of Mussulman hatred for the Christian, has now—owing to the overthrow of the chief accepted doctrine of the Christian faith—become a deliberate measure of extermination adopted by a bygone government as the simplest solution of the problem in the Near East. This stupendous fact which has lately burst upon the world has already been discussed by many organs, and has been understood in some degree, have already passed far beyond the bounds of the most confirmed political pessimists' dream."

From the above it is evident that the cover-up, ambitious agitators have hurried to draw their profits. Politicians have not hesitated to provoke a series of massacres, and by playing upon the superstitions of the ignorant, fanaticism to organize the ghastliest system of crime upon the largest and most comprehensive scale.

cessual mission efforts in Southern India were brought to a complete and utter standstill.

By that thought-vulgar system of communication and the almost flamboyant, mouth-to-mouth carriage of news which is so inexplicable to Western minds, who can only understand the workings of the electric telegraph, the whole of India seemed to be throbbing with the news of the downfall of Christianity, and this within a fortnight of the publication of the *Enigma* report.

From Calcutta, to Travancore the millions whispered the news to each other with fierce if secret excitement.

The higher Hinduism, the key to the native character in India, the wall of caste, rose up grim and forbidding. The passionate earnestness of the missionaries was met by questions they could not answer. In a few days the work of years seemed utterly undone.

Europeans began to be insulted in the Punjab as they had never been since the days before the Mutiny. English officers and civilians also began to send their wives home. The great P. & O. boats were inconveniently crowded.

In Afghanistan there was a great up-raise. The English had received two Russian officers. Russian troops were massed on the Northwest Frontier. Fanatics began to appear in the Hill provinces.

"So when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain."

Hands started. His thoughts came to the house in which he sat. The voice touched him immensurably. He heard it clearly in a full of the street. Then another tremendous gust of drowned it.

Two great texts rolled down his face. It was midnight, and all the people the house were long since asleep. Hands picked up the last of his papers.

It was Saturday's edition of *The London Daily Mercury*, the powerful rival of *The Wire*. A woman who had been to a dance market had brought it home. He waited for it until the Monday morning. He gazed wearily round the house.

Then, that was what lay over him and body—an utter weariness.

The firelight played upon the cushions, the simple ornaments, the flowers. He saw the white dress of the young boy in the Navy, the shells from Pacific Island, a model gun under a shade. But his thoughts were not of these things. He walked and entered a room in which he sat. Up