

COPY

# The Man From Brodney's

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admiring glances that sought his face. The dark, languorous eyes that flashed eager admiration a moment before now turned sullen with disappointment. He had ignored their owners.

"I have heard that you expect a visitor," said the enemy in his most agreeable manner.

"Won't you go aboard with us?" asked Deppingham, at a loss for anything better to say. The enemy shook his head and smiled.

"You are very good, but I believe my place is here."

"The princess is to be with me for a month. We expect more sunshine than ever at the chateau," ventured her ladyship.

"I sincerely hope you may be disappointed," said he, commiseratingly, fanning himself with his hat. She laughed and understood, but Deppingham was halfway out to the yacht before it became clear to him that the enemy hoped literally, not figuratively. The enemy sauntered back to the American bar, lonelier than ever before in his life. He now knew what it was that he had missed more than all else—a woman.

Britt and Saunders were waiting for him under the awning outside.

"Hello!" called Britt. "We saw you down there, but couldn't get near. By ginger, old man, I had no idea your Persians were so beautiful. They are oriental gems of—"

"My Persians? What the devil do you mean, Britt? Come in and sit down; I want to talk to you fellows. See here, this talk about these women has got to be stopped. It's dangerous for you, and it's dangerous for me. It is so full of peril that I don't care to look at them, handsome as you say they are. Do you know what I was thinking of as I came over here after leaving one of the most charming of women—your Lady Deppingham? I was thinking what a wretched famine there is in women. I'm speaking of women like Lady Deppingham and Mrs. Brown, neither of whom I know, and yet I've known them all my life—the kind of women we love, not the kind we despise or pity. Don't you see? I'm hungry for the very sight of a woman."

"You see Miss Pelham often enough," said Saunders snidely. The enemy was making a pitcher of lemonade.

"My dear Saunders, you are quite right. I do see Miss Pelham often enough. In my present frame of mind I'd fall desperately in love with her if I saw her often." Saunders blinked and glared at him, through his pale eyes.

"My word!" he said. Then he got up abruptly and stalked out of the room. Britt laughed immoderately.

"He's a lucky dog," reflected the enemy. "He loves her, Britt—he loves little Miss Pelham. Do you know what that means? It means everything is worth while. Hello! Here he is back! Come in, Saunders. Here's your lemon!"

Saunders was excited. He stepped in the doorway, but looked over his shoulder into the street.

"Come along!" he exclaimed. "They are going up to the chateau—the princess and her party. My word, she's ripping!"

At the corner they stopped to await the procession of palanquins and jinrikishas which had started from the pier. The smart English victoria from the chateau, drawn by Wyckholme's thoroughbreds, was coming on in advance of the foot brigade. In the rear seat of the victoria sat Lady Deppingham



She smiled came off with a rush, a dazed smile of recognition that she had seen him.

ham and one who evidently was the princess. Opposite to them sat two others, but no less smart looking women.

"A gala day in Ararat," observed the stabby Mr. Britt. "We are to have the whole party overnight up at the chateau. Hello! By thunder, old man, she's—she's speaking to you!" He turned in astonishment to look at his companion's face.

The enemy was staring, transfixed, at the young woman in white who sat beside Lady Deppingham. He seemed paralyzed for the moment. Then his helmet came off with a rush, a dazed smile of recognition lighted his face. The very pretty young woman in the wide hat was leaning forward and smiling at him, a startled, uncertain look in her eyes. Lady Deppingham was glancing open mouthed from one to the other.

"I must be dreaming," murmured the enemy.

Britt took him by the arm. "Do you know her?" he asked. The enemy turned upon him with a radiant gleam in his once somber, discomfited eyes.

"Do you think I'd be grinning at her like a fool if I didn't? Why the dickens didn't you tell me that it was the Princess Genevra of Rapp-Thorberg who was coming?"

## CHAPTER XI

### CHASE PREPARES A MESSAGE.

HOLLINGSWORTH CHASE now felt that he was on neutral ground with the Princess Genevra. His strange connection with the Skaggs will case is easily explained. After leaving Thorberg he went directly to Paris; thence, after ten days, to London, where he hoped to get on as a staff correspondent for one of the big dailies. One day at the Savage club he listened to a recital of the amazing conditions which attended the execution of Skaggs' will. He had shot wild game in South Africa with Sir John Brodney, chief counselor for the islanders, and when Sir John suddenly proposed that he go out to Japan as the firm's representative he leaped at the chance.

In truth Rasula was more than glad to have the services of an American. He had heard Wyckholme talk of the manner in which civil causes were tried in the United States, and he felt that one Yankee on the scene was worth ten Englishmen at home.

The good looking Mr. Chase, writing under the dread of exposure as an international jackass, welcomed the opportunity to get as far away from civilization as possible. He knew that the Prince Karl story would not be dormant, but he could not banish the fair face of the Princess Genevra from his thoughts during the long voyage, nor would it be stretching the point to say that his day dreams were of her as he sat and smoked in his bungalow porch.

Before Chase left London Sir John Brodney bluntly cautioned him against the dangers that lurked in Lady Deppingham's eyes.

"She won't leave you a peg to stand on, Chase, if you seek an encounter," he said. "She's pretty and she's clever, and she's made fools of better men than you, my boy. I don't say she's a bad lot, because she's too smart for that. Remember, my boy, you are going out there to offset, not to beset, Lady Deppingham."

Chase was not in love with the proud Princess Genevra. He denied that to himself a hundred times a day as he sat in his bungalow and smoked the situation over.

He had proved to himself quite beyond a doubt that he was not in love, when, like a bolt from a clear sky, she stepped out of the oblivion into which he had cast her to smile upon him without warning. It was most unfair. Her smile had been one of the most difficult obstacles to overcome in the effort to return a fair and final verdict.

Could anything be more miraculous than that she should come to the unheard of island of Japat, unless, possibly, that she should be there when she came? She was there for him to look upon and love and lose, just as he had dreamed all these months. It mattered little that she was now the wife of Prince Karl of Brabets. To him she was still the Princess Genevra of Rapp-Thorberg.

In his leather pocketbook lay the ever present reminder that she could be no more than a dream to him. It was the clipping from a Paris newspaper announcing that the Princess Genevra was to wed Prince Karl during the Christmas holidays.

He had seen the Christmas holidays come and go with the certain knowledge in his heart that they had given her to Brabets as the most glorious present that man had ever received.

Now she was come to the island, and, so far as he had been able to see, there was no sign of the Prince Brabets in attendance. Her uncle by marriage, an English nobleman of high degree, in gathering his friends for the long cruise evidently had left the prince out of his party, for what reason Chase could not imagine. To say that the omission was gratifying to the tall American would be too simple a statement. There is no telling to what heights his thoughts might have carried him on that sultry afternoon if they had not been harshly checked by the arrival of a messenger from the chateau. His blood leaped with anticipation.

Could it be possible? But, no, she would not be writing to him. What a ridiculous thought! His hopes fell flat as the note was put into his eager hand. It was from Britt.

Still he broke the seal with considerable eagerness. As he perceived the somewhat warty message his disappointment gave way to a new and bold form of excitement. With his confusion he was on his feet, his eyes

gleaming with enthusiasm.

"George!" he exclaimed. "What are things coming my way with you? I'll do it this very night, I'll do it, Britt. And I must not forget to write. Ah, what a consolation it is to know that there are Americans who are good. Selim! Selim!" He was standing as straight as a corporal and his eyes were glistening with the fire of battle when Selim came up and forgot to salute, so great was his wonder at the transformation. "Get word to the men that I want every mother's son of 'em to attend a meeting in the market place tonight at 9. Very important, tell 'em. Tell Von Blitz that he's got to be there. I'm going to show him and my picturesque friend, Rasula, that I am here to stay. And Selim, tell that messenger to wait. There's an answer."

Long before 9 o'clock the men of Japat began to gather in the market and trading place. Hollingsworth Chase, attended by Selim, came down from his mountain retreat. He heard

the abject hiss of the scorned Persians as he passed among them on the outskirts of the crowd. He observed the threatening attitude of the men who waited and watched. He saw the white, ugly face of Von Blitz quivering with triumph. He felt the breath of disaster upon his cheek. And yet he walked among them without fear, his head erect, his eyes defiant.

The market place was a large open tract in the extreme west end of the town, some distance removed from the business street and the pier. Through a break in the foothills the chateau was plainly discernible, the sea being obscured from view by the dense forest that crowned the cliffs.

Chase made his way boldly to the nearest platform, exchanging bows with the surprised Von Blitz and the astounded Rasula, who stood quite near. The men of Japat slowly drew close in as he mounted the platform. From where he stood looking over those bronze faces he could pick out the scowling husbands who hated him because their wives hated them. Afar off stood the group of women who had inspired this hatred and distrust. Behind them, despised and uncountenanced by the oriental elect, were crowded the native women, who down in their hearts loathed the usurper. It was Chase's hope that the husbands of these simple women would ultimately stand at his side in the fight for supremacy, and they were vastly in the majority. If he could convince these men that his dealings with them were honest, Von Blitz could go hang.

He faced the crowd, knowing that all there were against him. "Von Blitz!" he called suddenly. The German started and stepped back involuntarily, as if he had been reprimanded.

"I've called this meeting in order to give you a chance to say to my face some of the things you are saying behind my back. Thank God, all of you men understand English. I want you to hear what Von Blitz has to say in public, and then I want you to hear what I say to him. Von Blitz and Rasula and others, I hear, have undertaken to discredit my motives as the agent of your London advisers. Let me say right here that the man who says that I have played you false in the slightest degree is a liar—a liar, if you prefer it that way. You have been told that I am selling you out to the lawyers for the opposition. That is lie No. 1. You have been led to believe that I make false reports to your London solicitors. Lie No. 2. You have been poisoned with the story that I covet certain women in this town, too numerous to mention, I believe. That is lie No. 3. They are all beautiful, my friends, but I wouldn't have one of 'em as a gift."

"For the past few nights my home has been watched. I want to announce to you that if I see anybody hanging around the bungalow after to-day I'm going to put a bullet through him, just as I would through a dog. Now, to come down to Von Blitz. You can't drive me out of this island, old man. You have lied about me ever since I beat you up that night. You are sacrificing the best interests of these people in order to gratify a personal spite, in order to wreak a personal vengeance. You!"

Von Blitz, foaming with rage, broke in: "I suppose you will call out del warships! We are not fools! You can fool some of—"

"Now, see here, Von Blitz, I'll show whether I can call out a warship when ever I need one. I have never intended to ask naval help except in case of an attack by our enemies up at the chateau. You can't believe that I seek to turn those big guns against my own clients—the clients I came out here to serve with my life's blood if necessary. But, hear me, you Dutch lobster, I can have a British man-of-war here in ten hours to take you off this island and hang you from a yardarm on the charge of conspiracy against the crown."

Von Blitz and Rasula laughed scornfully and turned to the crowd. The latter began to harangue his fellows.

"This man is a—" he began. "A bluff!" prompted Von Blitz, glaring at his tall accuser. "A bluff!" went on Rasula. "He can do none of these things. Nor can the Americans at the chateau. I know that they are liars. They!"

"I'll make you pay for that, Rasula. Your time is short. Men of Japat, I don't want to serve you unless you trust me!"

A dozen voices cried: "We don't trust you, dog of a Christian, son of a punk!" Von Blitz glowed with satisfaction.

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