RAZOR
AS PICKED UP

ED SAILOR MAY
AVE BEEN RESCUED

s Crew Believe He Has Picked Up by Passing Steamer.

a Bay, March 17.—Much disht is expressed throughout ver the failure of the experescue the sailor, Frederick Indefatigible Island. The d within 40 miles of the the tender Yankton was make a search.
ing party from the tender ll habitable portions of the two days. Remains of the were found, but no trace of discovered.
lace a razor was found with als on it. It is the belief of n the Yankton that the maor has been rescued by some essel. Search was made of ible place where a man could aled himself but without re-

kton proceeded to Acapulco pected to reach Magdalena irst part of next week.
effs, for many years local f the B. C. meat market, and are still anxiously awaiting their son Frederick. When Jeffs shipped in the Norwegue Alexandra at Newcastle mate. They were bound for with a cargo of coal. The t Newcastle Nov. 26, 1906, received by his mother prehis sailing on her, gave the on that he had been suffering risy.
Mrs. Jeffs are naturally disc that the Yankton found no their son but the news from s reassuring to them and they opes of hearing that he has ed up by some passing steam-

ERS EXPECTED
AT BELLA COOLA

Fruit Land Awaits Comin Favored Valley—now Disappearing.

oola, Feb. 29.—S. Grant was in y for over a week looking up etc. His company is expecting ence building the sawmill some ring spring. He is delighted valley and its possibilities, as who have an opportunity of seeWhat crops will grow, of apples surprising.
expected that there will be a mber of settlers in during the w months. There is some land d away up the valley, from 30 ies, and that is the best fruit

Enjoyable Concert.
bruary 17th there was a splendid in the Mackenzie school house, oola, in aid of the purchase of n. A very fine programme was d and refreshments were served. es were given by S. L. Grant, aughing and others. W. H. being in the chair. A sale of s proved an interesting item of ning's entertainment. The total raised was $75 for the evening.

Items of Interest.
irst rain fell on February 22nd snow is going very rapidly.
ayton, has gone to Victoria n a stock of new goods. All the are delighted with the increase e.
mber of town lots have been sold the last few weeks. S. S. Vest Olga mine, is going to build a ow cottage just as soon as he t lumber.
uinlan is in the valley attending istry work.
mber of telephone poles are now for setting up as soon as the r permits.
old bridge at Hagensburg is bepuilt.
orrison recently returned from iver, and has gone up to his

steamers Amur and Venture were ing the past week. Both boats t a quantity of freight and the some passengers.

SATION SPRUNG
IN HITCHCOCK TRIAL

Who Accused Actor Withaws and Refutes Her Previous Testimony.

York, March 16.—The resumpof the trial of Raymond Hitchthe comedian, in the Supreme to-day, furnished a sensation Flora Whitton, who had been as a corroborative witness, comy refuted her testimony given bethe grand jury.
reply to questions by Assistant ict Attorney Garwin, the girl ed that Hitchcock never had harmr, and that she had told the story e grand jury as she had been dird to do by an agent of the Chils Society. It was upon the testiy of Flora Whitton that the grand s indictment against Hitchcock based.

e big German freighter Augustus, ain J. Bockholdt, has finished her hauling at the Esquimalt dry dock will leave to-night for Tacoma re she will replenish her bunkers. r coaling the Augustus will proto Muckletaho and Bellingham re she will load 3 million feet of ber for Melbourne, Australia.

Wheels of Anarchy

The Story of an Assassin; as Recited from the Papers and Personal Narrative of his Secretary, Mr. Bruce Ingersoll

By MAX PEMBERTON

CHAPTER VIII.

Cavanagh's Destiny.

It was very distressing to see the way in which this poor lady started to her feet at my approach, and instinctively clasped the child to her breast. She was wholly the mother in that moment, passionately agitated for the child's sake and thinking of nothing else but its safety. The look of terror that crossed her beautiful face I shall never forget. It needed no seer's voice to tell me that she had been the victim of some great sorrow, and that her troubled reason associated men in some way with those who had persecuted her. When I lifted my cap to her, she trembled pitiably. I was ashamed to have discovered her, ashamed to go away without the exchange of some civil greeting. In the end I rode on aimlessly, afraid to speak, and yet railing upon my silence.

A mad woman at the House of the Fen, and this savage African for her keeper. Such, then, was Mr. Cavanagh's unhappy secret—such the true story of his seclusion. If the facts were very terrible, I perceived at the same time that they called rather for the pity than the judgment of his fellow men. And to this reflection there was added a sense of regret and humiliation for that which I had done last night—watching him from my window and imagining a hundred absurdities. Of these I repented deeply in that moment; and I resolved to confess the whole story to Mr. Cavanagh should the opportunity rise. When I returned to the house, I was astonished to discover into what a state of excitement this encounter had thrown me. Had I ridden at a gallop over miles of country, my sense of fatigue and personal distress could not have been keener. But this I attributed to the shock of it all; and chiefly to the vision of that sad face, which followed me to the house and even to my room.

You will remember that I had not seen Mr. Cavanagh since I watched him in the Italian garden at sunrise. When I returned, however, he was waiting in my room for me; and this greatly to my satisfaction. We had exchanged but the briefest word as yet concerning my own position in the house, and all my attempts to thank him for his generosity had failed ignominiously. I thought that it would now be otherwise, and was not wholly disappointed, as you will see.

"Well," he said, speaking from the depths of a great armchair as I entered, "and do you permit it, Mr. Ingersoll?"

"Sir," said I, "there could not be a more welcome visitor."

He smiled softly, and reminded me of our appointment at half-past seven that morning.

Your judgments are not retrospective, Mr. Ingersoll. Come, a man who was up at 6 o'clock and waiting at half-past with a racquet in his hand——"

We laughted together while he rang the bell for Edward and the cigars.

"Mr. Ingersoll will take some tea," he said; "tea with very rich plum cake of the kind that he always buys at Matthew's in Trinity street."

"Did you really know that I dealt with Matthew's, Mr. Cavanagh?"

"My dear boy, I know everything that it is my business to know. You, for instance, paid me the compliment of imitating me last night; you could not sleep, I remember, and were watching at your window."

Be sure that I went as red as a turkey cock at this. His manner invited no humiliating confession; I was dumb before his kind sarcasm.

"Make no apologies," he continued, taking pity on my embarrassment, you are our creditor in the matter, indeed, Mr. Ingersoll, I am saying that you paid me a great compliment in coming here at all. I should have been frank with you at the beginning—I intend to be quite frank with you now. Help yourself to tea and then light a cigar, for we have much to talk about.

I obeyed him, drinking my tea in silence, and fearing to intrude upon his thoughts. When I had lighted a cigar, he went over to the window and looked across the park, as though in search of the lady and the child whose discovery had caused me so much distress. I knew that he was thinking of them even before he spoke, and could have anticipated his question readily enough.

"You met a lady over in the woods by Waterbeach, did you not?"

"That is so, Mr. Cavanagh."

"I would tell you that she is my wife. There was a little lad with her; he is my son."

I can see him now, standing there in the warm glowing light, his black hair twisted upon his fine forehead, the handsome face white and convulsed, as though a story of tragedy had just been written upon it. No woman's voice had a truer ring of music in it than that which named his son. Fame, fortune, the applause of men, the glory of success; what were they when set against this precious heritage? His son! You had but to hear him to know how this man loved.

"My wife and son; yes, Mr. Ingersoll," he cried, turning about and facing me with flashing eyes, "yonder is my destiny; the woman I love more than anything on earth, as you see her; my son in the arms of a mother who has forgotten how to embrace him. That is Jehan Cavanagh whom men envy; there is your millionaire who can command all that the world has to give. Remember it, when you would judge me; husband it, as the confidence which you share with the chosen who are my servants. Do that, and to-day you will become my friend."

He stood beside me waiting for me to speak. God knows, I knew not what answer to make to him. I am capable of deep sympathy, but often unable to express it in so many words. How should I tell this man among men that I was sorry, how best express the overwhelming sense of pity with which I heard him.

"Mr. Cavanagh," at length I rejoined, "there could be no greater privilege than to call you my friend."

"You speak very earnestly, Mr. Ingersoll."

"I speak from my heart, sir."

"I am sure of it; men never deceive me. You are telling yourself at this moment how difficult it is to say anything at all, and are saying words which are precious to me. I am a man who never forgets those who are willing to suffer because I suffer. Let the shadow lie is lightly as may be upon us both, for we have our work to do, and it is for a woman and a child that we are laborers at all."

I did not understand him, had no idea at all of his meaning; nor was this the moment when he chose to enlighten me. I perceived that he had his own way of going to work and would not question it. None the less, curiosity whispered odd things into my ears, and I shut them out with difficulty.

"Mr. Cavanagh," I said briefly, "it was to be of service to you that I came here, and it is unnecessary for me to say that I will begin when and where you please."

"You have begun already," Mr. Ingersoll."

"You refer to the lists you left for me to make out?"

"To nothing else. Will you permit me to see them?"

I passed them over to him and he examined them with a close scrutiny, while he appeared to approve of that which I had done. When next he spoke to me, he had my papers still in his hand, but he made no mention of them.

"Do you remember an essay you wrote in the Fortnightly, concerning the rights of the individual as against the limitations of the law?"

"Perfectly well; it was a paper which cost me a great deal of trouble and not a little silly ridicule."

"It would have done so. The greater the truth, the wider the door by which fools pass in. You took up your stand, I remember, upon that large question of private wrong as against state incompetence or indifference. You conceived a position wherein a dictatorship became in fact a national directory. The state failing the individual becomes the law maker. A clever paper, I have read it many times recently; I shall read it many times in the days to come."

"It would have been more carefully written if I had known that."

"Do not say so. You wrote what your mind told you to write; your heart chose the words. What we call style is sometimes a cloak to cover a barren theme. Let the man speak, and the style is there. You must treat of that subject again when we have the leisure and develop it. I am greatly interested—so much interested that I propose to help you in such studies. Would you care to travel with me, Ingersoll?"

I liked to hear him drop the prefix to my name, and responded that I should like nothing better.

"When my father was alive," said I, "we always spent part of the Long abroad. I suppose I have travelled a good deal in a way—that is to say, I have done the stock things, and come home to bore my friends about them. You would laugh at me—but I have seen some of the capitals of Europe, Mr. Cavanagh, even Belgrade and Constantinople."

He smiled not unkindly at this candid imitation.

"How little you have seen, my dear lad, time and I will show you. Do you know Antwerp, by the way?"

"I was there last Easter for three days."

"We will be there to-morrow, also for three days. I had not meant to go; you remember that I promised you some tennis. But it cannot be. We shall return to London by motor to-night. Are you glad to go with me, Ingersoll—quite sure that you are glad of this visit to the Continent?"

"Mr. Cavanagh," I said, "you know that it is so, for no one can hide anything from you."

He was greatly pleased. I could see, and when he laid his hand upon my shoulder, the gesture was full of kindness and perhaps of gratitude. All the loneliness of that splendid life made its sure appeal to me at such time. Why had I been chosen for his confidence? How came it that he stooped to me of all the millions at his command, this master of fortune and riches, to bid me serve him faithfully? I knew not, but the act won my friendship as nothing else could have done.

CHAPTER IX.

Prosper De Blondel

I was not in the least surprised to find myself in Antwerp. All that I had read or heard about Jehan Cavanagh told me of his extraordinary passion for travel. Never to sleep more than four nights together in the same bed became a rule of his nomadic life; men told me of the way he would rush from place to place upon the shallowest pretext, coming to London one day, and leaving the next morning for America. When he took me to Cambridgeshire and spoke of rest, I don't think that he deceived himself. As for me, the perplexities of my own position drove such thoughts from my head. I hardly remembered his words.

But if I was not surprised by his sudden resolution to travel, the method of it certainly set me thinking. Just as we had entered the house on the Fen stealthily, so we left it secretly and by night. It is true that the Algerian did not accompany us, and that it was left to the valet, Edward, to examine the high road before we ventured upon it, and to leave the great lamps unlighted until we were almost in the town of Cambridge. From that place, going back upon his own intention, Mr. Cavanagh determined to drive straight to Harwick by the way of Newmarket and the Bury road; and so we never called at London at all, but were on board a tug before midnight and in the river Scheldt next morning. I thought it somewhat unnecessary to charter a steamer to take us across, but, as he put it to me, his own yacht lay in the Solent and could not be round in time, and he never set foot upon a passenger ship.

"Why should I?" he asked me; "if money can buy anything at all, let it buy me privacy. Shall I lie awake at night listening to the agonising groans of the lady who knew that she would be ill? Certainly not, when a few poor counters with the King's head upon them can deprive me of her society. That is the best use of money, Ingersoll—to let us live our own lives undisturbed by our curious neighbors."

I agreed with him altogether. It was a new experience to me to travel so luxuriously, and, to be candid, I enjoyed every moment of it. When we arrived at Antwerp, a private carriage awaited us on the quay, and we drove at once through those fine old streets, not to an hotel as I had expected, but to a suite of rooms almost opposite the great cathedral itself. These appeared to have been furnished in much haste; but everything in them was of the best, and Mr. Cavanagh settled down at once as he is able to do whatever his environment.

I should tell you that we arrived in the city almost before the working day had begun at all. There were very few people in the streets when we drove through, and the doors of the cathedral were not open. None the less, we found a splendid breakfast prepared for us in Mr. Cavanagh's new apartments, and two French servants whom he addressed almost familiarly. Oddly enough, the voice of one of these reminded me of a conversation I had heard at Claridge's Hotel in London two days ago, when I had been waiting in the antechoom; and I came to the conclusion that the servants had crossed over from London while we had been upon our way to Cambridge; but this, be it said, was only my idea, and could not be accepted as a fact. The main thing appeared to me that they had excellent hot coffee for us, and a very pretty breakfast; and when we had made a hearty meal, Mr. Cavanagh himself proposed that we should lie down for an hour.

"There will be nothing to see in Antwerp to-day," he remarked significantly; "my interest begins to-morrow. Go and sleep, Ingersoll, and let other people sweep up the dust a little. If there is one thing on this earth more than another which I find depressing, it is the spectacle of a housemaid shaking a mat out of a window. Go and sleep, my boy, and wake up hungry."

I promised him that I would do so, and went to a beautifully furnished bedroom which adjoined his own. Broken as my night had been, I found it quite impossible to sleep; and when a full hour had passed, the bells of the cathedral made any further attempt a mockery, and I determined to take a bath and go out upon my own account. In this I was disappointed, for I discovered presently that Mr. Cavanagh himself had made no attempt whatever to practise his excellent precepts; and when I returned to the sitting-room, I found him in animated conversation with one of the queerest looking men I have ever set eyes upon in all my life. Bald as an egg, ferret-faced, his mouth awry and misshapen, his ears enormous, his hands long and thin and browned by the suns of many lands, his dress that of a French gentleman who is also something of a dandy—such was the Chevalier Prosper de Blondel, as Mr. Cavanagh introduced me to him.

"You must know each other well," he said, as I held out my hand to the Frenchman; "the Chevalier's work will also be your work, Ingersoll, when things are settled. Speak your worst French to him and see if he survives. He is one of my friends; let that be sufficient."

"And one of Mr. Ingersoll's friends as well," the Chevalier rejoined in a voice that was delightfully musical and soft. I cannot tell you why it was, but when I touched this man's hand it seemed to make the blood course in my viens as though I had been running a race. Such a thing I have never experienced before or since. And his eyes; surely they were looking straight through my head at the wall behind me, just as though my body did not impede his vision at all.

"I am always at the Chevalier's service," said I, "and at least my intentions are better than my French. Is there anything I can do this morning?"

He laughed and exchanged a quick glance with Mr. Cavanagh.

"To-morrow," he said to my patron, as though in question, and added almost in a whisper, "the eyes are young; they will be useful."

I thought that the suggestion did not please Mr. Cavanagh altogether, and he dissented as it were with a gesture of the head. When the old Chevalier had taken leave of us, no further mention of him was made; and I fell in very readily with my patron's suggestion that he should be my guide for an hour or two, and show me something of Antwerp. That was a delightful walk indeed. I think that it made me ashamed of my own poor scholarship to listen to this wonderful guide as he recalled to me the part which the Netherlands had played in the story of modern Europe, and how little her art reflected the sovereign victories she had won.

"It would have been impossible," he said; "Art can only deal with the humanities when Faith inspires her. We complain of the religious dominance in art, but our complaints are not logical. Inspiration, which breathed upon Rubens' canvas, breathed also upon the humblest masons who built the house for them. The perfection of form as attained by the Greeks has not the soul which these things have. I would burn a Grand Inquisitor cheerfully, but Art has no quarrel with him. He compelled men to turn for ideals to a faith in which they believed. Few believe nowadays, and so we have fashionable portraits at a thousand guineas apiece, and enough nonsense written about impressionism to fill a library. Look at the face of the Christ in the Descent yonder. Did impressionism paint it or the figure of the Virgin besides Him? An age which cloaks its deficiencies in cant—that is our century. We have but one reality, money, and there lies faith."

This will tell you that our first visit had been paid to the great cathedral, which has always seemed to me one of the most impressive Gothic buildings in Europe. It goes without saying that such a man as Mr. Cavanagh cared nothing, as a rule, for the common sights of cities; but we passed through the cathedral upon our way from the Place Verte towards the ramparts, and he had the Rea to see Ruben's famous pictures of the Descent from and Elevation to the Cross. Afterwards, I remember that we visited the older quarters of Antwerp, especially that which is called by the police "the Spanish quarter," where are veritable descendants of the soldiers who came to Antwerp with the Duke of Alva. These fearful alleys and courts appeared to interest my companion profoundly. He studied the faces of those we passed by with an interest I found it impossible to explain.

"If you would study the life of a city," he said to me, "go first among its criminals. Are not they to be our masters to-morrow—the assassins and robbers and malefactors who are to rule us in the name of humanity, and to begin by slaughtering our wives and children? Look at these old houses, Ingersoll, and remember that the Spaniards ran from door to door more than three hundred years ago, torturing and burning. They spared no man, woman or child. Have we progressed so far since their day? We have called them every name that can decently appear upon the pages of our histories. But has our civilisation carried us so very far after all? Look up yonder to that window where the glass is broken, that crazy attic with the dead plant on the sill. There Morivert lived a year ago—Morivert who threw a bomb under the wheels of the Vienna express and killed twenty passengers. You say he was a madman, for that is the way authority must excuse such crimes; but is it not to confess that in practice we are where we were four hundred years ago? Take your soldiers away from this city for a single day, and I will promise you a thousand dead before the morrow. The Spaniard is here as he is in every city; and the children are in his keeping. That is why I say to you, go first among the criminals, for the day is at hand when they will be our masters."

Now this was wild talk, and I could not take him altogether seriously. The great god Anarchy has never had any terrors for me, for I have always believed in the sanity of the British people; and I confess that what went on in other countries had been of little concern to my mind. At the same time, it was impossible to forget that his father had been killed by the anarchists of Baku; and now it suddenly came to me that his wife had lost her reason in the terrible hours of that mad revolt. Should it be so, I could well understand the morbid curiosity which drove him to the meaner and more dangerous quarters of the city.

"Mr. Cavanagh," I said, "you are not speaking of our own time, surely?" It was impossible to believe that he did, and the heat of his reply altogether astonished me.

"Come," he exclaimed, "I'll put you to the proof. There will be, here in Antwerp to-morrow, the public procession with which these people keep the Feast of Corpus Christi. Ministers are to walk in the procession, and one of the Princes. The barracks of the city are crowded with troops to-day; there is not a gendarme who will know an hour's rest. Will you say that the children are safe because of them? Would you be quite at ease if children of your own were to watch the show from the balconies of the Place Verte? Oh, a fine cry this of authority and order and the sanity of the people! Tell me, Ingersoll, would you be quite at your ease? I'll not believe it. You have too much sense; you know too well that which Messieurs the Assassins are doing in Europe to-day."

I could make no fair answer to this and, in truth, I knew not how to meet it. To my rejoinder, that I had never heard of any great discontent among the workmen at Antwerp, he replied, almost impatiently, that the workmen had nothing whatever to do with it.

"There is nothing nobler on God's earth," he said, "than the man who works patiently and without complaint for his daily bread. Leave such out of your category, for we have nothing to do with them. I am telling you of a new race of assassins, ten times as powerful and twenty times as numerous as the followers of the Old Man of the Mountain, who ate hemp at Alamut. I am asking you to remember that these people flourish in spite of the governments of Europe, who are too cowardly to deal with them. These monsters kill and slay at their pleasure. Neither reason nor pity restrains them. They have no compassion for women, none for little children. The sanest among them does not know what he wants or how to get it. We are asked to believe that a certain sanction of liberty should make some apology for them. Ministers and Parliaments speak of them almost in whispers. There never has been a man courageous enough to stand up and say that they should be exterminated like vermin, trodden under foot, shot upon sight, hanged from the windows of their own houses, hunted remorselessly, ceaselessly, to the end. I say that it is abject cowardice which dictates this common truce. The Ministers are afraid, the police are afraid. One strong man would save the world from this visitation. But he is not yet born, and while we wait the women suffer, and the children die in their arms."

I had never heard him speak with such vehemence, and you will imagine in what a frame of mind I listened to this recital. For the first time since we had left London the episode of the evening newspaper and its account of the supposed anarchists at Paris recurred to me, and I could not but associate it with this almost incoherent confession. He had suffered greatly, more than the closest of his friends would ever know; and out of this suffering a creed of destruction was born. So much I perceived at the beginning; but that which followed after, no man, I make bold to say, would have foreseen, whatever his powers of perception.

"You cannot make war upon madmen, Mr. Cavanagh," I said at length; "you cannot shoot down the insane. Our common humanity forbids it. Is not this the truth rather than your story of men's cowardice? There are some wise heads left—even in the governments."

"Ingersoll," he cried, taking my arm in an iron grip, "if the woman you loved turned from the son she had borne you, would you preach that doctrine?"

I could not answer him. We had emerged from the narrow thoroughfare at the moment, and calling a passing cab, he bade the man drive us to the gardens.

"Old Prosper will be there," he said, his whole manner changing instantly when the sun shone upon us again. "Oh, I like old Prosper; he has a sound head on those ugly old shoulders. Let us go and see him eat, for that is the most horrible spectacle in Europe."

CHAPTER X.

The Feast of Corpus Christi.

The Feast of Corpus Christi is celebrated with much pomp and circumstance in Antwerp, as all the world knows. Had I been in ignorance of the fact, an incessant hammering under my window at bedtime would have been a sufficiently unpleasant argument. Standing upon my balconly at 11 o'clock, I watched a very army of "blue blouses" working by the light of monstrous flares. These conjured stands and bambinos, as it were from the very earth; while gendarmes and cavalry looked on in contented idleness. In truth, I heard the laughter and ribald songs of crowds far into the night, and when Edward brought me my coffee next morning, the day of the feast itself, the place was hardly to be recognised.

For now a thousand ridiculous banners fluttered boldly upon the gentle breeze of day. There were stands everywhere; scarlet tapestries hanging from the windows; balconies ablaze with bunting and lanters; while a vast concourse moved restlessly to and fro as though still in quest of a vantage ground. Mr. Cavanagh himself had already made mention of the procession to me, and excited a certain curiosity; but I will confess that I had quite forgotten his gloomy prophecies, and regarded the scene with that pleasant interest which spectacle rarely fails to awaken. To me it was just a procession which had become famous the whole world over; even the appearance of the little brown Chevalier in my room did not bring a new view of it.

He was faultlessly dressed, I remember, in a grey frock suit and patent leather boots polished to such an absurd degree that a man might have shaved by them. Even browner than yesterday, as seen in the veiled light of my bedchamber, I found his voice not less musical, his touch not less repulsive to me. He had come, as he said, to beg a favor, and for Mr. Cavanagh's sake I heard him patiently.

"Our friend is not very well this morning," he began, his English being quite wonderful to hear; "we must take good care of him, Mr. Ingersoll—it is our business and our privilege. You have entered into his service, I understand, and henceforth are one of us—in a cause, I venture to say, which is noble above all words. Am I wrong in this; do I misrepresent your convictions, Mr. Ingersoll?"

He took a cigarette from his pocket as he spoke, and offered me one from his case. It was absurd to watch his ferret eyes twinkling incessantly, and to remember that they might be evidence of genius—or madness. I was not afraid of him—let that stand at the beginning; but I have met few men whose society so distressed me, and for reasons I am utterly unable to define.

"Chevalier," I said, coming over from the window towards the chair where he sat, "what is this cause, and how can I help it?"

He shrugged his shoulders until they seemed to touch his very ears.

"You are here to help our friend, are you not?"

I admitted that is was so.

"Then that is the cause, sir. If your ears have not told you anything——"

"Come," cried I, "this is not honest. I have heard much of this vague talk, and it has not been altogether a pleasant thing to hear. Mr. Cavanagh's father was killed at Baku, and the incendiaries tortured his wife until she lost her reason. Is that true or false, Chevalier?"

"It is quite true," he replied, and yet with no more emotion than a man speaking of a disaster in the street.

"And, being true, Mr. Cavanagh asks my help. What form is that help to take, Chevalier? Name it, and we shall begin to understand each other."

He nodded his head as who should say, you put it very plainly.

"Mr. Ingersoll," he said, taking a packet of papers from his pocket and choosing a photograph from them, "would you recognize that lady if you met her in the street, the theatre, or the church? Should she pass these windows in the crowd to-day, would you be able to pick her out, and call our attention to her?"

I took the photograph he offered me, and looked at it as one may look at a beautiful picture. To me it represented a mere child, a little school girl still in her teens, yet with eyes so wonderful that even the camera could not hide their light. Deep set in a sweet round face, wide open, nay almost staring, they were such eyes as a man may carry in memory to his life's end, and die because of them. This was my belief when first I saw them in that house on the Place Verte, at Antwerp. It is my unshaken faith to-day.

"Am I to know the name of this young lady?" I asked, falling to a commonplace.

The Chevalier grinned until you could see every tooth in his cavernous mouth.

"Certainly. She is Pauline Mamavieff, who shot Mr. Cavanagh's father at Baku."

I did not let him see what it cost me to hear this story. No doubt he remained convinced that the dramatic force of it would make its own appeal, for he nodded and grinned just as though we two were in the prossession of some great secret which we would share with no others.

"Who shot Mr. Cavanagh's father at Baku," he repeated, dwelling upon each word as though his tongue were loath to part with it. "That's why we're watching her, Mr. Ingersoll. That's why we shall trap her if we can; trap her, hang her, shoot her, or, better still, send her to the police in her own city who have the whips and the branding irons. Will you watch the crowd for her face now? Certainly, you will. Are you not my friend's friend? Certainly, you will begin to help him to-day; we cannot begin too soon, can we? To-day and every day while there is work to do. Shall I tell him that I found you very willing?"

I said that he would find me willing. Looking back upon it all now, I wonder that no clearer perception of Mr. Cavanagh's strange mission had come to me before that moment; and yet I do not think that I was to blame. Brick by brick it the house of his mad dreams was built up before me. Day by day he pressed his logic upon my weakening imagination and trained it to bear its greater burdens. In Antwerp that morning I added but one fact to my knowledge, that he had left England in the hope of tracing a mere child who had killed his father in the riots at Baku. The fact, and nothing more! But a leaf from the tree of knowledge I must presently discover! But a grain of sand from a vast and arid desert!

"I am perfectly willing to do as Mr. Cavanagh decides," said I. "If this child did indeed shoot his father——"

He interrupted me sharply, nibbling his words as a rat nibbles a straw.

"There is no doubt of it. She was seen by twenty people. A revolver, Mr. Ingersoll. They train these girls to use it, and then cry, 'Have pity on our daughters!' She is very clever, Mademoiselle Pauline Mamavieff. The police of five cities are asking for her, and she snaps her fingers so. Of course she may not be in Antwerp at all today. It is mere surmise. Should there be an accident while the procession is passing——"

"What kind of an accident?"

"Oh, there will be no mistake about it; horses down in their own blood, people running, smoke and noise everywhere. Yes, yes, you have read of it all; and if you see it to-day, Mademoiselle Mamavieff will not be far off. We know it; we know that her cousin Georges arrived in Antwerp last night. They are French, born of French parents in the Caucasus, Mr. Ingersoll; the father has been twenty years at Saghalien, the mother, I believe, was flogged to death because she would not let a general make love to her. Not an amiable family, you see, and now it has come to this. But we shall trap them yet. I have not served my friend Lepine fifteen years for nothing. You did not know that I was a policeman? Ah, then I shall begin to say that I have some manners, after all."

Upon my word, it was horrible to hear him chattering away like an excited ape, and no more moved by what he said than any stone statue in the great cathedral opposite. So far as I understood him all, he meant to say that the great procession might be attended by one of those mad senseless outrages to which Europe has become so accustomed in later years. And he plainly hinted that if it were so, this little school girl, whose wonderful eyes had looked out at me from the picture, would take part in it. A more monstrous fable could not have been recited. For my part, I could not believe a word of it, and I told him as much before I left the room.

"Of course I will do what you want—that goes without saying. But you seem to me, Chevalier, to be out on a very strange errand. Suppose that your witnesses were mistaken. Say that this child did not pull the trigger, and what then?"

He snapped his teeth as he answered me.

"Impossible, Mr. Ingersoll. She has confessed it. Do not take us for madmen."

"Confessed it—to whom?"

"To me."

He stood up as though to impress upon me the dramatic nature of this admission; and, in truth, I was impressed. The bravest advocate could not have found a word to say thereafter, and certainly I made no attempt of the kind. The girl had confessed she was a murderess, and that was the end of it. I neither asked pity for her, nor would have shown her pity. The man himself, secure in his knowledge of her guilt, confronted me with that proper authority he had the right to exercise, and I saw that if my young eyes could discover the girl for him, this should be the last day of her liberty.

It was now about the hour for the advance guards of the procession to pass our windows, and we all went out to the balcony prepared for us. Here an awning had been arranged against the sun, and seats placed in what had become a tent before the front windows of the house. We could, I remarked, see the procession, and ourselves remain unseen. That lavish hospitality for which Mr. Cavanagh is famous had half filled the available space with bottles of wine and boxes of cigars; but there were low arm-chairs for a front row, and a very wall of flowers to cover the iron railing. Mr. Cavanagh himself I discovered to be in a mood both thoughtful and restless. He rarly noticed me, but conversed from time to time in a tongue I did not understand, with the brown-faced Chevalier who shared his confidence. When a distant trumpet blast announced the approach of the procession, his face lost all its color as in a flash, and he drew the curtain aside and peered down into the serried ranks below with eyes so keen and watchful that nothing could have escaped his notice.

They do these things on the continent with a fine relish for the picturesque, and their artistic sense rarely rubs shoulders with the ridiculous. I have seen few pageants in my own country—the Englishman has but lately mastered their secrets, and his color schemes are apt to be as substantial as his beef—but this religious pageant in the streets of Antwerp is certainly to be named as the finest thing of its kind I have ever seen. Mediaeval if you will, cowls outnumbering the cassacks, soldiers at the head of it, cavalry to whip it in, monks and nuns, priests and bishops, all the cathedral dignitaries, the municipality, the gib wigs of the town looking as though piety were the chief business of their lives—truly a heterogenous company which linked the centuries to the point of marvel. And remember that it passed slowly through streets which were a blaze of triumphant color; of color stolen from the very bowels of the sun; a heaven and earth of color, all embracing and all victorious. Not a house, I say, that did not contribute its quota of flags and tapestries and glorious blooms; not a window that should be named a lack-lustre; but everywhere a vast wall of clinging stuffs, primitive and satisfying and worthy of the day. Upon the pavements, it is true, there might be some complaint. Many of the women wore black veils; the tones were altogether more sombre, the religious note more pronounced. But against this, it should be said that we were present for an act of worship, not of joyaunce. These people had kept their faith; even a cynic could not have denied it.

I remember that the procession was headed—when the soldiers had gone by—by a hundred little children in dresses of spotless white each scattering roses in her path. They were followed by the bearer of an immense banner, symbolical heaven knows of what, but gloriously blue. At the banner-bearer's heels came sisters of mercy uplifting lighted tapers; and then a thurifer, and again cowled monks each with a lantern upon a pole; then other thurifers and acolytes and abbots in copes, and bishops in mitres—a great gold snake coiling its way through the city's streets to the cathedral doors thrown wide open to receive it. Solemn music, tender and plaintive, litanies as the Gregorians knew them, the dwelling chants you might have heard the Benedictines sing in Italy before the gentlemen from over the mountains came down, these we had from trumpets and horns and trombones. The drums rolled majestically; the voices rose and fell in harmonic cadence as though Melancholy sat in the sunlight and the heaven was hid from her. But such, to my mind, is ever the mental response to the liturgy as monks will chant it; and emotionally it is far superior to Anglican intricacies.

They were very slow afoot, these good monks and fathers, and they well understood that haste and dignity rarely go arm in arm. To me the novelty of the spectacle and the people's attitude towards it stood for more than any mere merit of its own. I shall say frankly that I had, for the moment, clean forgotten the Chevalier's monitions, and Mr. Cavanagh's ill-defined anxieties. That which passed in the street, the reverent attitude of very humble folk, the jaunty bearing of the scoffer, the little human asides between lover and mistress, the maternal anxieties shared by devotion, and the natural assumption that Master Pierre or young Juan would dirty his new frock—that, I say, engrossed me completely. When I looked up, I think an exclamation from Mr. Cavanagh recalled my attention. I can only tell you that our eyes met for an instant, and that, upon this, I was hurled backward against the stone wall as though some great rushing wind of heaven had struck me down and blackest night had come upon me. This, I say is all that I can tell you of the circumstance. It may be, as others have put it, that a thousand terrors inflicted my mind at the time; I may have believed myself on the very threshold of death, maimed, blinded, hurled to destruction. I do not know. I shall not say that it was not so, for recollection answers nothing—nothing but that one impression of awful overwhelming force, of a rushing air and then the darkness.

Of course, a man is not to live through such a tragedy as this and recollect no phase of that which follows after. Pen in my hand, I can look up from the paper and see the Place Verte once more; shaping slowly from a shadow land to sunlit reality. Now a pit vomiting smoke and cries of human agony; then houses above the wraith, bunting, tapestries, the balconies of flowers; and so down to the very ground, whence the black cloud is drifting and the figures of the people are to be seen, and there are soldiers with quaint helmets, and hussars and gendarmes; but not the dead I had expected to see, nor any sign of that human woe of which the wailing voices speak.

This is to come after, when the people are driven back, and the officers dismount, and little groups are formed, and that which, an instant gone, was a living man is a dead something over which a sergeant's cloak is thrown, and that which was a child is lifted in strong arms, and carried by one, who sobs as he goes, to a friendly house near by.

For the moment there is nothing to tell me that the glory of the summer's day has been assailed by this mad outrage. The people are so many stricken animals, bending abjectly to the coming storm. Many of the women have fainted; the children cling to their skirts and wonder that they are not answered. Those who race to and fro upon excited horses are officials, at their wits' ends; masters of the tape which has been trodden underfoot; lov-

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