

THE ST. JOHN EVENING TIMES TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1904.

Hemming, The Adventurer

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

(Continued.) The four revolvers jumped and spit once—twice—and the wounded slipped back against their comrades' legs. More men entered the hall below, and fled wildly into the darkness above and around. Then Hicks, Santos, and Smith left their windows and pumped lead into the hutchbackers. The noise was deafening. The air was unfit to breathe. O'Rourke wondered at something hot and wet against his leg. Hemming was angry because none would come within cutting distance. Smith felt very sick, but did not mention the fact. He knelt against the banisters, and fumbled with the hammer of his revolver, and the blood from one of the polished rounds that supported the carol hand-rail. But it was dark, and he could not see it. But presently he dropped his revolver and felt the blood with his fingers and wondered, in a dim way, who it was dared to make such a mess in Mr. Teton's home. The firing outside the house, which had died away for a minute, increased suddenly, and cries of warning and consternation rang above it. More men came to the open doorway of the short, carbines of the Pernambuco army. They discharged a volley or two into the backs of the scrambling soldiers on the stairs. "That ends the revolution," remarked Hemming calmly, removing his monocle from his eye. "I think we could have done it without help," said Santos, as the men on the stairs cried for mercy. "Are you all safe up there?" asked a voice from the door. Smith clung to the banisters and the other Englishmen and closed his eyes, and O'Rourke leaped against the wall with one knee drawn up. "The same leg," he muttered, and twisted his face as the pain of it.

In a four-wheeler they went direct to a bachelor apartment-house on Washington Square, in which their friend, Mr. Valentine Hicks, had engaged for them an airy suite of rooms. As they passed under the white archway, entering the old square, their moods lifted. "I believe I'll feel all right, when I get into 'a woolen' undershirt," said O'Rourke. Hemming soon settled down to his work. He was more systematic about it than O'Rourke, working several hours every morning at articles for the magazines, and part of every evening at a novel. O'Rourke, who had many friends and acquaintances in and about Newspaper Row, spent but little of his time at home, and did his work when he had to. Both O'Rourke and Hemming were frequent visitors at another house on the square, where the Hickses and Tesons lived in comfort. Hemming's novel was built up, chapter by chapter, and relentlessly torn down, only to be rebuilt with much toil. The general outline of the story had come to him years before, one night while he was playing poker in the chart-room of an ocean tramp. He had written a few pages next morning, and had returned to it now and then, in many parts of the world. The chapters done in Pernambuco were the only ones that did not seem to require rewriting. By this time the original plot was almost forgotten, and a more satisfactory one had developed. One Thursday night, having finished the twentieth chapter as well as he knew how, he changed his clothes and went over to call on Mrs. Hicks. It was her evening. He went alone, for O'Rourke had dined out, and had not returned. About a dozen people were already there. While he was talking to McFarland of the Gazette, he noticed a girl, talking to their hostess. Just why she attracted him he could not say for a moment. Mrs. Hicks was more beautiful, and there were at least two women in the room as carefully gowned. She looked girlish beside her stately hostess, but there was a jaunty, gallant air about the carriage of her head and shoulders, which seemed to Hemming particularly charming. Her voice was deep, and her laughter was unadorned as that of a boy. "You too?" laughed McFarland. "I never saw her before," said Hemming. "Then let me tell you now," said the editor, "that it is no use. Even your eyesight could not awaken her from her romantic dream."

dryly, "but tell me something about it." "All I know," said McFarland, "is that there are ten of us—eleven counting the lady unknown. We ten used to hate one another, but now we are as brothers in our common misery. But tell me, is it true that you are working on a novel? I don't see what you want to go messing with fiction for, when you can do stuff like that Turkish book." While Hemming and the journalist chatted amiably in Mrs. Hicks's drawing-room, O'Rourke made history across the square. He had returned to his quarters only a few minutes after his friends had left, and had scarcely got his pipe well lighted when Smith announced "a gentleman to see Captain Hemming, very particularly." O'Rourke got to his feet and found the gentleman already at the sitting-room door. The caller was in evening clothes, his moustache hung open, and in his hand he carried an opera-hat. "Hemming is out for the evening," said O'Rourke. "But perhaps I can give him your message. Come in, my young man." The stranger entered and sat down by the fire. He glanced about the walls of the room, and then fixed an intent, though inquisitive, gaze on O'Rourke. "I heard only this morning that Hemming was in town," he said. "I saw a good deal of each other, once, in Porto Rico." "In Porto Rico?" exclaimed O'Rourke, knitting his brow. "No, though I've sampled most of the islands. But go on—I interrupted you. I beg your pardon." "Don't speak of it. I only came for the address of a friend of Hemming's. But perhaps you could tell me in what quarter of the globe Mr. O'Rourke hangs out? He's a literary chap, and maybe you know him." "Bertram St. Ives O'Rourke?" "Yes." "Yes, I know him. He is in town just now, at 200 Washington Square." "Why, that must be very near here." "It is," replied O'Rourke, with a strange light in his eyes and a huskiness in his voice. "Let me see," mused the other, "this is the Wellington number two hundred and—Lord, this is the place." The dark face paled suddenly. "My name is O'Rourke," remarked the big man with the pipe. "And mine is Ellis," said the other. "They eyed each other squarely for several seconds. "I have heard of you," said O'Rourke, in modulated tones. But all the while the blood was singing in his ears, and splashing wings of light crossed his eyes. "And I of you," replied Ellis, quietly. He had not yet regained his colour. O'Rourke, outwardly calm, turned in his chair and searched among his ears, and splashing wings of light crossed his eyes. He found a leather cigar-case, opened it, and extended it to his visitor. "Try one of these. We like them immensely," he said. "Now the red surged into Ellis's face, and he hesitated to receive the cigar. "Don't you know—how I have treated you?" he whispered. "Please try a smoke—and then tell me why you came for my address. The past is done with. I am only afraid of the future now." Ellis drew the long black wood from the extended case, and deliberately prepared it for smoking. When it was burning to his satisfaction, he said: "Do you know where the Hickses live?" "Yes, Hemming is there to-night." "So is Miss Hudson," remarked Ellis. O'Rourke jumped from his chair, and grasped the other by both hands. Then he dashed into his bed-room and shouted for Smith. When he was half-dressed he remembered that he had forgotten to ask any questions, or even to be excused, while he changed his clothes. He looked into the sitting-room. "Forgive my bad manners, Mr. Ellis. You see I'm in rather a rush," he said, gaily. "Oh, certainly," exclaimed Ellis, starting up from a gloomy contemplation of the fire. He crossed over and smiled wanly at O'Rourke. "If you don't mind," he said, "I wish you'd keep quiet about my part in this affair. She would despise me, you know—and I couldn't stand that." "But I can tell her about tonight—about your kindness," suggested O'Rourke. Ellis shook his head and smiled bitterly. "She may not look at it in so charitable a light as you do," he replied. "So please put it all down to chance. She does not know that I have ever heard of you, except from her." O'Rourke promised, and, after shaking hands, Ellis left his rival to complete his toilet. This he did in short order. To return to the drawing-room across the square, by degrees Hemming drifted half around the room, and at last found himself against the wall, between the door from the hall-way and the table containing the punch-bowl. He was feeling a bit weary of it all, and sought refreshment in the bowl. He had almost decided to go home, when the door at his elbow opened, and to his surprise O'Rourke entered, resplendent in white breast, black tails, and eager smile. "This comrade tried and true passed him without a glance—worse still, strode between his host and hostess without a sign of recognition. Glass in hand, and monocle flashing, Hemming wheeled and stared after him. Others looked in the same direction. Valentine and Marion smiled sheepishly at their empty, extended hands. But the lady of the gallant, shapely shoulders and unaffected laughter faced the late arrival with the most wonderful expression in the world on her face. For a moment she seemed to waver. Then strong hands clasped hers. "Bertram," she sighed. "Dearest—am I too late?" "But—oh, what do you mean? See, they are all looking." "I love you. Didn't I ever tell you? And I have searched the world for you." (To be continued.)

OPERATIONS, A FAD Public Gradually Awakens to the Fact. The latest fact in operations has been the appendicitis fad, below that the fad for renal operations (piles, etc.) held sway. Hundreds of patients were frightened and hurried into hospitals, operated upon and robbed of their last dollar, when the trouble was a simple case of hemorrhoids or piles only, easily cured at home with a simple remedy costing but fifty cents a box. "I procured one fifty cent box of Pyramid Pile Cure of my druggist with the intention of buying a larger box later, but was happily surprised when I found that I was cured, and that I have six pyramids left out of the first and only box. I have not had the least sign of piles since I used this 'one box' remedy, which has been about two months, previous to using Pyramid Pile Cure I had the worst kind of bleeding and protruding piles for over thirty one years, and no one knows, except those who have had the piles, the pain and misery I suffered. "I am a poor man, but have often said I would give a fortune, if I had it, to be cured of the piles, and now I have been cured for fifty cents. I should be very ungrateful, if I did not thank you and give you every privilege to use my name and this letter, when I know there are so many who suffer as I did. J. B. Weismiller, 1100 Blensburg Road Washington, D. C. The Pyramid Drug Co., Marshall, Mich., publish a little book on the causes and cure of piles, which they will be glad to mail free to any applicant, and we advise all sufferers from this painful disease to write to them for it.

MONUMENT TO LORD DUFFERIN. Belfast, Oct. 24.—The memorial to the late Lord Dufferin, which is to be erected in front of the new City Hall will not be completed before June of next year. The two figures representing India and Canada, and which are to form part of the work, have been in some time, where they have been much admired by all who have seen them. They are ready for sending to Belfast at any time, and the sculptor Mr. Penney, would forward them to Belfast as soon as a suitable store-room could be found where they could be on view. The Dowager Marchioness of Dufferin, has already inspected and approved of the clay bust of the late Marquis.

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