

A MASTER OF MEN

By E. P. OPPENHEIM

CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued).

There was a short, tense silence. The diamond star upon her bosom rose and fell. Lady Malingcourt did not recognize herself in the least. Only she knew that he at any rate had been swift to recognize the wonderful transfiguring change which that moment of self-revelation had wrought in her life. But for that she knew that his self-control would not have precipitated the crisis. A sort of glad recklessness possessed her. At least she had found, if only for a moment, something which filled to the brim the empty cup of life.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

No answer. Yet she was in the room for he could hear her heavy breathing and trace the dim outline of her form upon the sofa. An ugly suspicion seized him. He turned up the gas and groined. Milly's sleep was a drunken one. Of that there was no manner of doubt. Her face was flushed, and her hair unbound. She was sitting up on the ground beside her, the air of the room reeked with whisky. Strone bent over her, his face full of disgust, his heart full of evil thoughts. This was the woman to whom he was chained for all his days, whom he had pledged himself to love and cherish, the woman who bore his name, and who must rise with him to whatever heights his ambition and genius might command. There was no escape—there never could be any escape. He stood and looked at her with loathing in his eyes. He did not dare to wake her lest the passion which needed but the spark of a jeering word might overmaster him. So he walked restlessly up and down the room. The woman slept.

Presently he saw that she had been writing—a proceeding so unusual that he came to a standstill before the table and stole a glance at the letter lying open there. The first words of the letter, easily legible in Milly's round characters, startled him. He glanced at the address. It was to Mr. Richard Mason, Fairbanks, Gasceter. Without any further hesitation he took the letter into his hand and read it. "Dear Dick, the last time I saw you I turned you out of this house, because you asked me something you didn't ought to have asked me. I don't care one brass button for you—never shall. But things have turned out so that I can't help it. I'm glad to see you. Now if you want me to go to Ireland with you next journey say so, and I'll go. If I try to live here any longer I shall go mad. You ain't to think that it's because I like you better than him, because I don't, and no born woman in her right senses would. What I'm looking at is that if I go there's no other way that I can think of, except for me to do away with myself, and that I don't do. So if you say come I shall be ready—yours."

"Milly," she cried, with a little gasp. "Yes," he answered. "I have read it." She stared at him, heavy-eyed, still dumb with apprehension. There was a short silence. She struggled into a sitting posture by degrees her memory and consciousness returned.

"What do you mean?" she asked quickly. "Just that I took Mary to the St. James's, and coming back we stopped to watch the people come out of the Carlton. She's very beautiful, Enoch, and she's your sort. I ain't. How you must curse the day when you first saw me." There was a silence. Her eyes met, and the hopeless misery in her face went to his heart like a knife. In that moment he realized how only salvation could come to her. He crossed the room and sat down by her side. "Milly," he said gently, "let us talk like sensible people. I ain't afraid I haven't been a very good husband to you, and this sort of thing—this touching the decanter—has got to be stopped. Let me tell how we are to turn over a new leaf. What would you like to do?" She drew a little breath which became a sob. "It's me," she exclaimed passionately. "In a beast, I ain't fit to be your wife, Enoch. Let me go my way. I'll never interfere with you. You've been too good to me already. You can't care for me. Why should you?" He took her hand in his. "Milly," he said, "we are husband and wife, and we've got to make the best of it. Now I want you to promise to give up that stuff, and in return I will do anything you ask."

"Then care for me a little," she cried; "or, if you can't, pretend to. If you'd only kiss me now and then without me asking, act as though I were flesh and blood—treat me as a woman instead of a ghost, I'd be easily satisfied! Can't you pretend just like a child? Maybe you won't mean it a bit, I don't care. I care for my eyes, and I think it's all real."

Her voice broke down, her eyes were wet and shining with tears. He kissed her on the lips. "I will do more than pretend, Milly," he said. "You're real good, Enoch," she murmured. "If only we were back at Bangon."

"Would you like to live there again?" he asked. "Rather, Enoch, I hate London! I hate it, hate it! Take me back to Bangon dear. If only we could have your little cottage again and I could see after it for you. That's what I'd like. I wouldn't want any servant. I'd do everything my-

self and finish in time to walk down the lane and meet you. Enoch, I can smell that honeysuckle now. You began to teach me a bit about the flowers and the birds. I wish we were living there now. I wish we'd never come away to seem to have been drifting farther away from you every day up here. It's a hateful place."

"I think I want a holiday," Strone said quietly. "The session is just over. We'll go down to Bangon if you like."

"Enoch! Do you mean it?" She threw her arms around his neck. She was rapturously happy, and Strone forced himself to turn a smiling face upon her.

"Why not?" "And when you come back," she asked timidly, "you won't leave me behind? I don't want to be anywhere without you, Enoch."

Milly drew one long, deep breath of happiness. It was her salvation.

The woman was disturbed by the sound of voices, and because she was in a house where she was accustomed to take liberties and because both the voices were familiar to her, she laid down her book and listened. The men who talked were Sydenham and Strone—the woman who listened was Beatrice Malingcourt.

"The thing is absurd," Lord Sydenham declared, with a note of anger in his thin, well-modulated voice. "Your refusal I must accept if you insist. I should do so with less regret, perhaps, because soon or later you must come to us."

"I am at home to no one," she told her maid. "Let them serve tea in an hour."

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Mr. Garvan, Assistant to Mr. Jerome, Accusing Thaw of Murder



HARRY K. THAW LISTENING TO ADM'T. DUTY. GARVAN'S DECLARING THE STATE EXPECTS TO PROVE THAT THE KILLING OF MR. WHITE WAS A CRUEL MURDER MR. JEROME'S ASSISTANT MADE THE OPENING SPEECH FOR THE STATE, THE MAN ON TRIAL LISTENING EAGERLY TO EACH WORD SPOKEN BY HIS PROSECUTOR.

was probably primitive. She smiled softly to herself. It was fortunate that she had been prepared to face what would have been the greatest sacrifice of her life. She had gone to the extent of her own self-immolation. She had come away with a keen sense of relief. Nothing of the sort was necessary. Milly was higher than a party to the nation and to her fellow-men. Do you mean to tell me that for the sake of a meaningless tale you are willing to sacrifice a career which may earn the lot of millions? You are a sane man, and you propose this?"

"There are others who can follow me," she said. "You can do my work here," Strone answered. "There is no one else who can save Milly from—"

"It is most surprising devotion," she said quietly. "You are a question of devotion," he answered. "Milly is weak, incapable of enduring solitude, and with a cursed human nature the things which are evil and from her father and mother. She has started on the downward path. I believe that I am the only person who can save her. Surely you of all people don't blame me?"

"Why?" "You are a woman. You know the end of it. How can I plead for my fellow human beings while the only one dependent upon me sinks before my eyes? Every lost creature in this world would look at me with eyes and call to me with a cry for help."

"You are a sentimentalist!" she exclaimed. "My friend, there are limits even to your power. You cannot alter destiny, you cannot root out of human nature the things which are evil and grow flowers in their place. You set yourself a hopeless and a thankless task. Surely you will not go into exile, lose the esteem of your friends, your hold upon the great things of life, for the sake of an idea? It is worse than lunacy. It is crime!"

"I pleaded for her once. Would you have me leave her to her fate?" "There are other means of providing for her," he answered coldly. "You have done your best. Your duty is finished."

"I only I dared think so," he murmured. "You had rested upon his shoulder, her tone became almost a plea of pleading."

"You must not think that I am unfeeling," she said. "Indeed, I am not. Only your whole future is at stake. It is a question of your life's work against one unworthy woman. I wonder how you dare to hesitate."

"The woman is my wife," he answered. "Nothing can alter that. I know my duty. I've got to do it."

"Then there is no more to be said. Good-bye."

her shoulders and say that it was her natural end. It's the brutal selfishness of your sex and your class. If Christianity should ever turn out to be more than a dream, God help you—and the others."

He moved to the door. On the threshold he paused. She was standing motionless. He could not tell whether she was angry or sorrowful.

"Forgive me," he said. "I said more than I mean to. You and I see things differently. The future may bring us nearer together. Good-bye."

He hesitated and passed out. She called to him, but it was too late. Before she could reach the stairs he had passed out of the house.

CHAPTER XXXVI. "Enoch!" "Well!" "I want to give a party."

"Give one by all means." "Yes, but a dinner party."

"You can entertain your friends in any way you like, Milly, but you must count on me. Stick to teas and luncheons."

Milly made a needless clatter with the coffee cup. Her husband had vaned among the black paper. She leaned across the table to him.

"Enoch!" "Well!" "Such a lot of people have asked us to dinner."

"We haven't been." "No, but we've got to ask 'em back all the same. I've got to make 'em back a book that tells you all about it."

Strone laid down his paper. It was less than half a year since they had set out on their journey, but even those few months had left their mark upon him. There were new lines about his mouth, grey hairs showing here and there among the black hair. This was only one of a hundred little annoyances which confronted him every day.

"Milly," he said, "I am glad for you to find friends among these people, and I don't want to interfere with you in the slightest. Entertain them in any way you please, only don't bring me into it. My life here has too much on hand to care about making new acquaintances."

Milly was clearly disappointed. "Milly," she remarked, "won't do after your London friends, eh?"

"I had few friends in London," Strone answered. "My life here is at stake. The fact is, I'm not a sociable man. You must do your own entertaining. Your card game seems full enough."

"That's all right," Milly admitted, with a faint smile. "To which I may take later on in life. Just now I have more serious things on hand."

"Oh, bother!" Milly said with clouded brows during the rest of breakfast. Afterwards Strone lit a cigarette, and led her into the garden.

"Milly," he said, "I'm doing the best I can to make up for my shortcomings. I don't blame you. I couldn't be there all the time, of course, and you were lonely. Then you thought you would like a house near Gasceter. Well, I've taken one. You have the carriage you wanted, and everyone comes to see you. Be satisfied."

"I am satisfied," Milly answered. "Only I don't see why you want to spend all your time fiddling about down at the Works."

"It is necessary," Strone answered, "and if it were not I should do it from choice. Good-bye."

He climbed into the dogcart and drove towards Gasceter with an odd, bitter smile upon his lips. He was passing through the suburb which had once been the place of all others in the world which he had hated the most. He himself was now a resident there, his ambitious dreams checked if not entirely dispelled. The whole aspect of life had been changed for him. One of Mr. Dobell's nephews had taken his place in London. Strone had gone back to the work. There was a labor which he liked. Yet every now and then a passionate discontent filled his heart. He had been on the threshold of the promised land. Henceforth life could never be more than endurable.

It chanced that John Martinghoe came to see him that morning, keen to look over Strone's wonderful works and model colony, which a leading magazine had made famous. Strone showed him everything. By degrees a certain reserve shared by both of them melted away, they sat and talked over their cigars as in the

TO CURE A COUGH

A noted authority on lung trouble advises that as soon as a cold is contracted the following simple treatment should be given. The ingredients can be purchased from any prescription druggist at a small cost and easily prepared in your own home. It is said to be so effective that it will break up a cold in twenty-four hours and cure any cough that is curable. Take a half ounce Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure), two ounces of Glycerin, one ounce of pure alcohol, White, Shake well and in ten to twenty drops every four hours. It is said that the Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure) is the original half ounce vial, which are put up in express for postage to dispense of them. It is purely legal and in a round wrapper, with engraved wrapper, with the name—Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure) and is contained under the Food and Drugs Act; prepared only by Leach Chemical Company, Windsor, Ontario—please print name of agent. Only the adulterated oils are sold in bulk; these create nausea and never effect the desired results.

WILL REGULATE THE SALE OF ALL PATENT MEDICINES

Sample of Each Preparation Must Pass Inspection and Have Stamp Affixed. No Cocaine or Alcohol Allowed. Free House to House Distribution Stopped—The Tariff Changes.

Ottawa, Feb. 10.—The cabinet had the tariff under consideration yesterday. With the exception of a few items that were opposed and some that were held over for amendment, parliament has already adopted the new tariff. It was items that were standing over that were discussed yesterday. All of them were passed. There will be about forty changes in all. None of them is of a radical character nor a departure from the lines upon which the changes are taken place. One of the changes will be the effect of still further reducing the customs taxation upon the western farmers. The most of the changes are on account of some incongruities that exist in the tariff. A couple of days will be about all that is necessary to put them through the house. But this will depend a good deal upon the number of amendments which the opposition have to make.

BRITISH EMIGRANTS WILL SWARM TO CANADA THIS YEAR

Montreal, Feb. 8.—A special London cable says: The Canadian emigration season is opening with unprecedented vigor. The church army authorities, who hope to send 20,000 persons to Canada this year, will dispatch the first party on the Lake Champlain next week. This party will consist of single men trained at the army's farm for the colonies, who are all going to permanent situations in Ontario. The Salvation Army authorities, who expect to send 30,000 emigrants, half of whom will be settled in Ontario, will dispatch their party on February 28. Other early parties are being despatched by the Central Emigration board for the unemployed, East End Emigration Society, Self Help Emigration Society and Dr. Barnardo's Homes. It is fully expected that last year's total of 100,000 British emigrants will be exceeded in 1907. A special feature of this year's plan is the greater attention paid to the eastern provinces.

COLLINS' JAIL LIFE

Albert County Murderer Holds Imitation Salvation Army Services—BUILT A Miniature Yacht With Turkey Bone for Hull.

Hopewell Cape, Feb. 11.—Thos. F. Collins, the man convicted of murder a few weeks ago, has had considerable written about him since he committed the awful deed in taking the life of Mary Ann McAuley, of New Ireland. It may be of interest to know how he passes his jail life, and the nature of his surroundings. I must first say that these criminals are better treated than those that come under the care of Mrs. Porter, the jailor's wife at this place. Mrs. Porter is immaculately clean and a specially good cook. "You would like to know the kind of a room or cell that Collins occupies? First I must say that it is small, yet it is large enough to contain a bed, a small stove, a table and one or two chairs. Upon his table you will find a pile of magazines—probably two dozen—some newspapers, a Bible, prayer book, a miniature yacht and a few other little articles. His prison life is made as comfortable as possible for one in solitary confinement. This small yacht has for its hull the breast-bone of a turkey. He has spent many days—possibly weeks—in its construction and I must say it is rather artistic.

It has often been asked of what religion Father McAuley was the convict. The late was a Roman Catholic. Collins is a member of the Salvation Army. He was born in a town in the south of Ireland. Collins' mother was a Romanist but his father did not belong to any church. The prisoner says his mother is living—he knows not where—but his father is dead. People visiting the jail often hear Collins conducting a Salvation Army service all by himself. He will preach, he will exhort, he will pray, he will sing, sometimes like a man and at other times like a woman.

NEBOGATOFF GETS TEN YEARS IN PRISON

Tsar Confirms Sentence on Russian Admiral Who Lost the Battle of Sea of Japan.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 7.—The emperor has confirmed the sentences passed by the court martial on Vice Admiral Nebogatoff and the other naval officers tried at the same time. Nebogatoff will be interned in a fortress for ten years and the others for varying periods. The trial of Vice Admiral Nebogatoff and seven other officers of his squadron began in St. Petersburg on December 5, 1906, on the charge of surrendering to the Japanese at the battle of the Sea of Japan, May 28, 1905. By the decision on December 24 of the court martial Vice Admiral Nebogatoff, Commander Lichino, of the coast defence ironclad General Admiral Apraxine; Rear Admiral Gregorieff, of the coast defence ship Admiral Senavin, and Lieutenant Smirnov, who succeeded to the command of the battle ship Nicola I, were sentenced to death. In view of the extenuating circumstances and the characterless careers of these officers, the court petitioned the emperor to commute their sentences to ten years imprisonment in a fortress.

On an American twenty-five cent piece there are thirteen stars, thirteen letters in the scroll held in the eagle's beak, thirteen feathers in each of the eagle's wings, thirteen tail feathers, thirteen parallel bars in the shield, thirteen horizontal bars, thirteen arrow-heads, thirteen leaves on the branch, and thirteen letters in the words "quarter dollar."