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Marr Millinery Co. MONCTON AND ST. JOHN

THE WHEEL O' FORTUNE

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," "The Captain of the Kansas," etc.

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"You ought to be careful in your choice of words," he said pompously. "There is no question of 'dare' or 'dare not' where I am concerned. Signora, do me the favor of sitting here while I discuss matters briefly with Signor Alfieri. Signor, be good enough to precede me."

He pointed to the door. With a queer catching at her breath, Mrs. Haxton sank into a chair. Alfieri folded his arms and gazed at the Governor with eyes that blazed under his heavy brows.

"You are the representative of Italy," he said, making a great effort to speak quietly. "I call on you to lodge that woman in a cell so that she may be tried with her accomplices."

"If you do not go instantly, and in silence, into the corridor, I shall call on my guards to take you there by force," exclaimed Marchetti with a more successful assumption of ease.

Alfieri turned his lambent glance on Mrs. Haxton, but the governor stopped the imminent outbreak.

"I said in silence," he roared, stretching a hand to give a bell-ring. Alfieri, with a fierce gesture of disdain, went out. His Excellency bowed to the lady.

"Two minutes," he murmured. "The wine on the table is Capri. You will find it grateful after this somewhat heated interview."

But Mrs. Haxton drank no wine when the Governor followed Alfieri. She bit her lips and clenched her hands in an agony of restraint. This lull in the storm was more trying than the full fury of the blast.

The Governor's two minutes lengthened into ten. Then he hurried back alone. He was manifestly ill at ease, though he spoke lightly enough.

"I am taking a grave step, signora," he said, "but I feel that the peculiar circumstances warrant it. I have released the Baron von Kerber. He is now awaiting trial, and it will give me much pleasure to conduct you to your carriage. Yet I pray you give earnest heed to me. I have told him what I now tell you—his undertaking of yours must be abandoned. Not only is it my duty to prevent it at all costs, but an expedition starts for the Five Hills this very night. So, you see, you are sure to fall in any case. The exact locality is known, and Signor Alfieri has an armed escort. I repeat, you have failed. May I hope, without being rude, that your love affairs may be more prosperous. Charming woman that you are, I cannot compliment you on either of your present suitors. My advice is, go back to England and help me tomorrow in persuading Signor Fenshawe to let matters rest where they are."

As one walking in a dream, Mrs. Haxton accompanied Marchetti to the courtyard. There she found von Kerber, who ran to meet her.

"So it is you," he cried in English. "I guessed it, though they would tell me nothing."

The Governor was most polite. He would not lecture there before natives. "I have spoken as a friend tonight," he murmured. "Tomorrow I shall be an official once more."

The alabaster rattled across the paved square towards the gateway. Alfieri, on an expedition starts for the Five Hills this very night. So, you see, you are sure to fall in any case. The exact locality is known, and Signor Alfieri has an armed escort. I repeat, you have failed. May I hope, without being rude, that your love affairs may be more prosperous. Charming woman that you are, I cannot compliment you on either of your present suitors. My advice is, go back to England and help me tomorrow in persuading Signor Fenshawe to let matters rest where they are."

"The driver swung his horses towards the sea front. "No, no," cried Mrs. Haxton, "Go through the bazaar. Drive slowly." And in the next breath she explained to von Kerber: "We must find Abdullah. He is somewhere in the main street. Above all things, we must find Abdullah. Alfieri leaves Massawa tonight, he is making for the Five Hills. Our only hope lies with Abdullah."

CHAPTER XII. Stump Depends on Observation. After eight hours of dreamless sleep, Irene awoke to a torpid but blissful conviction that bed is a most comfortable place when bones ache and the slightest movement is made through patches of chafed skin. In fact, having buried her hands gingerly in the wealth of brown hair that streamed over the pillow, she lay and watched the white planks of the deck overhead, wondering idly what time it was. The effort to guess the hour brought her a stage horror complete consciousness. Her first precise recollection was also pleasant. She thought of the way in which Royson had carried her in his arms not so many hours earlier, and the memory banished all others for many minutes.

If she smiled and blushed a little, it may be pleaded that she was twenty years of age, and had passed her girlhood amidst surroundings from which young men eligible to carry young ladies in their arms, or even hold them there, were rigorously excluded. Not that her grandfather was a misanthrope, but his interests were bound up so thoroughly in Egyptian research that his friends were, for the most part, elderly savants with kindred tastes. The wreck of the Bokhara, too, with Irene's father and mother among its passengers, had helped to cut him away from the social world. When the grief of that tragedy had yielded to the passing years he had hardly realized that the child who had crept into his affections was growing up into a beautiful and light-hearted girl. Quite inasmuch she assimilated herself to his hobbies and studies, became mistress of his London house and fine estate in Berkshire, and by operation of forces more effective in their way than any Puritanical safeguards, lived apart from the gay throng in which she was eminently fitted to take a leading place.

Irene offered, then, a somewhat unusual type. While other girls might regard the number of male hearts they had subdued during the past season, Irene could state, with equal accuracy, the names of the gods of the Memphis order, though her grandfather's wealth and the eagerness of a skilled maid compelled her to take a passing interest in fashions, she was far more devoted to variations in accents. Such attainments, so sedulously pursued during the succeeding decade, might have converted her into an alarmingly precise Blue Bird. As it was, the Memphis gods smiled on her, and the scarab might buzz off to their museums contentedly at any moment, for Irene was only waiting the advent of an unrequited influence into her life to develop into a tender, sympathetic, delightful womanhood.

Indeed, if Ka and Ra and beetle-headed Khepra were so important in the scheme of existence that this dainty scientist carried naught for the moth-life of society, why, then, did she blush when she remembered how closely Dick Royson had clasped her to his breast overnight? Perhaps she might have asked herself that question, only to blush more deeply in reply. It is said that the goddess Isis was distracted by the extraordinary behavior of a silk undershirt hanging on a peg at the foot of the bed. It was swinging to and fro with the regularity of a pendulum, and that which is regular is a pendulum is fantastically irregular in its undertone. She set up quickly, and listened. There was a swish of water under the eaves. Now and again she heard a slight movement of the rudder chains as their boxes. Then, all aglow with wonder and excitement, she jumped out of bed and drew the curtain of one of the two tiny portholes that gave light to her cabin.

Yes, another marvel had happened. The yacht was speeding along under canvas, was already far out at sea. Where Maso-wah's yellow sandpit shone yesterday were now blue waterlilies dancing in the sun, and Irene was sailor enough to know that the Aphrodite was bound south. She rang an electric bell, and her maid came.

"Yes, miss," said the girl, "we've been going since midnight. As soon as Mrs. Haxton and Baron von Kerber came on board."

"Baron von Kerber, did you say?" broke in Irene breathlessly. (To be Continued.)

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HOW TO CURE A HEADACHE

To attempt to cure a headache by taking a "headache powder," is like trying to stop a leak in the roof by putting a pan under the dripping water. Chronic headaches are caused by poisoned blood. The blood is poisoned by tissue waste, undigested food and other impurities remaining too long in the system. These poisons are not promptly eliminated because of sick liver, bowels, skin or kidneys.

ST. ANDREW'S MEN WANT TO OWN A HOME At Annual Meeting Last Night St. Andrew's Society Took Initial Step Toward Securing a Building.

At the annual meeting of St. Andrew's Society last night, Dr. J. R. McIntosh was elected president for the ensuing year. It was decided that St. Andrew's day be celebrated this year by a "Scottish Night," and the old and new officers were appointed a committee to make arrangements.

FROM PARIS COMES THIS PRETTY BLOUSE. So marvelously like fine hand needlework are some of the sheer embroideries produced by the St. Gall manufacturers that there is more and more tendency to incorporate these dainty trimmings in high-class lingerie houses.

DOMINION BAPTISTS ADOPT A SCHEME FOR FEDERATION. It Now Remains for the District Conventions to Ratify the Decision in Order to Bring it Into Effect.

MRS. SARAH WIGMORE MET AWFUL DEATH IN HER HOME. Burned to Death Last Night While Alone in Son-in-Law's House—Clothing Caught From Lamp.

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Fashion Hint for Times Readers



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A FOOD PERFORMANCE BY BOSTON OPERA CO. LAST NIGHT

Gounod's Faust was Excellently Sung at the Opera House—Lucia is Tonight's Bill.

The Boston Opera Singers scored a distinctly big hit last night in their presentation of Gounod's Faust. The merit of the performances by this talented aggregation seems to increase with each succeeding night, and the general rendering of this opera was in every sense a greater success than that given on their previous visit to St. John. The artists have become accustomed to each other and to the director and all goes as smoothly as the proverbial marriage bell.

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THE OLD AND THE NEW

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GUY FAWKES' DAY WAS CELEBRATED. The Orangemen of the city last night celebrated Guy Fawkes' Day by an entertainment in the Orange Hall. E. S. Henrigan, district master, was in the chair.

WILL HOLD A DANCE. The members of St. John Council No. 337, of the Orange Order, will hold an informal dance on Wednesday evening next, November 11, in Keith's assembly room.

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