ainted Gold.

BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON, Author of "The Barn Stormers," "Fortune's Sport," "Lady Mary of the Dark House," "Queen Sweetheart," "The House by the Lock," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

the tale opens at the Duke of Clarence meatre, by the stage-door of which a young man, powerin, and remarkably his look coolly, her eyebrows rounded in usome, but looking as if he had jus come from the Wild west, is waiting to see the manager. He is noticed by winifred Gray, a rising young actress, and also by Lionel Macaire, a milionaire and friend o me manager's, but of repulsive appearance and intamous character. The stranger, head a black bottle standing among scatwhose name is Hope Newcome, introduces nimself as a friend of "F. E. Z.," and the initials strangely affect not only the manager, Mr. Anderson, but also Macaire. She: 'I can go out by myself. Just you have come, who announces that he has goes. I wonder you didn't meet her, sir.' ome to England for the purpose of "finding something," asks Anderson for an engagement, but the manager, prompted by refusing. During the performance that the big screen which had been put in he millionaire friend, finds an excuse for evening Winifred Gray is sent for to the front of Selim, that the process of strapboudoir, where she sees Macaire. The ping Mazeppa on the horse's back need millionaire informs her that he has now a not be stared at by every passing stage controlling interest in the theatre, and hand. offers her an engagement as Rosalind. It was possible that Winifred might have gone straight to this corner, which parts, is at first dazzied by the offer, but on a declaration of love from Macaire she rejects the millionaire's advances with loathing. Macaire allows her to go for the moment, but declared that he will be the story of the moment, but declared that he will be the story of the moment, but declared that he will be the story of th moment, but declares that he will break her to his will. The same night Hope New horse, in the semi-dusk; and there was ome, still lounging at the stage door, sees no one besides. a stranger of powerful physique mount the box of Winifred's cab beside the driver. asked Selim's attendant, who knew all Newcome orders him down, and a struggle takes place. Newcome soon disposes of his opponent, and receives the thanks of realizes the danger she has escaped. Next he had been to go out of sight of Winni day Winifred is sent for by Anderson, and. fred Gray's door for an instant. How for the role she is to assume in a forthcoming production, and that if she pre-fers to leave the company at once she will receive salary for the next fortnight. Winfred sees she has no option but to go, and goat.) she knows also from what quarter the blow falls, for, as she leaves the manager' room, Macaire enters with an unmistak- of a girl could be found and dragged to able expression on his face. She visits al: her duty. theatrical agents and managers in influences are working against her.

CHAPTER XV. The Great Scene.

Mr. Jeffrey gave Mrs. Purdy, the dresser, as much time as he could convenient allow, and then he returned to the "How do you get on?" he inquired, anxiously. "Is it going to be all

"I get on as well as you might expect, came the old woman's voice in re-"Twill be all right. Don't you

"I can't give you longer than five minutes more, I'm afraid," he answered. "Can you manage with that?" must, when somebody drives.' he could near an irreverent mumble from

Not far away stood the horse, Selim, held by his groom. The animal was used to the wings now and the lights and sounds of loud voices on the adjacent stage, so that he was quiet enough. The strapping gear was right. Nothing remained but for Mazeppa to be fastened on the beautiful black horse's back when jetty satin would make a marvellously effective background for the slim, apparently nude figure thrown

Jeffrey listened eagerly to what was going on upon the stage They were working up" with every word now to down in the midst of an act on flat fail-Mazeppa's thrilling entrance, which was bound to stir the audience, shocking some, pleasing others. It occurred to him as he stood impatiently waiting that this was a much better version than the old one, and, as he had altered it, under advice from Mr. Macaire and Wantage, he self. If bnly all went well with this one scene, prosperous days might come back

Everyone knew that the millionaire was interested in several theatres in she would have said: "Let the under London and in the provinces, and he controlled two or three powerful papers as Wantage was right; Macaire was a man to be conciliated.

Four minutes passed, and he could remain passive no longer. He went back to the door of the dresing room, which had Winifred Gray's name printed neatly on a card, tacked on the raised space etween the pannels. "Time's up!! he announced, with a

warning rap. "I really must have Miss

'Dead or alive, eh, sir?" came from the other side.

"Yes-if there was a question of dy-I must have her co conscious. The stage can't be kept waiting again. They're playing slow now, and by Jove, if Mazeppa and that horse lively faking-which means the play'll be failure, certain."

"Give me just three minutes longer, can't you?" pleaded Mrs. Purdy. silk tights is the dickens and all to get on another person that's in a dead faint no more life in her limbs than a doll. But we're 'most ready. And a real picture she'll be. I do asure you, sir.

"Then, for goodness' sake, don't stick go back and finish your 'picture, instead if there had not been an audience in the house with ears quick to hear any over-loud sounds behind the scenes By this time Selim was getting restless, now.

and stamping his iron-shod hoofs, for the iences as that.

Jeffreys went to him and occupied the was another girl in her place. interval he had extended for Mrs. Purdy n talking to the groom and soothing the orse with a lump of sugar borrowed from one of the stage hands. But he did the substitution of an understudy for the not forget when the promised three min

he knocked, and on this occasion, night. It newhat to his surprise, the door yield- thought of from the first. ed under the pressure of his knuckles. Not only had it been unlocked at last, sent behind the scenes, and in this case but slightly opened as well. Taking ad- he knew well enough that silence did no vantage of this, he impatiently thrust in mean consent. If Winifred had intended his head.

the fainting girl, and, in her hurry, strewn over the floor. Her present move

ment suggested calmness of mind and plenty of time for all that need be done.

With one eager sweep of his eyes, Jeffrey took in the whole room. He had laid Winifred on the sofa, when putting pallingly hideous when in a passion her in the dresser's charge, but she was or no chance of concealment; yet he could see the girl nowhere.

His face fell into utter blankness, then

darkened into fury. 'What's this mean?" he ejaculated.

"Where's Miss Gray?" The old woman turned and gave back surprise.

"Don't get in a wax, sir." she respond-"The poor young lady came to herself just as we were finishing, had a drop out of that very brandy bottle as ever was" (indicating with a motion of her tered "make-up" on the dressing table) "and felt quite well and sensible. Says she: 'I can go out by myself. Just you "Good gracious!" was Jeffrey's only

answer. He darted away, almost pushing down

the cues by this time as well as did the

"Cutting it fine I should think so young actress, who, however, hardly groaned the stage manager. What a foo evidently with great regret on the part of the manager, told that she is not suitable sense of a drunken old woman. (This aspersion was a grave injusitee to the respectable Mrs. Purdy; but it was a neessity to revile someone, and she answered as well as another for a scape

> Jeffrey tore back to the dressing ro for there was time even yet, if that fiend

"For heaven's sake, which way did she vain for weeks, and is aware that strong go?" he adjured the dresser, who was induences are working against her. brushing, shaking, folding, hanging.
"I don't know," retorted the old wo-"I'd done all you told me to When she went out by this door, sir, she

was off my hands. With an oath Jeffrey flung away. He ad no time to bandy words with this stupid old creature. The girl might still somewhere about the stage. Half mad with impatience, he hurried

this way and that. Every nook, every orner was searched; not an empty dressing room was forgotten. But Winifred was not to be found, and the moments were flying. Already it was close upon the cue for Mazeppa's sensational entrance. Wantage, who had been in the box with Macaire, was behind the scenes again now, in a passion of rage, blaming ne stage manager, swearing at everyone. When there could be no longer wait

ing, Jeffreys desperately played the card which, all this time, he had been keeping From the moment, weeks ago, that I had been warned not to mention to Miss Gray the kind of attire she would be rewear in her "great" scene, 1 had feared a hitch at the last moment. Of course, it was vital to the success of the play that she herself should appear strapped upon the horse; but from stage manager's point of view, at least, anything was better than that a scene should be left out, or the curtain rung

That this might not happen, if the worst came to the worst, Jeffrey had secretly prepared an understudy, of whose readiness he had not chosen to frey. speak even to Wantage, lest it should seem a confession of weakness-a fear was entitled to take some credit to himmight not be enough to dominate a re-

lious actress. If Winifred herself had known the truth, of course it would have been fatal: study do it." But, as a matter of fact one of the ladies in the ballet to whom he had taken rather a fancy, and whose figure somewhat resembled Winifred Grav's, was at this moment dressed for and with a wig like Mazeppa's. She was called, flung upon the horse, strapped on. and just in time not to be late for the

Selim galloped upon the stage with his living burden Lionel Macaire sat in his box, half hidden by the curtains, yet leaning eagerly forward. He, too, knew the cue for the great entrance, and-ignorant of the latest developments since Wantage had left him-his eyes had not for some moments strayed from the stage.

He heard the galloping hoofs in the wings; then the noble black horse with a pearly-pink, slim body thrown across his ack, sprang into sight.

Macaire's lips were apart. tle uttered a faint, hissing breath, which gave a vent daughter faints away, sir, which she does o strong emotion long pent up. "They've made her do it!" he said be-

ween his teeth.

Then he looked closer, bending out of the box, deaf to the murmurs that went round the audience below. In the rage of disappointment at realizing ais misthere with your mouth at the door, but take, he could have shouted oaths alond. But he had succeeded in doing mary growled Jeffrey, who would have yelled things in his eventful life by sheer selfontrol, and he had seldom lost it uuloss he had chosen deliberately to let himself go. He did not lose it, for let himself go put in prison, maybe

So quickly did the scene pass by that moment hefore had come a burst of ap- few in the audience were certain that the plause from the audience, and his rehear- figure on the horse was a mere audir sals had not afforded him any such ex- study for Mazeppa. Some said it was ed suddenly to recollect. "Oh, it must Miss Gray herself; others vowed that it

From the stage manager's standpoint the act was saved, whatever might have happen later; but to Lionel Macaire were up, and, with a glance at his humiliate was only an aggravation. He watch, he was off again to Miss Gray's cared nothing whether the play went on or was stopped in the midst on the first Winifred he had

No answer had come to the note he had to fling herself upon his mercy she would There stood Mrs. Purdy, leisurely hang- have replied with a written line or verbal ing up the pieces of the actress's last- message. And no word having been

worn costume which she had taken from deigned he had believed Wantage's asthe scene on the horse, even if she had

"Why did not Miss Gray play that scene?" Macaire questioned, sternly. Macaire questioned, Grotesquely ugly at all times, he was apthough his voice was merely cold. Jeffrey not there now. The place offered little saw by the purple face and the jelly-like quivering of the marred features that the millionaire's wrath was held in check by an effort.

"Miss Gray can't be found; she disappeared," the stage manager stammered, his castles in the air rocking on their foundation, built above this rich man's money and favor.

Then Lionel Macaire muttered an oath between his teeth. "What do you mean?" he said. "Wantage came out and told me that the girl had fainted, but was being dressed for the scene, and would be put through it somehow, without fail. He had your word for it-as stage manager. What do you mean, then, saying she has disappeared?" Jeffrey did not dare to lose his temper

ough he had a hot one, quickly fired. "It is a most mysterious affair." he an-"I don't know what to think of But certainly I am not to blame. And, if Miss Gray isn't found, her understudy can get through somehow, though will be a great misfortune first night of all nights. The only thing will be to go out before the curtain and make a careful announcement, working up some sensation that will fetch the spapers and rouse the public's curi-It may even create a certain sity.

"Boom be hanged!" ejaculated Macaire. ne girl's played you false, then? But what a fool you were to let it happen! Do you remember it is my money y en letting her make ducks and drakes

"she's certain to be found." faltered effrey, drooping under the mil "She can't possibly have left th eatre. If you'll come with me, Mr. Macaire to her dressing room door, Wantage is catechising the oman who had charge of her after she 'ainted, you'll understand that it must

Very well," said the other, and tother they walked across the stage, beaind the setting which was going up for he next act.

CHAPTER XVI.

Escaped. Mr. Wantage, afraid to go face his patron after what had happened, was standing in the open doorway of Winifred Grav's dressing room, talking excitedly to Mrs. Purdy. At sight of Macaire advancing upon him he flushed larkly, then grew pale.

"This is a mystery, Mr. Macaire." he exclaimed, with a shaking voice. "Miss dray has disappeared. A most obstinate girl. I knew that she objected to go the scene in the only suitable vay, and Jeffrey knew it. But we-"Be kind enough to state exactly what curred after Miss Gray fainted.'

Macaire broke in, addressing the woman without a glance at Wantage. "She was then brought into this room, was she not, nd placed in your charge?" "Yes, sir, she was, sir," returned the

esser, staring at the hideous face of the an with undisguised astonishment, even epulsion. She did not know that, though o villainously ugly to look upon, he was worth many times his weight in solid old. Macaire was not so uncommon a ame that she should associate him with naire Lionel of that ilk, even if she eard him addressed by Wantage or Jefvonder what the dickens he means by ooking his nose into it?" she was proboly asking herself. "Who's he, ow?" And, aloud, she inquired: "Are ou Miss Gray's father or-or anything,

"I am-a friend of her family. And I a target for match-making mothers), m. unfortunately, financially interested this company," the great man conescended to explain.

ne first night.' "This woman here will tell you

Lionel Macaire looked at Mrs. Purdy. and she accepted the look as her cue to speak. "I managed to get the young lady nto the things she was to ride the horse are job it was, too. 'What happened then?" questioned

Macaire. Why, this gentleman, the stage manager, sir, he kept comin' to the door and he was separated. But now it was Winifred Gray at the same time, so he vorrittin' me, till I thought I should have zone off my head. But, finally, I did have the young lady ready, and at the ast moment, as I was tellin' him, she plan which had failed before had been lieved that it would have given him a popped open those great eyes of hers. successfully brought off in Brighton. She'd been wild about the fleshin's before, Miss Gray was supposed to have past through him. erful calmed down like, after her aintin' spell, and, says she-let me see, what was it she says first?-oh! 'if you've ot a drop of spirit handy I think I ould go on all right and do the scene were her very words."

"And then?" "Well, and then, sir, I gave her the spirit. There's the very bottle on the make-up' table. 'Twas my own; I'd brought it on purpose, thinkin' it might needed-which it was. When my sometimes, without no warnin' at all--' "Never mind about your daughter at interrupted Macaire, his curipresent."

ous, pale eyes fixed keenly on the woman's commonplace little face.
gave Miss Gray the spirit, and—" "And up she jumped, most as soon as 'twas down. 'I believe I've been silly,' she says to me. I've got to do it.' You see, I'd been tellin' her how she'd be sued for breach of con tract, and if she'd no money, she'd be

"When did you fell her that?" quickly broke in the millionaire. The old woman looked somewhat nonplussed for an instant, but then appear

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have been before she went off in the surance that the girl would go through faint. You see, I was helpin' her early the scene on the horse, even if she had in the evenin'. And then, anyhow, the

young lady seemed all right and so sensible as could be. I was goin' out of the room with her, but she wouldn't have it. She was quite strong enough to go alone, she says, and I'd better stop where I was and pick up the nice new costume which I'd pitched on the floor piece by piece as I dragged it off of her, So thinkin' no harm, and hav-in' had no instructions what to do after I'd got the lady ready, I let her go, I thinks no more about it till a minute or two later along come Mr. Jeffrey again, askin' 'Where's Miss Gray?' "You haven't told me yet why you

said Macaire. Mrs. Purdy pointed to the walls of the dressing room. "There hangs her agency, not to be on the watch, save was some talk of takin' 'em away, when she was so obstinate, but that was before she fainted. There they Gray. hangs. And as these are modern times the poetry's about, it stands to reason of the company, acting for him. she can't have got far."

are all so sure she's in the theatre,'

"I've sent for the door-keeper, who night, and that Miss Gray didn't go by," added Jeffrey. "Yet the theatre's football of scandal which at the time been searched from below the stage of the Duke of Clarence's Theatre inup to the flies. The girl's nowhere, cident had linked their two names to-She's vanished into air.'

Winifred Gray had disappeared as of "The Mistletoe Bough." No trace or elsewhere, either on the night when fits. mystery had swallowed her up or during the days to come.

Macaire had neither expected nor greatly desired the play produced with get away not only from the theatre his money to be a success; but, enough but from Brighton. Everybody else the very event which caused his keen believed this, of course; but then only discomfiture created an artificial two or three persons knew the real vogue for the revival of "Mazeppa."

ompany (save for the vanished star) was poor. Most of the best people had been engaged when Mr. Wantage had first begun his quest for actors, and he had been prepared for the "great had been given to understand that if scene" while fainting, and that, so far Miss Gray were secured the rest of the as could be ascertained, she had had therefore he had been easily suited for changing. In spite of this fact, and in his hands a banjo. most of the parts. But scenery alone however, the man from Sleigh's and the disproportionately large amagency persisted in his theory. The and the disproportionately large amhad been done could not have saved of its continuance on the boards would have depended upon the sum of money taken steps to leave Brighton as soon the music. He had not gone far, how-Mr. Macaire was willing to throw as possible. Her brother, who had ever, when a sudden cry of fear or pain away. But the sudden disappearance just returned to London, was shadowof the star gave a fillup which perhaps ed, but in vain. It was discovered his head. nothing else could have given.

cause of his infatuation for the Miss there about her daughter. Gray who had lately been discharged for extraordinary and mysterious reawere said of Winifred, who was repreout shedow of doubt by the startling kept its grasp upon him he wished to nosters she had allowed to be exhibited, representing herself as Mazeppa bound to the horse. She would certainly not have undertaken to play the part and dress it as it had once been dressed by the actress who had made the play famous, it was argued, had she really been the simple, modest frey, and it did not occur to her that he girl she had hypocritically tried to apwas to be fawned upon. "Ugly beast! I pear, during her brief months of popu-

larity at the Duke of Clarence's.

came the actress' disappearance. the old story of the thwarted elone different man. ment which had, in some inexplicable way, cost the girl her position in Mr. face was only a memory-distant though Anderson's company, was revived. It never dim-and her place in what he call , sir, when she was fainting. And a had been freely said before that the ed his heart had been usurped by a girl man in the case had been Lionel thirty years younger than she-tho Macaire himself, and though he posed initials had the power to call up a thril as a bachelor, there had been many even now, half delicious half nainful rumors that he had a wife from whom Oddly enough, just as he hated and love thought that the scandal had been loved and hated that other woman. Since connected with a married man well he could not have her, he would kill her known in London society, and that the if he could; if she had had a son he besation in the "highest circles."

figure and no absurd scruples or twenty-four, perhaps, squeamishness, made the most of her lown from town to the seaside, ostenin November, you know," but really see for themselves the scene in had not run off the first night of the in his youth. piece with Lord So-and-so.

The man whom he had seen at the the-As if the fates were tireless in agi-tating the "boom" which had saved injury to an employee of his, could not "Mazenna" for the benefit of its needy have been more than six or seven and manager, and its company of actors, twenty; therefore his relationship with Brighton was favored with another F. E. Z. could hardly have been that of a sensation on the very morning after lover, unless she had by some magical the girl's disappearance. The startling posters which had been through the chill shadows of middle age.

put up only on the afternoon of the Macaire's marred eyes had studied the first performance were all either torn clear-cut face for traces of a likeness. He down from their boardings or destroyed beyond recognition, the name of fancy had lurked in his mind that the them they had turned tail and darted Winifred Gray being stripped away man for whose sake F. E. Z. had spoken away around the first corner and out of from underneath the picture in every after all these years might have been Other posters of the same design blood. were ordered and put up to replace the He did not wish Anderson to do any- which he had flung aside for the fight, damaged ones after a day or two's de- thing for the fellow. There had been a after smashing the frame too severely

tection of the guilty person.

his own way.

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n Brighton, having sent for a detec tive from a certain well known private clothes, sir," she announced. "There incidentally, for the destroyer of the posters, but to take up the scent from the start and track down Winifred

He did not move openly in the matand Miss Gray ain't the Lady Godiva ter. Wantage, as business manager even if the interest which he took in finding the girl leaked out, it could not swears that he hasn't left his post to- damage his reputation. He it was who had given the first kick to the gether. Now he was to be pitied, both as the financial backer of a company mysteriously as the bride in the ballad treacherously deserted by its principal member and as a lover deceived by of her could be found at the theatre her upon whom he had heaped bene-

The detective was certain that by some method, which it was his duty to discover, the girl had contrived to reason why it would have been spe-The scenery was magnificent if the cially difficult for the actress to escape. Only Wantage, Jeffrey, Mrs. Purdy, Lionel Macaire, and now the detective were aware that Winifred no possible opportunity or even time unt of pictorial advertising which girl must have hidden herself somethat Mrs. Gray was ill in a nursing A story had been circulated that the home in Welbeck street, and that she duced to "back" the production be- a relapse, but nothing could be learnt

from the Duke of Clarence's Theatre be brought to share the detective's theory. He was utterly without relisons. People, even in London, talked gion, yet his was a superstitious mind. a good deal about it, and harsh things He believed in the warning power of Macaire turned, and it was her protest dreams, of curious coincidences which sented as a bold young woman trading had sometimes ruled his conduct on upon her charms to handle Lionel the Stock Exchange or in racing, He Macalfe's money, and her "brazen had a conviction that Winifred Gray front of impudence" was proved with- was not far from him; and while it linger in Brighton.

So a week passed on, and still "Mazatre; and still the detective had been able to learn nothing of importance about Winifred.

CHAPTER XVII The Masked Minstrels.

On the eighth day after Winifred's dis Then, on the top of this gossip which appearance Lionel Macaire went out late associated her name with that of a in the afternoon from the Hotel Metro man notoriously connected with other pole, where he was staying, and walked scandals, more or less of the same sort slowly along the King's road. He was (though he was not too notorious to be thinking of Winifred, as he almost always was now, not sure whether he most loved or hated her; and with thoughts of Among all the things which had the girl came up memories of his strange been said about her, no one had past. Before the eyes of his mind rose earing that the star has run away on dreamt of starting the theory that she the image of a woman far more beautiful had been deceived as to the part of than Winifred, of whom the girl remind-"She can't have run far," cut in Jef- Mazeppa and its requirements. She ed him in some of her moods. If that was an actress and actresses went chapter of his life could have ended difthrough life with their eyes open. And ferently, perhaps he would have been a

"F. E. Z." Though the woman's fair

sir, sayin' nothin' on earth would induce thrown up her engagement and left Suddenly he remembered the dark er to put 'em on. But she seemed won- her manager in the lurch, to run away young man who had called at the Duke with a man, differently identified by of Clarence's theatre, with an introdu almost every person who helped to tion to George Anderson from F. E. Z. keep the tale in circulation. All agreed in Macaire's thoughts at in one particular alone. The man had the time that the good-looking young fela lovely wife, who was heartbroken at low in the odd clothes might have been her husband's treachery, and, by-and- more than a mere friend to the beautiful bye, a divorce case would come on woman whom so many had adored. When which would make a tremendous senwhere she had scintillated as a bright, Brighton people flocked to the new particular star-vanished as mysteriously Thesplan Theatre, where Miss Gray's as Winifred Gray-she had been olde understudy, a pretty girl with a good | than Winifred was now; twenty-three or

That was now twenty-seven or twenty-"great chance." Others even ran eight years ago. He had been a young sibly because "Brighton was so jolly had already secretly sown the seeds of his great future. Now he was rich almost beyond his own knowledge; and he which they might have been shocked was fifty-six years old, past middle age, tack, all without allowing the boxing conat Winifred Gray's boldness, if she though his heart was hot as it had been

> power carried the charms of her youth had not seen what he sought; still, the near and dear to her through ties of to follow. He stood his ground, merely

lay (for Lionel Macaire still had it in grim joy in thwarting a request of the for the instrument still to be practicable his power to take this mean revenge); woman he had loved and lost, feeling as a weapon. but on the following morning they that through time and distance he could were seen to have gone the way of stand in the way of her desire. But he insignificant he might have seen that in sent to all the cities on the Pacific their predecessors, even though a re- had not meant to lose sight of the young the melee somehow the little masked, red | Coast. The fact that he is well supward had been advertised for the de- man, and he had regarded it as not im- haired girl had contrived to slip away. plied with money, which enables him

Anderson had unintentionally thwarted his last design by forgetting to inquire the address of Hope Newcome (an assum ed name, no doubt); and in the quickly following events, which concerned Win fred Gray, Macaire had neglected to fol ow up a clue that might once have been easily obtained.

onal grudge against Hope Newcombe for he fight with the man on the box seat of Winifred's cab outside the stage door on a certain night full of excitement. fool made a mess of his work he de erved to be ignored by his employer and unished by a stranger. Lionel Macaire had no use for fools, and was merciless to those who foiled But maimed and physically handicapped himself in almost every way, he secretly adored and respected strength and courage above all ther attributes of men.

He was jealous of them, too, because day under sealed orders, Brit of rather than in spite of his admiration, French torpede boats were left behind nd nothing on earth afforded him more subtle amusement than to make servants f strong men-great giants who could have crushed him with a blow of their fists, yet were forced to become the slaves Nov. 25.—The ambassadors of the pe of his money and the position which that money had won for him.

He did not hate Hope Newcome for proceed with the naval demonstration the did not nate Hope Newcome for the thearting him; but if all his soul had not been absorbed in the pursuit of Winifred is absolutely no sign among the Mussulhe would have desired to have the young man as a pawn on his chessboard, to be used, taken up, and thrown down as whim or occasion suggested.

that it mattered much. Still, the feeling Christian movements unless the word is in his mind was like the annoyance of given from high quarters. having carelessly let the reins drop when they should have been firmly held. As he walked on, noticed and recognized by many of the passers-by, the sound of music came to his ears. A

voman was singing to the accompani-ment of a banjo, cleverly played. Macaire lifted his head and saw a ouple of masked minstrels; a girl poorly ressed, with long, curly red hair falling om under her hat over her shoulders, her face completely concealed by a mask;

a tall man, with his face also hidden, their masks gave them a certain piquwhere in the theatre for hours, and ancy; yet Macaire threw them but one 'Mazeppa" from failure. The length then received assistance from outside. glance, and pushed his way on through Once away, she would naturally have the small crowd which had collected for in a woman's voice caused him to turn

The group surrounding the masked well known millionaire had been induced to "back" the production bea relapse, but nothing could be learnt the lower middle class, who had probably minstrels had been uartly made up of ome to Brighton for a Saturday to Mon-Lionel Macaire, however, could not day "lark" on their bicycles. One of their number, perhaps dared by his fel-lows, was in the act of attempting to pull off the red-haired singer's mask as

> he had heard. What he stopped to see was the next way in which her companion, despite the hampering banjo, sent the aggressor

"Well done!" Macaire said to himself. ping for more fun, as he dearly loved fight, and was an enthusiastic patron of

He was not to be cheated of the desired sport, for the other members of the fallen man's party rallied round him thirsting for revenge. Luckily for the millionaire's amusement not a policeman was in sight. The various nursemaids and their little charges who had been listening to the music scattered like frightened rabbits, and the town men seemed likely to have it all their own way for a moment or

wo with the masked minstrels. Macaire stood at a distance faintly ed the Dardanelles during the last few grinning, a twinkle in his pale eyes. "That fellow's got his work cut out for im," he thought. "I hope to goodness

o one will interfere.' Some of the man's intimates who knew that he had once had a bear fight to the eath in one of the cellars under his town ouse; that men had pommelled each ther's bodies and faces into a bloodstained jelly in the same place to win an rmous purse and afford secret midlight amusement to a few choice spiritsese intimates of his would have understood the expression on his face now and the ugly glint in his yellow eyes.

He was near enough to hear the maskman say to his companion: "Run, as fast as you can go!" He saw the girl turn and try to obey, and he saw the spring that one of the cads made to do what his prostrate chum had failed in doing-tear off her mask.

Up went the girl's hands to defend herself; but the defence was not needed. A smashing blow with the banjo, which ought the taut parchment down on the cockney's head and crushed his hat over red, astonished face, finished him as a ombatant. He retired with a bleeding ose to assist his fallen comrade, while the three others, still in fighting trim, attacked the minstrel, who now stood in demands of the powers requires scapefront of the red haired girl

Two of the men seemed to have some echnical knowledge of boxing, as Macaire's trained eye was quick to note, and the third, while his friends their fists, raised a stick over the tall minstrel's head to avenge the late attack with the banjo.

But the masked man was not to be taken unawares. Keeping off the two boxers, who were sparring up to him, h sprang suppenly to one side, caught the thick stick which threatened him, broke in in two pieces as if it had been a reed. threw it in the owner's face, and tur his attention again to the principal at tingent a chance worth having. By Jove, what a fellow!"

Macaire. "Wonder what he plays the banjo for when he might be money with his fists? I'd like to match him against Joey the Kid." At this instant a big policeman, inform-

ed of what was going on by one of the fleeing nursemaids, appeared upon the The man who had gone down first was up now, and seeing the policeman, gave

Before the policeman could get near sight, the masked minstrel not deigning stooping to pick up the broken banjo,

If Macaire had had eves for anyone so possible that he might patronize him in But he was watching the man, and ap-Meanwhile Lionel Macaire remained the future. Only, whatever was done he proaching slowly that he might, if necesto make the chase a long one.

intended should be done by himself and in sary, win the young athlete's gratitude by pearing witness in his defer (To be continued.)

> COMBINED FLEET HAS LEFT PIRAEUS

Rather curiously, he cherished no per- | Ships Which Will Take Part in Naval Demonstration Sailed Under Sealed Orders.

> Athens, Nov. 25 .- The international fleet, assembled at Piraeus for the pr pose of making a naval demonstr against Turkey in support of the mands of the powers for the final control of Lacedonia, sailed at neor keep up communication with the fleet

The Reply of Powers. Constantinople, via Sofia, Bulgar ers, at a conference just held, decided Macaire regretted to-day, as he donia. The vast majority are not aware thought of F. E. Z., and the man she had that such question exists. The aspect of sent to her old friend, that he had allow-ed the latter to slip out of sight. Not

Austria's Attitude.

Vienna, Nov. 25 .- Austria will continu to take part in the international action against Turkey so long as the powers ac to withdraw, and does withdraw, Austria will withdraw also.

The possibilities of serious complica ions are not ignored here, and the government still hopes and expects that the Sultan will accede to the demands of the powers. Austria is not moving troops toward

the southern frontier, despite report to the contrary. The statement that she contemplates a movement on Salonica is ategorically denied. There is practically no doubt that the note of warning to the Balkan states will

have the desired effect. Russia initiated this action with Austria in behalf of the powers. Will Seize Customs

Paris, Nov. 25 .- It was learned at the foreign office to-day that Austria and Russia, in behalf of the powers, have addressed a strong note to Bulgaria, Servis and Greece, warning them that the naval demonstrations against Turkey should not be made a pretext for revolutionary movements on the part of these countries against Turkey. The note speaks of the powers' action toward Turkey as being lictated by the interests of Europe, and therefore the powers do not wish to have this high purpose compromised by revo-

lutionary propagandas.

It is now definitely determined that the objective of the demonstration will be the Island of Mytilene, where the customs will be seized, but the international fleet will not act within 24 ours, and probably not within 48

In the meantime the Porte and the ambassadors continue their discussions with some prospect that Turkey will yield be-

fore the fleet acts. Information reaching official quarters lead to confidence that Turkey's resistance to the powers will not go to the extent of military or naval measures of defence. An official who pass days said Turkey's few available warless hulks. Moreover the official view firing of a shot which might precipitate war. Turkish land operations, said the official, are equally unlikely. The island of Mytilene has a garrison of several hundred troops, but the French officers say these were withdrawn to a remote point on the island when the French landing occurred in 1901, when the Sultan desired to avoid the possibility of an armed conflict. The present seizure of the Mytilene customs is expected to be executed with a simi-

The Temps this afternoon printed a lispatch from Constantinople, saying that palace officials were deeply agitated by the firmness of the powers, leading to indications that the negative response of the Porte would be reconsid-

Grand Vizier Dismissed. Constantinople, Nov. 25.-It is persistently reported, but not yet confirmed, that the Grand Vivier Ferad Pasha has been dismissed and replaced by Abifin Pasha, governor-general of the archinelago. As the acceptance of the

goats there is a disposition in some

quarters to credit the report as being the precursor of the abandonment by Following the precedent which he set when the Russian fleet made a den stration off the coast of Candia in 1903. the Sultan has charged Vice-Admiral Husnia Pasha to welcome the international fleet with presents of fruits, candies and cigarettes

LEFT FOR WEST.

John Hammond, Alleged Murderer, is Supposed to Be on Coast.

Albany, Nov. 25 .- A message received by the Albany police to-night leads them to believe that John Hammond the alleged murderer, the decomposed body of whose wife was found in a trunk in their rooms Thursday, is now on the Pacific Coast. At first the search for Hammond was being vigorously pushed in Montreal and the vicmity. This morning it became known that in company with Arthur Strong, his young cousin, who joined him at Rouse's Point, he had gone west over the C. P. R. and south to Toson, Ariz. This evening Chief of Police Hyatt received a telegram from City Marshal Hoppy, of Tucson informing him that Hammond and Strong had taken a Southern Pacific train from there on the night of the 22nd. They had tickets for Portland, Ore., which were exchangeable at San Francisco. A description of Hammond has been

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