

Painted 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 last opens at the Duke of Clarence's house by the stage-door of which a young man, powerful, and remarkably handsome, but looking as if he had just come from the Wind West, is waiting to see the manager. He is noticed by Winifred Gray, a rising young actress, and friend of Lionel Macaire, a millionaire and as friend of the manager, so of repulsive appearance and infamous character. The stranger, whose name is Hope Newcombe, introduces himself as a friend of "F. E. Z." and the initials strangely affect not only the manager, Mr. Anderson, but also Miss Gray, who announces that she has come to England for the purpose of "making something," says Anderson for an engagement, but the manager, prompted by the millionaire, asks down, and a strange tale is told during the performance that evening Winifred Gray is seen for the first time, where she sees Macaire. The millionaire informs her that he has now a controlling interest in the theatre, and offers her an engagement as Rosalind. Winifred, who has been playing small parts, is at first dazzled by the offer, but a declaration of love from Macaire she rejects the millionaire's advances with loathing. Macaire allows her to go for the moment, but declares that he will be true to his will. The same night Hope Newcombe, still lounging at the stage door, sees a stranger of powerful physique mount the box of Winifred's cab beside the driver. Newcombe orders the driver to stop, and takes place. Newcombe soon disposes of his opponent, and receives the thanks of the young actress, who, however, hardly realizes the danger she has escaped. Next day Winifred is seen for by Anderson, and evidently with great regret on the part of the manager, told that she is not suitable for the role she is to assume in a forthcoming production, and that if she prefers to leave the company at once she will receive salary for the next fortnight. Winifred sees she has no option but to go, and she knows also from what quarter the blow falls, for, as she leaves the manager's room, Macaire enters with an unmistakable expression on his face. She visits all the theatrical agents and managers, but vainly for weeks, and is aware that strong influences are working against her.

CHAPTER XV. The Great Scene.

Mr. Jeffrey gave Mrs. Purdy, the dresser, as much time as he could conveniently allow, and then he returned to the door. "How do you get on?" he inquired, anxiously. "Is it going to be all right?" "I get on as well as you might expect, sir," came the old woman's voice in reply. "I'll be all right. Don't you fear." "I can't give you longer than five minutes more, I'm afraid," he answered. "Can you manage to get ready now?" "Needs must, when somebody drives," he could hear an irreverent mumble from within.

Not far away stood the horse, Selim, by his groom. The millionaire's eyes were 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 Macaire to get on the beautiful black horse's back, when his skin of jetty satin would make a marvellously effective background for the man, apparently naked figure thrown across it.

Jeffrey listened eagerly to what was going on upon the stage. They were "working up" with every word now to Mazzeppa'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 was entitled to take some credit to himself. If only all went well, what a scene, prosperous days might come back to him.

Everyone knew that the millionaire was interested in several theatres in London and in the provinces, and he controlled two or three powerful papers as well. 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 dressing room, which had Winifred Gray's name printed neatly on a card, tacked on the raised space between the partitions.

"Time's up!" he announced, with a warning rap. "I really must have Miss Gray now."

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

"Yes—if alive, was a question of dying. I must have her conscious or unconscious. The stage can't be kept waiting. They're playing the best now, and by Jove, if Mazzeppa and that horse aren't ready to go on, there'll be some lively faking—which means the play'll be a failure, certain."

"Give me just three minutes longer, can't you?" pleaded Mrs. Purdy. "Them silk tights is the dickens and all to get on another person that's in a dead faint—more life in her limbs than a doll. But we're 'most ready. And a real picture she'll be, I do assure you, sir."

"Then, for goodness' sake, don't stick there with your mouth at the door, but go back and finish your 'pictures,' growled Jeffrey, who would have yelled 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, and stamping his iron-shod hoofs, for the moment before had come a burst of applause from the audience, and his reins had not afforded him any such experiences as that.

Jeffrey went to him and occupied the interval by caressing the gelding. Mr. Purdy in talking to the groom and soothing the horse with a lump of sugar borrowed from one of the stage hands. But he did not forget when the prompter's three minutes were up, and, with a glance at his watch, he was off again to Miss Gray's door.

He knocked, and on this occasion somewhat to his surprise, the door opened under the pressure of his knuckles. Not only had it been unlocked at last, but slightly opened as well. Taking advantage of this, he impatiently thrust in his head.

There stood Mrs. Purdy, leisurely hanging up the pieces of the actress's last-

worn costume which she had taken from the fainting girl, and, in her hurry, she suggested calmness, mild 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 her in the dresser's charge, but she was not there now. The place offered little 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 his look coolly, her eyebrows rounded in surprise. "Don't get in a wax, sir," she responded. "The poor young lady came to me self just now, and she said she'd drop out of that very brassy bottle as ever was" (indicating with a motion of her hand a black bottle standing among scattered articles on the dressing table) "and felt quite well and sensible. Says she: 'I can go out by myself. Just you pick up my bits of things,' and out she goes. I wonder you didn't see her, sir, she's 'most gracious!"

He darted away, almost pushing down the big screen which had been put in front of Selim, that the prompter might not be stared at by every passing stage hand.

It was possible that Winifred might have been waiting in this corner, which had always been put to the same use during her rehearsals with Selim; though, if so, it was strange indeed that she (Jeffrey) had missed seeing her. But there she stood the groom and the horse, in the semi-dark; and there was no one besides.

"Cutting it rather fine, ain't she, sir?" asked Selim's attendant, who knew all the cues by this time as well as did the actors.

"Cutting it fine, I should think so!" growled the stage manager. "What a fool he had been to go out of sight of Winifred Gray's door for an instant. How did he have trusted to the common sense of a drunken old woman. (This suspicion was grave, because to the respectable Mrs. Purdy; but it was a necessity to revile someone, and she answered as well as another for a scape-soul.)

Jeffrey tore back to the dressing room, for there was time even yet, if that fend of a girl could be found and dragged to her duty.

"For heaven's sake, which way did she go?" he adjured the dresser, who was still calmly putting the room to rights; brushing, shaking, folding, hanging.

"I don't know," returned the old woman. "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 swung away. He had no time to bandy words with the stupid old creature. The girl might still be somewhere about the stage.

Half mad with impatience, he hurried this way and that. Every nook, every corner was searched; not an empty dressing room was forgotten. But Winifred was not to be found, and the moments were flying. Alas! Jeffrey's sensational entrance, Wantage, who had been in the box with Macaire, was behind the scenes again now, in a passion of rage, blaming the cue for Mazzeppa's sensational entrance.

When there could be no longer waiting, Jeffrey desperately played the card which, all this time, he had been keeping up his sleeve.

From the moment, weeks ago, that he had been warned not to mention to Miss Gray the kind of attire she would be required to wear at her "great" scene, he had been thinking of the matter. Of course, it was vital to the success of the play that she herself should appear strapped upon the horse; but from the theatrical point of view, it was anything was better than that a scene should be left out, or the curtain run down in the midst of an act on fail-ure.

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 speak, even to the ballet-master, and seem a confession of weakness—a fear that his authority as stage manager might not be enough to dominate a rebellious actress.

If Winifred herself had known the truth, of course it would have been fatal; she would have said: "Let the understudy do it. But, as a matter of fact, one of the ladies in the ballet whom he had taken rather a fancy, and whose figure somewhat resembled Winifred Gray's, was at this moment dressed for the scene, and—ignoring the many things in his eventual life by snuff-elf-control, and he had seldom lost it unless he had chosen deliberately to let himself be put in prison, or let himself go now.

So quickly did the scene pass that that few in the audience were certain that the girl who was seen was the same as the study for Mazzeppa. Some said it was Miss Gray herself; others vowed that it was another girl in her place.

From the stage manager's standpoint the net was saved, whatever might have happened later; but to Lionel Macaire the substitution of an understudy for the girl whom he had meant to shame and humiliate was only an aggravation. He cared nothing whether the play went on or was stopped in the midst of the first night. It was only Winifred he had thought of, and she was not there.

No answer had come to the note he had sent behind the scenes, and in this case he knew well enough that silence did not mean that if Winifred had consented to sing herself upon his mercy she would have replied with a written line or verbal message. And no word having been

deigned he had believed Wantage's assurance that the girl would go through the scene on the horse, even if she had to be forced to it.

"Why did not Miss Gray play that scene?" Macaire questioned, sternly. Grossly angry at all times, he was especially malicious when in a passion, and though his voice was merely cold, Jeffrey 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, and 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, by saying she has disappeared?"

Jeffrey did not dare to lose his temper, though he had a right, quickly firing up to the 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 newspapers and rouse the public's curiosity. It may even create a certain boom.

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

"She's certain to be found," faltered Jeffrey, drooping under the millionaire's anger. "She can't possibly have left the theatre, you'll come with me, Mr. Macaire, to her dressing room door, where Mr. Wantage is catching the woman who had charge of her after she fainted, so you'll understand that it must be so."

"Very well," said the other, and together they walked across the stage, behind the screen which was going up for the next act.

CHAPTER XVI. Escaped.

Mr. Wantage, afraid to go out and face his patron after what had happened, was standing in the open doorway, of Winifred Gray'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 Gray has disappeared. A most obstinate girl. I knew that she objected to go through the scene in the only suitable way, and Jeffrey knew it. He must have been kind enough to state exactly what occurred after Miss Gray fainted."

Macaire broke in, addressing the woman without a glance at the producer, who had brought into this room, she was not placed in your charge?"

"Yes, sir, she was, sir," returned the dresser, staring at the hideous face of the man with undisguised astonishment, every fibre of his mind was busy with the thought that the star has run away on the first night."

"She can't have run far," cut in Jeffrey. "This woman here will tell you that."

Lionel Macaire looked at Mrs. Purdy, and she accepted the look as her cue to speak. "I managed to get the young lady into the things she was to ride the horse, sir, while she was fainting. And a rare job it was, too."

"What happened then?" questioned Macaire.

"Well, then, sir, I gave her the 'make-up' table. 'Twas my own; I'd brought it on purpose, thinkin' it might be needed—which it was. When my daughter faints away, sir, which she does sometimes, without no warnin' at all—'Never mind about your daughter at present,' interrupted Macaire, his curious, pale eyes fixed keenly on the woman's commonplace little face. "You gave Miss Gray the spirit, and—"

"And up she jumped, most as soon as I was down. 'I believe I've been silly,' she says to me. 'I don't like this, but I've got to do it. You see, I'd been tellin' her how she'd be sued for breach of contract, and if she'd no money, she'd be put in prison.'"

"When did you tell her that?" quickly broke in the millionaire.

have been before she went off in the evening. And then, anyhow, the young lady seemed all right and so sensible as could be. I was going out of the room with her, but she wouldn't 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 before she fainted. There it is of her. So thinkin' no harm, and havin' no instructions what to do after I'd got the lady ready, I let her go. I think no more about it till a minute or two later, when I saw Mr. Jeffrey again, askin' 'Where's Miss Gray?' "You haven't told me yet why you had all so sure she's in the theatre," said Macaire.

Mrs. Purdy pointed to the walls of the dressing room. "There hangs her clothes, sir," she announced. "There was some talk of takin' 'em away, when she was so obstinate, but that was all. She's in the theatre, and she hangs. And as these are modern times and Miss Gray ain't the Lady Godiva, the poetry's about it, stands to reason she's gone away, far."

"I've sent my door-keeper, who swears that he hasn't left his post to-night, and that Miss Gray didn't go by," added Jeffrey. "Yet the theatre's been empty for an hour, and she's not up to the files. The girl's nowhere. She's vanished into air."

Winifred Gray had disappeared as mysteriously as the bride in the ballad, and she had not been seen since the time of her being found at the theatre or elsewhere, either on the night when the mystery had swallowed her up or during the next day.

Macaire had neither expected nor greatly desired the play produced with his money to be a success; but, enough the very event which caused his keen discomfiture, created an artificial vogue for the revival of "Mazzeppa" in the theatre.

The scenery was magnificent if the company (save for the vanished star) was poor. Most of the best people had been engaged, and the production had first begun his quest for actors, and he had been given to understand that if Miss Gray were secured the rest of the cast would be a superlatively good one; therefore he had been hastily supplied for most of the parts. But scenery alone and the disproportionately large amount of pictorial advertising which had been placed on the boards would have depended upon the sum of money which he had been obliged to throw away. But the sudden disappearance of the star gave a flip which perhaps nothing else could have given.

A story had been circulated that the man known as Lionel Macaire had been induced to release the producer, and that of his infatuation for the Miss Gray who had lately been discharged from the Duke of Clarence's Theatre for extraordinary and mysterious reasons. "People, even in London, talked a good deal about it, and harsh things were said of Winifred, who was reputed to be a bold young woman trading upon her name as a theatrical star. Lionel Macaire's money, and her "brazen front of impudence" was proved, without shadow of doubt by the startling appearance of the Londoner, who had been convicted that Winifred Gray had been bound to the horse. She would certainly not have undertaken to play the part and dress it as it had once done, and she had been seen in the street, and still the detective had been able to learn nothing of importance about Winifred.

Lionel Macaire, however, could not be brought to share the detective's theory. He was utterly without religion, and he believed in the warning power of dreams, of curious coincidences which had sometimes ruled his conduct on the Stock Exchange or in racing. He had just returned to a Saturday on Monday, but in vain. It was discovered that Mrs. Gray was ill in a nursing home in Welbeck street, and that she had within the last few days suffered a relapse, but nothing could be learnt there about her daughter.

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CHAPTER XVII. The Masked Minstrel.

On the eighth day after Winifred's disappearance Lionel Macaire went out late in the afternoon from the Hotel Metropole, where he was staying, and walked slowly along the King's road. He was thinking of Winifred, as he almost always was now, not sure whether he loved her or hated her; and with thoughts of the girl came up memories of his strange adventures. Before the eyes of his mind rose the image of a woman far more beautiful than Winifred, of whom the girl reminded him in some of her moods. If that image of his life could have ended differently, perhaps he would have been a different man.

"F. E. Z." Though the woman's fair face was only a memory—distant though it was—yet her place in what he called his heart had been usurped by a girl thirty years younger than she—those initials had the power to call up a thrill even now, half delicious, half painful. Didly enough, just as he hated and loved Winifred Gray at the same time, so he loved and hated that other woman. Since he could not have her, he would kill her if he could; if she had been a man, he believed that it would have given him a subtle pleasure to be revenged for the part, through him.

Suddenly he remembered the dark woman, man who sat at the Duke of Clarence's theatre, with an introduction to George Anderson from F. E. Z.

It had been in Macaire's thoughts at the time that the good-looking young fellow in the odd clothes might have been more than a mere friend to the beautiful woman whom so many had adored. When F. E. Z. had vanished from the world, the man who had been so mysterious, a particular star—vanished as mysteriously as Winifred Gray—she had been older than Winifred was now; twenty-three or twenty-four, perhaps.

That was now twenty-seven or twenty-eight years ago. He had been a young man then, poor and obscure, though he had already secretly sown the seeds of his great future. Now he was rich almost beyond his own knowledge, and he was fifty-six years old, past middle age, though his heart was hot as it had been in his youth.

The man whom he had seen at the theatre, man who sat at the Duke of Clarence's theatre, with an introduction to George Anderson from F. E. Z. could hardly have been that of a lover, unless she had by some magical power carried the charms of her youth through the chill shadows of middle age. Macaire's marred eyes had studied the clear-cut face for traces of a likeness. He had not seen what he sought; still, the fancy had lurked in his mind that the man for whose sake F. E. Z. had spoken of following her to the end of the world, near and dear to her through the life of blood.

He did not wish Anderson to do anything for the fellow. There had been a grim joy in thwarting a request of the woman he had loved and lost, feeling that through time and distance he could stand in the way of her desire. But he had not meant to lose sight of the young man, and he had regarded it as not impossible that he might patronize him in the future. Only, whatever was done he

Blood Poison Brings Boils, Salt Rheum, Eczema and Scrofula, WEAVER'S SYRUP Cures them permanently.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal.

In Brighton, having sent for a detective to discover the well known private agency, not to be on the watch, save incidentally, for the destroyer of the posters, but to take up the scent from the start and track down Winifred Gray.

He did not move openly in the matter. Wantage, as business manager of the company, acting for him. But even if the interest which he took in finding the girl leaked out, it could not damage his reputation. He it was who had given the first kick to the football of scandal which at the time of the Duke of Clarence's Theatre incident had linked their two names together. Now he was to be pitted, both as the financial backer of a company treacherously deserted by its principal member and as a lover, down as a whim or occasion suggested.

The detective was certain that by some method, which it was his duty to discover, the girl had contrived to get away not only from the theatre, but from Brighton. Everybody else believed this, of course; but then only two or three persons knew the real reason why it would have been especially difficult for the actress to escape. Only Wantage, Jeffrey, Mrs. Purdy, Lionel Macaire, and now the detective were aware that Winifred had been prepared for the "great scene" while fainting, and that, so far as could be ascertained, she had had no possible opportunity or even time for changing. In spite of this fact, however, the man from Sleight's agency persisted in his theory. The girl must have hidden herself somewhere in the theatre for hours, and then received assistance from outside. Once away, she would naturally have taken steps to leave Brighton as soon as possible. Her brother, who had just returned to London, was shadowed by the detective, and he was discovered, but in vain. It was discovered that Mrs. Gray was ill in a nursing home in Welbeck street, and that she had within the last few days suffered a relapse, but nothing could be learnt there about her daughter.

Lionel Macaire, however, could not be brought to share the detective's theory. He was utterly without religion, and he believed in the warning power of dreams, of curious coincidences which had sometimes ruled his conduct on the Stock Exchange or in racing. He had just returned to a Saturday on Monday, but in vain. It was discovered that Mrs. Gray was ill in a nursing home in Welbeck street, and that she had within the last few days suffered a relapse, but nothing could be learnt there about her daughter.

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intended should be done by himself and in his own way. Anderson had unintentionally thwarted his last design by forgetting to inquire the address of Hope Newcombe (an assumed name, no doubt); and in the quickly following events, which concerned Winifred Gray, Macaire had neglected to follow up a clue that might once have been easily obtained.

Neither curiously, he cherished no personal grudge against Hope Newcombe for the fight with the man on the box seat of Winifred's cab outside the stage door on a certain night full of excitement. If a fool made a mess of his work he deserved to be ignored by his employer and punished by a stranger. Lionel Macaire had no use for fools, and was merciless to those who failed. But, untiring and physically handicapped himself in almost every way, he secretly adored and respected strength and courage above all other attributes of man.

He was jealous of them, too, because of rather than in spite of his admiration, and nothing on earth afforded him more subtle amusement than to make servants of strong men—great giants who could have crushed him with a blow of their fists, yet were forced to become the slaves of his money and the position which that money had won for him.

He did not hate Hope Newcombe for thwarting him; but if all his soul had not been absorbed in the pursuit of Winifred he would have desired to have the young man as a pawn on his chessboard, to be used, taken up, and thrown down as a whim or occasion suggested.

Macaire regretted to-day, as he thought of F. E. Z., and the man she had sent to help her friend, that he had allowed the latter to slip out of sight. Not that it mattered much. Still, the feeling in his mind was like the annoyance of 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 woman was singing to a Saturday on Monday "lark" on their bicycles. One of their number, perhaps dazed by his fellows, was in the act of attempting to pass under her hat over her shoulders, her face completely concealed by a mask; a tall man, with his face also hidden, and in his hands a banjo.

The couple played and sang better than the majority of seaside "buskers," and their masks gave them a certain piquancy; yet Macaire threw them but one glance, and pushed his way on, through the small crowd which had collected for the music. He had not gone far, however, when a sudden cry of fear or pain in a woman's voice caused him to turn his head.

The group surrounding the masked minstrel had been partly made up of several swaggering young cockneys from the lower middle class, who had probably come to Brighton for a Saturday on Monday "lark" on their bicycles. One of their number, perhaps dazed by his fellows, was in the act of attempting to pass under her hat over her shoulders, her face completely concealed by a mask; a tall man, with his face also hidden, and in his hands a banjo.

"Well don't!" Macaire said to himself, hoping for more fun, as he dearly loved a fight, and was an enthusiastic patron of the ring.

He was not to be cheated of the desired sport, for the other members of the fallen party raised their hands in defiance 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 birds, and the town men seemed likely to have it all their own way for a moment or two with the masked minstrel.

Macaire stood at a distance, faintly grinning, a twinkle in his pale eyes. "That fellow's got his work cut out for him," he thought. "I hope to goodness no one will interfere."

Some of the man's intimates who knew that he had once had a bear fight to the death in one of the cellars under his town house; that men had pommelled each other's bodies and faces till a blood-stained jelly in the same place which an enormous purse and afford secret midnight amusement to a few choice spirits—these intimates of his would have understood the expression on his face, and the stoic glint in his yellow eyes.

He was near enough to hear the masked man 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 bore the last parchment down on the cockney's head, and crushed his hat over a combatant. He retired with a bleeding nose to assist his fallen comrade, while the other three, still in fight, attacked the minstrel, who now stood in front of the red haired girl.

Two of the men seemed to have some technical knowledge of boxing, as Macaire's trained eye was quick to note, and the third, while his friends used 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 sparing up to him, he sprang suddenly to one side, caught the thick stick which threatened him, broke it in two pieces, as if it had been a reed, threw it in the owner's face, and turned his attention again to the principal attack, all without allowing the accompanying a chance worth having.

"By Jove, what a fellow!" thought Macaire. "Wonder what he plays the banjo for, when he might be making money with his fists? I'd like to match him against Joe the Kid."

At this instant a big policeman, informed of what was going on by one of the fleeing nursemaids, appeared upon the scene. The man who had gone down first was up now, and seeing the policeman, gave the alarm to the other two, who joined him. Rouse's Point, he had gone west over the C. P. R. and south to T. soon. This evening Chief of Police Hyatt received a telegram from City Marshal Hoppy, of Victoria informing him that Hammond and Strong had taken a Southern Pacific train from there on the night of the 27th, and had been seen for Portland, Ore., which were exchangeable at San Francisco. A description of Hammond has been sent to all the cities on the Pacific Coast. The fact that he is wearing money, which enables him to jump from place to place, promises to make the chase a long one.

COMBINED FLEET HAS LEFT PIRAEUS Ships Which Will Take Part in Naval Demonstration Sailed Under