

uneducated. Fascination, obsession, maddening desire, were all he felt, or all he believed he felt, and he knew that he could resist these things just as long as the object of them remained neutral, or at least passive, in his fight for an untrammelled spirit. Therefore it was imperative that she should not admire him, know his birth, fortune, or exploits; it was desirable that she should look on him as an idler, a rake, a debauchee. And so with the fierce self-torture of an eremite, he danced before the great solemn eyes with reckless vigour and abandonment, he smiled fatuous adulation on the painted Kathie, and bathed his aching wounds in the bitter scorn that he felt certain he excited.

As a matter of fact Phoebe was watching him with mingled sentiments wherein scorn was present only in the smallest quantities. She admired the rich brown-red that dyed his warm cheek, the animation of his eye, the ease, grace, and vigour which he contributed to the "wolf-dance." She marvelled how anybody who had been so apparently intoxicated at five o'clock in the evening could be so master of himself at midnight. The spirit of the youth might not be admirable, but the flesh and blood which clothed it were by no means things to be despised. She had wept for the potential drunkard, but hope was alive again in her bosom. All was not yet lost when a man could dance tirelessly and with unerring feet. His eye was clear, his skin clean, his attire faultless. The enemy that battled at the fair castle had as yet made no visible disfigurement of the outer bulwarks. She followed his progress closely, till feeling suddenly that perhaps her persistent gaze was noticeable to her companions, she stole a glance at them. Her eyes lighted on Saunders, who was standing at her right. To her astonishment she saw a blanched cheek and grinding jaws. In a trice she knew that the "redoubtable" Saunders was afraid, and instinctively she knew that if he was afraid there was indeed cause for fear. Also something told her that his fear was not for himself. Saunders might not be a man to court danger for its own sake, but she was certain no personal peril would have driven the colour from his cheeks. She whispered to him:

"What is the matter?"

HE answered in even tones and without shifting his glance.

"Lacherberg is here. He has brought a number of anarchists from the 'Three Cats.' They are going to attack Fr—I mean Herr Lugner. I must warn him and get him away.

Attack Herr Lugner! Why in the world should they do that? wondered Phoebe. Perhaps they wished to rob him; perhaps, in dancing with that handsome girl, he had excited a hurricane of jealous passions. She watched Fritz as he came down the room towards them, smiling, unconscious of peril, dancing vigorously. Then following Saunders' ice-grey eyes she noted a tall, stiff figure of a man with a blunt nose, grisly moustache, and ruthless chin—the man who had insulted Herr Lugner in the Concordia. He, too, was watching the dancing couple, and his look was not good. With him were a number of desperate-looking men, black-browed, menacing, stealthy, just such as she had seen earlier in the evening at the tavern of the "Three Cats."

"Lacherberg has not seen me," said Saunders, and as he spoke his hand went into the inner pocket of his coat.

The action brought a sense of relief to Phoebe. She had instinctive trust in Saunders. If anyone could protect the threatened man, it was he.

Nearer danced Fritz and his partner, nearer to Saunders, nearer to Lacherberg and his sinister companions. Phoebe held her breath. Something dreadful was going to happen. For a second she closed her eyes, and then opened them again. Fritz and his partner were still nearer. Fritz was laughing, and Kathie laughed back at him—mockingly, she could swear. Then the creature flashed a backward glance of her bold eyes to where Lacherberg and his men were standing, she disengaged

one hand from her partner as if to arrange her dress, and with an incredibly swift movement drew a knife from her bosom and struck Fritz on the cheek. He reeled, and the red blood gushed from a wound that he was destined to bear till the last day of his life. Again the knife was raised to strike. Fritz staggered back and managed to draw a revolver. Not twice that day had he entered on an adventure unarmed.

"Put down that knife or I fire," he said in an unsteady voice. The summons was not obeyed. Kathie was crouched like a wolf ready to spring. Her body was instinct with the fierce animal life of a wild creature facing peril, longing to strike, afraid to flee. There was a movement in the crowd. Someone raised a cry of "Death to the aristocrat." Then Saunders' revolver spoke, and a man in a green and yellow jersey, with a black peaked cap, was lying prone on the floor, a twitching hand trying to regain a long-bladed knife that lay beside him. Mrs. Perowne fainted, and Mrs. Saunders half raised her from the ground.

THE band ceased playing, the dancers stopped. A train thundered overhead—the midnight express to Vienna. Phoebe was frozen into immobility. Her eyes were fixed to where Fritz and Kathie stood facing each other, the stricken noble and the lusting she-wolf of the Morast.

"Put down that knife or I fire," said Fritz again, and this time the words were more feebly spoken.

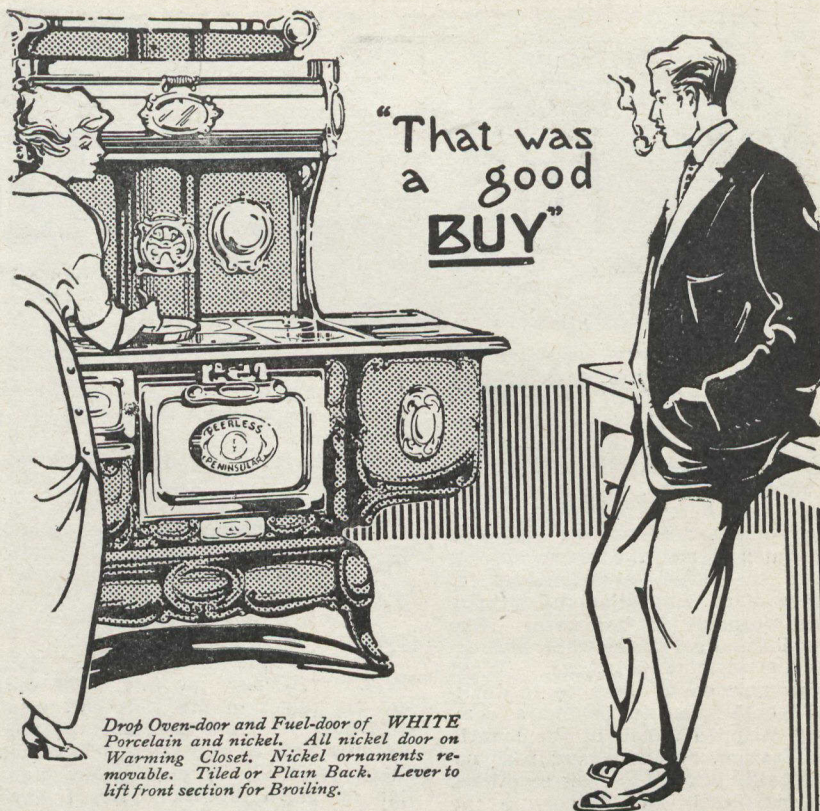
"Wing the drab," came Saunders' cool tones. Now that the trouble had arrived, the colour had returned to his cheeks.

Fritz never heeded the sensible instruction. Kathie reading either a foolish reluctance or failing strength hurled herself upon him. He parried the blow with an arm which was cut to the bone in consequence. Again the knife was raised, and then Phoebe did something which would have been incredible had it not actually happened, impossible had not her feelings been wrought to an intolerable pitch. She flung herself on the murderous she-wolf. Her hand clasped the wrist of the hand that held the knife. There was a fierce struggle, and the hard, slum-bred woman and the delicately nurtured English girl fought for a man's life on the slippery floor of the low dancing-saloon. Kathie's strength was the strength of an incredibly hardy girl maddened with blood-lust. Phoebe's strength was the supreme effort of a woman who gives the uttermost of her being to the fray. Such a power is almost incalculable, because it is drawn from depths which men know little of. Kathie's wrist was wrenched and paralyzed. She swung round with a cry of pain and rage. Her face was no longer the face of a woman, it was the face of a fiend. Phoebe had no weapon but the gold purse from which she had given alms in the "Three Cats." Such as it was it served. Holding it by the chain-handle she bashed it violently in Kathie's face. By a miracle the sharp metal edge caught the woman's temple, and Kathie collapsed into a limp and senseless thing, face downward on the floor. Phoebe had a vague consciousness that someone pulled her firmly by the arm. Lights reeled and flared before her eyes. The cry of many voices was in her ears. Somehow she found herself behind a low counter whereon were divers bottles and delicacies beloved by the patrons of the "Persian Vaults."

She saw her mother in a recumbent posture with Mrs. Saunders beside her, the latter administering stimulant from one of the bottles off the counter. Beside her was the stricken Fritz, making ineffectual efforts to bandage his lacerated arm. The sight of him evoked in her a medley of feelings, wherein a violent hatred of the treacherous woman who had wounded him mingled absurdly with a strange, motherly pity such as she had never previously experienced.

"Why, oh why, did you not shoot her?" she cried hysterically.

"I don't shoot women," was the dull answer. He had no desire to appear chivalrous or noble; so far as he had



Drop Oven-door and Fuel-door of WHITE Porcelain and nickel. All nickel door on Warming Closet. Nickel ornaments removable. Tiled or Plain Back. Lever to lift front section for broiling.

It is good business to invest in a good range. Coal is high. It is MONEY. A range can save it or waste it. So, choose a range that will save it—that will lower your monthly expense account. The Peerless is designed to heat the oven quickly with the smallest amount of coal. Month by month it makes real economies. It proves a mighty good BUY.

The Peerless is so well made that repairs are rarely required. The top is made up of sliding sections. Doors are all very strong. Grates fit perfectly and cannot warp. See this range—or write for Booklet "The Cost of a Range."

213

CLARE BROS. & CO., LIMITED, PRESTON, ONT.

PEERLESS
PENINSULAR
-RANGE-

Representatives Everywhere

HOTEL VICTORIA

Broadway, Fifth Avenue & 27th Street

SPECIAL RATE FROM MAY 1st

Rooms with privilege of bath	\$1.50
Rooms with private bath	2.00

Accommodations for 500 persons

Geo. W. Sweeny, Prop.

Angus Gordon, Manager,
Late of King Edward Hotel, Toronto, Can.

NEW YORK

BLACK KNIGHT
STOVE POLISH



A HOUSEWIFE IS JUDGED BY HER KITCHEN.
FOR A BRIGHT STOVE AND A BRIGHT
REPUTATION, USE BLACK KNIGHT.

A PASTE | THE F. F. DALLEY & CO. LTD. | NO DUST
No WASTE | HAMILTON, ONT. | No RUST

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."