

SILENT LIPS.

By ANNIE O. TIBBITS.

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LET ME AND MY PASSIONATE LOVE GO BY.

"Fanshawe!"

The figure seated bowed over a desk had looked up with a start at the sound of his voice, and then rose impatiently.

"What the dickens do you mean by jumping on me like this?" he cried. "I haven't got the nerve of a cat, I—"

Geoffrey crossed the great library toward him. Lord Fanshawe's face looked white in the dull daylight. There was a wild and desperate look in his eyes. Geoffrey, looking at him as he saw in the handsome face signs of dissipation and recklessness and wild living. And Hetty loved him!

"I want to speak to you, Fanshawe," he said slowly. He had scarcely known how to begin. He and Lord Fanshawe had been almost like brothers these last five years, that a gulf seemed to have sprung between them in the last hour.

"What is it, Geoffrey? You look disagreeable. For goodness sake don't badger me this morning, for I'm ready to put a bullet into my head as it is. I tell you, I'm in a miserable and desperate state. What have you got to say?"

Geoffrey hesitated. Then his eyes had fallen on the Oldcastle Chronicle lying crumpled on his desk by Fanshawe's side, and he took it up.

"It's about this," he began, "about the paragraph announcing your engagement to Miss Walter."

Lord Fanshawe snatched it from him.

"And what the dickens has it got to do with you?" he cried. "Curse Miss Walter! I hate her."

"I knew it—I knew it," Geoffrey said half under his breath. "Fanshawe, I've just left Hetty Lancaster. She's waiting."

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ing for you, in the old place, waiting for you to go and tell her that you are ready to deny this rumor about Miss Walter, and to announce your engagement to her. Fanshawe go to her now. She is breaking her heart over this stupid paragraph."

Lord Fanshawe started. His face had taken on a queer look. A little red blush ran up into his cheeks and his lips twitched.

"What has she told you?" he asked hoarsely.

Geoffrey turned his head away a little so that it did not see Lord Fanshawe's hardened face.

"Why, that you are secretly engaged to her," he replied, "and have been for some time. Claude, it's cruel to her, and for goodness sake go and end it. Bring her here now and tell the earl, and put an end to all this gossip about Miss Walter."

Lord Fanshawe laughed—a queer, harsh, unsteady laugh.

"I can't," he said, hoarsely. "I dare not. It's all very well to talk, but I dare not."

Geoffrey stood back rigid, stiff, his eyes on Lord Fanshawe's face. For a moment he seemed unable to speak, but when he did his voice was curiously steady.

"Why?" he asked.

Lord Fanshawe turned and took two or three quick steps across the room before he replied. He came to a standstill in front of the desk, and clutched his hand on the back of a chair.

"Because I'm in a hole—because I'm helpless—because my father has arranged for me to marry Miss Walter, and I shall have to do it. That's all, Geoffrey."

"Why?" said Geoffrey's cold and steady voice again and again Lord Fanshawe went backward and forward over the thick carpet before he replied.

"Heaven knows, Geoffrey, you may as well know," he said at last. "Read that."

He took a letter from his desk as he spoke and held it out in a shaking hand. His face looked gray and shaken, and Geoffrey gave him a quick, curious look as he took the letter.

It was short and abrupt—half a dozen lines in all—but it had been enough to turn Geoffrey's face gray, too, as he looked into Lord Fanshawe's eyes eight years ago!

"What does it mean?" he cried, hoarsely.

Lord Fanshawe laughed again.

"It means," he said, "that in a few minutes I shall be disgraced, ruined—branded a forger and a thief. Old Jackson is with father now; he was shown into him a few minutes ago, and when they come, it will be to—"

Geoffrey stood, rigid, stiff and dumb in the center of the room. With eyes that saw nothing he stared blindly into Lord Fanshawe's face. His own hand had grown drawn and gray like the face of a dead man.

"And Hetty—Hetty!" he cried wildly at last. "It will kill her."

"When it will kill me as well," he cried, for I may as well know my brains out as not. What possesses me, Geoffrey? I thought I could pay it back, I thought I should manage—oh, heaven knows I never dreamed of this. I was desperate enough, but I must have been mad, too. And what am I to do? What in heaven's name can I do?"

Lord Fanshawe was pacing up and down, his head bent and his hands clinched at his side; as if in answer to Geoffrey's thoughts he stopped abruptly.

"I suppose father may pay the money to shield me," he said in a husky, faltering voice. "Oh, yes, he will, of course, manage to pay the money somehow—though heaven knows how he is to manage it. We are as poor as rooks and those beastly Jews—but he will manage somehow. I suppose, but he will do it only on one condition."

Geoffrey looked up sharply. Lord Fanshawe stood before him, stiff and motionless.

"He will do it!" he added slowly. "on condition that I marry Evelyn Walter. She is rich, and as you can guess, it is the father who got that paragraph in the Chronicle. He and Sir Arthur settled it between them. I am to marry Evelyn, and now—"

"Now you can't," cried Geoffrey hoarsely. "There is Hetty—Hetty waiting for you. You can't marry any one but her, Fanshawe. You—you must stick to her."

He broke off, struggling with the temptation that assailed him to let things go. Fanshawe was not really criminal. He had blundered—blundered hideously and stupidly, but after all he was only weak and driven, easily tempted to easily led. And Hetty loved him! And if this could only be put straight he might yet make a good man—he might yet marry her. But, on the other hand, suppose things took their course—suppose he let them go? Fanshawe would marry Evelyn Walter and Hetty—why should not Hetty learn to forget him—and perhaps to care for another man in time? Why not?

The thought of her face came before him, and he rose to his feet cold and shivering. He set his teeth and looked steadily into Fanshawe's eyes. They looked back at him, bloodshot and haggard, the eyes of an old man in a young face—eyes that were old with dissipation and vice; but Geoffrey was blind to everything except the memory of Hetty's face. She loved Fanshawe—loved and believed in him, and after all, why not? He had only been weak, and if he was saved now why should not the rest of his life be straight and true?

He turned to his heel and took a sudden step toward Lord Fanshawe.

"Claude," he cried, "leave it to me. I may be able to get you out of it and help you to marry Hetty yet, only leave things to me."

Lord Fanshawe had stared at him for an instant and then laughed sharply.

"What can you do?" he cried. "Have you got five thousand pounds to give me? What are you going to do—strangle old Jackson and steal the bill? or what? You talk like an idiot, Geoffrey. You—"

"Hark!" Geoffrey had caught him suddenly by the wrist, and turned his head toward the door. "Hark!" he said.

CHAPTER VI.
THE SACRIFICE.

Lord Fanshawe swung around on his heel. His face had grown grayer, and the dull, daylight, drifting in through the great windows seemed to change it strangely. He stood, with Geoffrey's hand still on his wrist, staring toward the door.

"It is the earl," he said huskily. "It is no good Geoffrey; you can do nothing for me. I must face it somehow, and Hetty—"

He broke off and turned away.

"God bless Hetty!" Geoffrey cried suddenly. "God bless and keep her! Fanshawe, if I get you out of this, promise you will marry Hetty Lancaster—quick, promise!"

"How can you get me out of it?" he asked quickly.

"Never mind," came Geoffrey's hoarse, unsteady voice, "only promise—swear to me quickly now and tell me you will marry Hetty! Swear it now—now—and be quick."

For a second Lord Fanshawe hesitated. He would give his head to be able to do it, but—

"Quick—swear!" came Geoffrey's voice.

"I swear!" said Fanshawe.

He broke off and turned away as the door opened. Geoffrey, with his eyes fixed sharply on Geoffrey's face. Lord Fanshawe had turned his back and was starting out through the library window at the dull green of the park. Geoffrey's eyes traveled to his still motionless figure and then beyond at the dull trees outside. Somewhere there was Hetty waiting. In a little while Lord Fanshawe would go to her. In a little while, in a few minutes now, perhaps, he would be happy once more, the future clear, though his, Geoffrey's, sacrifice.

SEA HORNETS
FOR \$10,000 EACH

New French Destroyer Can Annihilate a Fleet of Battleships.

Paris, July 1.—A quiet, middle-aged man living in the Avenue de Jena, promises to revolutionize maritime warfare. That is indeed the ultimate result of the experiments and investigations of Count Recoupe, a naval engineer to whom we owe the development of the automobile canoe, or motor boat.

Recoupe has given to his new instrument of war the name of automobile vedette torpedo launcher, and the title expresses well its function.

The torpedo launcher has only one trick, but like that of the cat in the fable, it is sufficient. Though small, the vessel carries a torpedo of the largest size, so that when it operates its destructive powers are equal to those of the greatest vessels afloat.

The ordinary torpedo boats have been hitherto considered admirable for coast defense, for in this work the small size is a positive advantage, and it is possible to build fifty torpedo boats for the price of a cruiser, and the crews are proportionately reduced. But what the torpedo boat is to the cruiser, such, to some extent, is the vedette torpedo launcher to the torpedo boat.

Hornets at \$10,000 Apiece.

Count Recoupe's vessel costs only \$10,000, and it requires only two men to handle it. For the price of a battleship, therefore, it would be possible to construct some 300 of these little vessels, and what battleship or fleet of ships could hope to maintain a blockade in such a nest of marine hornets, each provided with a most deadly sting?

The two men who form the crew of the vedette are not overpowered. One of them steers the vessel entirely to the motor, which is a petroleum machine, the other steers, and at the proper moment sends the torpedo on its mission.

The great advantage of the petroleum motor is that it gives the vessel more power it is much lighter. The motor while in action produces neither smoke nor noise, and the vessel itself moves lightly on the surface of the water, with its wash and with as little as possible to attract the attention of the eye or ear.

If the vedette accomplishes its purpose it destroys a fighting machine of the highest value. At the worst, if it is sunk, the loss is only that of two men and \$10,000.

As Portable Destroyers.

But Count Recoupe has hit upon something more ingenious still. These boats are so portable that he has been able to design a vessel which is a battleship, and having the same size, but which, instead of carrying the artillery of an ordinary battleship, will simply serve as a transport for fifteen or twenty torpedoes. Its weapons, so to speak, will not be guns but vedettes. It will have the same speed as the squadron which it will accompany to the scene of the battle. Arrived there, it will scatter upon the water its fifteen vedettes and then will then do their work. One can imagine nothing more terrible than, in an engagement between big battleships, suddenly to find these microscopic but deadly engines darting in and out in every direction. The idea is perfectly feasible, because, as Count Recoupe pointed out, there never has been a great sea fight that did not take place close to the shore.

Small Boats for Small Countries.

The speed of the vedette is about seventeen knots, which is quite sufficient for its purpose. The French Government has faith in the vedette, and the first of its kind is now on its way to Cherbourg, there to co-operate with the submarines and other means of coast defense.

"I am not only an inventor," said Count Recoupe, with his illuminating smile, "I sell these little vessels at \$10,000 apiece. I am confident that the need of being reassured will find them a good investment."

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GOTHAM ODOROUS;
FILTH PILES UP

Breakers of the "White Wings"
Strike Assailed With
Club and Bomb.

New York, July 1.—The strike of the city garbage collectors is over, and the fears of a serious epidemic as the result of the conditions which have existed for the past week are at rest.

A committee representing the striking drivers called upon Mayor McClellan today and conferred with him for some time. He told the committee that he could not deal with them, because, by operation of the civil service law, they were no longer in the employ of the city. He promised, however, that if they would return to work he would take up their grievances and investigate them carefully.

After a second conference the committee announced that they had decided to send all the men back to work. It was also announced that the men would work over time until the accumulation of filth in the streets had been removed.

All day long the health department officials put forth their utmost efforts to gain control of the filth in the streets. About 250 carts were in use all day. In some portions of the city the streets were well cleaned, but in others the great heaps of putrid refuse grew higher and the odors arising from them grew more nauseating and dangerous to health.

Police were sent to the streets to guard all possible to prevent assaults on the drivers. Even on the east side, where the danger to health from the heaps of putrid refuse was rapidly becoming very grave, people booed the strike-breakers from the windows of tenements and hurled missiles at them.

Police Sergeant William Duggan was seriously injured by the explosion of what the police believe was a bomb, while escorting two carts in One Hundred and Sixteenth street late today. He was blown several feet, and his clothing was torn and covered with powder marks.

Several of the drivers were badly beaten by strike sympathizers before they could be rescued by the police. On the east side streets conditions tonight are almost unbearable. The return of hot weather has added to the seriousness of the situation. In places the heaps of garbage practically choke the streets and traffic is interfered with. Attempts to dispose of the accumulation of filth by burning have been largely unsuccessful. Children continue to play in the streets in the tenement house districts, wallowing in the filth.

But it is not alone the east side that suffers. The entire city tonight is affected by the ill-smelling garbage. The health department is still struggling tonight to make some impression on it, but even if the full force returns to work tomorrow it will require several days of hard labor before normal conditions are restored.

McCORMICK ON TRIAL.

Rochester, July 1.—James McCormick, accused jointly with Fred Schmitz and Big Ed Kelly, with the murder of Edward Pullman, the Sodus night