

## THE MAN WHO WAS DEAD

BY ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT  
Author of "In the Cause of Freedom," "When I Was Czar," Etc.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### When Greek Meets Greek.

I had plenty of time to meditate upon the questionable character of my conduct and the relative efficiency of my motive for playing the spy in earnest, for I must have waited nearly an hour before the deep roll of a man's voice announced the arrival of Alexandrov.

"You are late," declared Catarina, with a touch of shyness in her tone. "Is this how you keep your word?" "Nay, could not. It is your matter which has kept me. The fellow had a deep, rich voice, exquisitely modulated, and the soft Greek accents rolled from his tongue like music.

"You bring me news, then? You know how the fine burns in me?" "The fine which I, Alexandrov, will quench. Yes, I bring you news. Dromach is returning to Vienna. Is not that enough to brighten your eyes and gladden your heart?"

"When asked Catarina practically, 'I will tell you.' There was a pause, and I heard a match struck. It was this morning at his lodging, at the house of old Steinberg, the chief of a few shoe makers, that he had met her. He knew I was to buy a pair of shoes, and put him in a good humor I let him chat me. And while he chatted me we talked. I owed Dromach money, I said. My money burned in my pocket—your knowledge how true that is, beloved—and I wanted to pay him before it had all burned away."

"I am to the full as impatient as you, Catarina, sweetest of women! Do I not long for my reward by day and dream of it by night?" "It is not yet half-earned, Alexandrov."

"Half-earned? On my soul, but it is! Listen. The old Jew Steinberg, who has the money against Dromach's return. He wants money, friend Alexandrov, he told me. 'He has written to me for some time that I hold of his. But no, I trust no more. He might swear he had never received it, and I shudder to think of it even now. I might have said to him, 'Come and fetch it, Dromach, my friend.' I wrote him. And come he shall, or never have it. And come he must, Catarina. And when I heard of it, I laughed, and said to myself: 'The shoes are dear, but the news is cheap. And my Catarina will smile to me in glee.'"

"When will he come?" "Today, tomorrow, or two days hence, or perhaps three. What matters? For when he comes, I will have his money changed to one of five hundred marks. I will take him by the throat, and holding the knife before his eyes, I will shake the truth out of him, and he will swear to me that he may repeat it."

"It will be well—if he comes," said Catarina thoughtfully.

"If he comes not, then together we will seek and find him. But why should he not come? Tell me that, thou lovely creature. What word has ever been breathed that the case was one of murder? If he did it—mark that 'if'—for I am not yet persuaded it was his hand and not that of Provost himself, for all his cunning tale to thee. But if he did it, why should he go in fear? He fled in fear, of course. Follow me, Catarina. I will drag him to thy feet—I, even Alexandrov, and chain the sweet reward. You shall claim your Provost from the crime, but you shall keep your oath with me."

"Another phrase, my friend. More, Catarina. She had not betrayed me even to him, leaving him to believe only that he was clearing me from suspicion."

"Do you know, my friend, that I am in doubt," she said, after a short pause. "Beloved, I would as soon—nay, sooner—doubt myself."

"And about the princess, Alexandrov?" "There was a pause."

"Why are you so set on knowing?" he asked, with a touch of suspicion in his voice.

"Because I am a woman. Because I am a Greek. Because it was in her case that this was done. Because if I can love, so also I can hate. Because I can fling out of that great house, because I will trust you only so far as you will trust me. Take your choice of the reasons, or take none as you will, and go and leave me to my task alone. But if you do not trust me—"

"Bitterly and vehemently spoken, especially the broken sentence. I could picture her look as she uttered the unfinished threat. She knew the man well."

"If I tell you—"

"No 'if's Alexandrov. Go!" she interposed sharply.

"But—"

"Wood of the Cross, but you are not in earnest, Catarina?"

"There is but one man in all the empire to whom I have told this secret, and now, if I know aught of you, I have done wrong."

"It is not fair—it is not—"

"Go!" she cried, in a shrill, vehement voice. "You have deceived me. You have lied to me. I will never see you again!"

There was another pause—longer this time.

"Will you tell you," he said then. "But remember your oath. You have sworn by the Holy One never to let a word pass your lips. You swear?"

She took the oath in a firm clear voice. "I would ruin everything, and we should lose the money."

The bathos of this drew a smile from me. But the man was intensely in earnest. In the silence another match was struck. Then he laughed.

"He is a slippery fox, that Grundelhoff; but he will not slip me. I trust him as much as I trust this smoke to carry me to the clouds. He found out, though, that Provost meant to play false, Catarina. Mark that. What have I always said of your Provost?"

"Have a care, Alexandrov!" Catarina's voice was low and dangerous.

"Well, I have. And now it is his turn. They have put him out of the scheme. They have other means of getting through to you to find me the chance. But he won't tell me. He is close-lipped now, and tells me nothing. He thinks me a fool, and forgets I am a Greek. He will use me to shield him from suspicion. He is a fox, I say. But it is a small word that holds no more than one fox, Catarina. And he laughed with much self-complacency.

She took no notice of his pauses. "See this, angel one. When it is over, others will want to know things. Then my turn will come. I shall go to him and say, 'Gentle Austrian, questions are being asked; Alexandrov is but a poor man; he was misled into this business, and his lips will be opened or closed, just as he is paid.' To think of using

## SHAH'S TROOPS INFLECT GREAT LOSS ON REFORMERS



ARTILLERY SQUARE WITH THE SHAH'S CAVALRY DRAWN UP FOR ACTION.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

BEFORE THE DOOR OF THE PARLIAMENT.

Rehlin, June 28.—News has been received here that the troops of the Shah of Persia have stormed and captured the parliament buildings in Tehran and that the city was bombed by artillery. The square in front of the parliament buildings is said to be heaped with bodies of the slain.

The troops have dragged the reformers, who had taken refuge in parliament, before the Shah. The Shah seemed to be everywhere in exposed places. A large number of persons was wounded.

His special correspondent at Tehran says: "The disturbances ended in victory for the Shah's party, the opposition forces being entirely dispersed. The combat continued until 2 o'clock in the afternoon and the artillery was partly withdrawn from the parliament building after that time."

"Some looting continues in the parliamentary quarters, where several houses were sacked. The dead have not yet been carried off the streets, and they are lying everywhere in exposed places. A large number of persons was wounded."

"The artillery fired on the population at very short range, while from the roofs of the houses and the mosques the people replied with rifles and revolvers. Tonight the Cossacks hold all the squares and streets."

"The Shah remained almost entirely alone during the fighting, only his personal staff accompanying him. All the troops were engaged, and they suffered losses of more than one hundred dead and wounded."

"The European quarter in Tehran is comparatively quiet."

doors open long enough for me to see into the anteroom, which was beyond them. I was desperately busy measuring something, and making notes in a little book, and took no notice of her for a moment. Then I gave a little start, as if I had just been here, and, guessing that she was French, bade her good day in her own language.

It turned out to be a good guess. Her face brightened instantly.

"Good day, monsieur. I thought all the men had gone," she said.

I smiled, and shrugged my shoulders, and gestured.

"Ah! the rascals have an easy time of it, mademoiselle, but we foremen have to work much longer. The work must be measured up, you know, and I continued to look at my watch.

"How did you know I was French, mademoiselle?"

"How do we tell a garden rose from a mere briar blossom, mademoiselle? Culture tells. Vienna is not Paris."

"That is pretty. I have not seen you before."

"My loss, that," said I, with a smile. "Had I known what a pretty face was here, I would have seen me, I warrant you."

She tossed her head coquettishly.

"Would you measure me up as well as the work?" she asked, with a smile.

"I have no tape short enough to measure dainty waists like yours, and no plumb long enough to reach the bottom of such deep eyes. I replied, seeing that I could only say so much."

"Monsieur! What a flatterer!"

"No, no; nothing but a bachelor, with a passion for the truth," I said, making her an elaborate bow. "But I recognize beauty when I see it."

She closed the door and came toward me.

"You are more polite than my town men, you know."

"The work has to be done quickly, so I said, for we must have the work finished before the evening."

"She showed her teeth in a laugh of pleasure, and, starting back, I put my hand to my eyes, as if dazzled."

"Don't!" I cried.

"Don't what?"

"Not to show those lovely teeth. I am a connoisseur of pearls."

"Monsieur! But you are ridiculous! Tell me, when will the work be finished?"

"No, no, no. Not tomorrow evening. I am not here to say on you, but to warn you that these are the last days of the year, and you over to your enemies in Serbia."

"Very ingenious, monsieur, but superfluous," she replied, in a tone of ice. "I have no time to waste on you. More precise than yours, too, for the name of one of the principals was given to me." Her look said plainly that she meant me.

"I see it is no use to attempt to remove your prejudice," I declared, more doggedly than I felt.

"Ah! you understand me, I see. Do you deny that you have been in league with others for this purpose?"

"I have no time to waste on you. More precise than yours, too, for the name of one of the principals was given to me." Her look said plainly that she meant me.

"I see it is no use to attempt to remove your prejudice," I declared, more doggedly than I felt.

"Ah! you understand me, I see. Do you deny that you have been in league with others for this purpose?"

"I have no time to waste on you. More precise than yours, too, for the name of one of the principals was given to me." Her look said plainly that she meant me.

tempt. When you can judge me less unfairly I will return—if it be not too late, indeed."

To my surprise she fell into a seat near, and covered her face, apparently in great agitation.

My stupid anger passed on the instant, and I paused in some confusion.

"The foreman," she cried, indignantly. "I have already told the prince."

"For that I thank you, at any rate. The reputation for one murder is more than enough without the actual commission of another." And then I left.

I had been impressed by her manner (To be continued.)

CHAPTER XVI.

Double Treachery.

My confusion at being surprised by Norma, and the very equivocal situation was quickly followed by a feeling of intense exasperation. Eager to help her, I went to her, and, not knowing her name, I compromised me further in her eyes.

I was highly wrought by the events of the day, and by the knowledge that I was within a few hours of the time when the miserable personation would end, and I had a vague feeling that she ought to be able to see through the wall of mystery, and that I should be able to recognize my purpose toward her.

"It was utterly unreasonable of me. I know the evidence of my acquiescence was quickly followed by a feeling of intense exasperation. Eager to help her, I went to her, and, not knowing her name, I compromised me further in her eyes."

I was highly wrought by the events of the day, and by the knowledge that I was within a few hours of the time when the miserable personation would end, and I had a vague feeling that she ought to be able to see through the wall of mystery, and that I should be able to recognize my purpose toward her."

"It was utterly unreasonable of me. I know the evidence of my acquiescence was quickly followed by a feeling of intense exasperation. Eager to help her, I went to her, and, not knowing her name, I compromised me further in her eyes."

I was highly wrought by the events of the day, and by the knowledge that I was within a few hours of the time when the miserable personation would end, and I had a vague feeling that she ought to be able to see through the wall of mystery, and that I should be able to recognize my purpose toward her."

"It was utterly unreasonable of me. I know the evidence of my acquiescence was quickly followed by a feeling of intense exasperation. Eager to help her, I went to her, and, not knowing her name, I compromised me further in her eyes."

I was highly wrought by the events of the day, and by the knowledge that I was within a few hours of the time when the miserable personation would end, and I had a vague feeling that she ought to be able to see through the wall of mystery, and that I should be able to recognize my purpose toward her."

"It was utterly unreasonable of me. I know the evidence of my acquiescence was quickly followed by a feeling of intense exasperation. Eager to help her, I went to her, and, not knowing her name, I compromised me further in her eyes."

I was highly wrought by the events of the day, and by the knowledge that I was within a few hours of the time when the miserable personation would end, and I had a vague feeling that she ought to be able to see through the wall of mystery, and that I should be able to recognize my purpose toward her."

"It was utterly unreasonable of me. I know the evidence of my acquiescence was quickly followed by a feeling of intense exasperation. Eager to help her, I went to her, and, not knowing her name, I compromised me further in her eyes."

I was highly wrought by the events of the day, and by the knowledge that I was within a few hours of the time when the miserable personation would end, and I had a vague feeling that she ought to be able to see through the wall of mystery, and that I should be able to recognize my purpose toward her."

"It was utterly unreasonable of me. I know the evidence of my acquiescence was quickly followed by a feeling of intense exasperation. Eager to help her, I went to her, and, not knowing her name, I compromised me further in her eyes."

I was highly wrought by the events of the day, and by the knowledge that I was within a few hours of the time when the miserable personation would end, and I had a vague feeling that she ought to be able to see through the wall of mystery, and that I should be able to recognize my purpose toward her."

"It was utterly unreasonable of me. I know the evidence of my acquiescence was quickly followed by a feeling of intense exasperation. Eager to help her, I went to her, and, not knowing her name, I compromised me further in her eyes."

I was highly wrought by the events of the day, and by the knowledge that I was within a few hours of the time when the miserable personation would end, and I had a vague feeling that she ought to be able to see through the wall of mystery, and that I should be able to recognize my purpose toward her."

"It was utterly unreasonable of me. I know the evidence of my acquiescence was quickly followed by a feeling of intense exasperation. Eager to help her, I went to her, and, not knowing her name, I compromised me further in her eyes."

I was highly wrought by the events of the day, and by the knowledge that I was within a few hours of the time when the miserable personation would end, and I had a vague feeling that she ought to be able to see through the wall of mystery, and that I should be able to recognize my purpose toward her."

"It was utterly unreasonable of me. I know the evidence of my acquiescence was quickly followed by a feeling of intense exasperation. Eager to help her, I went to her, and, not knowing her name, I compromised me further in her eyes."

I was highly wrought by the events of the day, and by the knowledge that I was within a few hours of the time when the miserable personation would end, and I had a vague feeling that she ought to be able to see through the wall of mystery, and that I should be able to recognize my purpose toward her."

"It was utterly unreasonable of me. I know the evidence of my acquiescence was quickly followed by a feeling of intense exasperation. Eager to help her, I went to her, and, not knowing her name, I compromised me further in her eyes."

I was highly wrought by the events of the day, and by the knowledge that I was within a few hours of the time when the miserable personation would end, and I had a vague feeling that she ought to be able to see through the wall of mystery, and that I should be able to recognize my purpose toward her."

ou would—"

"She broke off, and then, with a deep sigh, added: 'Ah, Guy, you are as hard to me as if this love of mine for you were a crime.'"

"Let us look the facts in the face, Stephanie. I can have no love for you. You have forced this engagement on me, and you would force the marriage. One cannot love the hand that holds the scourge."

"I will force you to love me yet."

"More probably you will find the whip struck from your hand," I retorted.

"What do you mean by that?" she cried, quickly and eagerly.

"There are but two alternatives for the slave—death or emancipation."

The words appeared to create a much deeper effect than I had anticipated. She sat thinking.

"You little guess the result of those words, or you would not have spoken them," she cried angrily. Then, reading the questioning look in my eyes, she bit her lips, as if regretting the speech, and added: "I mean that our marriage must take place tomorrow."

"I am sure. You may do what you will."

"As you will, then. One would think it was your death instead of your marriage," she said, with a bitter laugh. She gave me so readily that my former impression was strengthened.

I rose.

"There are two things I have to say," I told her. "I have heard that the plot against Norma is to be carried out soon."

"Norma again? Always Norma!" she snarled almost viciously. "But you need not incite your tender heart on her account."

"Is not her safety everything to your cause?" I asked, and added: "I don't understand you."

"There is nothing to understand, except that if such an attempt were made it would fail. Did you not see that I was taking extra precautions?"

"The other is that—I am no assassin. The prince would have me right and kill Von Epstein. You know the truth, and that I will have no hand in it."

"You do not believe that I would dream of such a thing?" she cried, indignantly. "I have already told the prince."

"For that I thank you, at any rate. The reputation for one murder is more than enough without the actual commission of another." And then I left.

I had been impressed by her manner (To be continued.)

CAPT. WHELPLEY IS DEAD IN ST. GEORGE

Saturday, July 27.

A message from St. George says that Captain H. T. Whelpley of Victoria street, whose skull was fractured by a fall down the hold of the schooner Ruth Robinson at St. George yesterday morning, died at 8 o'clock last night, a few minutes after the arrival of his wife who had started to drive from here to St. George yesterday morning on learning of the accident.

Capt. Whelpley never regained consciousness.

He was in his 36th year, the son of Mr. Hannah D. Whelpley, who lived at Capt. Whelpley's house in Victoria street, and who, at the age of 87, is called on to suffer so great a shock.

The father was the late Henry Whelpley of Whelpley's point, Long Beach. Captain Whelpley is the first of the children to die.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Augusta Williams of the Cedars, and the following children: Mrs. Samuel Holder of North End, Misses Ethel, Florence and Vera Whelpley and Harry Whelpley, at home. There are three brothers—George, of 108 Waterloo street; David, of Adelaide street, and Warren, of South Beatty; also three sisters—Mrs. William Henderson, of Adelaide street; Mrs. Weldon, of North End; Mrs. Cronk, of Moss Glen, and an adopted sister, Mrs. Orr, of Sewell street.

"I will see that your highest wishes are carried out by my men," I said to Norma, with a low bow. Then I turned to Stephanie and bowed to her. "I am the foreman, excellency."

"I rather enjoyed the anger that blazed from her eyes as she returned my look, and for a moment I thought she would break out into a tirade. But she restrained her temper."

"Oh, yes, I remember now; you were to be here this afternoon. As you have finished with the princess, come with me, and I will give you your instructions," she went to the door again, and I followed her.

"This was a clever move, for I was either compelled to follow her or make some excuse before the servant. I chose the former, and went out with her."

"Shall we discuss it here, excellency?" I asked, and to my eyes, I did not wish the baroness to know of my visit."

She took this for another falsehood, and I said a little doggedly:

"I have no time to give to change them. I am not here to say on you, but to warn you that these are the last days of the year, and you over to your enemies in Serbia."

"Very ingenious, monsieur, but superfluous," she replied, in a tone of ice. "I have no time to waste on you. More precise than yours, too, for the name of one of the principals was given to me." Her look said plainly that she meant me.

"I see it is no use to attempt to remove your prejudice," I declared, more doggedly than I felt.

"Ah! you understand me, I see. Do you deny that you have been in league with others for this purpose?"

"I have no time to waste on you. More precise than yours, too, for the name of one of the principals was given to me." Her look said plainly that she meant me.

"I see it is no use to attempt to remove your prejudice," I declared, more doggedly than I felt.

"Ah! you understand me, I see. Do you deny that you have been in league with others for this purpose?"

"I have no time to waste on you. More precise than yours, too, for the name of one of the principals was given to me." Her look said plainly that she meant me.

"I see it is no use to attempt to remove your prejudice," I declared, more doggedly than I felt.

"Ah! you understand me, I see. Do you deny that you have been in league with others for this purpose?"

"I have no time to waste on you. More precise than yours, too, for the name of one of the principals was given to me." Her look said plainly that she meant me.

"I see it is no use to attempt to remove your prejudice," I declared, more doggedly than I felt.

## FLORENCEVILLE CONSOLIDATED SCHOOL CLOSING

Florenceville, June 27.—Mrs. Kimball, Bridgewater, Me., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boyer.

John McCain, of Matawan, Me., is a graduate of the Consolidated School.

Miss Bessie McNair and John McNair, of Arthurette, are here attending the closing exercises of the Consolidated School.

The closing exercises of Florenceville Consolidated School were held yesterday. The weather was all that could be desired and the day's program was carried out to the satisfaction of all concerned.

From 9:30 to 11:30 a. m. the examination in the ordinary subjects went on in the whole school. In the advanced department the pupils were examined on the usual work of the year and showed plainly their grasp of the subjects was wide and deep.

The pupils of the first and second intermediate departments were similarly examined and by their ready answers it could be seen that their time during the last year had been well spent. A number of recitations were given by the pupils and were much enjoyed by the spectators.

The usual morning program was followed in the primary department until 11 o'clock after which came a period of entertainment consisting of recitations, songs, finger plays, etc., which were given by the children.

The school was dismissed at 11:30. In the afternoon members from all the grades, from 1 to XI, repaired to the school garden. The garden was found to be in an excellent condition and the pupils interested and zealous in the work at the same time maintaining good order and discipline. The grounds are laid out in plots 8 feet by ten feet, and a number of plants were selected and unsold seeds have been planted for next year.

Principal Squires has charge of this work. The Household Science examination took place at 2 o'clock. Fruit salad was served to the visitors in dainty orange baskets and samples of the sewing done by both the advanced and intermediate departments were on exhibition. Those present expressed themselves as greatly pleased with the work seen in the school.

Miss Beatrice Patterson, of Truro, N. S., has charge of the primary and household science departments and everyone is pleased to know she intends to remain next year.

From 2 p. m. to 3 p. m. an examination was also held in the manual training department. A number of boys from grades VI to X were at work at their benches making paper knives, needle boards, etc. Models made during the term were on exhibition. A number of boys received many words of praise from the numerous visitors on the character of the school work.

Miss Margaret Pickle, of Hampton, N. B., has been a teacher in the second intermediate and Sloyd departments for the last two years. The hall was a beautiful very high order and regrets are heard on every hand that she is severing her connection with the school at the end of the present year.

At three o'clock the school assembled in the different rooms and from there moved to the Assembly Hall. After a number of remarks by the principal, Mr. Bell, of the first intermediate department stepped forward and presented Miss N. Harmon, one of the retiring instructors, with the handsome travelling companion, Miss Eva Hathaway, of the second intermediate room presented Miss Margaret Pickle with a beautiful bevelled-edge mirror.

Miss Harmon is leaving to take a course at the U. N. B. school to the regret of both pupils and parents.

At 8 o'clock in the evening the public graduation exercises were held in the Assembly Hall. The hall was a beautiful very high order and regrets are heard on every hand that she is severing her connection with the school at the end of the present year.

At three o'clock the school assembled in the different rooms and from there moved to the Assembly Hall. After a number of remarks by the principal, Mr. Bell, of the first intermediate department stepped forward