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The Sauce that makes the whole world hungry.

purser has a good many other things to consider."
"Of course, old fellow. Well, the long and the short of it is that I have seen her, and she has promised to marry me. I ordered a bottle of champagne for the auspicious occasion, and we drank each other's healths. Heavens, what a lucky fellow I am! There never was anyone like her in the world. I believe Morrison guesses the state of affairs. I must go and tell him."
"What about your belt, Major?"

I said suddenly.

"Oh, that's all right. The fact is, I had almost forgotten it, but I have faithfully worn it day and night, and tathfully worn it day and night, and to-morrow, or next day at latest, will deliver it up to the Maharajah. It will be a relief to get rid of it."

"You have not said anything about it to Miss Keele?" I asked.

"Well, no; is it likely? What gives you such a suspicious air, Conway?"

"Oh nothing pothing! Of course

'Oh, nothing, nothing! Of course

I congratulate you."
"You well may; I am the luckiest fellow on the face of God's earth."

An hour passed, and I must say that during that time I paid very little attention to the ship's accounts. Major Strangways' news had produced a sense of intense discomfort, and all my early suspicions were revived. Who was Miss Keele? What was she doing on board the Morning Star? Had she an ulterior motive behind those quiet manners and that beautiful face? Beyond doubt she had shown extreme agitation when I mentioned the fact that Morrison was mentioned the fact that Morrison was on board.

I started up when this idea came to me, blaming myself much for my sus-picions, and then, making a violent effort, I withdrew my mind from Miss Keele and her affairs. Eight bells was close at hand, and I turned restlessly to the business which I must conclude before I lay down. I had just got a little bit into the swing of the thing when there came another knock at my door. I muttered angrily under my breath, but said the inevit-able words, "Come in."

This time, much to my astonishment, Morrison appeared on the

"Purser, I have something to say: I shall not keep you a moment." "Come in and shut the door, won't

you?" was my reply.

He entered gravely, closing the

door behind him.

"You ought to know," he said,
"and so ought Strangways. Strangways has just told me he is engaged to Annie Keele; but, by Jove! Annie Keele is not on board at all! I caught a glimpse of the girl who poses as Miss Keele. She came out of her cabin and limped in the direction of Strangways' cabin not ten minutes I stepped back behind a curtain, intending to spring out and declare myself, for Annie and I—the real Annie, I mean—have been the real Annie, I mean—have been the greatest chums all our lives. But, by Jove! it wasn't Annie at all; the girl was not even like her. What does this mean, purser?"

"God only knows," I answered.
"Where did you say you saw Miss Keele?"

"It is a second of the second of

"Limping along the passage not far from Strangways' cabin. She went very softly, and I lost sight of her almost in a moment. I was so stunned I could think of nothing but to come straight to you."

"You did quite right; and now leave me, like a good fellow; I must look into this matter immediately."

"But what will you do? What does it mean?"

"Heaven only knows what it means," I replied; "but leave me, Morrison, and at once—there is not a moment to lose. No, you cannot help, go, do go."
As I spoke my eyes lighted upon a

and Bottled in England