

is that he follows me, for he has never intruded on anyone else so far as I can learn, I would like to know!

The native servants asked in awe-struck whispers whether I noticed if his feet were turned backwards; for it seems they believe that to be one of the characteristics of a ghost. But the man was flesh and blood, I am sure of it; and I am bound that if he comes again I will learn his object. I sleep now with my pistol under my pillow, and next time I shall shoot!

TRANT, as he finished the last words, looked up suddenly at Miss Waldron, as though about to ask a question or make some comment, but checked himself. He picked up the next letter, which bore a Cape Town date line:

My affair with my mysterious visitor came almost to a conclusion last night, for, except for a careless mistake of my own, I should have bagged him. Isn't it mystifying, bewildering—yes, and a little terrifying? He made his appearance here last night in Cape Town, thousands of miles away from the two other places I had encountered him; and he seemed to have no more difficulty in entering the house of a Cape Town correspondent, Mr. Arthur Emsley, where we are guests, than he had before in entering public hotels. When discovered he disappeared as mysteriously as ever. This time, however, he took some precautions. He had moved my night lamp so that, with his body in shadow, he could still see the contents of my desk; but I could hear his shoulders rubbing on the wall and located him exactly. I slipped my hand noiselessly for my revolver, but it was gone. The slight noise I made in searching for it alarmed him, and he ran.

I rushed out into the hall after him. Mr. Emsley and Lawler, awakened, had come out of their rooms. They had not seen him, and, though we searched the house, he had disappeared as inexplicably as the two other times. But I have learned one thing, it is not a turban he wears, it is his coat, which he takes off and wraps around his head to hide his face. An odd disguise! The possession of a coat of that sort makes it probable he is a European. I know of only two Europeans who have been in Cairo, Calcutta, and Cape Town at the same time we were, both travelers like ourselves; a guttural young German named Schultz, an agent of the North German Lloyd, and a nasal American named Walkott, of the Lesic Medicine Company, New York. I shall keep an eye on both of them. This affair has come to be a personal and bitter contest between the unknown and myself. I am determined not only to know who this man is and what is the object of his visits, but to settle with him the score which I now have against him. I shall shoot him next time he comes as mercilessly as I would a rabid dog; and I should have shot him this time except for my own careless mistake through which I had let my revolver slip to the floor, where I found it.

By the bye, we sail for home—that is, England—next week on the steamer Gladstone, but, I am sorry to say, without my English servant, Beasley. Poor Beasley, since these mysterious occurrences, has been bitten with superstitious terror; the man is in a perfect funk, thinks I am haunted, and does not dare to embark on the same ship with me, for he believes that the Gladstone will never reach England in safety if I am aboard. I shall discharge him, of course, but furnish him with his transportation home and leave him to follow at his leisure if he sees fit.

"THIS is the first time I have heard of another man in their party who might possibly be the masquerader, Miss Waldron," Trant swung suddenly in his revolving chair to face the girl again. "Mr. Axton speaks of him as his English servant. I suppose from that, he left England with Mr. Axton."

"Yes, Mr. Trant."

"And therefore was present, though not mentioned, at Cairo, Calcutta, and Cape Town?"

"Yes, I believe so; but he was dismissed at that time by Mr. Axton. At the time of the mysterious man's next appearance, Beasley was in the Charing Cross Hospital in London. He is still there. His leg was broken in a cab accident; and one of the doctors there wrote Mr. Axton only two days ago

telling him of Beasley's need of assistance. It could not have been Beasley."

"And there was no one else with Mr. Axton, except his friend Lawler who, you say, was drowned in a wreck."

"No one but Mr. Lawler, Mr. Trant; and Howard himself saw him dead and identified him, as you will see in that last letter."

Trant opened the envelope and took out the inclosure; as he unfolded it, a printed sheet dropped out, a page from the London Illustrated News showing four portraits with the caption, "Sole Survivors of the ill-fated British Steamer Gladstone, wrecked off Cape Blanco, January 24th." The first portrait bore the name of Howard Axton and showed the determined, distinctly handsome features and the full lips and deep-set eyes of the man whom the girl had defied that morning.

"This is a good portrait?" Trant asked.



"I do not know him," Axton's eyes glanced furtively about. "I have never seen him before. This is not Lawler."

"Very good, indeed," the girl answered, "though it was taken for the News almost immediately after the wreck. I have the photograph from which it was made at home. I had asked him for a picture of himself in my last previous letter, as my mother had had destroyed every picture, even the early ones, of him and his mother."

Trant turned to the last letter:

Wrecked, Miss Waldron! Poor Beasley's prophecy of disaster has come only too true, and I suppose he is already congratulating himself that he was "warned" by my mysterious visitor and so escaped the fate that so many have suffered, including poor Lawler. Of course you will have seen all about it in the staring headlines of some newspaper long before this reaches you. I am glad that when found I was at once identified, though still unconscious, and my name listed first among the very few survivors, so that you were spared the anxiety of waiting for news of me. Only four of us left out of that whole shipload! I had final proof this morning of poor Lawler's death by the finding of his body.

I was hardly out of bed when a German trader came to tell me that more bodies had been found, and as I have been called upon in every instance to aid in identification, I set out with him down the beach at once. It was almost impossible to realize that this blue and silver ocean glimmering under the blazing sun was the same white-frothing terror that had swallowed up all my companions of three days before. The greater part of the bodies found that morning had been already carried up the beach. Among those remaining on the sand the first we came upon was that of Lawler. It lay upon its side at the entrance of a ragged sandy cove, half buried in the sand, which here was white as leprosy. His ears, his eyes, and every interstice of his clothing were filled with this white and leprous sand by the washing of the waves; his pockets bulged and were distended with it.

"What! what!" Trant clutched the letter in excitement and stared at it.

"It is a horrible picture, Mr. Trant," the girl shuddered.

"Horrible—yes, certainly," the psychologist answered quickly. "I was not thinking of the horror—he checked himself.

"Of what, then?" asked Caryl, pointedly.

But the psychologist had already returned to the letter in his hand, the remainder of which he read with intent and ever-increasing interest:

Of course I identified him at once. His face was calm and showed no evidence of his last bitter struggle, and I am glad his look was thus peaceful. Poor Lawler! If the first part of his life was not all it should have been, as indeed he frankly told me, he atoned for all in his last hour. For undoubtedly, Miss Waldron, Lawler gave his life for mine.

I suppose the story of the wreck is already well known to you, for our one telegraph wire that binds this isolated town to the outside world has been labouring for three days under a load of messages.

ON the night it occurred I awakened with so strong a sense of something being wrong that I rose, partly dressed myself, and went out into the saloon, where I found a white-faced steward going from door to door arousing the passengers. Heavy smoke was billowing up the main companionway in the light of the cabin lamps, and the pitching and reeling of the vessel showed that the sea had greatly increased. I returned and awoke Lawler, and we went out on deck. The sea was a smother of startling whiteness through which the Gladstone was staggering at the full power of her engines for Cape Blanco. No flame as yet was anywhere visible, but huge volumes of smoke were bursting from every opening in the fore part of the vessel.

The passengers, in a pale and terrified group, were kept together on the after deck, as far as possible from the fire. Now and then some pallid, staring man or woman would break through the guard and rush back to the cabin in search of a missing loved one or valuables. Life preservers were passed. But when I tried to put one on I found it to be old and in such condition that it was useless. Lawler then took off the preserver that he himself had on, declaring that he was a much better swimmer than I—which I knew to be the case—and forced me to wear

it. This life preserver was all that brought me safely ashore, and the lack of it was, I believe, the reason for Lawler's death. Within ten minutes afterwards the flames burst through the forward deck—a red and awful banner which the fierce wind flattened into a fan-shaped sheet of fire against the night—and the Gladstone struck with terrific force, throwing everything and everybody flat upon the deck. The bow was raised high upon the reef, while the stern with its maddened, living freight began to sink rapidly into the swirl of foaming waters. The first two boats were overfilled at once in a wild rush, and one was stove immediately against the steamer's side and sank, while the other was badly damaged and made only about fifty yards' progress before it went down also. The remaining boats all were lowered from the starboard davits, and got away in safety; but only to capsize or be stove upon the reef. Lawler and I found places in the last boat, the captain's.

Then I recall only the swamping of our boat, and cruel white waters that rushed out of the night to engulf us; I recall a blind and painful struggle against a power

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