

THE MAN WHO WAS DEAD

BY ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"Have you told her your secret?" she broke in.

"Certainly not. I gave you my word, and I shall keep it; but if I can save her from the ruin that your plunging her into, I shall. That was no part of our compact."

"Why did she come here?"

"I have no other reason to give than that already given."

"I know that it is not true. You could not get a letter to her."

"I smiled."

"You forget. You yourself accused her of having received a letter from me last night."

"What was that letter?" she flashed.

"You have already had her answer that there was nothing of the sort. Try at least to be reasonable. Tear up that foolish letter. We both know that it is no more than a blank cartridge. If you were in earnest in a threat of that sort you have only to utter a half-dozen words, and my life would not be worth ten minutes' purchase. I know that. I know I am completely in your power in that respect, but not in that way." And I waved my hand toward the letter.

"She sat fingering the letter strenuously, and at length looked up and asked:

"Do you care for her, Guy?"

"I tell you what you may be glad to hear. Last night, after you had gone in with Von Epstein, I found her alone and very miserable on the balcony. I begged her to let me help her; and her reply was—she regarded it as an insult that I should even speak to her, and forbade me ever to do so again. You have done your part well, so far as making her despise me is concerned."

"But she came here to-day," she retorted quickly.

"Would not you have come had I threatened you to reveal everything?"

"No, that is not the reason," she replied, shaking her head. "You are not the man to use such a threat to any woman. She came to seek your help."

"On my honor, no. Even after I had told her that she had no reason to fear your threats, she denounced me as a spy, and refused to believe a word I said. You have done your work well in that respect, I repeat, even without that last ingenious attempt to blacken me in regard to this Greek girl."

"I was mad with anger. I was jealous. I know. But I love you so."

"That letter!" I said, pointing at it significantly.

"She tore it to shreds impulsively. 'You don't think I mean it. Do you believe I would send you to your death? Oh, how you wrong me!' she cried, wringing her hands. 'And I have risked so much for you.' She got up and began to pace the room again in great agitation. I deemed it best to say nothing. I had got out of giving an explanation much better than I could have hoped, and I waited for her next move. It came soon. After about a minute's pause she stopped in front of me. 'I have made up my mind. Guy. After what has happened here today, I shall not hesitate to tell you until I am your wife. You cannot break away from me then.'"

"Which means?"

"That our betrothal shall be made public at once."

"Why not except Von Epstein?"

"It will complicate matters with him, won't it?"

"This is more to me than the cause itself. Our marriage must take place almost at once."

"Norma again?" I smiled.

"Norma again. If you will. But it must be so."

"Very well. Just as you like," I said lightly.

"Oh, don't use that tone to me," she cried, with a very angry gesture.

"If I were to speak seriously and tell you all my thoughts about it, you would like it best," I replied earnestly, adding in the hazy tone: "Do you think we shall make a success of it? However, it is one of the little scenes of the comedy that I leave to you, and probably it will be safer. If I encourage the idea of the speedy marriage, you will abandon that other idea—the happy despatch business."

"Have you nothing but these fibes for me, Guy?"

"Something sentimental? Certainly. I can turn it on at will. What vintage? Flowery, languishing, sparkling, melancholy? Give your orders."

"Oh, you madden me," she cried, and was hurrying out of the room when I reminded her of the Catalina matter.

"I will deal with her," she said.

"How?"

"Do you think I will not protect you now?"

"Who is the girl?"

"She was Norma's maid companion, and she was sent away."

"And Provoost's share in the matter?"

"They were lovers. But at need she shall be driven away."

"Well, I hope you won't be jealous of her, too," I laughed.

"She made no reply, and in silence we went down to her carriage."

"As she settled herself in her seat she leaned forward. 'The marriage shall take place this day week, Guy. I cannot wait longer.'"

"Very well. Any time you please," I answered with a smile, as though it were the best news in the world, and I waved my hand as she drove off.

"In truth, it was all the same to me whether she said a week or a year. What I had to do could be done in a week, and then—well, there would be no 'them' for me."

I stood a moment gazing after the carriage thoughtfully, and then walked slowly back up the stairs to my room. Before I reached them some one came running up after me in great haste.

It was Vösch.

"Provoost! Provoost!" he called quickly. I waited for him by the door of the room.

"What is it?" I asked as he reached me.

"It was a little breathless, having run up so quickly."

"Catarina," he said, in a whisper. He was very excited.

"Well, what about her?"

"She is here—coming up the stairs now."

"I listened, and heard some one just below the turn in the stairway."

"In another moment she would reach us, and Vösch would learn the reason why I was so unlike Gerard Provoost."

And he could be trusted to spread the news far and wide.

It was about as awkward a situation as I had yet had to face. Discovery seemed inevitable, and how to avoid it baffled me.

CHAPTER XII.

Catarina.

I stood staring helplessly at Vösch as I listened to Catarina's approaching footsteps, and it was not until her hat was

THE MAN WHO WAS DEAD

BY ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT

Author of "In the Cause of Freedom," "When I Was Czar," Etc.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"Have you told her your secret?" she broke in.

"Certainly not. I gave you my word, and I shall keep it; but if I can save her from the ruin that your plunging her into, I shall. That was no part of our compact."

"Why did she come here?"

"I have no other reason to give than that already given."

"I know that it is not true. You could not get a letter to her."

"I smiled."

"You forget. You yourself accused her of having received a letter from me last night."

"What was that letter?" she flashed.

"You have already had her answer that there was nothing of the sort. Try at least to be reasonable. Tear up that foolish letter. We both know that it is no more than a blank cartridge. If you were in earnest in a threat of that sort you have only to utter a half-dozen words, and my life would not be worth ten minutes' purchase. I know that. I know I am completely in your power in that respect, but not in that way."

And I waved my hand toward the letter.

"She sat fingering the letter strenuously, and at length looked up and asked:

"Do you care for her, Guy?"

"I tell you what you may be glad to hear. Last night, after you had gone in with Von Epstein, I found her alone and very miserable on the balcony. I begged her to let me help her; and her reply was—she regarded it as an insult that I should even speak to her, and forbade me ever to do so again. You have done your part well, so far as making her despise me is concerned."

"But she came here to-day," she retorted quickly.

"Would not you have come had I threatened you to reveal everything?"

"No, that is not the reason," she replied, shaking her head. "You are not the man to use such a threat to any woman. She came to seek your help."

"On my honor, no. Even after I had told her that she had no reason to fear your threats, she denounced me as a spy, and refused to believe a word I said. You have done your work well in that respect, I repeat, even without that last ingenious attempt to blacken me in regard to this Greek girl."

"I was mad with anger. I was jealous. I know. But I love you so."

"That letter!" I said, pointing at it significantly.

"She tore it to shreds impulsively. 'You don't think I mean it. Do you believe I would send you to your death? Oh, how you wrong me!' she cried, wringing her hands. 'And I have risked so much for you.' She got up and began to pace the room again in great agitation. I deemed it best to say nothing. I had got out of giving an explanation much better than I could have hoped, and I waited for her next move. It came soon. After about a minute's pause she stopped in front of me. 'I have made up my mind. Guy. After what has happened here today, I shall not hesitate to tell you until I am your wife. You cannot break away from me then.'"

"Which means?"

"That our betrothal shall be made public at once."

"Why not except Von Epstein?"

"It will complicate matters with him, won't it?"

"This is more to me than the cause itself. Our marriage must take place almost at once."

"Norma again?" I smiled.

"Norma again. If you will. But it must be so."

"Very well. Just as you like," I said lightly.

"Oh, don't use that tone to me," she cried, with a very angry gesture.

"If I were to speak seriously and tell you all my thoughts about it, you would like it best," I replied earnestly, adding in the hazy tone: "Do you think we shall make a success of it? However, it is one of the little scenes of the comedy that I leave to you, and probably it will be safer. If I encourage the idea of the speedy marriage, you will abandon that other idea—the happy despatch business."

"Have you nothing but these fibes for me, Guy?"

"Something sentimental? Certainly. I can turn it on at will. What vintage? Flowery, languishing, sparkling, melancholy? Give your orders."

"Oh, you madden me," she cried, and was hurrying out of the room when I reminded her of the Catalina matter.

"I will deal with her," she said.

"How?"

"Do you think I will not protect you now?"

"Who is the girl?"

"She was Norma's maid companion, and she was sent away."

"And Provoost's share in the matter?"

"They were lovers. But at need she shall be driven away."

"Well, I hope you won't be jealous of her, too," I laughed.

"She made no reply, and in silence we went down to her carriage."

"As she settled herself in her seat she leaned forward. 'The marriage shall take place this day week, Guy. I cannot wait longer.'"

"Very well. Any time you please," I answered with a smile, as though it were the best news in the world, and I waved my hand as she drove off.

"In truth, it was all the same to me whether she said a week or a year. What I had to do could be done in a week, and then—well, there would be no 'them' for me."

I stood a moment gazing after the carriage thoughtfully, and then walked slowly back up the stairs to my room. Before I reached them some one came running up after me in great haste.

It was Vösch.

"Provoost! Provoost!" he called quickly. I waited for him by the door of the room.

"What is it?" I asked as he reached me.

"It was a little breathless, having run up so quickly."

"Catarina," he said, in a whisper. He was very excited.

"Well, what about her?"

"She is here—coming up the stairs now."

"I listened, and heard some one just below the turn in the stairway."

"In another moment she would reach us, and Vösch would learn the reason why I was so unlike Gerard Provoost."

And he could be trusted to spread the news far and wide.

It was about as awkward a situation as I had yet had to face. Discovery seemed inevitable, and how to avoid it baffled me.

THE MAN WHO WAS DEAD

BY ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT

Author of "In the Cause of Freedom," "When I Was Czar," Etc.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"Have you told her your secret?" she broke in.

"Certainly not. I gave you my word, and I shall keep it; but if I can save her from the ruin that your plunging her into, I shall. That was no part of our compact."

"Why did she come here?"

"I have no other reason to give than that already given."

"I know that it is not true. You could not get a letter to her."

"I smiled."

"You forget. You yourself accused her of having received a letter from me last night."

"What was that letter?" she flashed.

"You have already had her answer that there was nothing of the sort. Try at least to be reasonable. Tear up that foolish letter. We both know that it is no more than a blank cartridge. If you were in earnest in a threat of that sort you have only to utter a half-dozen words, and my life would not be worth ten minutes' purchase. I know that. I know I am completely in your power in that respect, but not in that way."

And I waved my hand toward the letter.

"She sat fingering the letter strenuously, and at length looked up and asked:

"Do you care for her, Guy?"

"I tell you what you may be glad to hear. Last night, after you had gone in with Von Epstein, I found her alone and very miserable on the balcony. I begged her to let me help her; and her reply was—she regarded it as an insult that I should even speak to her, and forbade me ever to do so again. You have done your part well, so far as making her despise me is concerned."

"But she came here to-day," she retorted quickly.

"Would not you have come had I threatened you to reveal everything?"

"No, that is not the reason," she replied, shaking her head. "You are not the man to use such a threat to any woman. She came to seek your help."

"On my honor, no. Even after I had told her that she had no reason to fear your threats, she denounced me as a spy, and refused to believe a word I said. You have done your work well in that respect, I repeat, even without that last ingenious attempt to blacken me in regard to this Greek girl."

"I was mad with anger. I was jealous. I know. But I love you so."

"That letter!" I said, pointing at it significantly.

"She tore it to shreds impulsively. 'You don't think I mean it. Do you believe I would send you to your death? Oh, how you wrong me!' she cried, wringing her hands. 'And I have risked so much for you.' She got up and began to pace the room again in great agitation. I deemed it best to say nothing. I had got out of giving an explanation much better than I could have hoped, and I waited for her next move. It came soon. After about a minute's pause she stopped in front of me. 'I have made up my mind. Guy. After what has happened here today, I shall not hesitate to tell you until I am your wife. You cannot break away from me then.'"

"Which means?"

"That our betrothal shall be made public at once."

"Why not except Von Epstein?"

"It will complicate matters with him, won't it?"

"This is more to me than the cause itself. Our marriage must take place almost at once."

"Norma again?" I smiled.

"Norma again. If you will. But it must be so."

"Very well. Just as you like," I said lightly.

"Oh, don't use that tone to me," she cried, with a very angry gesture.

"If I were to speak seriously and tell you all my thoughts about it, you would like it best," I replied earnestly, adding in the hazy tone: "Do you think we shall make a success of it? However, it is one of the little scenes of the comedy that I leave to you, and probably it will be safer. If I encourage the idea of the speedy marriage, you will abandon that other idea—the happy despatch business."

"Have you nothing but these fibes for me, Guy?"

"Something sentimental? Certainly. I can turn it on at will. What vintage? Flowery, languishing, sparkling, melancholy? Give your orders."

"Oh, you madden me," she cried, and was hurrying out of the room when I reminded her of the Catalina matter.

"I will deal with her," she said.

"How?"

"Do you think I will not protect you now?"

"Who is the girl?"

"She was Norma's maid companion, and she was sent away."

"And Provoost's share in the matter?"

"They were lovers. But at need she shall be driven away."

"Well, I hope you won't be jealous of her, too," I laughed.

"She made no reply, and in silence we went down to her carriage."

"As she settled herself in her seat she leaned forward. 'The marriage shall take place this day week, Guy. I cannot wait longer.'"

"Very well. Any time you please," I answered with a smile, as though it were the best news in the world, and I waved my hand as she drove off.

"In truth, it was all the same to me whether she said a week or a year. What I had to do could be done in a week, and then—well, there would be no 'them' for me."

I stood a moment gazing after the carriage thoughtfully, and then walked slowly back up the stairs to my room. Before I reached them some one came running up after me in great haste.

It was Vösch.

"Provoost! Provoost!" he called quickly. I waited for him by the door of the room.

"What is it?" I asked as he reached me.

"It was a little breathless, having run up so quickly."

"Catarina," he said, in a whisper. He was very excited.

"Well, what about her?"

"She is here—coming up the stairs now."

"I listened, and heard some one just below the turn in the stairway."

"In another moment she would reach us, and Vösch would learn the reason why I was so unlike Gerard Provoost."

And he could be trusted to spread the news far and wide.

It was about as awkward a situation as I had yet had to face. Discovery seemed inevitable, and how to avoid it baffled me.

THE MAN WHO WAS DEAD

BY ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT

Author of "In the Cause of Freedom," "When I Was Czar," Etc.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"Have you told her your secret?" she broke in.

"Certainly not. I gave you my word, and I shall keep it; but if I can save her from the ruin that your plunging her into, I shall. That was no part of our compact."

"Why did she come here?"

"I have no other reason to give than that already given."

"I know that it is not true. You could not get a letter to her."

"I smiled."

"You forget. You yourself accused her of having received a letter from me last night."

"What was that letter?" she flashed.

"You have already had her answer that there was nothing of the sort. Try at least to be reasonable. Tear up that foolish letter. We both know that it is no more than a blank cartridge. If you were in earnest in a threat of that sort you have only to utter a half-dozen words, and my life would not be worth ten minutes' purchase. I know that. I know I am completely in your power in that respect, but not in that way."

And I waved my hand toward the letter.

"She sat fingering the letter strenuously, and at length looked up and asked:

"Do you care for her, Guy?"

"I tell you what you may be glad to hear. Last night, after you had gone in with Von Epstein, I found her alone and very miserable on the balcony. I begged her to let me help her; and her reply was—she regarded it as an insult that I should even speak to her, and forbade me ever to do so again. You have done your part well, so far as making her despise me is concerned."

"But she came here to-day," she retorted quickly.

"Would not you have come had I threatened you to reveal everything?"

"No, that is not the reason," she replied, shaking her head. "You are not the man to use such a threat to any woman. She came to seek your help."

"On my honor, no. Even after I had told her that she had no reason to fear your threats, she denounced me as a spy, and refused to believe a word I said. You have done your work well in that respect, I repeat, even without that last ingenious attempt to blacken me in regard to this Greek girl."

"I was mad with anger. I was jealous. I know. But I love you so."

"That letter!" I said, pointing at it significantly.

"She tore it to shreds impulsively. 'You don't think I mean it. Do you believe I would send you to your death? Oh, how you wrong me!' she cried, wringing her hands. 'And I have risked so much for you.' She got up and began to pace the room again in great agitation. I deemed it best to say nothing. I had got out of giving an explanation much better than I could have hoped, and I waited for her next move. It came soon. After about a minute's pause she stopped in front of me. 'I have made up my mind. Guy. After what has happened here today, I shall not hesitate to tell you until I am your wife. You cannot break away from me then.'"

"Which means?"

"That our betrothal shall be made public at once."

"Why not except Von Epstein?"

"It will complicate matters with him, won't it?"

"This is more to me than the cause itself. Our marriage must take place almost at once."

"Norma again?" I smiled.

"Norma again. If you will. But it must be so."

"Very well. Just as you like," I said lightly.

"Oh, don't use that tone to me," she cried, with a very angry gesture.

"If I were to speak seriously and tell you all my thoughts about it, you would like it best," I replied earnestly, adding in the hazy tone: "Do you think we shall make a success of it? However, it is one of the little scenes of the comedy that I leave to you, and probably it will be safer. If I encourage the idea of the speedy marriage, you will abandon that other idea—the happy despatch business."

"Have you nothing but these fibes for me, Guy?"

"Something sentimental? Certainly. I can turn it on at will. What vintage? Flowery, languishing, sparkling, melancholy? Give your orders."

"Oh, you madden me," she cried, and was hurrying out of the room when I reminded her of the Catalina matter.

"I will deal with her," she said.

"How?"

"Do you think I will not protect you now?"

"Who is the girl?"

"She was Norma's maid companion, and she was sent away."

"And Provoost's share in the matter?"

"They were lovers. But at need she shall be driven away."

"Well, I hope you won't be jealous of her, too," I laughed.

"She made no reply, and in silence we went down to her carriage."

"As she settled herself in her seat she leaned forward. 'The marriage shall take place this day week, Guy. I cannot wait longer.'"

"Very well. Any time you please," I answered with a smile, as though it were the best news in the world, and I waved my hand as she drove off.

"In truth, it was all the same to me whether she said a week or a year. What I had to do could be done in a week, and then—well, there would be no 'them' for me."

I stood a moment gazing after the carriage thoughtfully, and then walked slowly back up the stairs to my room. Before I reached them some one came running up after me in great haste.

It was Vösch.

"Provoost! Provoost!" he called quickly. I waited for him by the door of the room.

"What is it?" I asked as he reached me.

"It was a little breathless, having run up so quickly."

"Catarina," he said, in a whisper. He was very excited.

"Well, what about her?"

"She is here—coming up the stairs now."

"I listened, and heard some one just below the turn in the stairway."

"In another moment she would reach us, and Vösch would learn the reason why I was so unlike Gerard Provoost."

And he could be trusted to spread the news far and wide.

It was about as awkward a situation as I had yet had to face. Discovery seemed inevitable, and how to avoid it baffled me.

THE MAN WHO WAS DEAD

BY ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT

Author of "In the Cause of Freedom," "When I Was Czar," Etc.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"Have you told her your secret?" she broke in.

"Certainly not. I gave you my word, and I shall keep it; but if I can save her from the ruin that your plunging her into, I shall. That was no part of our compact."

"Why did she come here?"

"I have no other reason to give than that already given."

"I know that it is not true. You could not get a letter to her."

"I smiled."