

## THE LANTERN OF LUCK

was not at the bottom of the Carribean, as the Portuguese admiral had asserted in his dispatches. She had landed him and his daughter and Mrs. Manner- ing one dark night at a North African port, and sailed again, before dawn, showing no lights, for parts unknown. Eustace Gildersleeve's wretched sister had been taken in charge by an American missionary, pending her removal to an asylum in her own country. While the ex-President, with his daughter, had come on to Paris, incognito and by easy stages.

He had not found life on the *Olive Branch* altogether an empty dream, he admitted blandly. Slyne and Dove were a couple of conscienceless rascals, but — he had found means to curb their exactions. He did not apparently think it worth while to state what these means had been, but afterward let it slip that he had left Captain Dove and Slyne on the right road to convalescence. Reuben Yoxall had been very useful to him, but José Maria Moreno had, most unfortunately, seen fit to jump overboard while they had been under fire from the Portuguese fleet.

And Saleh? Ah! was there ever the equal of Saleh? She was wonderful, superb — a girl among millions! The ex-President, hands uplifted and palms turned outward, gave rapturous expression to the esteem with which Saleh had inspired him. But for her, it appeared, the Doña Carmen