POOR DOCUMENT

Reichstag Criticizes Emperor of Germany.

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THE MISSIONER

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

CHAPTER VIII—(Continued.)

He followed with the others presently, and found a single seat close to the door. The service began almost at once, a very beautiful service in its way, for the organ, a present from the lady of the manor, was perfectly played, and the preacher's voice was clear and as sweet as a boy's, Macheson, however, was nervous and if at ease. From the open door he heard the soft whispering of the west windfor the first time in his life he found simple but dignified ritual unconvincing. He was haunted by the sense of some impending disaster. When the prayers came, he fell on his knees and remained there! Even then he could not collect himself! He was praying to an unknown God for protection against some nameless evil! He knew quite well that the words he muttered were vain words. Through the stained glass windwows, the sunlight fell in a subdued golden stream upon the store words. Through the stained glass windwows, the sunlight fell in a subdued golden stream upon the square pew. She, too, seemed to be praying. Macheson got up and stole softly but abruptly from the church.

Up into the hills, as far away, as high up as possible! A day of subbath calm, this! Macheson, with the fire in his veins and a sharp pan in his side, climbed as a man possessed. He, too, was fleeing from the unknown. He was many miles away when down in the valley at Thorpe some one spoke of him.

"By the bye," Gilbert Deyes remarked, looking across the luncheon table at his hostes, ""when does this athletic your missioner of yours begin his work of received. "And the sundence will consist chiefly of the children and Miss. Adnith's chickens."

"Will helmian raised her eyebrows."

"Unillenthian raised her eyebrows."

"Can't understand," Austin remarked, why a chap who can play cricket like that—he did lay on to be more than the country of the countr

such a crank!"

"He is very young," Wilhelmina remarked composedly, "and I fancy that he must be a little mad. I hope that Thorpe will teach him a lesson. He needs it."

"I am glad that you understand the young lady so well," his father answered. "Before you go, will you be good enough to pass me the Bible and my spectacles, and let Mary know that Mr. Stuart will



EMPEROR WILLIAM ATTACKED IN THE REICHSTAG.

Daily Telegraph, came in for very out- "unanimity, steadfastness, a practical abruptly."

Spoken criticism. The attack was opened character, and an absence of noise," Herr abruptly.

"I am close to where I am staying," witnessed Daily Telegraph, came in for very out "unanimity,

as this? He heard the storm die away, lips. He clutched Macheson's arm fran-

as this? He heard the storm die away, thunder and wind and rain melted into the deep stillness of midnight. A dim moon shone behind a veil of mist. The dripping of rain from the trees alone remained. Then he heard a footstep coming down the lane. His first wild thought was that she had returned. His was that it was a man who came unsteadily, but swiftly, down the road way.

Macheson leaned over the gate. Hould have preferred not to disclose himself, but as the man passed, he was strick en with a sudden consciousness that for him the events of the night were not by ever. This was no villager; he had not even the appearance of an Englishman. He was short and inclined to be thickset, his coat collar was turned up, and a tweed cap was drawn down to his eyes. He walked with uneven footsteps and muttered to himself words that sounded like words of, prayer, only they were in some foreign language. Macheson accosted him.

"Hullo!" he said. "Have you lost your way?"

The man cried out and then stood still, trembling on the roadside. He turned a white, scared face to where Macheson was leaning against the gate.

"Who is that?" he cried. "What do you waint with me?"

Macheson stepped into the lane.
"Nothing at all," he answered reasuringly. "I simply thought that you might have lost your way. These are lonely parts."

The newcomer drew a step nearer. He displayed a small ragged beard, a terroristricken face, and narrow, very bright lave lost your way. These are lonely parts."

The newcomer drew a step nearer. He displayed a small ragged beard, a terroristricken face, and narrow, very bright eyes. His black clothes were soaked and splashed with mud.

"I want merey, not justice," the man shell with the way to the slate pit. "Can you swing?" he asked. "You will suffer nothing except justice." The name fell with the way to the slate pit. "Can you swing?" he asked. "You will see that hough you can secandle down and divince, it is to precipitus to get out. Therefore, I have fixed up a rope on the other fixed to the truth of a t

"Twenty-five miles," Macheson answer-

ed.

"Too far! And Leicester?"

"Twelve, perhaps! But you are walking in the wrong direction."

The man turned swiftly round.

"Point towards Leicester," he said. "I shall find my way."

Macheson pointed across the trees.

"You can't miss it," he declared. "Climb the hill till you get to a road with telegraph wires. Turn to the left, and you will walk into Leicester."

For some reason the stranger seemed to be occupied in looking earnestly into Macheson's face.

"What are you doing here?" he asked abruptly.

The bracken. If you swim across, you can pull yourself out of the water and hide just above the water in the bushes. There is just a chance that you may escape observation."

Already he was on his way down, but Macheson stopped him.

"I shall leave a suit of dry clothes in the shelter," he said. "If they should give up the chase you are welcome to them. Now you had better dive. They are in the spinney."

The man went in, after the fashion of a practised diver. Macheson turned round and retraced his steps towards his tent-porary dwelling house.

CHAPTER XII.



the bracken. If you swim across, you can pull yourself out of the water and hide just above the water in the bushes. There

