



through the heart of the man... "It won't do, Brownie," said Deppingman, shaking his head. "They are fatigued; they are sore. I know the breed better than you. Question if you like, but threats will be of no avail. Keep 'em locked up that's all."

Fire and ammunition were taken from the gunroom to the quarters occupied by the white people. Every preparation was made for a defense in the event of an attack from the outside or inside. The white servants were moved into rooms adjoining their employers. Brit and Saunders transferred their belongings to certain gorgeous apartments. Miss Pelham went into a Marie Antoinette suit close by that of the princess. The native servants retained their customary quarters below stairs.

For in the night, Geneva, sleepless and depressed, stole into the hanging garden. Her mind was full of the terrible thing that had happened to Adolphus Chase. He had been nothing to her. He could not have been anything to her had he escaped the guns of the assassins. And yet her heart was stammered by the stroke that it had sustained. Wide-eyed and sick, she made her way to the railing and, clinging to the vines, stared for she knew not how long at the dull red glow on the mountain.

The night was still and ominously dark. She had never known a night since she came to Japan when the birds and insects were so mute. A somber, supernatural calm hung over the island like a pall. The smell of smoke hung about her. She could not help wondering if his life, strong body was lying up there burned to a crisp. It was far past midnight. She was alone in the garden. Sixty feet below her was the ground above, the dark dome of heaven.

She was not to know that afterward that one of her Japanese, Thorberg men stood guard in the passage leading to the garden, armed and willing to die. One of the other slept in front of her door through all these nights on the island. Something hot trickled down her cheeks from the wide, pitying eyes that stared so hard. She was wondering now if he had a mother, sisters. How their hearts would be wrenched by this! She was thinking of the wages paid and later in her heart, not love. A question was beginning to form itself vaguely in her troubled mind. Were all of them to die as Chase had died?

Suddenly there came to her ears the sound of something swishing through the air. An instant later a cold object fell almost at her feet. She started back with a cry of alarm. A broad sheet of light crossed the garden, thrown by the lamps in the upper hall of the chateau. Her eyes fell upon a wriggling, snake-like thing that lay in this path of light. Fascinated, almost paralyzed, she watched it for a full minute before realizing that it was the end of a thick rope which lost itself in the heavy shadows at the cliff end of the garden. She was standing directly in the shaft of light. To her surprise, the wriggling ceased. The next moment a faint, subdued shout was borne to her ears. Her flight was checked by that shout, for she started, bewildered ears caught the sound of her own name.

treacherous, in that moment she dropped it as if it were a serpent. She had heard the sound, and it was the sound of a gun.

"Can you hear me?" Greatly excited, she called back and forth, and understanding that she was alone, she called out again. "Can you hear me?" she called out again. "Can you hear me?" she called out again. "Can you hear me?" she called out again.

She could look no longer. It seemed hours since he started from the top. Every heart beat brought him nearer to safety, but would he hold out? Any instant might bring him crashing to her feet—dead, after all that he may have lived through during that awful night.

At last she heard his heavy panting—groaning almost—the creaking and straining of the rope, the scraping of his hands and body. She opened her eyes and saw the bulky, swaying shadow not twenty feet above the garden. Slowly it drew nearer the grass covered floor, foot by foot, straining, struggling, gasping in the final supreme effort; and then with a sudden rush the black mass collapsed, the last rope spring loose, the end swiftness and leaping lightly.

Geneva rushed frantically across the garden, half fearful, half joyous. As she came up the mass seemed to divide itself into two parts. One sank limply to the ground, the other stood erect for a second and then dropped beside her, prostrate, gasping for air. Chase had come down the rope with another human being clinging to his body.

Geneva fell to her knees beside the man who had accomplished this miracle. She clasped his hands, warm and sticky with blood. She tried to lift his head, but the second, moaning with pity all the time, uttering words of encouragement in his ear. Many minutes passed. At last Chase gave over gasping and began to breathe regularly, but heavily. The strain had been tremendous. Only supernatural strength and will had carried him through the ordeal. He groaned with pain as the two beside him lifted him to a sitting posture.

"Tell Selim to come ahead!" he gasped, his bloody hand at his throat. "We're all right!" Then, for the first time, Geneva peered in the darkness at the figure beside her, a slight, graceful woman in oriental garb. The woman turned and lifted her face to the heights from which she had descended. In a shrill, eager voice she called out something in a language strange to the princess. A faint shout came from on-high, and once more the rope began to vibrate. The princess passed her hand over her eyes, bewildered. The face of the woman in the light, half faded, half illumined, was gloriously beautiful—youth, dark, brilliant!

"Oh!" she exclaimed, starting to her feet, a look of understanding coming into her eyes. "This was one of the Persians! He had saved her! A feeling of revulsion swept over her, compelling the first natural, womanly pride in the deed of a brave man. Chase struggled weakly to his feet. He saw the tense, strained figure before him and, putting out his hand, said: "She is Selim's wife. I am stronger than he is. I brought her down." Then, looking upward anxiously, he shouted: "Be careful, Selim! It's easy if you take your time to it."

"Selim's wife, Neenah, saved my life!" It was the next morning, and Chase was relating his experiences to an eager, marveling company in the breakfast room. "She has a sister whose husband was one of the leaders in the attack," Neenah told Selim, and Selim told me. That's all. Days ago Selim and I caught the rope at the top of the cliff, anticipating just such an emergency as this and intending to use it if we could reach the chateau in no other way. I figured that they would cut off all other means of getting into your grounds.



"They will dispose of us wholesale, not by the piece," recognizing Neenah in the crowd, Selim led the way, and I followed with Neenah. Hang it all, Brownie, I didn't have time to save that case of cigarettes. I'm out nearly a hundred boxes.

"You might have saved the cigarettes if you hadn't been so occupied in saving the fair Neenah," said her ladyship, with a provoking smile. "Alas, I thought of that also, but too late! Still, virtue was its own reward. Imagine my delight when we stopped to rest to have Neenah divide her own little store of Turkish cigarettes with me. We had a bully smoke up there in the wood."

"Selim, too?" asked Brownie casually. "Oh, not Selim was exploring," said Chase easily. "Neenah is very beautiful," ventured Lady Agnes. "She is exquisite," replied Chase, with the utmost sang froid. "Selim bought her last winter for a ten carat ruby and a pair of sapphires."

"That explains her overwhelming love for Selim," said the princess quietly. Chase looked into her eyes for a moment and smiled inwardly. "We finally got to the edge of the cliff and uncoiled the rope, which we already had fastened to the trunk of a tree. I was obliged to carry Neenah for the last quarter of a mile, poor little girl. She was tied to my back, leaving my throat and chest free, and down we came. Simplest thing in the world. Presto! Here am I with my happy family at my heels."

"Well, we can't sit here and dawdle all day," exclaimed Deppingman. "We must be moving about—arrange our batteries and all that, don't you know. We've got to stave these devils off for two or three weeks at least, and we'll have to look sharp. Brownie, that's the third cup of coffee you've had. Come along! This isn't Boston." As they left the breakfast room Chase stepped to Geneva's side and walked with her. At the foot of the stairs, where they were to part, she extended her hand, a bright smile in her eyes. "You were and are very brave and good," she said. He withheld his hand, and she dropped hers, hurt and strangely vexed. "Don't you care for my approval, or do you?" "You forget, princess, that my hands are still suffering from the bravery you would laud," he said, holding them resolutely behind his back.

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