

## SAM LOYD'S PUZZLES.

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Frank Jones is not only a smart "kid" at figures, but is a gallant boy as well. In his new counting game he has arranged the boys and girls in such a manner that in counting round and round the girls shall all be counted out and the boys get left. Frank has selected 13 as a counting out number. Counting round and round to the right, the thirteenth boy or girl steps out, and the counting is continued—1 up to 13. Frank's puzzle consists in finding the boy or girl with whom he must have started the count in order to count out all the girls and leave the boys. For instance, had he commenced counting from himself, May would have been the first out, then Harry, Bessie and so on.

## SOLUTION TO LAWN TENNIS PUZZLE PRINTED TUESDAY.

If there are sixteen players in the contest, and the winner must then play with the last year's champion for the new championship, the chances are 21 to 1 against any one of the first players winning from the old champion.

## A ROYAL WARD

By Percy J. Brebner, author of "Princess Maritza," "Vivienne," etc.

"You found Lady Betty Wainisley to your taste, Mr. Dubuison?"

"Yes," was the rather surprised answer. The manner of the question was rather offensive.

"Of course, you are hardly yet familiar with the proper behavior of a gentleman, but let me assure you that your conduct tonight has offended me."

"I am sorry. Will you explain in what particular?"

"I hardly think that quite necessary; yet, indirectly, I may answer it by telling you that Lady Betty Wainisley is not for every man who desires her company."

"Truly I should quarrel with any man who suggested such a thing," Dubuison answered.

"And, further, I thought I had made it clear to you during the course of our acquaintance what were my intentions with regard to the lady."

"Certainly, and I should imagine you are only one of a large number with similar intentions. Upon my word, Mr. Dubuison, I fail to find any ground of quarrel between us. You made me known to Lady Betty, and on that account, I imagine, she was pleased to show me some attention. Indeed, I have to thank you."

"You will forgive my direct speaking, but it is, perhaps, necessary," Dubuison returned. "Lady Betty's future is practically arranged for, you have my authority for saying so to any one of that larger number who seem to know about it. Of course, I accept your apology."

"Apology? For what? I have offered none."

"Then perhaps I had better warn you that Lady Betty's honor is in my keeping, and that I brook no interference," and without another word he turned into St. James street, the corner of which they had just reached.

Evertsen had quickened his pace and got some little distance before Dubuison recovered from his astonishment. The idea that he had apologized as though he were afraid of his companion's uncalculated bluster, sent his blood rushing through his veins. He had made a step to follow him, when a heavy family coach stopped close to him, and two men, crossing the roadway, stepped behind him. The idea that he had apologized as though he were afraid of his companion's uncalculated bluster, sent his blood rushing through his veins. He had made a step to follow him, when a heavy family coach stopped close to him, and two men, crossing the roadway, stepped behind him. The idea that he had apologized as though he were afraid of his companion's uncalculated bluster, sent his blood rushing through his veins. He had made a step to follow him, when a heavy family coach stopped close to him, and two men, crossing the roadway, stepped behind him.

"Ah, Dubuison!" said a voice from within it, and he turned, expecting to greet some acquaintance, perhaps the Duchess of Petersham's. The next instant a cloak was thrown about his head, strong arms clasped him round the body, and he was lifted off his feet. Then the door closed sharply, and he was pressed down upon his knees, and realized that he was in the coach and being driven rapidly away.

CHAPTER X.  
The Prisoner.

For a few moments Dubuison struggled to rise from the floor of the coach, but at least three men were pressing down upon him, while the cloak round his head impeded his efforts, and was held so tightly that any cry for help would have been futile; so he gave up the unequal fight, and resolved to await events.

No one spoke, beyond the voice which had called him from the coach, not a word had been uttered, nor did Dubuison ask any questions. Forced down on his hands and knees amongst the loose straw which covered the floor and firmly held there, he felt convinced that no questions he asked would be answered. Perhaps the men were silent because they knew that their victim would recognize who they were if they spoke. It was not usual for men engaged in such work to abstain from some bullying bluster or, at least, from oaths. Dubuison tried to

recall the tone of the voice which had hailed him from the coach. Half he believed that it was familiar to him, yet wholly unable to connect it with any man he knew; and, naturally, his speculations did not stop here. His quarrel with Evertsen occurred earlier in the evening, had there been time for him to arrange this piece of treachery, Dubuison might have suspected him. By his outburst tonight Evertsen had clearly shown that he was quick to take offence, finding it, indeed, where there was none, and would be unlikely to let anything stand in the way of his desires. Where a woman was concerned, his friendship would probably prove a one-sided affair. As it was such a solution to the mystery was out of the question. That he had been seized directly Evertsen had left him could only be a coincidence, yet whoever his captors were, they must surely have known of his presence at Petersham House, and waited patiently for him. The search in his lodgings had failed; no doubt this was another attempt to gain possession of that which they had failed to find there. They would make a determined effort, this time, and as far as he could, Dubuison relaxed his muscles, bent on making a desperate fight of it when the moment came.

The heavy family coach rumbled on, but not so rapidly now. It would seem that all need for haste had gone; that the prisoner could be disposed of at leisure. The door, perhaps, being purposely extended, so that Dubuison might be the more confused as to the direction taken.

An extra two suddenly tightened the cloak around his head, so that he coughed and was almost suffocated. A sharp blow between the shoulders seemed to numb him and make every muscle in his body limp and flaccid, no strength was left in him. He was only conscious that the carriage had stopped, and that he was being carried about like a dead weight. He had no power of resistance, and he could not utter a sound. The men's footsteps were on stones, and slipping a little on the rounded cobbles with the weight of their burden, then on wood, sounding hollow, and more numerous. A crowd seemed to be about him, and the way was narrow and with a sharp turn or two in it, for the bearers swayed from side to side as though constantly coming in contact with a wall. Still not a word was spoken, not even a whispered direction or command. He was being carried like a dead weight, and Dubuison suddenly felt his head pitch downwards, heard the feet shuffle uncertainly as they descended steps, then a door was closed quietly, and he found himself upon his feet, pressed back against a wall.

Dubuison had not lost consciousness for a moment, only his strength had gone from him, and now this was gradually returning. The effects of the blow were temporary and were passing. If he were granted only a few minutes' respite, he might yet make a good fight of it. Hands held each of his wrists, and a heavy hand was upon his chest, pressing him to the wall. The cloak was still about his head, but not so tightly twisted. What ever they wanted with him, it was evident they had no desire that he should die of suffocation. No one spoke, no one moved, even; the only sound was the rapid breathing of the men beside him.

In light or in darkness, Dubuison could not tell, for the cloak was thick. His strength was coming back fast, it was almost possible that he might make a movement to release himself; he strove to appear as limp and helpless as when they set him upon his feet. He waited, ready for any surprise at a moment when they were least prepared for resistance.

He had not to wait long. Someone moved—a quick, unobtrusive step—then rapidly feeling fingers were thrust into a pocket in the breast of his coat. With a sudden twist of his body, Dubuison jerked his head back. He made an attempt to throw off the cloak from his head, but, failing, seized the arm of the man whose hand was still in his pocket, and with this guide him, found the way to his throat.

"Speak!" he cried, gripping his adversary's throat with the head jerked backwards. "Speak! Do you hear? Let me know what kind of scoundrel I have to deal with."

It may be that Dubuison defeated his own ends, that he gripped too hard, that the man could not speak; at any rate, only a choking answer came. For a few moments he was swung this way and that, holding to his adversary as a bound will to the animal attacks. Blinded by the cloak which he could not rise, and which he was at a disadvantage, but although his enemy was a big and heavy man, he could not tear those steel-like fingers from his throat.

"Speak!" Dubuison answered, tightening his grip as though he were determined that one of his enemies at least should not escape; and then the man's strength seemed to die out suddenly, and he fell in a heap, carrying Dubuison down with him.

"Speak!" he might as well have demanded speech from the dead, for all the man's power to obey him. Death surely would have come speedily but for his companions. They had been waiting entirely by surprise. The attack was so unexpected that for a moment they stood inactive and when they did move to the rescue it was with a confused hold of those turning, struggling figures. It was all done so quickly, and only a very short space had elapsed before Dubuison felt with his hands upon his enemy's chest. In that posture he was easier to deal with. The cloak was seized, twisted and jerked savagely, and with his hands upon a heavy stick, swung down a savage blow which stretched Dubuison unconscious upon the floor.

"And if he's dead it's of no great consequence," he said.

At last someone had spoken, but it was too late for Victor Dubuison to identify his enemies.

Light struggled presently out of the darkness, coming feebly and reluctantly. A long silence was broken by the slow rumbling of a heavy wagon, which passed on its way and left silence behind it; but not for long. Another wagon, then two which met, and there were hoarse shouts as the drivers greeted each other; then came a lighter conveyance, the sharp rattle of its wheels merged into a very crowd of sound which from a far murmured, grew into an endless roar. Harsh voices continuously cut the air with raucous cries, dominated now and again by a more musical and or the quick chatter of children as they ran.

So for many hours the ceaseless racket continued, which speaks of crowded life and the bustle of a great city. Out of oblivion came dreams presently, restless visions which troubled their victim and twitched his limbs in convulsive movement; dreams which after a time began to take the form of things of the noisy strife of the world, in which were mingled slowly turning wheels which grated and skidded over uneven stones, and voices which seemed to mumble through thick banks of fog. The dreamer woke slowly and painfully, his first consciousness unable to distinguish between the real

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and the unreal, and with no desire to make the effort. He fell back into a dream again, but there was no sudden starting of his limbs now, and his deep breathing came so regularly, at length he roused again with a wider consciousness, and memory began to piece together the past out of broken fragments. Then Dubuison raised himself upon his elbow, stiffly and awkwardly enough, for his head seemed pierced through and through with tightly round his ankles. Gradually he recalled what had happened, and he wondered whether the man whose head he was carrying had been lying near him. At first he supposed he was in darkness, but his eyes, becoming accustomed to their surroundings, began to make out dim objects about him—a box standing on end almost within his reach, a heap of old sacking, and quite close to him, a cup. He took this cup

thence, and drank wine—and, without considering the wisdom of his action, he drank it to the dregs. It was pleasant to his hot, parched throat. His energy was not sufficient to arouse him to action or even to plan an action. He was content to lie there and take in his surroundings by degrees. The puzzle was not completely fitted together as yet. He was not in actual darkness, and the fact contented him for a time; then he began to speculate where the dim light which turned the gloom into gloom came from. There was a small grating set in the wall close to the top of the room, which was not very high. He became aware that not only light came through the grating, but sounds—a multitude of sounds which had no definite meaning for him. Wagon wheels and men's voices, and voices, what did they concern him? The wine he had drunk was strong and he felt drowsy to sleep again. Suddenly there was a sharp sound, a whistle startled him, a hurried shifting of feet, then a gruff, angry voice.

"What is this?" came the answer in a lighter tone.

"What does it matter? If not today, tomorrow. It's naught to you. Get in with you."

"Ah! you hurt me," was the answer.

"Did I? So will this hurt and teach you better manners. The thing was the sound of a blow and a short, half-stifled cry—a woman's cry."

Victor Dubuison did not move. There was a sound of a door being opened, and a breath at that helpless cry, showed how little he was really alive to his surroundings, how far outside actuality he still was, but unconsciously, he had reached a turning-point. His half-dead faculties were quickened into new life. The words he had heard, which were almost meaningless at first, began to ring in his ears as

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SAVED JUST IN TIME BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

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thought to wake him from his lethargy. For an instant his brow puckered, he did not understand, and then his fingers went slowly to his pocket, not the one into which the man's hand had been thrust, but into an inner pocket, well concealed and placed unusually. He took out a small packet of papers and a broken silver cross. Then he remembered.

To Be Continued.

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