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The Great New Serial Story of Adventure by
FREDERIC S. ISHAM

Author of
"Under the Rose," "The Strollers," etc.

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The ferret eyes snapped. "That I do, your lordship. What of him?" quickly. The caller made no reply, but tapped the floor lightly with his cane, and— "What of him?" repeated Mr. Gillett. Lord Ronsdale's glance turned. It had a strange brightness. His next question was irrelevant. "Ever think much about the Lord Nelson, Gillett?" "She isn't a boat one's apt to forget, after what happened, your lordship," was the answer. "And if I do say it, her passengers were of the kind to leave pleasant recollections." The police agent diplomatically added: "Her passengers?" The caller's thin lips compressed; a spark seemed to leap from his gaze, but not before he had dropped it. "Among them, if memory serves me, were a number of convicts."

derstand a strong sentiment's growing, out there against that sort of immigration. The visitor's white hand held closed the head of his cane; the stick bent to his weight. "Were they all drowned, by the way?" he observed, as if seeking casual information on some subject that had partly passed from his mind. "No doubt of it. They were not released until the second boat got off, and then there was no time to get overboard the life rafts." "True!" Lord Ronsdale gazed absently out of the window, through a film, as it were, at a venerable figure below; one of the species bellu librorum standing before a book-stall opposite. "Recall the day on that memorable voyage you were telling us about them—who they were, and so on?" "Very well," replied Mr. Gillett, good-humoredly. If his caller cared to discuss generalities rather than come at once to the business at hand, what ever had brought him there, that was none of his concern. These titled gentlemen had a leisurely method, peculiar to themselves, of broaching a subject; but if they paid him well for his time

he could afford to appear an amiable and interested listener. In this case, the thought also insinuated itself, that his visitor had something of the manner of a man who had been up late the night before; the glint of his eye was that of your fashionable gamester; Mr. Gillett smiled sympathetically. "One, if I recall rightly," went on Lord Ronsdale, "was known as—let me see—the elastic stick described a sharper curve than the Frisco Pet? Remember?" He bent slightly nearer. "That I do! Not likely to forget him. Unmanageable; one of the worst. Was transported for life, with death as a penalty for returning." A slight sound came from the nobleman's throat. "A needless precaution," laughed the speaker, "for he's gone to his reward. And so your lordship remembers—?" "I remember when he used to step into the ring," said Lord Ronsdale, his voice rising somewhat. "Truth is, sight of you brought back old recollections. 'Things I haven't thought of for a long time, don't you see?'"

"Quite so! Delighted, I am sure. I didn't know so much about him then; that came after; except that the gentlemen found him a figure worth looking at when he got up at the post."

"Yes; he was worth looking at," Lord Ronsdale's eyes had closed. "Heavy-lidded, shapely, brutish; with muscles like steel. But ignorant—?" He lingered on the word; then his glance suddenly lifted. "Had something on his arm; recall noticing it, while the bout was on?" Mr. Gillett, with a knowing expression, rose, took a volume from a bookcase and opened it. "The 'something' you speak of, my lord," he observed proudly, "should be here; I will show it that you may appreciate my system; the method I have of gathering and tabulating data. You will find an encyclopedia of information in that bookcase. All that Scotland Yard has, and perhaps a little besides."

"Really?" The nobleman's eyes fastened themselves on the book. "To illustrate: Here's his case," Gillett's fingers moved lightly over the page. "Testimony of Daniel Joe, down stairs at the time with landlady, who kept the house where the crime was committed. Heard 'Frisco Pet,' who had been drinking, come in; go up stairs, as they supposed to his own room; shortly after, loud voices; pistol shot. Landlady and Joe found woman, Amy Gerard, dead in shabby little sitting-room. Pet, the worse for liquor, was a dazed condition at a table, head in his hands. Testimony of Joe corroborated by landlady; she swore no one had been in house except parties here mentioned, all lodgers."

"Go on!" The words broke sharply from the visitor's lips; then he gave a metallic laugh. "I am interested in this wonderful system of yours," he said. "The right arm of the 'Frisco Pet,' just below the elbow, appears the figure of a man in sparring attitude, done in sailor's tattooed work—'But,' break! brutal highway work—'But,' break! Here is what I was especially looking for, the markings on the arm of the 'Frisco Pet.' Perhaps, however, your lordship doesn't care to listen further."

"His lordships head had turned; at first he did not speak. 'A good system,' he remarked after an interval. 'And a very good description, and yet—?' His voice died away; he was silent. 'I don't want to see a man's portrait here, but my purpose—the purpose of my visit—I have wandered quite from that. Let us, I beg of you, talk business.' Mr. Gillett started as if to venture a mild expostulation, but thought better of the impulse. 'What is your lordship's business with me?' he observed in his most professional tone. "I believe," the visitor moistened his lips—"I believe I mentioned—John Steele, when I came in?"

"Your lordship did?" "I—concerning his visit—?" "I am all attention, your lordship," Mr. Gillett's manner was keen, energetic; if he felt surprise he suppressed it. "Good! Your lordship's business concerns John Steele?" "For reasons that need not be mentioned. I want to find out all I can about him. That I believe, is the sort of work you do here. The terms for your services can be arranged later; it is unnecessary to say that you will be well paid. I assume you can command competent and trustworthy help, that you have agents, perhaps, in other countries?"

Mr. Gillett nodded. "If your lordship would give me some idea of the scope of the inquiry—" "The—long fingers opened, then closed tightly. "In the first place, you are to ascertain where John Steele was before he came to England; how he got there; what he did. Naturally, if he has lived in a far-away port you would seek to know the ship that brought him there; the names of the captain and the crew."

"Your lordship thinks then, our investigation may lead us to distant lands?" "Who can tell?" The nobleman's voice was sharp, querulous. "That is what you are to find out." "It shall be done, your lordship," replied the other quickly. "I shall embark in the matter with great zest, and I may add, interest." "Interest?" The nobleman looked at him. "Oh, yes!" "If I might be so bold, may I ask, does your lordship expect to find anything that would—ahem!—cast any reflection on the high standing John Steele is building up for himself in the community, or—?"

A shadow seemed to darken the masklike features of the visitor; his gaze at once glittering, vaguely questioning, was fastened on the wall; then slowly, without answering, he got up. "Surmises are not to enter into this matter," he said shortly. "It is facts, I want—facts!" "And your lordship shall have them. The case appears simple; not hard to get at the bottom of." An odd expression shone from the visitor's eyes. "Which reminds me that he has left town," added Gillett. "Left town!" Lord Ronsdale wheeled abruptly. "You mean—?" "For a little trip to the continent. I should imagine; heard of it because he got some unimportant court matter put over."

"Gone away!" The nobleman, his

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GREAT WOMEN OF HISTORY

CHARLOTTE CORDAY

[By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.]

There has been but on French Revolution, and there will probably never be another.

There may or there may not be a "hell," full of fiends and devils; but once, at least, we have had a hell on earth, and that hell was that portion of the French Revolution known as the "Reign of Terror," a period of blood and carnage, when the heads of the French Revolution were severed from the bodies of the French Revolution. The Girondins were overthrown the last of May, 1793, and the vilest political club that ever disgraced the earth, the Jacobins, was supreme, with none to stay its hand, or say unto it, "What dost thou?"

Of the Jacobins the leading spirit was Marat—a man who, after many earnest attempts on the part of his friends to whitewash him, stands out as a black character in all history. The Girondins, inspired by such noble characters as Madame Roland, Vergniaud and Brissot, desired to right things with the shedding of as little blood as was possible, while the Jacobins, on the other hand, desired to drink blood, to swim in blood, nor did it make much difference to them whose blood it was.

Now, during the bright, blooming May days of that year 1793, there was living in the Normandy town of Caen a young woman who felt that she might do something to help matters. She belonged to a family of royalists, and there was noble blood in her veins, but her heart was full of republican sentiment, and than herself no stancher democrat was to be found in all France. But she loved order, decency and humanity, and hated anarchy and bloodthirst.

Charlotte Corday—for that was the young woman's name—was beautiful, and as bright as she was fair. A great reader and a deep thinker, she pondered much upon the distressful situation in which her country found itself, and it became her firm conviction that it was her lot to free the people from their would-be destroyers. She was called, and in her own mind, doubtless, believed herself to be, the "Jeanne d'Arc of the Revolution."

COPYING THE KING'S DRESS.

It is stated that King Edward's presence at Marlborough every year attracts from all the principal capitals of the continent flocks of tailors and outfitters, who are desirous of ascertaining by personal observation all the minute details of Europe's first gentleman's style of dress. Representatives of the leading firms in Paris, Vienna, Budapest and Berlin follow the King every morning on the promenade to note the shape of his hats, the length and cut of his coats, as well as the general style of his outfit. These observations are duly reported to the leading firms of the continental capitals, and form the basis of the newest fashions throughout Europe. But many of the most exquisite young men of fashion in the continental capitals go in person to Marlborough to make their own observations, and endeavor to imitate the King's style of dress in every detail.—Dundee Advertiser.

OBJECTION TO THE LORDS.

The great objection to the lords is not that they occasionally reject Liberal measures, but that they never reject Conservative measures; not that they do one-half of their work too thoroughly, but that they do not do the other half at all. To this it may, of course, be answered that the bills

brought forward by a Conservative Government are in general so reasonable, so little revolutionary, and so much in harmony with popular wishes as to make rejection or amendment unnecessary. But the plea will hardly bear the test of fact. The Education Bill of 1902 and the Licensing Bill of 1904 were both of them measures that were vehemently resented by a majority of the British people. They were precisely the kind of measure that a strong and impartial second chamber, free from party subservience and taking the broad national point of view, would have rejected. The lords, however, not only passed them, but strengthened some of their most objectionable features.—Sydney Brooks in the Atlantic.



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Three times she was refused admittance, but finally she succeeded in gaining an entrance, and with the remorselessness of fate she drove her knife into Marat's heart.

That was all. She had accomplished

the purpose for which she came to Paris, and for the rest she did not care a fig.

It was on the fifteenth of July that Charlotte Corday killed Marat, and the next day she stood on the guillotine, the same personification of calmness and peace that faced the tribunal the day before.

A friend asked her in kindly tones if she could give her the last rites. She politely thanked him and said she had no need of his services; and then, as calmly as though she was preparing her toilet, she slowly and carefully parted her long, black hair and bowed her neck for the fall of the axe.