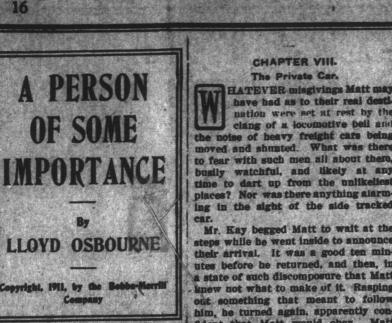
THE WEEKLY ONTARO: THURSDAY, FFBRUARY 5, 1914



After supper he got his overcoat a meelf in a dry corner of the where his reflections were arrested by the stoppage of automobile at the gate and the de-nt of a vaguely familiar figure. It nense limousine, not un as an imi he one he had associated with Mr. Kay's departure the night before. In fact, the vaguely familiar figure was. Mr. Kay himself, advancing hurriedly ard walk.

rught the mint with you?" asked

"Why, certainly I have," exclaimed Mr. Kay with undisguised eagerness, "I am ready to raise our offer to a hundred thousand, and shall be most sed to settle the matter at once on that basis."

"I gave you my decision last night "Or rather I told you latt said. dn't the information you was ou surely can not have any better f of it than this. What man in enses would refuse a hundred and dollars? I know I wouldn't. I was only joking when I raised you It was only to see how far you would Mr. Kay, you are trying to buy thing I haven't got, and there it is in a nut

Then who was the violinist yo ferred to in that newspaper account? he man who played on the ship, and helled the savages when they were ady to attack you? Answer me that, ease. It is very important-it is the

y to everything." Matt started; he had completely for en that chance refere ace to Jo t: the indiscretion of it now took breath away. What an ass be had an ever to let Hunter Hoyt extort m his lips!

"You positively refuse \$100,000 for this information?" "Answer me that," continued the ranger, with a gleam of his yellow eth, and clutching at Matt's arm 14-22

"Oh, the violinist?" returned Matt, pretending to laugh. "He was nothing to get excited about. In reality, he wasn't a violinist at all, but played the Matt feel that the question was less for Mr. Kay's benefit than that of tina, and he didn't quell any ody. That was all the newspa nen's work, like most of the intervie It was simply that we had a scare nce down in New Britain and kept im playing till we could get at our

"Then there was nothing in it?" Well, there had been a massacre in the next bay, and"-"Rut no v

linist? No one at all real

er, and as like as not an internatio a violence they would craftly turn to HATEVER misgivings Matt ma have had as to their real dest count. But they would learn their stake-learn that all the rings or nation were set at rest by the blood money in the world could not swerve him an inch.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Private Car.

icular pains with the curtain, in

alth and mystery. Even after

said in a voice that shook a little. "Ask

for the moon-anything-and we'll get

ot?" inquired Matt. "Can't you ge

don't know the man you're after?"

ughton, that isn't true."

nto your head once and for all that

rustle of the green baize made

some hidden person. The sensation was disagreeable. He would have

have had a loaded revolver in his pock

given a great deal at that mo

return for something I haven'

it for you."

efused it?"

"Yes."

"Oh. yes. it is."

"In

clang of a locomotive bell and noise of heavy freight cats being red and shunted. What was there "I've finished with you," he said boarsely. "Goodby!" watchful, and likely at any

Be turned toward the doorway, no lenger afraid, but in the humor to fling back the curtain and stride right through the eavesdroppers. If they blocked him so much the worse for them. He was a powerful man. He could hit like a sledgehammer when ing in the sight of the side tracked Mr. Kay begged Matt to wait at the steps while he went inside to announce his blood was up. He welcomed the arrival. It was a good ten minance to land some smashes on the before he returned, and then. in en faces and drive them befo state of such discomposure that Matt w not what to make of it. Rasping

tim like sheep. But he had scarcely moved before Mr. Kay, with incredible agility, had leaped in front of him, ng the door shut and locking it. fident that Matt would obey. Mat nfronting him as he did so with a found himself in a harrow passage tare of abject terror. bordered on one hand by a row "Don't, don't!" he screamed out inms that ran haif the length o "They're crazy! They perently. the car. The door of every one wa

haven't any sense! I won't be a party closed, and the passage itself ended in darknees. In imagination he saw crouching figures behind their doors hushed and stealthy figures, mutely mailing from room to room, and ady to lesp forth as soon as he was well within their power. Mr. Kay saused at the last door, opened it and beckoned Matt within. It was an or-dinary Puliman stateroom and bore no dgn of any recent occupancy. There was no break in the serried white tow els overhead. The racks were empty and the pegs supported nothing, but the fact that the blinds were drawn struck oddly on Matt's attention. He seated himself and watched Mr. Kay drawing the baize curtain across .98 the open doorway. That the latter did not shut the door, but was taking pared Matt's uneasiness. The action wa significant and again suggestive of had settled bimself opposite Matt Mr. Kay had to jump up once more and again adjust the curtain, as though his tous efforts had left him dissatis "Now, tell us what you want," b

3

Get out of my way or you!" to it! It's criminal, and I won't be a

party to it! I won't be a party to any "Let me out!" cried Matt, with a

"I tell you once more I haven't go suffocating sense of being trapped, and struggling for the doorknob. "Get out "But I offered you \$100,000 and you of my way or I'll strangle you!" "No, no!" expostulated Mr. Kay, re-sting him like a maniac and sobbing

while he spoke. "You don't under-stand. They're determined to get the cret out of you. They're putting emselves within the criminal law, and I'll be no party to it. Good God, Bronghton, I'm trying to save you-to -save myself! Once open this doo and they'll tear you to pieces!"

et. Mr. Kay's ill concealed agitation and his almost terrified glances at the He was interrupted by a loud mur mur outside, and the door shook under curtain were disconcerting, to say the least of it. a heavy impact; shook and shook,

ng qu elf on a bench between two of bis aconscious preservers, panting and rateful, while they looked at him in an automobile "But why?" "I'm telling it all the wrong end skance, wondering at his disordered appearance.

foremost." went en Matt "It's an ex-traordinary story-Chris, it's astound-There he sat, slowly secovering him self and meditating what he ought to do. His first idee was to invoke the ing: I can't make head nor tail of it. do, Elis inst fuer a formal complaint I was actually offered \$100,000-think or it, Chris, positively \$100,000-right and return to the car with a p constables. But as he thought it over there in greenbacks to beiray the wisdom of this course grow less I knew. Had it forced on me-apparent. His story was not likely to stuffed in my pocket." there in greenbacks to betray a m Her surprise, disbelief even, caused be believed; indeed, his cunning foes might turn the tables on him and inhim to draw forth the revolver in vent a complaint of their own, with "It's not a joke, Chris," he said. "I him as the culprit. It might resolve ought that this morning and may be itself into his word against theirs the mighty glad I did so." word of people in a private car against that of a hunatic prating of \$100,000 The momentary flash of steel was thrilling in that quiet room and amid and of a stolen ruby ring worth a for-

tune. Thus analyzed his case was such peaceful surroundings. Chris ut tered a little cry, breathing fast and ridiculous-a fanmay. gazing at him in amazement. He hastened house in some trep "You trighten me." she gasped out. tion and only felt safe when he had

"Matt, I'm frigbtened. What does it snuggled into bed. all mean? Tell me!" The next day there was a note from "The trouble is I don't know myself,"

The next day there was a note from Chris, brought by a messenger: You Dear You-it was so fooliah of ma to be ill and spoil everything, though if yot so cross at your being turned away that i improved instantly and ate a whole plate of call's foot jelly. This is to ask you to come and share some more with me on a sofa, and call it an invitation to hunch. Paps is going to New Fork on business, and we can be all by carselves, and fm awfully giad and excited, though i suppose i oughts't to tell you so-or ask you at all, for that matter. But come anyway, even if the heavens fall and you should get your besutiful way hair all overed with plaster. Twelve-thirty, please and don't think j've changed, because i haven't, and all last night i was thinking and-i am awfully, deliriously happy, and e returned as a tide of depressing recollections swept over him. mehow a blind cog in other people's siness, and the thing that hits me ardest is that they have ruined me neven't, and all last night I was thinking and-I am awfully, deliriously happy, and somehow it is your fault, and I lust its back and shut my eyes-and if you are a minute late I shall hate you. CHRIS. It would be impossible to describe the heartrending effect of this letter Matt. When his debts were paid he would have exactly \$112 left in the whole world. True, many a man had succeeded with as little-with lessbut that took time-years-and Matt had no years to spare. The only thing he could look to, the only thing that offered him a living was the sea. He went out to search for the pri-rate car, impelled by a foriorn bout of regaining bis ring. Somehow, per-

haps, this might happen. Seen in the retrospect, Mr. Kay appeared to be his friend. At any rate, Kay had defended him and held the door against his mies. Mr. Kay might be terrified or persuaded into returning the ring Matt stopped at a pawnbroker's and bought a cheap revolver for \$3; stop ped at a bardware store and bongh ten .38 cartridges for 25 cents; lolt under a tree and surreptitiously show ed six of them into the chamber and

counted on to make a start so bere. I had \$4.000 as safe as th was in the bank, and it's gone, sto len. God knows how, but they have got it—robbed me, Chris, robbed me." His voice was shaking. The realizaton of his loss was unnerving him. His shoulders heaved. "I don't know

which way to turn. Four thousand dollars isn't much, of course, but it neant you. I-I hoped it meant you after what you had said; believed it did anyway; counted on it. Yes, you brick. He walked all the way to save and I together. no matter how poor,

"That isn't likely. Besides, be it would shake the world. Those his own words." "How could anybody being foundmy man-shake the world?"

"That's the puzzle of it," "You are not positive of his national-

"Well, I think he's a German. He beaks German fluently, though French, too, for that matter, and Italian."

"But a German's a German-they are unmistakable."

"I'm pretty sure he's a German." "And Mirovna?"

"Oh, less sure. I couldn't guess what he is, but possibly a Pole or some astern European. She has a profile like a Byzantine medal." "I've known awfully German kind of

Russians-stiff, autocratic and yet delightful."

"Yes, he might be a Russian." "Oh, there it is! Political refuges-state secrets-the myrmidons of the czar! It's as plain as daylight, Matt: he's a nihilist!"

"An awfully rich nihilist, Chris? It hardly fits into one's ideas of him or Mirovna. What! A nibilist with an inexhaustible supply of Bank of England notes?"

"How do you know he doesn't make em himself?" "Why, I should have been landed in jail so quick you couldn't have seen my coattails."

"Passing them?" "Yes, passing the "I give it up, then," Chris exclaimed.

with a baffled little air. "If you couldn't have found it out in six years suppose I needn't expect to in six minutes. But it just makes you burst

not to know. doesn't it?" "There's a worse problem still-what is to become of me?"

"Us, Matt," she corrected him jealusly; "poor little hundred-and-twelve-

"I might as well shoot myself as stay on here. There's nothing here, Chris, in this little backwater of a place. What shall it be-east or west -try for a deep water ship or strike out boldly for Colorado or Wyoming or somewhere?"

"Go away?" she cried. "No, I can't t you go away-I can't, I can't, un ss you don't care-unless it's all"broke off, looking at him poignantly, only to be crushed in the strong arms, overborne, blinded, panting and deliciously helpless and ill used. Of course he loved her, loved er better than anything in the world would crush her again for ever doubting it. No. she had to admit how cruel she had been, how wicked and inkind; had to or he would burt her more, obstinate little wretch that she But it seemed that she wasn't Was. an obstinate little wretch at all, only terribly smothered and gaspingly eager to be forgiven, and anyhow how she to know when he sat there so cold and distant and taiked about going away-that he really and truly did love her-as though anybody who loved anybody would go away and leave mebody to break her heart? Nor was she a clinging, useless, impractical young lady person without any sense or ideas. No, indeed, she wasn't! They were in a very serious

gance, luxury and beauty that every. where surrounded him. "You couldn't." he exclaimed, overcome. "You don't understand what it is to be poor. You see it staged and dressed up. and with a row of footlights, and roses climbing over the cardboard cottage; but it isn't like that at all, Chris; it's ugly and detestable, and I should be the most selfish brute alive to let you do such a thing."

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"It needn't be ugly and detestable, Matt." she returned, with a tender, reproving seriousness. "The trouble is that poor people are usually poorer still in taste, and are horribly oilclothy, and given to chromos of Swise lakes and screaming green carpets. We won't be that kind of poor, and if you fight about it any more I shall think it is because you really do not want me."

"Oh. Chris. it Isn't that God knows it isn't that. I-I-am a man, and

She drew his head to her bosom. "The mouse was some help after all." she murmured with a happy little laugh. "Lion thought he was at the jumping off place, but mousie caught his beautiful frightened tail just in time-though it took an awful big nouse pull to save him from going over-and now she is going to kiss him for being a stay at home work lion, and ready to fight the whole world rather than let her go."

"It's going to be a bard business Chris." "I know it-but you mustn't get dis-

couraged." "Anderson, the surveyor, might give me a job. I know something of that, you know-a great deal."

"Then there are the mills." "All too skilled for me, I'm afraid and unionized."

"The telephone company?" "Yes, I'll try them. The electric branch was very thorough at the academy. I could take a dynamo to pieces once, and, what's more, put it together again and make it go." "Yon see, you know lots more than

you thought you did." "And there is Beckles' bank. Beckles is such a funny old fellow. Chris; nsatiable about the islands and spe-

cially about the girls. Has dreams of going out there, I fancy, and turning grand Turk, the fat old scallawag. When I said the prettiest women in the Pacific came from Manihiki and Uahine he carefully wrote down both names in a little book, with the most owlish expression you ever saw, right in the middle of stocks and bonds and mortgages."

"And Doty. Be sure and remember the Rev. Mr. Doty, Matt. He likes you awfully well, admires you and looks up to you tremendously."

"Oh. I'll manage somehow-some way. And then \$75 a month and you." "But try to save every penny of what you have, and I'll begin saving my allowance. I don't want to live at your horrid Mrs. Sattane's. We must have a little home all of our own." "Well, that's a long way off. The important thing now is to land a pay envelope every Saturday night, isn't it?"

"Important? Oh. Matt. you just must!" "And then you'll come-really come?

predicament, and she meant to be mouse to the poor, tattered, scared, Chris, I still can't believe it." whiny lion and rescue him somehow. To all of which Mr. Lion acceded "You will when you've got \$75 a meekly, with a dawning sense that month.' "I may not even reach that all at there was a stronger nature than be once. God knows, it may be hard to had dreamed behind those dark eyes and a courage and self reliance that | get \$40." "That will be a start, anyway, and "Unfortunately papa has to be left | if we do have to wait a little my allowout," she continued. "General Mouse ance will be mounting up." would have a fit at the least notion of "We shan't wait if I can help it. my liking anybody who hadn't a town I'll turn the old town upside down. use and a country house and a yacht Oh, Chris, with you to work for what and a castiron social position, studded ouldn't I do!" with iron nails and spiked on top, and Matt strode bomeward in a state of family heirlooms that his great-grandndescribable joy, though with many a mother wore at Washington's inaugucare running blackly through the ration. That's General Monse's view, bright woof of his hopes and raptures. and he's likely to-squeak terribly at a He was pledged to a desperate plan poor little bundred-and-twelve-dollar and one that would bring down on him tion! That's the bad part of it; the a universal reproach. Such a marriag would shake Manaswan to its foundagood, is that when I'm twenty-six I tions and unloose a torrent of gossip come into my mother's money-three smug old New York houses, filled with that would be harder to endure than dentists and doctors and subletting old poverty itself. Alternately be gloated over Chris' fortune-those "three smug ladies who have seen better the somewhere between \$8,000 and \$9,000 old houses"-and then inconsistently a year. Isn't that nice. Mr. Lion? wished them to the devil. Matt was a Isn't that splendid? Come, cheer up, proud man, and the thought of being misrepresented and misjudged was and say it is worth waiting for. Yes, two years and ten months to wait, and more than galling. What a humiliatthen a fearful General Mouse rumpusing figure he would cut before her faand me. If you are still of the same ther when the inevitable day of reck nind-that is, and haven't gone off in oning arrived! He would be seen as nother direction? Though' an adventurer preying on innoces and wealth. Yet ever before him was Chris herself, with upraised lips and quivering body and misty, haunting eyes, all her young womanhood his to take by the divinest of divine rights. "But this is a secret-I have to be "But awfully, awfully well-better The boarders, assembled at sur round him at first very backward and "Don't smile about it. I said terriody, while he found them altogether durable. There was a new board-"I was thinking of all that money; it er, a heavy, gray haired, deferential trightens me even while I'm giad-to man with a gold tooth, who was cere be called a fortune hunter and heaven uously presented. knows what-yet I didn't know; how "Two good fellows ought to know was 1 to know? It's staggering. Chris: 1-1 am trying to get used to it; why. aking it on himself to make the introuction. "Mr. Broughton-Mr. Bates." "That's the secret-before then, per Matt politely expressed his gratifica-tion, and the two good fellows sub-sided into their respective seats. Mr. Bates, as it appeared later, was spy-"Before then? Oh, Chris. Chris!" "I don't care if it's only one ro Bates, as it appeared later, was soy-ing out the land for a shoe factory site and had been very much impress-ed by the possibilities of Manaswan-yes, sir; very much impressed. At this Matt waked up and cultivated Mr. Bates as a potential dispenser of jobs, grew very animated and friendly and was more than pleased to learn that Mr. Bates' company maintained the principle of the "open shop." I'm not afraid. Matt-only sorry abo papa, and the way he is sure to take it. You must stay here and get some-thing to do, no matter what it is, and as soon as it is enough for two I'll come, Matt, dear-I'll come if it's only CHAPTER X. General Mouse's View. ATT gave an appalled gland about the room-at the pic tures, the tapestries, the rich

then went on with his right hand pock

ve lost everything. Chris, everythin et bulging. He was ready for anything-was co and determined. But there was no private car to be found. He searched the entire yard and questioned every one, but the private car bad vanished. Nobody knew anything about a private car-nothing.

Matt idled about till it was time to start for Fair Oaks. Idled and smoked pipe after pipe, and wished be had never bought that confounded revolver which weighed down his pocket like a "Would it help at all," continued the threatening at every instant to burst the hire of a carriage and waited again but with some s ort of a ho



"l am

ng the miniature I showed you "No, no! He was a Dutchman nam

ed Van Tassel and had been a waite in a Sydney restaurant. He was a hot tempered little fellow and had hit somebody over the head with a bottle. That's how we came to take him-paid us £20 to smuggle him out of his

"I see that you can't belp us," said Mr. Kay after a pause. "It's disap-pointing to have to admit it. I wish a could persuade you to go before my principals and tell them what you've told me. They blame me for my fail--are not convinced, yon knowthink they could have got this information out of you-this information that isn't there. Perhaps I might make it worth your while to come-out of my own pocket, you know-out of my own pocket. Would you con-

"Where do you want me to go?" "Only to the railway station, to a rivate car we have sidetracked there. Tou could show them that we are on a wrong scent—support me in what I have already reported. I should be glad to pay \$50. Surely that would e worth half an hour of your time?

What do you say?" Matt bung back. He was confuse decided and not unconsci us of a ague apprehension. Yet the \$50 was terribly tempting. It would allow him to extend his stay in Manaswan; to to extend his stay in Manaswan; to put off his departure for a couple of weeks; to be near Chris-to see her, to talk to her, to linger in paradise before he would be cast out of it forever. Nor would it be any disloyalty to John Mort, but merely a repetition of eva-sion and faisehood, possibly even help-ful now that he was better forewarn-As to their doing him any harm that was preposterous. Threaten, per-haps? Well, let them threaten! One d stand a lot of threatening for

Yes, I'll go for \$50," he said. "Only f you don't mind I'd rather have it in

Mr. Kay bastened to count out two twenties and a ten, and then seemed to find it an infliction that Matt should t any further delay. It was only the purse under the pillow, but Kay chafed and demurred, and t on his return found him waiting th ill suppressed impatience. "Come along," he cried, and, grip Matt's arm as though not to al-thim to escape again, hurried down rd walk to the aut later they were both in nd the car swiftly moving

latter, "or give us a po sible basis for in. Mr. Kay collap agreement if I could prove to you that ou do know the gentleman we are

"But you couldn't!" eried Matt. "Oh, yes," said Mr. Kay, producin something from his pocket. "Look at this, for instance."

Matt in utter astonishment, gazed a the ring lying in Mr. Kay's paim. With a cry, he picked it up and examined it. It was John Mort's ring-the ring those rascally jewelers had filched from him. "What do you say to that?" asked Mr. Kay, gently, but firmly regaining

E D P.

"Hold on there!" stop

session of the ring and slipping over his little finger,

"Nothing!" exclaimed Matt furiou "Who gave it to you?" "I shall not tell you." Matt had risen. He was in a whit heat at the way he had been victin zed, at his own helplessn ess. at the berate villainy of the whole pro tings. Had these people rol of his ring for no other rethan to make him penniless and to place him, as they thought, at their mer-cy? God only knew how they had got

the ring from Snood & Hargroaves,

d on a seat "It was none of my doing," he moan "You'll bear witness to that, Broughton-you'll bear witness to that when they've got us all in the dock. The fools!" he raged in a sudden putburst "The crazy fools!"

There was no escape except through the window and that was double-two panes of almost the thickness of plate glass. Matt threw up one without di

iculty, but the other stuck. He fun bled frantically at the catches, as he endeavored to lift it, while the door shivered now under the deadlier blows of an az. But, thank God, the cramp ed passageway gave them no room for a swing! They were striking at an angle, as the lip of the blade once showed as it drove through and remained imbedded for an instant. Oh, that window! He could get no real purchase on it. He skinned his fingers and strained his back to break-

ing, and still it defied him. He mus burst it, then; that was the only way -burst it. But with what? There was Mr. Kay, crying out inartic and banding him something! Mr. Kay's shoe—a patent leather shoe with buttons, still warm from the foot. He seized it with avidity, this he from a quarter so unexpected-seized it with exultation. Taking it by the toe, he crashed the heel through the window. Hammer, hammer, hammer, with the glass shattering and the jagged, vicious edges disappearing beneath a rain of blows,

disappearing till he could trust hi hands on the frame and wriggle out He went legs first, crawlingly, scrap ing his wrists and hands on the thi knife of undislodged glass, waistcoa and shirt half pulled to his neck-bu out, no matter how, till, hanging his full length, he let himself drop to the track alongside the car. He heard shouts above, as though the broken window had filled with emerging beads; he saw the cha

jump from the automobile and slinl to the ground; there was a vision of the porter, with outstretched arms rushing to intercept him, and a gut ural voice from somewhere cried out

with a sort of wail, "Don't shoot!" If anything more were needed to hasten Matt's feet it was this thr and. He ran till the stitch his side was insupportable and hi heart was ready to burst-ran, trotted imped till, thank God, there we ple all about him and lights and and mation and security. If was the hour of the New York ex-

press, with passengers waiting and three hotel omnibuses drawn up for

at the entrance to the gr own. And now it's gone, and I haven't his arrival exactly for half past 12. anything, and it means goodby, Chris. She had said she would hate him if he arrived a minute late. So, watch in

hand, he dilly dallied until he could make his appearance with the precision of a Monte Cristo.

"Miss Marsball?" "Oh, yes, sir! This way, please."

> CHAPTER IX. The Key to Paradise

HRIS was half reclining on a sofa, propped about with pil-lows, and in a Chinese wrap of magnificent old brocade, al gold and twisted embroidered dragons was strong and splendid and brave Her delicate beauty was unimpaired by any trace of illness, though enhanced by the unusual brilliancy of her eyes and big. And if that wasn't being rich and a flush, too bectic for health, that

mantled the fine oval of her face. Matt ran to her, taking her bands and kissing them, and then sank on his knees beside her. His cares, his wretchedness, the misery of his renunciation-all were gone as the soft bare arms closed round his neck and drew down his head. Somehow, myst er hands off for the man she lovedly, he knew not how, the load was lifted from his heart. be was that.

Then the great secret trembled on his tongue, and it seemed impossible to withhold it any longer, for it had become essentia! for her to know it. She raised his face and scrut him with a pretty air of ownership and a gravity that dimpled at the con "A tired boy!" she said speculatingly That it was safe in her keeping was a

"A wondering, worried, scared boy! A boy who has been thinking too much sacrilege to question Accordingly he told of Lotoalofa, of and eating too little, and, oh, dear, John Mort and Mirovna and of his what a scratched boy!" long, lonely voyages at the behest of "I got that climbing out of a Pullthis strange, wealthy pair, who in window last night," explained that waste of sea and reefs had found-Matt, showing his wrists. "I had to ed a mimic kingdom and hidden the break it with a shoe that an old gen- selves beyond the ken of men. He told tleman kindly lent me and got out in a with pride of their reliance on him, of man kindly lent me and got out in a their steadfast trust and frie

Chris' eyes opened very wide. "What a funny, strange, impetuous boy?" she exclaimed. "Wasn't there clusion. "If you can make bead or tail of it, go ahead." any door?"

"There were people hanging that in yowling for my destruction," contin "Of course be has run away." Chris replied with intense interest. "And they want him back a whole hundred ed Matt tantalizingly: "I don't know what they wanted. I'm sure, but the and dollars' worth.'

where going at it in the liveliest way, with an ax, and I chose the window rather than wait and find out." "That was a prudent boy, but-but-where on earth did all this happen?" "Agreed " "In a private car, sidetracked near

the railway station." "But how did you happen to go

"That old gentleman took me there the one who lent me his shos. Paid me \$50 for going and rode me there

It means goodby." He bowed his head in shame, refus ing to be comforted, while she whis-pered and whispered that she loved him; that it would never be goodby. shamed him in the contrast.

Parama

funny, st. boy1"

strange,

they had each other nothing could hurt them: that he was a poor, pre-cious, foolish. silly, devoted boy person without any sense at all, who thought he could walk away from love and leave it behind, like an umbrella, just ecause he badn't \$4,000! As though made the least difference what he had, her lover boy, her darling, for he

never. Matt, never; that as long as

what was? And he had her, hadn't he? And he wasn't to think she was always a helpless, draggy thing, lying down on a sofa in a dragon coat. eating calfsfoot jelly. No, indeed, she wasn't, but able to go out and fight, too, and jump out of a Pullman win dow, if need be, as well as he could, and probably better, judging by his poor, cut wrists. And work, yes, work

and he was that, wasn't he? He knew "Ob. Chris!" ure you love me first." "You know I do."

than anything-just terribly." "Yes."

silence be had been pledged to and we-we can get married." which he had hitherto kept so loyally. "That's the story," said Matt in con-

hans!"

"A defaulting banker perhaps?" "Knows too little of money-I could have robbed him of thousands." \$75 a month."

dark, old furn

"A South American president ousted by a revolution?" "He cannot speak Spanish. Go on." "Perhaps this lovely Mirovna isn't bis wife?"

"I've never that "The husband i ught she was, but"the husband is enor sly rich and

To be Contin