

THE UNPARALLELED LORCHA

By HORACE HAZELTINE

SYNOPSIS.

Robert Cameron, capitalist, consults Philip Clyde, newspaper publisher, regarding anonymous threatening letters he has received. The first promises a sample of the writer's power on a certain day. On that day the head is mysteriously removed from a portrait of Cameron while the latter is in the room. Clyde has a theory that the portrait was mutilated while the room was unoccupied and the head later removed by means of a string, attached by Cameron, Evelyn Grayson, Cameron's niece, with whom Clyde is in love, finds the head of Cameron's portrait nailed to a tree, where it had been used as a target. Clyde pledges Evelyn to secrecy. Clyde learns that Evelyn's boy employed by Philatus Murphy, an artist living nearby, had borrowed a rifle from Cameron's lodgekeeper and makes an attempt to call on Murphy and is repulsed. He pretends to be investigating alleged infractions of the laws and speaks of finding the bowl of an opium pipe under the tree where Cameron's portrait was found. The Chinese boy is found dead next morning. While visiting Cameron in his dressing room a Nell Gwynne mirror is mysteriously shattered. Cameron becomes seriously ill as a result of the shock. The third letter appears mysteriously on Cameron's sick bed. It makes direct threats against the life of Cameron. Clyde tells Cameron the envelope is empty. He tells Evelyn everything and plans to take Cameron on a yacht trip. The yacht picks up a fisherman found drifting helplessly in a boat. He gives the name of Johnson. Cameron disappears from yacht while Clyde's back is turned. A fruitless search is made for a motor boat seen by the captain just before Cameron disappeared. Johnson is allowed to go after being closely questioned. Evelyn takes the letters to an expert in Chinese literature, who pronounces them of Chinese origin. Clyde seeks assistance from a Chinese fellow college student, who recommends him to Yip Sing, most prominent Chinaman in New York. The latter promises to seek information regarding the letters in his country. Among Cameron's letters is found one from one Addison, who speaks of seeing Cameron frequently. Clyde is frequently deceived to Clyde that he had never been in China. Clyde calls on Dr. Newell, who learns that Addison and Cameron were at one time intimate friends, but had a falling out over Cameron's denial of having been seen in China. Addison, Clyde goes to meet Yip Sing, sees Johnson, attempts to follow him into a house, but men sprays his ankle and becomes unconscious. Clyde is followed by Miss Clement, a missionary among the Chinese. He is sick several days as a result of inhaling charcoal fumes. Evelyn tells Clyde of a peculiarly acting anesthetist who renders a person temporarily unconscious. Murphy is discovered to have mysterious relations with the Chinese. Miss Clement promises to furnish information about Cameron. Slump in Crystal Consolidated, of which Cameron is president, caused by a rumor of Cameron's illness. Clyde finds Cameron on Fifth avenue in a dazed and emaciated condition and tells her some.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

He was about to bid me good-night when I checked him.

"Doctor," I said, "I am glad to find you so optimistic. Before you go I want you to write me a bulletin of Mr. Cameron's condition and sign it. I want no mention in it of the injury, since it is not serious. If possible, I would suggest that you use the word 'indisposition' and be sure to employ the 'temporary' you called into play a moment ago."

Dr. Massey gladly acceded. Seated at Cameron's writing table he scribbled a bulletin of even more encouraging and confident tenor than I had indicated. And I used it to turn the tide of speculation in Crystal Consolidated.

But neither the spoken nor the written words of the physician held for me any considerable measure of solace. My friend's condition was desperate. I knew it and my heart ached for him; but it ached more for Evelyn, his ward, who loved him, and who must be given the gladness of good news only to be crucified the next moment on the cross of anxiety.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Three Promises.

Need I say that I did not sleep that night? It was five o'clock when I left Cameron's, after a talk with the nurse, and I promised to return in an hour. The interval was devoted to a cold bath, a shave, and a change of clothing at my rooms; and at six I was back again, talking once more with Checkbeedy who was personally serving me with coffee in the breakfast room.

"Between you and me," I began, "there is small need of concealment in this matter of Mr. Cameron's disappearance and return, his coming as remarkable and mysterious as his going. I think I am experienced enough to understand that such an affair as this cannot be kept entirely secret—especially not from Mr. Cameron's servants—and it is better, Checkbeedy, that you should understand it thoroughly. I can fancy the distorted story that has been circulated below stairs. That more rumors, wide of the truth, have not leaked out and gained press publicity, speaks very well for you and your staff, and I congratulate you on your loyalty and good judgment. All I ask now is that you will continue to be guarded in what you say. A single unadvised word might interfere very materially with our efforts to trace the guilty ones and bring them to punishment."

And then I told him as much as I deemed wise of the facts of the abduction, of my chance finding of his master the previous night, and of my anxiety concerning his present condition.

"And above all things, Checkbeedy," I added in conclusion, "don't look solemn and distressed when Miss Evelyn is present. Before her, no matter how we really feel, we must appear confident."

A little later the morning papers were brought in, and I scanned one after another in search of some new twist or turn of the story of the previous afternoon. The more conservative journals were inclined to make light of the scare. "Mr. Cameron," said one, "ceased to be active in the affairs of the Crystal Consolidated over two years ago. If he be ill, which is by no means certain, the fact can have but little real significance so far as the company of which he is the largest shareholder is concerned. It may be stated on the best authority that Mr. Cameron's shares have never been used speculatively, and that even in

the event of his death they could not by any possibility come on the market, for the reason that he has provided a trust fund, by will, for the benefit of his niece, and that they are a part of that fund."

The sensational press, of course, still insisted that the Glass King was in a New England sanitarium, though they had failed to locate the institution. Despite my alarm I smiled at the thought of how their afternoon editions would have to eat the leek, as the Welsh say.

The papers finished, I grew restless. I desired constant news from the sick room, and lacking it, I roamed about the house, in nervous uneasiness, my brain busy with conjecture, forming one theory after another, and dismissing each as readily. The situation was a tautism. The answer to all the questions which had absorbed me for weeks lay dormant in the brain of the man sleeping beyond that closed door. Theories, therefore, were now more futile than ever. The one accomplishment to be asked was the arousing of an intellect, the stirring of a memory. Dr. Massey had promised that when Cameron awakened mental clarity would be restored, that he would be able to answer questions with intelligence.

It is hard to explain why I doubted this. I think it must have been something I saw in those dull, vacuous eyes, when I first looked into them under the pale light of the white-gloved electric street lamps. If I had been forced to identify Cameron by those eyes alone, I should have said that this man was not he. They were so different, lacking all the expression of the Cameron eyes I knew. And yet I made no question as to his identity. I knew him, despite this; knew that strong chin and jaw, which spelled determination in two syllables; knew his broad, generous nose, and his high intellectual forehead. These points of recognition were so convincing, that I could afford to ignore the eyes I had never seen before and the wasted frame and the shrunken, unsteady legs.

At brief intervals I consulted the clocks. It was marvellous how the time dragged. And that nurse! Would he never have an errand outside the suite? I had told him I should spend the morning in the house, and that I wished to be informed of the slightest change in his patient. I must conclude, therefore, that Cameron was still sleeping, that Bryan was still watching.

From the fact that Evelyn had not yet appeared I drew a measure of consolation. If I could have tidings of even the slightest improvement in Cameron before meeting her, it would aid me in the assumption of confidence upon which I had determined.

At ten minutes past eight I was searching the encyclopaedias in the library for information on the subject of brain concussion. Already I had followed the trail through three volumes from "Brain" to "Nervous System" and from "Nervous System" to "Concussion," when an opening door caused me to turn eagerly. Mr. Bryan, the nurse, in a white uniform such as hospital doctors wear, stood on the threshold. The next moment I had risen from my crouching position before the bookcase and had met him midway across the room with anxious inquiry.

"Mr. Cameron awoke a quarter of an hour ago," he told me. "His power of speech has returned. He asked me where he was and what had happened. I told him he was in his own house, and that he had met with an accident."

"Yes, yes," I hurried him. "And what then? Did he inquire for any one?"

"No. For all of a minute he lay looking about the room without another word. Then, in a puzzled way, he repeated: 'My own house!' and asked, 'Where is this house?' And I told him. He did not seem to recognize the room at all."

"Is he still awake?"

"Oh, no. Dr. Massey left directions that he was to be given some nourishment—a raw egg and milk—and then another powder to make him sleep. He turned on his side after that, and in less than three minutes was in a deep slumber once more."

I was annoyed that I had not been called. I let myself hope that sight of me might possibly have stirred his memory even though the familiar objects of his bedchamber failed. I said as much to the short, broad-shouldered nurse, whose twinkling eyes were in violent contrast with his thin-lipped, grave, determined mouth.

"Dr. Massey's orders were that for twelve hours no one should be admitted to the room," was his unanswerable rejoinder.

"Which means not until after five o'clock, this evening?"

"Exactly, sir. But I shall report to you everything he says, as nearly as possible in his own words."

"Very well," I said. "I shall spend the day here." My tone conveyed dismissal and I fear it still smacked of annoyance. Mr. Bryan, however, gave no sign of resentment. His eyes were still kindly merry, his mouth still inspired reliance. He turned towards the door, saying:

"He'll probably sleep four hours at least, Mr. Clyde. If you wish to go out, there's no reason why you shouldn't."

I meant to reply. My lips were already framing a sentence, when a tableau checked me.

Evelyn Grayson was standing in the doorway. She wore a clinging house gown of pale blue, cut low at the throat, and bordered with a deep color of Irish lace. The rose flush of youth and health tinted the cream of her complexion and a shaft of sunlight

struck, disguising as well as I could my burning interest. If possible, I would keep from Evelyn the least suggestion of how vitally important I regarded the news I hoped for.

"I hardly know how to explain it to you," came Miss Clement's reply. "I was on the verge of what I am sure was a most pregnant revelation. I was to be given names and dates and circumstances. I had been promised these by one in whom I put the greatest reliance. And now I am asked to wait another twenty-four hours. Something has happened, my confidant tells me; something puzzling and utterly unexpected, and those who know most of the matter are now most at sea."

Evelyn must have seen me smile. It was quite evident to me that Miss Clement was in touch with some one well informed, but it was not that which provoked the smile. I smiled because I felt that Cameron in some way had outwitted his captors and gained his freedom. This was the unexpected happening which had thrown the villainous sly-eyed camp into confusion, and I rejoiced at my friend's interpidity.

"And so," I said to Miss Clement, "you wish me to wait another day?"

"I think it would be worth while," she answered.

"And I do, too," I told her. "I don't suppose you've seen an afternoon paper, have you?" I went on. "Well, they contain some news of interest. They say that Mr. Cameron came home last night, and for once, at least, they tell what is very nearly the truth."

If sincerity ever carried over a wire it carried then in Miss Clement's congratulations, and there was something almost divine in her forbearance to ask for particulars. She congratulated Evelyn, too, and promised to come to see her, soon; and then once more she assured me that she would yet learn everything we could possibly care to know.

"The Chinese," she added, "are a deliberate race, Mr. Clyde. They refuse to be hurried. But eventually we shall have our answers."

With Evelyn beside me the hours no longer dragged. We talked unceasingly, reviewing everything from the receipt of the first letter; conjecturing on each of the score of little problems making up the one great mystery, but arriving at nothing definite; adding, if changing conditions at all, to our own confusion.

And if, in passing, at intervals, where opportunity offered, I spoke tender words and pleaded for a definite, or at least a closer, more intimate understanding between us, who shall say that I was to blame? She was never more lovely, never more appealing than she was that morning; and I begged for an admission of a sentiment above and beyond the mere sisterly regard to which hitherto she had persisted in limiting her expressed affection for me.

More than once I had read in her eyes—without unseemly conceit, I trust I may be permitted this assertion—what I now asked in lip avowal. But there seemed to be with her a notion that the occasion was ill-suited to my plea.

"Philip," she said, "dear Philip, I care for you very much; almost as much as I care for Uncle Robert. You have been very good to me, and very good to him, and if I could tell you that I love you in the way you ask, I—And there she hesitated a shade of a second. "Even if I could tell you," she corrected, "I wouldn't tell you now. It is not stubbornness, Philip. It is just a woman's way. Ask me again, when Uncle Robert is well, and all this horrible nightmare has passed. Promise me that you will ask me again."

"Never fear," I returned, "I'll ask you."

"And promise me, too," she added, "that until all the skies are clear once more, you will not mention the subject."

I was on the verge of promising; not because it would be an easy promise to keep, for I knew it would be very difficult; but because I could deny her nothing. I was on the verge, I say, when the library door opened, and Louis, pale and excited, and so in haste that he had not paused to knock, was exclaiming:

"Monsieur Cameron! Pardon! Mals, enfim, etesvous prete?"

A score of fears springing instantly to birth within us, Evelyn and I were on our feet before the speech, rapidly delivered as it was, was finished. Were we ready? We evidenced our readiness in no such voiceless thing as words.

Louis stood aside for us to pass, and

as I went by him, I asked, under my breath:

"What is it, Louis?"

"Ah!" he whispered. "Monsieur Cameron is talking in the strange tongue which neither Monsieur Bryan nor I myself can understand."

CHAPTER XIX.

The Pang of Disillusion.

The sick room was dark. So dark that for a little, until our eyes accustomed themselves to it, we could barely distinguish objects. But our ears required no attuning. Even in the passage-way, separated by a heavy mahogany door, we had hint of what was going on within; and as we entered, a hoarse tirade smote us in the gloom like an assault from ambush.

To us both the tone and words were alike unfamiliar. In inflection and modulation the voice was strange. And the uttered sounds were a coarse, horrid jargon. Once I thought I detected an English oath, but I was not sure.

Evelyn clutched my hand and I could feel against me the tremble of her slim young body. Gladly I would have spared her this ordeal, but I had been no less unprepared than she. And now, as gradually shapes defined themselves less dimly in the gloom, the horror grew; and, held by it, speechless, inert, I stood where I had paused—the quivering girl very close beside me—staring, listening, wondering.

It was a large room, lofty of ceiling, with high windows, across which heavy curtains were drawn; and the only light was that which stole between three dark, richly-colored glass medallions set in a side wall.

Cameron's bed, a massive, ornately carved four-poster, was hung with fringed and embroidered velvet, and in the dusk of the chamber it took on the somber likeness of a catafalque, adding to the eerie, seemingly from the funeral dirge midst of it came that ranted marabout of strange words, now high pitched, now bass, now guttural.

What had at first seemed a moving gray patch had developed by degrees into the white, night-robed, sitting figure of the invalid, swayed excitedly, with arms extended in ceaseless gestures. For a long moment this uncanny object had held my gaze, but presently near the bed's foot, I descried Bryan's white uniform and the sight brought a measure of relief. In response to a beckoning head-tilt, the nurse joined us.

"I thought you had better come," he whispered, quite calmly. "I thought possibly you might understand what he is saying."

"But I don't," I whispered back. "It's a real language I never heard it. What do you imagine it is?"

"I have an idea it's Chinese," he answered. "It sounds like the stuff you hear at a Chinese theater, and I caught two or three words of pidgin-English just before you—" He broke off suddenly, and plucked at my sleeve.

"There!" he murmured. "Did you hear that? Maske. That was plain enough. It means 'never mind.' A little while ago he was evidently trying to hurry some one. It was chop-chop about every other sentence."

Evelyn's eyes shone luminous in the gloom.

"Can't you give him something to quiet him?" she begged. "It's awful to let him go on like this. It's cruel. He seems to be in such distress."

"I can, of course," Bryan returned. "But I thought Mr. Clyde was anxious to have everything he said reported, and—"

"Oh, do give him something," she insisted.

Bryan left us to obey. I saw him stop at a table near the bed, and in the half light I caught the glint of a hypodermic syringe. But, as if scenting his purpose, Cameron's voice lulled abruptly. For a second or two he was quiet, and then, before any one of us, I think, suspected his purpose, he turned, suddenly, swiftly, and slipped from beneath the bed clothes to the floor where he stood erect, with arms upraised and tensed, shouting in shrill, strident key what seemed to be orders, directed not at one but at a horde.

The great bed separated him from both Bryan and myself, but we skirted it in haste, and came upon him before he had taken more than a single step. As we confronted him, his arms lowered and his clenched fists shot forward threateningly. But a far more startling happening at this juncture was his abandonment of his jargon, and his adoption of intelligible English.

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Visitors to Ferry Bar were much surprised the other morning to see a horse up among the branches of a tree. The animal had gotten in its uncomfortable position by falling ten feet from a bank that overtopped the tree. The tree probably saved the horse's life.

The accident occurred while the horse was grazing in a pasture in the rear of the Baltimore Motor club at Ferry Bar. John McMahon, 877 West Fayette street, was at work on a motor boat when he was started by a convulsive rustling in the tree nearby. Looking up he was startled to see four hoofs jutting through the leaves and swinging madly back and forth. A moment later the hoofs became still and the horse wrappled the rear ones around the tree, clutching desperately to prevent a further fall.

A call was sent to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and an ambulance was hurried to the scene. Blocks and tackle were fastened to a tree stump on top of the hill and leather belts were wrapped about the horse. When the work of hitching the belts was completed it was found that the animal could not be rescued until several of the limbs of the tree

purely accidental. "Had any accident on this road lately?" asked the traveler. "Yep," replied the man who hangs around the station. "Three trains came in on time last week."

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Mrs. L. S. BRENNER, Hudson, Mich., says:—
"Sometime ago I was taken with a terrible pain in my right side, such sharp pains just like a knife sticking me. I tried hot applications but that did no good. I went to our family doctor (we were living in Fayette, Ohio, at that time) and he said it was organic inflammation. I doctored with him a while but kept getting worse. The pain was so terrible I could hardly stand on my feet. I would have that sharp pain in my right side, and a dull heavy pain the whole length of my limb. I realized that something had to be done quickly, so I looked up all of your advertisements. I could find, and saw several that described my case. I got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it helped me from the first dose, and when I had taken two bottles my trouble was gone. Your medicine has done so much for me that I am willing you should publish this letter for the sake of other suffering women."—Mrs. L. S. BRENNER, Hudson, Michigan.

Mrs. L. E. BOWERS, Girard, Pa., says:—
"I take pleasure in informing you of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I had a sick spell last February, and for some months after that I was not regular and had many bad feelings. I was tired all the time, had dull headaches, not much appetite, and also what the doctor called organic inflammation. Your Vegetable Compound has entirely cured me and I feel that too much cannot be said in its praise as I am now able to do my own work. You are perfectly welcome to use my testimonial for the benefit of others."—Mrs. L. E. BOWERS, R.F.D. No. 1, Girard, Pa.

Mrs. ELIZABETH GENTILCORE, Buffalo, N.Y., says:—
"I feel that I must write to you about your wonderful remedies. About ten years ago I was troubled with female weakness and was all run down. I was tired all the time and could hardly walk without feeling dizzy. I heard about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, took it, and also used the Sanative Wash. I got stronger, and have not had those dizzy spells since. I feel that I owe my health to you, and hope your remedies will help others as they have me. I tried most everything I heard of, and yours are the best medicines for women's ailments."—Mrs. ELIZABETH GENTILCORE, 26 Glor Street, Buffalo, New York.

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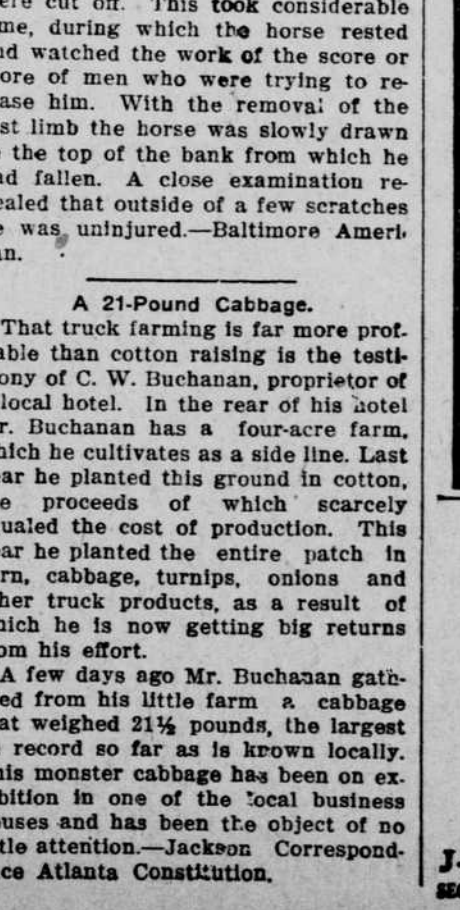
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