## The Broken Coin

A Story of

Mystery and
Adventure

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From the Scenario by
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Novelized From the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name. Produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.

SYNOPSIS.

Kitty Gray, newspaper woman, finds in a curio shop half of a broken coin, the mutilated inscription on which arouses her curiosity and leads her, at the order of her managing editor, to go to the principality of Gretzhoffen to piece out the story suggested by the inscription. She is followed, and on arrival in Gretzhoffen her adventures while chasing the secret of the broken coin begin.

## SIXTEENTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER LVII.

A Tartar Taken.

"Enfin, mademoiselle!" exclaimed Sachio, with the smile which Kitty Gray so well learned how to hate as well as dread. "At last! You are difficult, but as the maxim makers have it, perseverance at length wins its own reward."

"Well, then," she began, facing him, at bay, her hands clenched, her eyes flashing. "What is it that you wish?"

"Ah, well, many things, my dear," said Sachio, coolly. "But especially I desire all the knowledge you have of the affairs of this distracted kingdom here. There is more than one secret here-yes? It has a broken coin and a broken parchment as well-yes? Together they may mean something. each for the other-yes? And we-I -all of us who are sworn to advance the interest of our kingdom-we need them both-all. Is it not true?"

He felt in his pocket for his silver cigarette case, and would have served himself. As he opened the case the girl made a sudden spring. His hand dropped the little case and caught her by the arm.

"Tut, tut, now!" he said. "Do not be foolish. I may as well say it-you are going once more with us to our own town, the city of Grahoffen."

She could only stamp her foot, too much enraged to speak. But he went

"I am thinking you will not so soon make your escape the next time. We have seen that Gretzhoffen here has deep dungeons-yes? Grahoffen has others quite as deep.
"Take her, men!" he said, "and

quick. We must march."

"Ah, well," said Kitty Gray, "it should not prove so difficult. I am unarmed and a woman-I am helpless and innocent of any wrong against

"Mademoiselle," said Sachio, "it is idle to waste words. Give over to me the piece of parchment which I know

"I will not," said she calmly. "Search her, men!" said Sachio. "Take away from her what she hasbe careful not to tear it more."

She was helpless and realized it. Slowly she drew from her bosom the folded piece of parchment which she had concealed.

"Well, then," said she, "since you resort to such measures, here it is-I do not deny it. I found it. So did you. At least it is as much mine as yours-and more mine, because I did not lose what once I found. But as to what it means, I know nothing.

never saw it before." "Very well, then," said Sachio. "We will see if we can read its additional riddle at some later time. Now we

must go." In the confusion of the hour, therefore, Kitty Gray vanished and none noted the fashion of her disappearance, for all had matters enough to occupy them fully. Count Frederick alone of all those with whom she lately had spoken missed her, and began search for her. He got no word in any portion of the palace which had been frequented by her as guest or

prisoner. Troubled deeply, Count Frederick once more turned to his own home. Here he made urgent inquiries among his people in the vague hope that once more the young woman whom he sought had for reasons of her own found her way back to a place where she had more than once ventured in the past. But not one of his servants could furnish any knowledge whatsoever. They had not seen her, knew

nothing of her presence. Count Frederick called to him one

of his most trusted men. "Listen," said he. "You know the young American—the one of a certain prominence in the court—the one who

has been here as my guest?" "Yes, excellency," replied the man

'Very well. She has disappeared It is my wish that you discover her for me as soon as possible—at

Having taken these measures, possibly inefficient, yet the only ones offering to his mind, Count Frederick himself hurried once more to the royal

It was, as so often is the case, a small thing which changed the course of greater resolutions. As he crossed the palace grounds so lately the scene of armed combat, he noted the trampled sward, the torn bed of flowers, the broken shrubs, the shorn trees-

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Here there lay the debris of the attack and the retreat-arms, equip-

doned by some of the Grahoffen forces who so recently had left the place. Count Frederick examined it curious-

ly, opened it. Within the lid there was written a little inscription which gave him a start. "To Count Sachio, our well beloved, for deeds of valor. From his

king." "So," exclaimed Frederick, "so then -so then! He was here but now. And look-" Not far away he saw the prints of sharp-heeled boots in the broken soil. He caught up a little bit of filmy lace-a kerchief whose perfume was familiar to him. He saw against the bark of a nearby tree a fragment of like lace, torn perhaps

in some struggle. "Yes, she was here."

Agitated, he hastened once more now to the palace door. He demanded of all whom he met where last they had seen the young American, but they could give no intelligent replies.

"Let me tell you, then," said Count Frederick in a flash of anger, "since you cannot learn for me. She has gone to Grahoffen—as a prisoner. Go there then, follow Sachio, as I have already ordered. The young American without question has been taken prisoner. We must rescue her. We must do that for every reason in the world-for her own safety and our

"And for my own peace of mind," he added sotto voce, as, baggard, he turned away to find such relief as he could in the countless duties which now were to devolve upon him amid the wreck of a government and the ruin of a city.

Although the forces of the king of Grahoffen had been worsted in strategy and had given their parole in order to save their lives in the flooded chambers of the dungeon levels, the kingdom itself, its ruler and its leading men seemed to feel little of the terror common with those actually defeated. Upon the contrary, old Cortislaw and his nobles were victims not so much of terror as chagrin. Neither were they disposed too scrupulously to observe their own plighted word, which had purchased life and liberty. Passing from the limits of the beleaguered capitol, they did not scorn to take such loot as lay at hand, or to carry with them such prisoners as pleased them. Among these latter it chanced that they had one more prisoner whose freedom might much have altered the course of events in this complex little drama.

Had Roleau, the doughty servant of Kitty Gray, been on hand at the time of the capitulation of the Grahoffen forces, no doubt he would have kept so close to his mistress as to guard against any such sudden surprise as had now left her at the mercy of her enemies. But Roleau, prisoner to Grahoffen, had no knowledge of any of the late stirring events, nor any knowledge of the whereabouts of his mistress.

The windows of the cell in which Roleau had been confined faced upon the corridor sometimes used by the retainers of the palace, less frequently by those persons of greater importance. Roleau heard footsteps now, voices, the confusion of a large party arriving. He stepped close to the bars of his cell, pressed his face out, so that he might see. Upon his features any who had observed must have seen joy, exultation. For, though himself a prisoner, Roleau had seen now, down below there, the form of that mistress whom he served!

But Roleau was wise. He did not cry out. He did not shout in sudden greeting, as she passed among his captors. Only he stood close and hoped

that she would look up. She did look up, and saw him standing there, and guessed his reason for silence—saw his sudden finger on lip demanding silence from herself as well. A flash of intelligence passed

once more between the two. "Well, well, my pretty one," taunted Sachio. "Welcome once more to our portals; and may you bide with us

longer this time than last." "We shall see," was her retort.

Sachio did not answer, but grimly led her on into the presence of King Cortislaw himself. Cortislaw was still furious in his chagrin at the defeat of his plans.

"So, again, mademoiselle!" said he and his gray beard curled in his evil smile. "We have you once more. Believe us, it is the last time. You shall not escape again. Why is she here, Sachio?" he demanded—"How did you

take her?" "I found her as an angel disdaining chio, "spurning the ground-in short, mercy, taken altogether by surprise as all the north of rife and artillery fire, safe, as she supposed, high in the they had been. Once more boldness heartles?"

something I had lost-this parchment. your majesty."

Cortislaw examined it curiously. "What, another half-told tale?" said he-" 'tis torn across."

"Yes," assented Sachlo, "it is a mysof a lost prince."

"You are very faithful, Sachio," said Cortislaw. "You are very faithful, and very efficient. What do you say, mademoiselle?"

"I say nothing," rejoined Kitty Gray, and stood deflant.

Count Sachio spoke for her. "I am persuaded from the way she comports herself, your majesty, that she knows more than she pretends about this inscription here."

"So, then, you undertake to be obdurate?" The eye of Cortislaw was fixed on her with its cold menace.

"I am not obdurate, but I stand upon my rights," she went on. "I have not both the halves of the coin, and if it-this is the first time I have seen

"Take her away, men," said Sachio. "Keep her under guard. We will call you when we need you."

The door of the great reception hall closed now upon Kitty Gray, prisoner once again in Grahoffen towers.

"Well, what think you, Sachio?" said Cortislaw, turning at length to his officer. "She speaks with boldness."

"Yes, and always has," assented Sachio, musingly. "What is the secret of her courage? She seems to have no fear whatever for us."

"Listen, Sachio," said he. "We have made acquaintance with that young woman before, and have got no profit from the meeting. She is too mysterious, and she makes us too much trouble. Were there certain to be a reward for that, very well, but what reward may we hope? We dare not torture the truth from her, as once the king of this country would have done. Since

door, and in the hall before their scattered senses had time to realize what had happened.

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As he fled, Roleau had no plan be yond that of mere flight. But it chanced that he reached the outer cortery like that of the broken coin. If ridor just as Kitty's guards were my Latin serves me, it says something bringing her into it. He fell likewise upon Kitty's guards with such desperate valor that before long they, too. were scattered and helpless. A moment later Kitty and Roleau fled, seeking some exit from the palace walls.

The hue and cry followed them now. Almost they had escaped, but not quite. Even at the great door of the palace itself they were apprehended by yet other armed men. Once more they were brought before the king. "So it seems we have two incor-

rigibles," commented that monarch coldly as he faced Roleau and Kitty. still panting. "This man, as you know, Sachio, is far more dangerous than his accomplice here. She is dangerous, yes, in a way, but this man I had I would not give you either. As has hesitated at nothing-not even to this inscription, I know nothing of murder. What shall we do with him? Sachio stood also regarding the two.

"I'll tell you, your majesty," said he at length, slowly, "if you ask me my own feeling in the matter. Let us send them out of the country together. They have a way of gravitating together-let them go together to that America of which they talk so much. Let them find the protection of that Uncle Sam of whom they prate."

"Away with them!" command Cortislaw, imperiously.

Sachio therefore now had his task. But how to achieve it was his question. He knew well enough he could not oblige either Kitty or Roleau to book passage across the ocean unless they so desired.

"Attend to these two, lieutenant," said he to the officer of the guard. "Keep them safe until I return."

He hastened now as rapidly as he might to the water front, where at the somewhat restricted docks of Grancfshe will not talk, and since we cannot | fen an occasional ocean liner touched.



"You Shall Have Some Time to Reflect on the Expediency of Being More Complaisant."

her into the discard as of no use to "What is it your majesty means?

inquired the nobleman. "Why should we trade in such small

leer as this after all?" said Cortislaw. We may well lose all our time and have only additional trouble for our pains. Certainly there are enough things to do. As for these larger troubles which she threatens-might we not well have a care? Well, then, let her have her way. Let us send her back to that country of which she talks-let us send her back whether

she wishes to go or not!" "As your majesty wishes," said Sa

chio gravely. "Coome to me within the hour, Sa chio," said Cortislaw, turning away Bring me the plan by which we can send her out of our country. Let it be soon, and good riddance of the vixen as well."

"It shall be as you say, your majesty," said Sachio.

CHAPTER LVIII.

Travel Incognito. Roleau paced his narrow cage like some restless wild beast, some halfformed plan in his mind. The time was at hand for his guards to bring him his midday food. He heard them approaching before long, four of them, all careless, singing some ribald ditty of the line and trench. He saw them open his door and enter, putting down

fare. It was enough! The door of the cell was open. With a leap and a snarl of rage the powerful man was upon the guards, striking, wrestling, assailing here and

the basin which held his meager prison

compel her to talk, why, let us cast | He knew of such an instance now-a vessel of sorts was lying loaded and almost ready to sail. Perhaps chance would favor him.

He made his way across the crowded docks to the gangway of the steamer; but he sought no converse with the captain or the purser of the ship. Instead he beckoned to him one or two deck stewards, whom he selected after a quick look as countrymen of a land he knew.

"See here, my good men," said he when he had them aside. "As I fancy we are all interested in making money -is it not true?"

A grin made the answer of the two sailors, who stood expecting some gratuity.

The gratuity came—it fell into their hands—in gold—and in large pieces! They stood dumfounded and speechless for the moment, but Sachio went

"Listen, men," said he. "There are two spies here in the city, a man and a young woman. They are dangerous to our country. They are our prisoners-we took them in the assault on Gretzhoffen in the recent war between these two countries. They are both Americans. I know how much your country loves Americans-you

can guess how much I love them." "True, true," said one of the men "That is right. We know them-

those Americans!" "Precisely," resumed the nobleman 'Now, we must get these spies out of this country secretly. They refuse to take passage. Very well-we will book it for them then. And see, pay you the passage money instead of paying it to the ship's purser. Somewhere in the hold you could there with such violence and such skill watch them, could you not, men? the earth, your majesty," laughed Sa- that soon the four were much at his None will be the wiser, and you will be the richer. What then, my

His heartles hesitated for a moment, but at length agreed with him. "Why then," said the spokesman. "I suppose"-and once more they looked at the gold pieces in their hands.

"There is not the least danger in the world about it," said the strange man who had thus accosted them. "You are committing no crime, but are doing this country a service. These two spics will be brought here to the dock just before the ship sails. There is some confusion-but they get aboard-they are hoisted from the dock into the hold, where they will be safe. Very good, the vessel sails. She is at sea one day, two days. Then all at once there is hue and cry-stowaways discovered-two of them. Very well, that is all. They tell their story, but the captain of the ship thinks them to be stowaways, and nothing else. They have the look of such. As such they will be landed in due timeat New York. Their passage money is paid not to the ship but to you yourselves-more than you would make for six months' wages. And besides that, you have done a good service to our country, which is far more friendly to your own, my hearties, than that America to which these spies must be deported. What say you, then? It is a bargain?" It seemed that it was to be a bar-

gain.

CHAPTER LXX.

A Broken Voyage. Alone in his palace, Count Frederick paced up and down, engrossed in futile plans. After many hours, an attendant announced the arrival of came to the captain in his office, and one of the emissaries he had sent to follow Count Sachio.

"Excellency," began his servant agitatedly-",uick, or we shall be too

late." "What now-why too late-what has happened? Tell me, men!" Count Frederick was none too gentle in his moods of anger.

"They have taken her prisonerthey plot to ship her away todaytoinght-now, for all I know!"

What are you saying, man? But you found her, then?"

"Found where she is, or was. As you suspected, she was taken prisoner by Count Sachio and carried to Grahoffen. I followed him. He went to the docks and bargained there with some fellows of an ocean steamer due to sail within an hour or so. I heard them agree to take over a prisoner, a woman-another prisoner, a man. Count Sachio said he would deliver them just before the vessel sailed. They were to be hid in the hold and discovered later as stowaways too late for return."

"Quick, men." He turned now to his assistants. "Hasten to the shipping offices on our own dock. Have them make ready a boat to carry my message to the captain of the royal yacht. Tell him to make ready to sail at once on my arrival-and to expect a race with an ocean liner."

A few moments later he was at the dock and, hurrying into the small boat lay awaiting, was carried swiftly to the side of the royal yacht on whose decks already there was evidence of the orderly confusion of a boat about to get under way. Evidently his message to the captain of

the yacht had been received. "Come on board, sir!" said Count Frederick, as the captain met him at

the ladder. "You understand?" "Your servant, Count Frederick," said the commander. "I know you

well. Command us." "Under way at once then, captain," said Count Frederick. "Lay a course to the foot of the bay. The vessel we must search has perhaps even now sailed from Grahoffen port. It is our duty in the name of the king to intercept her. They have on board prisoners of our own people-there has been treachery done by Sachio, leader of Grahoffen."

An instant, and the jangle of the en gine-room bells made sweet music to Count Frederick's ears. At least now there would be action, at least suspense would be at on end.

The speedy yacht ripped through the water as though conscious itself of its imperative duty. Ere long they had passed the lower headlands of the Gretzhoffen harbor. Eagerly Frederick scanned the levels of the sea as they opened before him. At last an exclamation escaped his lips. A long and heavy cloud of smoke lay on the horizon, the trail of a great ship making for open sea.

"Captain, there she goes! A thousand napoleons if you lay us alongside-dishonor if you fail to do so. And the captain nodded.

Meantime what was the secret that the distant liner was carrying with her? None save those aboard could tell that, and of these but two or three rude deck men. The bought agents of Sachio had done their work well. None on the ship save those interested had noticed when two bundles, trussed up and concealed in heavy coverings, had been hoisted aboard by the ship's donkey engine and dropped into the hold. Yet in this way two human beings were loaded as cattle, without the knowledge of the ship's officers.

When Kitty Gray recovered her senses she found herself in a dark and noisome hole, she knew not where. Terror smote her. Her pulses

refused to work, her mind rebelled. Above she heard tramplings, shoutings, the creaking of tackle, the sound of machinery muffled by intervening walls of the ship's structure. At last she thought she heard the swash of water alongside. What did this mean -was this the sea? Was she a prisoner to be handled in some new and mystifying way? What did 'it all

A raint light came from nigh above where the hatchway yet remained open. She saw it all now-she was in a ship's hold, and beyond all aid. She called out, but got no answer. Exhausted by her fruitless efforts, at last she flung herself down upon a nearby bundle-and stared up again

with a shrick of terror! The bundle beneath her had stirred -moved-yes, she was sure of that! It moved again. Terrified as she was, she stooped and cut the thongs which bound the neck of the long bag of

There appeared to her gaze the tousled head and livid face of her friend Roleau! Without her knowledge he had been hoisted in with her and left to live or die, as he chose, bound tight in a bag which gave him little enough chance for air.

Kitty gave a cry of delight and dismay mingled as she bent above her friend. He was half unconscious, unable to speak, because tightly gagged. She aided him and freed him as she might. The air, bad as it was, presently began to revive the sufferer.

"Excellency," said he at last, "excellency, it is you! And where are

"I do not know, Roleau," said she. "I can only guess. We are somewhere in the hold of some ship. We must have been smuggled here, for what purpose I do not know. It may be we shall be carried out to sea. How then can we escape?"

The boat now was far from the dock in the lower bay of Grahoffen harbor. Under full way, she was headed for the open sea. The executive officer the latter turned upon him an inquiring eye.

"Steam yacht on our starboard quarters, sir," said the latter, "going fast, flying signals for us to slow down so he may come aboard."

"Come aboard-when we are under way and two hours back of our sailing hour? A pest take these little states which are fighting this cat and dog war! We have nothing to do with that—and I warrant it yonder stranger has."

"What orders, sir?" "Straight ahead, and full speed."

"Very good, sir." "What is the hour, Judson?" demanded the captain as the executive turned away.

"Four bells, sir." "Make it so." And thus in nautical terms the voyage of the Prinz Adler

was begun. Begun, but not ended. Begun, but soon to be broken. The fast yacht swerved slightly and headed on such an angle as would intercept the liner's course. She sailed a splendid gait. her clean-cut bows rising black above the waves as now and again she leaped from one crest to another in her desperate speed. Some man was driving her who had a purpose; that

was plain. The captain himself went on deck as he heard the sound of a distant shot. It had come from the yacht's bow gun, a formidable looking black piece which might carry iron enough

o sink a helpless liner. "The damned pirate!" exclaimed the captain. A second report, a second plunge of white ahead gave him warn-

ing that it was time to halt. "He'll sink us if we don't slow down," muttered the captain. His hand went out to the engine-room switchboard. A third shot gave evidence enough of the yacht's intentions. Once more the engine bells jangled far below. The order had come to slow down, to reverse. The giant liner trembled, half paused, slowly slacked her speed, and at last lay purring, even as the yacht swung

swiftly alongside. "What do you want?" called the captain of the Prinz Adler, addressing a tall figure which stood at the bow of the yacht. "What do you mean by stopping my ship?"

"Send me a boat at once," was his only answer. "I will explain when I come aboard. Hesitate and you may Feeling under this the threat which may or may not have been meant in faith, but which served none the less,

a ship's boat put out to the yacht and brought Count Frederick aboard. He at once made his way to the captain, whom he addressed brusquely. "You have persons aboard this ship who are fugitives from justice. I come in our king's name to search you before you leave the three-mile limit of our own waters. Perhaps you are

ignorant of these facts yourself. Lav

to, while we try to get the informa-

tion confirmed for you. I know they are on board." They were indeed on board, but none knew of their presence. Far beneath the lowest deck of the ship the guilty deck hands had met their prisoners and sought to use such arguments as they could find to induce

their silence. As for Roleau, he would hear to nothing. The joy of combat once more came to his soul. He fell upon these seamen, and weak as he still was waged such battle that at last they fled. Kitty and himself followed them. Almost they gained the freedom of the upper deck.

But what could a weak woman do against such odds-or even Roleau? Even as Count Frederick's boat came alongside, and as he stood conferring with the ship's captain, the two prisoners who made the subject of the controversy were left in such case as might very well prove the captain's assertion that he had on board no passengers save such as ship's passenger

list showed and had a right to show. Neither Kitty nor Roleau had knowledge of what went on. Both had been

laid senseless. (TO BE CONTINUED.)