

A Woman Intervenes.

BY ROBERT BARR. Author of 'The Face and the Mask,' 'In the Midst of Alarms,' Etc.

Next morning Wentworth worked his way, with much balancing and holding on of stanchions, along the deck, for the ship rolled fearfully, although there seemed to be little wind and the sun was shining brightly, but the person he sought was nowhere visible. He thought he would go into the smoking room, but changed his mind at the door, and turned down the companionway to the main saloon. The table had been cleared of the breakfast belongings, but on one of the small tables a white cloth had been laid, and at this spot of purity in the general effect of red plush sat Miss Brewster, who was complacently ordering what she wanted from a steward, who did not seem at all pleased in serving one who had disregarded the breakfast hours to the discomfort of all saloon rules. The chief steward stood by a door and looked disapprovingly at the late guest. It was almost time to lay the tables for lunch, and the young woman was calmly ordering her breakfast as if she had been there for some time.

would be little for us to do; but it happens unfortunately for some, but fortunately for us, that people occasionally do not keep their accounts accurately. "And can you always find that out if you examine the books?" "Always." "Can't a man make his accounts so that no one can tell that there is anything wrong?" "The belief that such a thing can be done has been tried often enough. It has been tried often enough." "I am sure they can do it in the states. I have read of it being done and continued for years. Men have made out with great sums of money by falsifying the books, and no one found it out until the one who did it died or ran away." "Nevertheless, if an expert accountant had been called in, he would have found out very soon that something was wrong, and that where the wrong was and how much." "I don't think your cleverness possible. Have you ever discovered anything like that?" "I have." "What is done when such a thing is discovered?" "That depends upon circumstances. Usually a policeman is called in."

CHAPTER IV. There was one man on board the Coleridge whom Wentworth had taken an extreme dislike. His name was Fleming, and he claimed to be a New York politician. As none of his friends or enemies asserted anything worse about him, it may be assumed that Fleming had designated his occupation correctly. If Wentworth were asked what he most disliked about the man he would probably have said his offensive familiarity. Fleming seemed to think himself a genial, good fellow, and he was immensely popular with the crew of the smoking room. He was lavishly free with his invitations to drink, and he always had a case of good cigars in his pocket which he bestowed with great liberality. He had the habit of slapping a man boisterously on the back and saying: "Well, old fellow, how are you? How's things?" He usually confined his listeners to that he was a self-made man, had landed at New York without a cent in his pocket, and look at him now. Wentworth was icy toward this man, but frigidity had no effect whatever on the exuberant spirits of the New York politician. "Well, old man," cried Fleming to Wentworth, as he came up to the latter and linked arms affectionately. "What lovely weather

there will come a day. Mr. Wentworth, when you will admit that these are Americans who are more clever than either that accountant or that newspaper man. I don't think your specimens are typical." "I don't run down," as you call it, the men because they are Americans. I run down the accountant because he was either ignorant or corrupt. I run down the newspaper man because he was a thief." Miss Brewster was silent for a few moments. She was impressing on her memory what he had said, and was anxious to get away, so that she could write out in her cabin exactly what had been told her. The sound of the lunch gong gave her the excuse she needed, so bidding her victim a pleasant and friendly farewell, she hurried from the deck to her stateroom.

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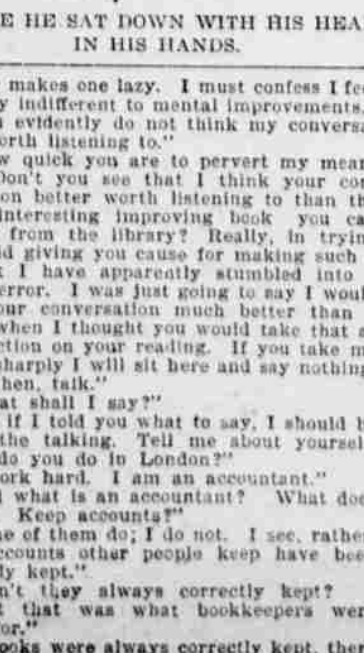
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THERE HE SAT DOWN WITH HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS.