

(Copyright, 1996, by Clinton Ross) CHAPTER V.

HOW I AM CARRIED ACROSS THE SEA. Here was I in the strangest predicament. Here was mystery out of the house next door selzing of my actual self-that uncertainty of the great town we are loth to confesswhich Louis Stevenson makes one feel in his "New Arablan Nights." I could be certain, ] as I have said, that there was no dream about it, for although my head ached and my mouth was dry, I was palpable, and the swish of the water and the thud of the engine left me no doubt at all.

I raised myself to find I was lying in the berth fully dressed; remembered that they had only to take me to a boat at the foot of the street where I had been seized-for what purpose I could not fancy; only it was patent I had been meddling with a powerful person or interest; yet not twenty-four hours since in my cousin's house, I had been talking polite commonplaces. And now-1 raised my face to a line with the port that framed the green, scattered with white caps, against the blue of the further distance, merging into gray, that suddenly glowed with the splendor of the setting sun, seeking the A dab of frothing crests of the waves. irregular black marked a passing steamship on the opposite tack, and I saw from the

sun we were on a southeast course. time before I was able to collect my dazed mind enough even for these observations. I noticed then that the room showed the private steam yacht-the wood carving, the scattered toilet appoint-ments, the size of the room, the motion of the vessel. I tried the door, but it was locked, then I turned back to a closer observation of the place. Something carved on the wall caught my attention, and I leaned forward to study it in the fading light entering the port. This was skill-fully done, and showed a boar and a fox rampant on a field azure, surmounted by a crown. I tried to place the device, which might mean anything or nothing, when at the moment the key turned in the door, which swung open, showing against a narow corridor a very tall, bearded man. He poked at me attentively for a moment. He wore a dark blue uniform with buttons bearing the same device as on the wood work in the cabin. I suppose I looked very nd indeed, the motion-with the drug from which I was recovering-left a decided nausea, which the gust from the port through the opened door relieved. I concluded this person was the shipper, for he bore evidence of belonging to the sea. For a moment we stood there staring at each other.

You would like something to eat, probably? That will make you feel botter." and he in very good French, and in a tone that, apart from its manner, sounded not uncivil. The manner and the pronunciation of the French (which, however, I saw was not his

ongue) placed him at once a man who either had been born in gentle circumstances, or who had acquired some minuer from asso-ciation. I had time to reflect in the scrutiny he gave me that it did not profit particularly to rage and fume and call down the law, which my captors evidently hold themselves superior to, and so I asked, in a voice sounding sepulchrally hollow, simply for an explanation.

'You are at ara -- a prisoner." "I know that well, but whose prisoner and what have I done?" He shrugged his shoulders.

"I can't tell you, monsieur,

ever it was, was not for her to declare. She had been intercepted ostensibly as a mad woman in New York. Her capturs had held her in a rented house in the most marked neighborhood of the city, because there they would excite less attention. The yacht where I was a prisoner had been sent her. It probably had arrived in New Y harbor the night previous. But was she, too, on this vessel. Had they recaptured

place

oring

Biarritz.

her after her escape to my protection the night before? Slowly parts of the riddle unravelled them elves, while the little steamship tossed in the grasp of the storm. But still it re-mained a riddle. And while I lay sleeples: the gray dawn crept in through the port and it was a misty, tossing morning in the

North Atlantic. Again the key turned; again my keeper gan and the servant appeared. This time I had absolutely nothing from him or the servant. ingly. nor in the long, miserable days following did they answer me. I only heard the sailors volces above, and their tramping and the creaking of the ship, for it was a continuous nine days' storm. For I counted in this poked It an eccentric dismal day after dismal day, until the number was nine, and I was almost crazy with my uncertainty of what would happen next.

I had been taken away so suddenly that 1 had had no time to notice in the newspaper. the arrival of any foreign vessels in our har bor. I could not make any coincidences of of what I might have known. You dee, ran over all possible solutions of my riddle

and all left me equally perplexed. About noon the ninth day, when I was ill indeed with my inactivity, the cabin door was thrown open. Four sailors stood in the passageway with the man whom I have styled my kceper. He said something in a tongue that sounded like Slav dialec to me-seeming to confirm my suspicion that there was the Russian hand in the affair. The four immediately seized, bound, gagged and blindfolded me. Of course, I struggled, for who wouldn't with the sense of self-preservation? But I was weak with the long confinement. My arms seemed as puny as a child's against their strength and numbers. And then J was carried out and above, and was lowered, I surmised, over the side, where I landed on the seats of a boat that rose and fell unsteadily that presently was in motion on a com mand in the same tongue. Time passed the rain was in my face, wetting me through, and then we grounded. I was lifted out, the bonds untied, the gag and las the bandage removed, when I found mysel on my back, with the rain beating from the blackness. The steps were retreating I raised myself and saw the boat putth to sea. Far away was a single ship's ligh and that was all. The boat was swallowby the mist. The breakers, that I had no noticed in my absorption in my fears, brain said with regular thud on the rocks below.

CHAPTER VI

HOW I CAME TO THE SHEPHERD OF ST. CROIX. up to Paris.

The October wind carried the scurrying rain in sheets about the rock where I was Watching the ship light, I presently saw i move, then varish into the darkness, is which I probably saw better because my over had been bandaged. I shivered an weak indeed after all I had bee through. I rose to my feet, chattering like a man with a fever, for a flash of intolera ble heat followed. I half decided to rema

Your ques-the water's edge. As I strede on the

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: (SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1896.

-to a close friendship with no one except- by carrying on this conversation in riding the old collie, who shortly became my friend. dies. "No," said 4. For I reflected that here

was a man who night understand the situa-For I remained some days in that desolate getting back my strength and wan-, with the flock, and listening to the tion, and sheer chance had brought me to him-whether is good or bad, time alone would show. But I would risk telling him shepherd who had no word on any subject my story, and I began with the lady I had seen on the Piazza San Marco-In Londonexcepting that of him who believes in-tently, and who knows the life of the gray are November stretches of Gascon moor Even the mystery bringing me to that In New York. He looked me over narrowly. "Her highness!" he cried. "You were the apot ceased to pique-until auddenly the longing for the world returned, as it must man." i he sequel. to all whose blood still is coursing. I told

"That was easy natural," he said. "You were meddling," the man my intration. Without denying me, he told me that he was sorry to have 'Meddling." I began, "with what?"

Mgr. Reux leaned forward, suddenly tak me go, and that he would accompany me to ing my hand, Monsieur, if I be priest, I am Dalma-And there one morning at the town at the

foot of the Pyrenees we appeared, tramping together, the shepherd in his skins. On the tian. His eyes sparkled strangely, pressed my hand, looking me over. " He along, with some men in kickerbockers and are lucky-or unlucky. You have been in-volved in the fortune of the Romaga." "Do you meau-?" I began, remembering

th galfing sticks. One I knew, 'inwell' I cried. For one y "Howell, who I remembered had a villa at mething. "The prince of Dalmatia, M. Gerald," said

Diarritz. The trap stopped. Howell stared, for I was almost unrecognizable with the Mgr. Reux, in excellent English, "has en-tertained a simpleion of a plot to dethrong owth of abagay beard. him, and to place on the Daimatian throne "Lend me two louis." I said. Again How-ell stared. I turned to the shepherd. the native house of the Romaga, repre-"No." said he, "we have broken bread to-gether. Give the gold to the beggars." I cented by

"The lady I have seen-" The Princess Beatrice Romaga-" new my mistake in offering him money, as ne turned without another word after this pueer exclamation, and I have nover seen 'And-" I began.

The Russian government and Prince Frederick, by grace of the czar, Prince im since, although I have it now in my and to write to the vicar of St. Croix about Dalmatia, decided to get possession of the princess whom two deaths have made head the house of Romaga."

Where do you come from?" Howell be-And she was arreated in-the United I have been seeing life," said I, half jok-States1 'Arrested in San Francisco, for her high-

"Intro been seeing ite, said i, hait par-nuly. "I want some money-some clothes." "Get up here," he said, introducing me to he others, who scanned me with question-ng eyes that almost had the better of their ness was travellog incognito with only three npanions, and then was returning from The Romaga are rich, Mr. Gerald, Japan.

but the power of Russia is greater. Your I said 1 had been tramping. I They plainly held me at the least Department of State even permitted this arrest of the Princess Beatrice, while the And we bowled into the American colony at Biarritz, where I was not unknown. By public did not know of it. The persons-

"Including M. Massimo-



I SAW IN HIS EYES THE LOOK OF A RAPT ENTHUSIAST.

"Yes, including Massimo, simply implied fowell's help I again appeared civilized. But | lowell's help I again appeared civilized. But did not tell bim of my adventure. He sim-ly would think me mad. He thought, as he others. I had been on a rough walking of Prince Frederick's yacht from the Mediothers. I had been on a rough walking But I myself pondered the mystery terranean. Here you appeared. The prin ou may believe. I saw that Biarritz would Ab. I am made to disappear, lest I know

and three days after, having ot solve it, and three days after, having elegraphed Duesdale and my banker, I went too much

CHAPTER VIL HOW IF YOU THINK INTENTLY OF A MYSTERY YOU MAY ARRIVE NEAR ITS time.

SOLUTION.

If the people at Biarritz I knew had witted me on my disappearance, which they had heard from the Parisian Herald and Galignan's they had no American papers issued since—no information of that which had happened in New York. To see the inst

part of the reasons leading me to hasten

New York papers, to reassure my sister in nnit? reland and to cable my solicitor.

11.

"Exactly The Dalmatlan yacht bringing you to Europe brought the Princess Beatrice as well

"And she, Monseleneur?" "Is a prisoner at Zara in Dalmatia by this

'And how will she be treated?' "As a prisoner of state-to hold in check the Daimatian plotters who want to replace the house of Heidelberg by that of Romaga." "Their success would mean, I understand en, the Princips Beatrice on the throne. then. "And the English interest in Dalmatia. "Does the princess herself favor the move

fgr. Reux shruggod his shoulder

Dalmatla, had been trying to thwart by the concluded, as we were inside his works, to arreat of Princess Beatrice. "How otherwise does he dare to come to me? Or it may be that he is here to find out our plans. shall know nothing." 110

"But I?" I began. "Your story, Mr. Gerald, I know to be absolutely true."

absolutely true." "And you know, then, I can be trusted."" "I can read my human nature." Mgr. Reux laughed. "Yes, when you once may be committed." he added.

be committed," he added. We were still over our coffee, for I had not gane on to my hotel to dress, nor to Dues-date, who was that year on the English legation-nor to my bankers to make in-quiries. My interst in the affair was too absorbing, and became more so when the three Daimatian gentlemen cutered, the Marquis Bianchi, Sig. Redi and the Count Baibi. We began to talk Italian over the

situation, a tongue I understand very from some experience in lialy. The Dalma-lians have continued to speak Italian since their land was a field of the Venetian re-public, and many of their great family names are Italian to this day.

At first these gentlemen regarded me with me suspicion, when I recklessly told them would contribute out of my own resources very considerable sum toward the cause of the Romaga. Mgr. Reux assured them of my sincerity, and the personal experiences interesting me in the Dalmatian situation.

When they were convinced they talked to me with greater affability. They, too, agreed that Massimo, in approaching Mgr. Reux, and not dropped his character of Russian agent. I was glad to hear this, for I resitated to think what I might do if the Baron Massimo had appeared in that room. I certainly would have tried on him a good left-hander. However, that contingency did not appear, and really felt better over the position I had taken when I found that I had

lessimo's wiles to fight. One point was clearly brought out by this little conference, and that the importance of

crossing the Adriatic from Venice to Zara. and freeing the Princess Beatrice. As soon as she should have been freed a bloodless revolution would follow, every one decided, agreeing that the governmental policy in scizing the young lady, who is hereditary head of the Romaga, was founded in strong common sense, which the Romaga must

ombal The Venetian adventure charmed me, and asked to be in it. At last this was allowed. by enthusiasm carrying my end, I believe For I thought of the Frincess Beatrice Once she had thrown herself on my protec

ion, and now I should try to help her. Yet neither my new friends nor I myself inderrated the danger of the attempt which out me at once completely beyond any bance of my own government's protection at once I became avowedly a political in riguer, a moddler in the policy of anothe nation. But the spirit of adventure stirred, and my blood was warm for the undertaking

a hopless monotony from which now I posably might escape. I did indeed, I'll say, remember my duties

wire's both New York and my sister, and coked up Lord Ducadale, one of my best riends, who rated me soundly on my methodisappearing. But I did not explain even o him. I considered that Mgr. Roux had cade me a confidant-that my honor was ledged to the plot for the restoration of the tomara in Dafmatia. A week later I was en reute for Venice.

here one evening I sat again at a table a 'iorian's-where first I had neen Beatrie timaga-and where, as on that occasion, th esticas, gay Venetian crowd surged past and San Marco faced the scene, its bril-liancy merged into the darkening blue.

CHAPTER IX. HOW WE SAILED OUT OF VENICE AT

To go out from Venice at dawn, while your gondolier sings and the craft that is to bear you on the Adriatic lies at the edge f the lagoons-this is to enter at once int the land of imagination, while the canals the palaces, the red-stained artis of the luggers take on an influite variety. It was still as we walked the Piazza, where the dovis were cooing, and Venice slept still as we embarked on the gondolas waiting in the Grand canal, and over all was that mystery of God, which in the sordidness of life-of the struggle of the survival of the

Balbl's twelve men from his Tuscan es-

surrender, which he did lamely, explaining, however, that it was a matter of pay to him that he served the house of Heidel berg instead of that of Romaga. Never, suppose, except in South America-where they indeed sometimes kill two or threewas a revolution inaugurated so blood

lessly. Balbl and Renl went to Inform the princess, leaving me to man the works with our peasants and to look over our half-

dozen prisoners, which I did as well as could considering I had no previous mill tary training. In the great hall of the keep -a barren, rough place, not changed since the thirteenth century-my friends returned with the head of the house for which they had inaugurated this revolt.

She came down the great stair, calling to is below, her face flushed, the light of the candles and from the log on the hearth tangled in her hair.

Thank you, gentlemen," she said prettily

"Thank you much." I believe we cheered, although there were so few of us, for Beatrice, princess of Dal-matia, countess of Spezia in Sardinia. She appeared in this setting different from

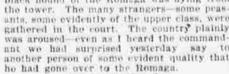
her who had fled to my door, now it seemed so long ago. "And, Monsieur," she said, for she does

ot speak English, "I have made you a deal of trouble."

"Which I have accepted," I said, as she extended her hand graciously, "Let us hope there will be no more, There's a great risk in this-"

"Not to him who dares," said I, looking to her eyes; and I fancied she blushed; into and then she passed on and left us for a further conference with the count and Sig Real.

That night messengers were sent right will remove the poisonous Uric Acid and left summoning the country side to reby putting the Kidneys in a healthy volt. Falbi and Real were sleepless, al though I succumbed, there appearing little condition so that they will naturally enough for me to do. At daybreak I walked into the court, looking out on the bare eliminate it. brown hills. A red banner bearing the black hound of the Romaga was flying from 



(To be Continued.)

GLADSTONE. London Truth. The warrior worn hy many a light had to his home retired. There, 'mongst his household gods, to seek the rest he so desired; There, 'mongst his books and friends, to

pass the evening of his days. Far from the strain and stress of strife and clash of party frays.

He from his bow d and weary frame his

armor had removed. Had laid the trusty sword aside that he so off hid proved. And so he sat, his soul screne, to wait for life's slow obb. Whilst oer the vizor of his helm the spider span its web.

But bark! what means that plercing shrick

of danger and despuir? What is that pitcons call for help that fills the castern ar? See, the old warrier hears the sound, he

flushes at the cry, And leaping to his feel again, wrath flashes from his eye.

His armor 'round his aged limbs with ar-

His armor round the class, dent haste be class, fis off-proved sword, Excalibur, once more he strinly grass, o "rus not." he crics, "for pelf or power, 31

he stornly grasss. "Tis not," he crics, "for pelf or power, "Its not for party gain; A helpless people pleads for help; it must not plead in vain!" And so he hastens to its aid, his soul within

him stirred. And trumpet-like, e'en as of old, his noble

And triangle-inke, c en as of dat, its none volce is heard;
Nay, 'tis with all the strength of yore he marches forth to fight-"Justice," his transhant lattle erg; his watchwords, "Truth and right."

And who shall his brave course condemn?

Who, in his inmost heart, Does not applaud the stremuous way in which he's played his part? Call him Quixotle if you will, Utopian if

The following notice was copied from the

s to give notice that no persons is to be suried in this churchyard, but these living

are desired to apply to me, Ephraim

n the parish, and these who wish to b

Salvation Lass-War Cry! War Cry!

RELIGIOUS.

Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch of Chicago has made

new translation and revision of the Jew-sh prayer book, propared by Dr. David

Dr. Earl Cranston, who was recently ap

olden opinions on the Pacific coast by hi

pinted a Methodist blahop, is

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of deaths from

Heart

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Of course

Failure

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up the real cause.

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226

O Warners P

TADE

T. OFFICE

the heart fails to act

but "Heart Failure," so called, nine

times out of ten is caused by Urle

Acid in the blood which the Kidneys

fail to remove, and which corrodes

the heart until it becomes unable to

Health Officers in many cities very

properly refuse to accept "Heart Fail-

ure," as a cause of death. It is fre-

quently a sign of ignorance in the

physician, or may be given to cover

A Medicine with 20 Years of

. . Success behind it . .

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Searles &

SPECIMENTS IN

Private Diseases.

WEAK MEN

SEXUALLY.

SYPHILIS

All Private Diseases and Disorders of Men Treatment by mail Consultation (ree

Nervous, Chronic

Searles.

when a man dies,

Service and

and all my previous life scenied to have had

DAWN.

Hitest-wo call heauty. Five gondalas held Balbi, Reni, me and Babble twelve men from his Tuscan and Grand Old Man.

ates. Mar. (since he has been created dinal) Reux, who had really

tions are entirely useld But I can imagine that it has something

to do with an occurrence yesterday "You need not question me, monsihave told you I can say absolutely nothing I might feel stronger for a slight use on that-or any subject.

on that—or any subject. "And I am to be kept here until—" "Yes, until—" He smiled. "I may as well leave it 'until.' But, really, as you appear to be a man of sense—as you see I

am a servant-you will not trouble me with useless questions

"If they are useless -- ""

"They are, monsieur," he interrupted with gruff impatience. "I can tell you only that you are to be kept. Antonio!" he o back into the corridor, when a little called dark waiter appeared, with a tray. I told them to take the things away, as I certainly was not in the temper for food, when my reticent keeper insisted with a return of his urbanity that I doubtiess should feel better for it-after the drug I had been under.



MR. GERALD CAPTIVE ON THE YACHT

thought possibly he might be right, as proved to be the case. He stood mutchy watching me, until it was ended, I finding I could cat more than I anticipated, and, indeed ing much better for it. When I had finished he motioned the waiter to remove the things, and then turning, without further word, left me, when I heard again the key on the outside.

The motion began to increase as it darkened, and the wind whistled outside the port, which I closed, for it was growing was growing cold in the room. And then I laid down, to wake in the darkness to find my berth tipped at right angles, and the sounds of feet above, for we had run into one of those stretches of dirty weather when the North Atlantiq leaves a landsman sorry. A gusty night of whistling wind at sea is sufficiently depressing when in ordinary circumstances you wake and listen to the thud of the engine, which seems to take the place of your heart beats; how ominous it is when the regular beat of the piston stops. But my predicament was had enough in any case, nor did it need the cessation of that sound to leave me serious enough

I ran over all the phases of the adventure speaking now in Parisian French. "I came here to live with the sheep on the moors because my life was a failure." from first to last. I had been warned by Obadiah Fogg, but too late, and what in-"I thank you, friend," said I. Plainly I must gain his favor. For I found that my terest was it to that careful solicitor? I must be in the hands of some government. The letter I had delivered to the Italian captor, or captors, had left me neither money nor papers. I must have some way of explaining. I thought how difficult it consul pointed to that conclusion. And the woman plainly was some political suspect would be when every consular office was besieged by mendicants with strange stories. And so, I began to curry the favor of him, who called himself the shepherd of That was clear to me now. I had meddled with a European political plot of some kind. I had been arrested against Amertean law-against all law-because-because 'these people do not know how much the St. Croix. political suspect has told me." But she had told me absolutely nothing. She had said Of him I never knew save that as he had said he had fled the world. Perhaps the she was running from enemies, that was all. I decided she was not a mad woman membered seeing her in Venice, and again membered seeing her in Venice, and again mysiory—a heart that was kind out of re-in London, and on the last occasion in the company of people of rank, and she had attuned to the silences and the noises of the

rain a glow that was better than the turn of feverish heat I had had. Yet I was in bad plight, for I felt weak enough, even if the muscles. I had stumbled

manner, the noise of the surf becoming every moment less, when I had an illusion of a lighting of the sky, like the distan glare on low clouds of a town's lights. I often have heard persons who have be

long in the dark of a storm at night speak of this same phenomenon. For really saw nothing of the kind, it being merely mown from my own observation in the box t the Criterion theater the previous year. I reached the Gare D'Orleans about 3 tha an effect, blinding darkness on the cycbali fternoon, and the porter was loading a box ontaining some things I had borrowed of and my low vitality. Yet presently, stum-bling over the uneven ground, a point of Howell, when suddenly I saw a man, whose face was familiar, step into a cab, apparlight appeared that at first I took to be part of the same phantasmagoria. ently without observing me. If I were not mistaken this was the fellow who had enpersisted in presenting that welcome sign at one spot, until suddenly I brought close up on a low, rambling building, when a dog liced me into the adventure. Giving man 5 frances I told him to keep the other barked. The light now was outlined fit fully, as if from a fire, and throwing bac ab in sight, when there began a chase-I knew not to what end. We turned from the door without asking of your leave, was blinded by some burning peat on treet to street. I not noticing the Parisian anorama to which I was returning. hearth. A collie sprang toward me, when a querulous voice called, and he slunk back ond the Arc de Triumphe the pursuit led intil finally the cab, evidently not knowing The owner of the voice was a rough figure in a sheepskin, kneeling, the flaring flame t was followed, drew up before a hotel of the Avenue du Bois d' Boulogne. The fel-tow left the cab. Its door closed. I told revealed, before a crucifix and without turning to make question of me, beyond calling back the dog. I stepped forward, when the heat of the place left me faint. ny man to draw to the curb. After some his singular chance throwing in my way a and I sank down in a heap before the fire. lew to the mystery which I was resolved When I came to myself it was in thi ot to neglect. Leaving the cab, I walked same interior, lying on some sheepskins on the floor, one thrown over me, a very old-appearing man with a tangle of white beard reading from a little red book by o the door, where was a plate bearing: "Mer. Reux." I rang; asked for "Mgr. Reux" on a ven a single candle stuck in a rude stick, th 'Yes, monsieur, whom shall I say? collie that had announced me snoring as an old dog will before the fiame. "M. Gerald, on an important matter," The servant scrutinized me, deciding to

"Where am I?" I asked. The man looked at me a moment, when h inswored in a patols I seemed to under-

tand With the shepherd of St. Croix." "Landes." 'France ?" "Classeony." "Where are you from, friend?" He spoke as we were equals.

"The sea." "You were near perishing in the storm he answered, looking me over curiously, and even then the wind shook the place. I ver, his gray eyes questioning.

deed could, believe that I had had the

other's hands. Lying there I saw suddenly the futility of all power; I felt the mockery

of life, which puts us all, some time, on the

"The Christ sent you to me," said the

"Do not mock, man," said the other,

man, turning to me, and I saw in his eyes the look of the rapi enthusiast.

democratic plane,

"Did he?" said f.

'To what do I owe the pleasure, monsaw he thought me mad, and suddenly it oc curred to me my story would not be be ieur ?! "Because, Monseigneur, I wish to plac heved-no part of it. I who had disappeared

he identity of the person who entered the in New York now was in France. But the ouse before me. nature of my disappearance would be be-lieved by no one. People would say that 'Masamo! What is he to you?" But I saw the question had startled Mgr.

I had wandered away when temporarily in-sane. Probably my disappearance had been

"He is just from America." "True

noted in the American papers, but as I had a habit of going away on long journeys too, have arrived from Americawithout announcing my intention my friends against my will. Possibly monseigneur may might not be without hope of my ultimate xplain?'

cwner's taste of simplicity.

return. But certainly no one would, or in The priest looked me over narrowly. "I can't explain what I don't know, mon-icur; I am only a poor mortal." For the first time I hesitated at my foolventure which really had brought me to this portion of the French coast. My abductors had made the occurrence of such a kind hardiness in venturing into the power of an unknown person, who might be one, at that index inc detrivence of side a Kind that they could deny absolutely the mere evidence of my lips. A week ago men had envied me, and here my power was taken away, and I was no more than a puppet in least in purpose, with those who had abducted me

"Mgr. Reux, I don't know you-"I am a Dalmatian, monsieur," said he 'a humble servant of Rome." And then suddenly I recollected the name -Mgr. Reux, the scholar, the diplomatist,

the great Mgr. Reux, and this youthful priest was so different from my expectation of what this personage should be

"You are not the Gerald-the American Gerald." he said at last, returning my recognition of his identity by this apparent knowledge of my name. "Yes, Mgr. Reux," said I, remembering

again the potentiality my father had made, the sheer force of money; and, after all, I afternoon lit his face, showing lines of thought that made him older.

'And what can you know of Massimo? "What should I know-what shouldn't I?" "Humph-everything, nothing-that he is an agent of-" "Of." I beg

elergyman of the living of St. Croix knew. But for me, he has always been a vague I began. "A Dalmatian agent of the czar," said monseigneur; as if defying me. "But come, monsieur, this person has agitated you. "But come, been strangely reticent. Her secret, what- moors--to a sympathy with the sheep, even Nothing is accomplished for either of us

Ab, sir, princes are now more than eve Paris, while another part was my earnest wish to get some light on the mystery. I but puppets of destiny-of political change Russia and the heuse of Heidelberg-think had not told, as I say, the truth to a soul in Biarritz, where formerly I had spent they hold the matter in check because the have the hereditary head of the Romaga." nuch time, lest they should consider I still "Eut they have not?" was under the aberration leading me to dis

"I did not say that," Mgr. Reux anappear in New York. But in Paris I abouid overed. I asked him then why the Princess nake inquiries. I had one certain clew it Beatrice had asked me to carry a letter to the arms carved on the wood work of the

the Italian consul. "Because she naturally thought he abin, while I surmised the lady might be mother, having been of the house of Sardinia, the Italian government might interfere-" "In short," sail I, after a moment, " have atumbled on a European complication. "Which has to do with the Russian as cendancy in the southeast." "How is it that such a matter could be

cept quiet-"" I began. "How is everything done-by the hand o wer, monsieur," said the priest, relaysing into French.

"And I take it," I began, "that Mgr. Reux sympathizes with the house of Heiderberg Dalmatia

"You forget I am a priest-" "Is not the Romaga interest the church's interest in Dalmatia?"

"Yes. And I, monsieur, am of the house of Romaga." "And how, then, Monseigneur, am I to ex-plain the presence of Mons. Massimo, the avowed agent of the Dalmatian government. Monseigneur's house ?" In an instant Monseigneur's eyes sparkled almost defiantly, and again triumphantly.

"Men have been bought-" "And Massimo?" "Is ours-for the moment. You can't tel

how such a fellow will turn." "It appears," said 1, surprised at myself 'that the plot for the Romaga continues in Dalmatia?

let me enter. I had risked seeing Mgr. Reux. I wondered what would come of it. "I did not say that, monsieur." But hl eyes gave me the answer. I suddenly scenes The servant returning, said that his master would see me, and he showed me into ato have become an acute student of physics nomy. I suddenly was wondering at my imple room, bared of decorations, showing self, and then I knew that it was only my father's spirit in me-the spirit that wanted After some moments there entered by to dominate men and was restless when ide door a pale, dark little man in a cle others subdued it. This Dalmatian con spiracy had made me its puppet so far. cal coat. His smooth-shaven face, the light figure, emphasized his youthful ap-pearance, which, nevertheless, seemed to would take a hand. But was Mgr. Reus sincere? Was he with the Romaga? hold great cleverness. He knew the world, men, their folbles, intrigue. He looked me would risk It. I began:

"I should like dearly, Mgr. Reux, to help the cause of the Romaga in Dalmatia

"Out of revenge?" "Exactly, and the desire for action of ome kind."

"True. You have been through much But how may T be sure of your sincerity?" "Is not that which I have suffered from our political enemies sufficient?"

"It should be," he began, musingly. "But, nsteur, what can you do?"

"I can contribute to the revolutionary fund," I began. said he softly.

"What else can I do? I can call on m government to resent the outrage, for i appears I was interfering with the arrest f a political offender, or suspect. At rate, such a course will be tedious-a mat

ter of months-" "Mr. Gerald, it is late," interrupted Mgr. Reux, "but I trust you will dine with me. We shall be quite alone, and after coffee some Dahnatian gentlemen may happen in.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW I LEAVE PARIS FOR ZARA IN DALMATIA.

I cannot even now realist surprise at the

old something-and its savagery-possessed

me, as we embarked under the stars on the coast of Dalmatia.

curent of events that here me on irresistibly. For to the accidents which in a month had

Balbi marshalled his dozen men, and, knowing that all depended on effrontery, we changed all my life and its purposes-which had involved me in complications seem-ingly nearly impossible for me to have any approached the keep of Bergamo, which was outlined in huge mass on its rocks over the Adriatic. Baibi went boldly to the draw and rang. A Daimatian soldier appeared sleep-ily, with a lantern, the first person we had added my own reckless wish to be no longer

the puppet of the destiny that seemed to have taken up this period of my career, but that cunning—yet mobile Reux's face always was, I now noticed a certain aspect in monseigneur's manner. The late Parisian afternoon lit his face, showing lines of water the reasons I burned my bridges where always are always and the court. whatever the reasons I burned my bridges where already was contusion, and the com-as merrily as a boy, reckless of conse-quences. I ingratiated myself into Mgr. the explanation of this unexpected assault. confidence before that dinner "You surrender?" The Dalmatian looked about him at a half-dozen men, evidently the whole force of the place. They looked grotesque in their uniform, which resembles the Servian -a mixture of Russian and German appointover. He, with his more impetuous Dalmatian nature, could understand how 1 feit, and finally took me into his further confidence to the point of letting me know

that Baron Massimo, whose acquaintance 1 had made so unpleasantly in New York, ments, with a fine disregard of any appro doubtless was stirring up the very rebellion that he, as sgent of the government of priatoness. Our commandant, after some parleying

we had left in Paris. sin of the Princess Beatrice Romaga, h other having been of that family. His everness was behind the whole attempt which was in its nature foolhardy. occessful, the very step to foil the if the reigning German house in Dalmatin Balbi and I talked it over. The c black eyes flashed, and he looked The count Grub, Parish Clerk." ver brave, very handsome, while the sea breeze fanned his face, bringing a languid colo

Irishman (who thinks she has addressed im)-Wh's the war bechune? there. Francesco Balli is a young man but his race traces itself to the Romans. In Salvation Lass-It's the same old war-beween God and the devil. the old days his family had preserved a the old days his family had preserved an independence in a Tuscan fastness against king, prince, duke and city, and now there was something of that old blood kindling him to the adventure. Sig, Reni is an older man than, either Balbi or I. He may be 50 or any age almost, yet his muscles are lithe, his wits quick. He was here because Itishman-Ah! go on wid yez; I'll not inerfere.

A certain rector in an English village who was disliked in the parish, had a curatwho was very popular, and on his leaving was presented with a testimonial. This exho was first a Dalmatian, and because he hated the foreigner who occupied the throne cited the envy and wrath of the rector, and meeting with an old lady one day, he said "I am surprised, Mrs. Bloom, that you should He would have sooner had the red re have subscribed to this testimonial." "Why, sir," said the old lady, "if you'd bin a-going ublicans hold Dalmatia; rather almost an

He was

archy. archy. And I? I who had no reasons save that I had been piqued, because I was weary of the ordinary, and because I had the yel-low hair and dark eyes of Beatrice Romaga I'd 'ave subscribed double At the recent general Methodist conference at Corning several good stories were told and one that caused more than ordinary amusement was related as follows: Three ilways in my mind. Near the Lido a sloop was waiting, and paying our gondollers, and the wind being favorable, we put to sea. The master, Dalmatlan, was in the secret, and that w

amusement was related as follows: Three ministers were interpreting the meaning of the text "David danced before the ark of the Lord." The first minister said anyone ought to know what that meant. It mean that David danced while facing the ark of intended landing near the coast fortress of Bergamo, where we had information the Princess Beatrico was detained. The men the Lord. The second minister said David danced before instead of behind the ark and the third said that it simply meant the from Balbi's Tuscan estates did not one question their master's right to do exact! David danced before the ark danced. is he wished, for the mediacvalism still lin-gers in that part of Tuscany.

The morning wind whistled softly in the shrouds. The garrulous, inquisitive Ven-tian gondoliers were far astern. The pano rama of roof and tower of the seaport was left. In all the world are Constanting ple. New York and Venice most distin-guished by the sea, which surrounds then all and lends them beauty-and the sweet of the wind out of the spaces-and the op portunities for the commerce that humble

King Albert of Saxony, although a Roman latholic. lately gave \$3,600 to the building he world. We beat out toward the sun. The sailor sang. The gorgeousness of the color changed into gray and blue and bright yel fund of a poor Lutheran congregation in Guttening, Saxony, and, furthermore, guar anteed an annual subscription of \$75 to low, and the day was over the Adriatic; and back in the canals Venice was stirring vard the support of the pastor. sheepily, and the many-colored sails of the fishing craft scattered the horizon. The bishop, dean and minor canons the diocese of Ripon, England, are ards

The day passed lazily. We talked over our plans, and Balbi and I grew into that warm friendship which makes his memory dear. wheelmen, and Dr. Boyd Carpenter, the bishop, it is said, puts his feet up when "coasting," in spite of the Spectator's as-

Reni, the older man, while I know his well rtion that it is improper for a bishop to nover has been so near me as Francesco 20 80. Canon Menager, cure of Tailles, in Brit It was long past dusk when we heard th

any, is the sentor pricat in active service in breakers on the Dalmatian coast, not far from Bergamo, which, in ancient day a France. He is 94 years of age, has been a priest for seventy years, and has been for fifty-two years in charge of his present parstronghold of the Romaga, who held i against the Venetial corsairs, was at thi Nh. He attends to all his parachial duties

ime a political prison of the government and preaches often. of Frederick of Heidelberg. "Our vessel boy? to and we embarked over the side into the mystery of that coast.

My father had followed trade, using keener

now not infrequently the case. So then that

cestors, whether we knew it or not. likely followed arms as a trade (for I cannot believe my father came of a peasant strain) when position was kept by the strong arm and might was right, as, indeed, is even

ton chapel, Harvard university, for the next four Sundays, represent four different religious denominations, and the Crimson says the desire is to have the utmost free-dom in matters of creed and spiritual be-

wit than others at his calling, but back of us all were the long years when our an-

membership in America, The preachers to fill the pulpit of Apple

ended for the support and increase of its

Finhorn.

surtesy and tact.

olumna of Russian and English, and is in

published in New York City, at first as a bimonthly. It will be printed in paralle

The Orthodox Russian church is to estab-lish an organ in the United States, to be

lief-to uv all things and "hold fast that which is good."

Pather Conaty, one of the three priests

whose names were sent to the pope to be considered by him for the rectorable of the Catholic university, is the president of the Catholic summer school at Platts-burg, N. Y., and rector of a parish in Wor-

cater, Mass. He is about 40 years old and s a native of Ireland, but came to this

country when very young. He is the editor of a weekly paper called the Catholic School

lazette, and is ranked as a conservative

and a firm supporter of parochial schools.

The other two clergymen are Vicar General

Mooney and Dr. Riordan. The former is one of the best known Catholic clergymen in

New York City. Dr. Riordan is a brother of Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco.

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inity.