

A Tale.....
of the.....
Anglo-Indian
Secret Service

YOUNG MISTLEY

By.....
Henry.....
Seton.....
Merriman.....

CHAPTER XXXII.

CHAPTER XXXII. 19
Continued.
"By the bye," he said, suddenly, as if recollecting himself, "I will leave this cross with you. It is the thing Akryl bought from Win at Kissel Areat. It is no good my taking it out there again. I will fasten it to your watchchain. Allow me—no one is looking. It is all right!"

He made a movement as if to join the others. It was a silent suggestion that she should do the same; but she remained motionless, and for some reason he did not carry out his purpose.

"Charlie," she said, looking past him into the deserted street, "do you remember one night long ago—it was the first time that we danced so much together—the first time we found out how well we got on with each other?"

"Yes," he replied, with a peculiar dull look upon his face. "Yes, I remember."

"You look now just as you looked then," she continued vaguely. "There is no change in your appearance; you are as big and strong and—reliable as ever. Your manner is apparently the same. But there is a change somewhere—there is a change in you or in me. What is it—where is it—how is it, Charlie? Is it in you, or is it in me?"

"I expect," he suggested, restlessly, "that it is in both. We are getting older, you see. People cannot grow older without changing a little and it is generally supposed to be a change for the better."

"But—but this is not for the better," he said, lightly, "that the whole thing is a creation of your own imagination. You admit that I am the same; I know that you are unaltered; where can the change be?"

"Yet you must admit that there is a difference. Things are not as they used to be."

"It is the way of the world," he replied, with a mirthless laugh. "Things never are as they used to be. No, Lena, I admit nothing. There is an old gentleman opening the piano preparatory to asking you to sing. I must go and help him."

"I am not going to sing the 'Farewell-to-night,'" she said, as he moved away.

"No," he replied, gravely. "Please don't!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Safe at Last.
So Charles Mistleystle tranquilly began his simple arrangements for a journey he was destined never to take.

Suspense, like all mortal things, must have an end; and for the watchers in Seymour street the end was drawing near. It came at last, on the Thursday morning, just twenty-four hours before the time fixed by Charles for his departure.

Lena was still in her room, although the punctual breakfast bell had been rung some minutes before. She was in the act of fixing a little brooch at her throat, when there was a hurried knock at the door, and the sound of the colonel's voice, vibrating with emotion, followed instantaneously.

"Lena! Lena!"

"Yes, papa," she answered, quietly enough. Then she stood motionless, with her back to the window, watching the door.

"May I come in, Lena?"

"Yes!"

She knew that there was news at last.

Then the door opened. For a moment Lena experienced a strong desire to laugh aloud. The colonel entered the room hastily; in one hand he flourished a submarine telegraph form, in the other was the bread-knife, with little scraps of brown paper adhering to its edge.

"Mistleystle is at Vienna!" he gasped. "He is at Vienna! Thank God for this!"

He threw the bread-knife upon the bed, and presently went there and rashly sat down upon it.

"Yes," said Lena, quietly. She was still engaged with her brooch, and now she turned to look into the glass.

"Lena!" exclaimed her father. "Do you hear me? Do you understand? He is at Vienna! He is safe! Here is the telegram. They have just brought it!"

"Can you come to me?" repeated Colonel Wright, with a fierce look in his eyes as he swallowed a hasty breakfast. "Can I go to him? That is like Mistleystle. As if the fellow did not know—as if he didn't know! And yet he puts it like that; it is Mistleystle all through. You cannot tell whether the fellow means to be funny or pathetic, and somehow it is both."

Mrs. Wright made no reply. She merely laughed a low, gentle laugh, and behind the friendly covert of a large fern which stood upon the table, a tear fell unseen upon a piece of dried bread.

Presently Lena drove off to Bedford place with the news. The morning was fresh and invigorating, with just a suspicion of autumnal sharpness in the clear atmosphere. Never had London appeared so fair to Lena; never had the world appeared so bright. The very drudges fastening the steps and black-leading the scrapers were not ordinary household maids that morning. For them even life seemed to have its pleasures, its joys, and its consolation. The dust they caused to fly from overworked doors mated actually scintillated with gold.

The patient hansom cab horse, with his fopping, nerveless ears, was worthy of all human sympathy—the very ordinary hansom flew through the rosy air with the speed of the sunbird's chariot.

Mrs. Mistleystle was standing with her back to the window, the Times in her hand, when Lena entered the room. The remains of breakfast upon the table showed that Charles had already left the house. Mrs. Mistleystle turned her graceful white head somewhat sharply toward the door when the servant opened it. For a moment she looked at Lena with a sudden gleam of emotion in her calm grey eyes; then she laid aside the newspaper and advanced toward her.

"You have news!" she said in her pretty, tainted English. "Lena, you have news. I can see it in your eyes."

"Yes," she replied. "I have news. Papa has sent me to say that Winyard is all right. He is in Vienna. Here is a copy of the telegram."

Mrs. Mistleystle received the news cheerfully. She evinced no surprise, and was by no means demonstrative in her joy; in fact, it was hard to realize that she had ever felt a moment's anxiety. Lena expressed some surprise that Winyard should have telegraphed to her father instead of his own mother; but Mrs. Mistleystle thought nothing of it, explaining that Win knew her wandering ways.

"Charlie is out," she added, "buying a saddle or something. He has also gone to see the doctor to show his arm, which is as strong as the other now. I will leave a note for him in case he should come in when I am out."

An hour after the receipt of Winyard's telegram Colonel Wright was at Charing Cross Station. Shortly before the departure of his train Mrs. Mistleystle and Lena arrived, accompanied by Adonis, who had quite assumed the repose of manner characteristic of a town dog.

It was arranged that if Winyard was seriously ill he should be taken to Seymour street, which was quiet and more convenient for an invalid than Bedford Place. After a few days' rest the move to Broomhaugh could easily be accomplished.

All this was rapidly settled, and there was still three or four minutes to spare. They proceeded to walk up and down the broad platform somewhat restlessly amid the restless throng. To Colonel Wright this comfortable journey was nothing; he had secured a good seat, and there was no crowd, yet he was not at his ease. He felt compelled to break the silence, which was in reality by no means irksome to the ladies.

"There are," he hazarded, "many different sorts of courage. There is that of the soldier, which is emotional and strongly dependent on emulation; there is that of the sailor, which is perhaps of a higher order, though it is purely defensive; he repels dangers and fights for his life. But highest of all there is the courage that needs no emulation, asks for none to share its dangers, faces solitude and continuous risk with steady intrepidity. Surely this is the noblest courage."

They turned and walked toward the engine again, Adonis meekly following with his left ear slightly elevated and his face expressive of dignified attention, for he loved the sound of the colonel's voice.

"Ah!" continued the old soldier, with a glance downward at the silent woman on either side of him, both trim and straight and gracious, though one head was clad in soft, dry white hair—"and there is the wonderful courage of women who stay behind and wait; but that is different. I think it comes to them direct from heaven."

Seymour street later in the morning, he was told that Colonel Wright had suddenly left home, but that the ladies were in.

The first person that he saw on entering the room was his mother comfortably established with some needle-work in her hands, as if she were one of the family. Some women have this pleasant way with them, knowing how to settle into any household—be it in joy or in sorrow—in a few minutes.

Mrs. Wright and Lena were standing near the window studying Bradshaw's "Railway Guide."

As soon as Mrs. Mistleystle caught sight of her son she rose, and advancing toward him, took his hand, apparently forgetting that she had seen him only a few hours before. The action placed her rather cleverly between him and the two ladies, so that they could not well see his face.

"Charlie," she said, quickly, "we have news of Win. I left a note for you at Bedford Place. The colonel has gone to Vienna to bring him home, as he is not at all well."

The young sailor nodded his head gravely. Then he advanced toward Mrs. Wright, and shook hands silently with her and Lena. He was unusually awkward that morning, and looked very large and out of place in the dainty, womanly room. He stroked his chin with his strong brown hand almost nervously.

"I am glad," he said at length. "I am glad!"

Then he looked round the room rather helplessly. The chairs were ridiculously small and frail compared to his huge frame, and he made no attempt to sit down.

"I have just bought a very good saddle," he said, suddenly, and without any sequence of thought. "The man is altering it for me. I suppose I can countermand it now."

He smiled a little, and the ladies smiled sympathetically. The two elderly women took an ardent interest in that saddle just as they would have taken an interest in digestive bread or the death of Alcibiades, if Charlie had brought the subject under their notice.

Then they talked of Vienna and the journey there, praising the gifted Mr. Bradshaw, and abusing the German railways, until Charles Mistleystle took his temporary leave.

He wandered down Seymour street in an absent-minded manner. Presently he came upon a little black-and-tan terrier sitting upon a doorstep, with its quivering spine pressed against the immovable door. He stopped before it, and the dog raised one paw as if to beg him to ring the bell, setting back its head, and looking up at him with pretty canine coquetry. Without thinking much of what he was doing, the sailor raised his hand and rang the bell; then he strode on.

"I am glad," he murmured. "Yes, I am glad! By George!" he exclaimed—"by George! I am in time for the alternative yet." And calling a cab he drove rapidly to the Admiralty.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Return.
The three ladies were again sitting in the drawing-room in Seymour street together. It was the Monday morning. Colonel Wright had telegraphed several times from Vienna and other towns on the homeward journey. The most important item in those messages had been that, despite medical advice, Winyard Mistleystle insisted upon coming home at once, and they might be expected at 11 o'clock on the Monday morning.

It was after 11 now. The ladies were working with a calmness which was perhaps slightly overdone. Adonis slept peacefully beside Mrs. Mistleystle's chair, upon a corner of her dress.

"These Continental trains are invariably late," observed Mrs. Wright, glancing at the clock upon the mantelpiece.

"Yes," was Mrs. Mistleystle's cheerful reply; "we can hardly expect them yet. Colonel Wright did wisely, I think, in suggesting that none of us should go to the station. There will be noise and fuss enough without my being there to agitate Win, and make him pretend that he is stronger than he really is. It is much better that Charlie should meet them."

"Where Charlie is," suggested Mrs. Wright, in a low tone, "there will be no fuss. He possesses a happy faculty of doing the right thing at the right moment, without appearing to know that he is doing it."

"Yes," said Charles's mother vaguely. She was about to say something more, but checked herself suddenly; and spreading her work out before her she proceeded to smooth it out with deft fingers, patting it here and there, and tugging it cornerwise. While thus occupied, she spoke again, without looking up, in a light conversational tone.

"Do you know," she said, "I cannot quite realize that Win is ill. What ailments he has had have always come when he was away from me. I cannot picture to myself how he will take it; he has always been so well and hearty."

"According to papa's telegram, he is hearty still," said Lena, gayly, as she carefully selected a thread of silk from a parti-colored tangle. "He telegraphed 'Spirits high,' which sounds like a meteorological report."

"I think Win's spirits are proof against a good deal," replied Mrs. Mistleystle, with a glance toward Lena. It was a mere pleasing peep, but the little lady saw enough to convince her that the needle stood a very poor chance of being threaded just then.

At this moment the sound of approaching wheels broke upon them all. The wheels rapidly rolled up

the por, and Adonis looked up sharply. Lena was still striving to get the silk somewhere near the eye of the needle.

Mrs. Mistleystle laid aside her work. She tried to do it as calmly and quietly as she could, but there was something dramatic even in her intense self-possession. She drew in a long, uneven breath, and rose from her seat, looking toward the door.

Already there were footsteps down stairs in the hall. Then came a little laugh of one voice only, and Adonis literally awoke at the sound of it. Like a battering ram he sprang at the door, endeavoring to seize the handle in his strong teeth. He fell back and threw himself against the door again. Then Mrs. Mistleystle opened the door.

On the threshold stood Winyard. The colonel's arm was round him, and he had one hand on the old traveler's shoulder, for he could not stand alone.

Mrs. Mistleystle stood on tiptoe with an almost girlish grace, and Winyard's free arm went round her. No one spoke a word.

Then Mrs. Wright came forward and assisted him to a chair. As he sunk into it she stooped and kissed him. "Do not be too kind to me," he said, smiling. "I am rather weak, and kindness has been known to kill people, I believe."

He looked up to shake hands with Lena, and she saw that there were tears in his eyes. Adonis was standing on his hind legs, with his fore-paws resting on the arm of the low chair. His faithful eyes were luminous with love, and he whined continually with his square chin upraised.

At this moment Charlie entered the room. He was laden with sundry wraps and packages, which he set down rather absently upon a polished table.

"The return of the prodigal," he said cheerfully. "I do wish I liked cold veal!"

This brought Mrs. Wright's thoughts back to practical matters. "Beef tea," she exclaimed. "You must have some beef tea."

Winyard pointed solemnly at the colonel.

"Ask him," he said. "I know nothing about it. The affair has lost all interest for me. He has taken charge of the matter. I am not allowed to say what I like or what I dislike—in fact, I am the bane of my own life."

"Beef tea," said Colonel Wright, severely, as he drew off his gloves. "Yes, beef tea."

This was soon brought out, and the whole party stood around the sick man to see that he consumed it.

"And have you done all you wanted to do, Win?" asked Mrs. Mistleystle presently.

"Oh, yes," replied he, breathlessly, between the sips. "Won't you let me off the rest? I am going down to the sediment now."

But Colonel Wright was not content with this laconic account of his pupil's exploits.

"He has done that, and more!" he said exultingly. "He has done what no man living has done before him, or could hope to do again. He has been right through to Peshawur and back. He has mapped out every feasible route, and noted the position of every well, and obtained every imaginable item of information that the officer commanding a division could require. And that quite outside his own diplomatic work, which has been carried out to the letter."

Such was the home coming of Winyard Mistleystle.

It was only by degrees that they extracted from him the details of his perilous journey. How he escaped detection by the readiness of his wife. How, encompassed by danger, treachery and fanaticism on every side, he came through it all by sheer self-reliance and intrepidity. How he lay for months ill in a Turcoman tent, nursed and tended by the simple nomads. How, time after time, the combination seemed too strong for him to fight against, and how his good fortune attended him to the very end. But all this had to be guessed at by his loving listeners. The story of that unique and wonderful journey was never fully told. Partly by aid of their own imagination, partly by persistent questioning, they succeeded in putting together a more or less connected narrative; but Winyard's own account was decidedly unsatisfactory, as well might have been expected. A man cannot tell his own story advantageously. There was no one else to tell the tale of Winyard Mistleystle's achievement, and so it was never told. Far away on the sands of the Khivaian desert, out of the caravan route, in a trackless waste untrdden by the feet of man for years together, a few whitened bones picked clean and scattered by the quarrelling vultures, lay beneath the gleaming sun, waiting the end of all things. This, and nothing more, was what remained of the young Englishman's daring companion during the greater part of his wonderful journey, and the story of it lay silent with those bones.

(To be continued.)

A Moving Man.
A. E. Kinner, who came back to Fredonia from Niagara Falls some months ago, moved his family back to the Falls yesterday. The moving is of interest, inasmuch as it is the fifty-fifth time that Kinner has changed his residence.—Fredonia Correspondence Buffalo Times.

For 'Tis the Mind.
Ill qualities are contagious as well as disease, and the mind is at least as much liable to infection as the body.—Success.

THE S. C. LEGISLATURE

Third Reading Bills and Enrolled Acts.

The following bills passed third reading in the house and were ordered sent to the senate:

Mr. A. G. Brice—A bill to amend section 2165 of the code of laws relating to passenger rates on railroads.

Mr. Brantley—A resolution paying to Dr. L. J. Mann \$149.90 for services rendered State board of health.

Mr. Harris—Authorizing Lee county commissioners to condemn certain trees.

Mr. Ballentine—Relating to road tax in Berkeley.

Mr. Youmans—Amending the dispensary law regarding Hampton county.

Mr. Harris—Providing for a county government for Lee county.

Williamsburg Delegation—Providing for a county delegation for their county.

Mr. Says—Relating to road work in York.

Mr. Vander Horst—Relating to Charleston school laws.

Mr. Gary—Exempting Due West railway for taxation for ten years.

Newberry Delegation—Providing for a sinking fund commission for school taxation.

Lee Delegation—Relating to the court house in Lee county.

Richland Delegation—Providing for circuit courts in Richland.

Mr. Spivey—Relating to Burroughs school district in Horry.

Mr. Brantley—Providing for additional commissioner in new county surveys.

Judiciary Committee—Authorizing a bond issue for Chester.

Lexington Delegation—Providing for road work in Lexington.

The following senate bills were ordered for enrollment:

Senator Carlisle—For township commissioners of Spartanburg county.

Senator Sinkler—Relating to levy on executions.

Senator Bivens—Relating to a tax levy.

Senator Toole—Abolishing the county supervisor of Aiken.

Happily work is plentiful and wages good, rejoices the Meriden Journal, for there never was a time when men had to hustle so lively to keep abreast of the prices of living.

The Atlanta Journal says the most popular business man is always the man who minds his own business.

PROVINCIAL PEOPLE.

R. W. Harriman is building a \$4,000,000 house in New York.

The Peruvian Government ordered that the honors due to a Vice-Admiral be paid to Rear-Admiral Evans.

Nathaniel Ayres, the celebrated New England pleader, died at one time kept the doctors ordinary, or tavern.

Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn was chosen president of the American Museum of Natural History, to succeed the late Mortimer K. Jesu.

Melville Weston Fuller, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, was born in Augusta, Maine, February 11, 1833.

Theodore Sutro told a Congressional committee that as many murders were committed through mince pies and ice water as through strong drink.

John C. Crockett, Clerk of the Supreme Court of Iowa, who has just been chosen Trading Clerk of the United States Senate, was for a number of years an actor.

The Senator from Maryland wishes his name printed or written in all instances: William Pinkney Whyte or W. Pinkney Whyte, and not William P. or Wm. P. Whyte.

The Rev. Thomas Shurgeon, pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, has made definite his resignation of the pastorate, which was postponed from March last year. His health is still poor.

Mr. Charles J. Carter gives his nationality as seven-sixteenths Chickasaw and Cherokee Indian, nine-sixteenths Scotch-Irish. He is a man of generous disposition and jovial to a marked degree.

Ex-Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, who has been in public life for almost fifty years, has kept a series of diaries covering that entire period, and has set down much of the secret political history of the country.

Indian Tradition.

At the government house in Poona, India, every cat which may happen to pass out of the front door after dark is saluted by the sentry, who presents arms to pussy. Tradition relates that in 1838 Sir Robert Grant, governor of Bombay, died in the government house. On the evening of the day of his death a cat was seen to leave the house by the front door and walk up and down a particular path, where the late governor had been in the habit of strolling after sunset. A Hindoo sentry observed this and told a priest, who declared that in the cat was Governor Grant's soul, and it should be saluted. As the particular cat could not be identified by the sentry, it was decided to present arms to all the cats.—New York Tribune.

FEMINE NEWS NOTES.

Phoebe Cousins denounces prohibition as "a fraud and a failure." English husbands are entitled to their wives' savings by a recent decision.

A petition in favor of female suffrage in France has been signed by 60,000 francwomen.

Queen Amalie of Portugal has one of the largest scientific libraries in Europe. Her favorite study is medicine.

Mrs. Rosa Polizza, aged sixty-five years, of Chicago, legally adopted Mrs. Julia A. Hoffman, married and aged forty-five.

As soon as her health permits, Dowager Queen Maria Pia of Portugal will visit her sister, Princess Clotilde, at Turin, Italy.

Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University, wrote a letter to the women teachers of New York City upholding the equal pay proposition.

Resolutions demanding laws for the restriction of vivisection were adopted by the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs.

At a meeting of the Women's Metropolitan Club, a resolution was decided to hold an annual championship on the links of the Essex County Country Club.

At Kansas City, Mo., Mrs. Clara C. Hoffman, president of the Missouri W. C. T. U., is dead after a long illness, aged fifty-five. She was well known as a national temperance worker.

Mrs. Thomas P. Gore, wife of the blind Senator from Oklahoma, accompanies her husband to each session of the Senate, and witnesses every gesture of the man of whose election she contributed more than any one else.

The Queen of Holland discourages gambling as far as she is able. She is an ardent lover of all animals.

His Only Chance.

Captain John E. Pillsbury, the navy board's new member, said the other day in Washington to a recruit who could not shoot:

"The sergeant tried the fellow first at 500 yards, and he failed to come within a mile of the target."

"Then he was tried at 300 yards, then at 200, then at 100, and his last shot was worse, is possible, than his first."

"The sergeant looked at him disgustedly, got very angry, and, walking up close to him, shouted in his face: 'Attention! Fix bayonet! Charge the target! It's your only chance.'"

The milkmaid had assurances says the Washington Star, that ought to make him proof against any efforts to start him about the movements of a nation's warships.

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