

The GLASS DAGGER BY WEATHERLEY CHESNEY

CHAPTER XVII. MR. GATES COMPLETES HIS ARRANGEMENTS.

Mr. Keighley Gates seemed somewhat disturbed when Commander Brett had left him. He walked up and down the room impatiently, and from the muttered expressions that occasionally fell from his lips it could be gathered he was cursing somebody, but whether it was Brett, Fitzgerald or himself it was impossible to say.

At 11 o'clock he left the hotel in a short jacket and bowler hat and made his way east to the house where Mabel Fenton was imprisoned. He worked his way there by a particularly circuitous route, employing trains, buses, hackmen and a steamer for his purpose, and he cast many wary glances behind to assure himself he was not being followed. It was 1 o'clock when he reached the house. Fitzgerald was waiting for him.

"Outraged you, Rich?" said Gates. "A pretty tangle you have made of yesterday's business!" "What's the matter? Got the girl all right?" "Brett suspects you. Your infernal way of speaking did it."

"Thought I dissembled to suit occasion. However, it don't matter. I leave the blooming country after tonight. No good hanging on here."

"Think you better had, for my sake as well as yours. Then you got the girl all right? Much trouble?" "Nothing to speak of. She's been crying her little eyes out. Sally looks after her."

"Did Dick get off all right?" "Left first thing this morning. Where's he gone?" "Some place in Gloucestershire, with a wire the old Benton. It will take him out of the way and drag off that meddling fool Brett as well."

"Very well," said Gates. "And now to sketch out the detail of our next plan of campaign. But it's dry work talking."

"Water, my friend, water—nothing else. And if you want to hear a further reason, here you are. We're in a tight place, you and I, and it'll require all our wit to get through to the other side. I can work just dead water, and so can you. You're sullen when you haven't got a drop of anything generous under your waistcoat and surly and mighty disagreeable as a companion. But I pay you the compliment of saying that at these times you're one of the shrewdest business men with whom I've the unhappiness to be acquainted."

Good heavens, there must be burglars in the house!

He hastily put on some clothes and then cast about for a weapon. There was nothing better than a poker, and with this in his hand he made his way down the staircase.

At each step he stopped and listened, but there was absolute silence, and he began to think he had been mistaken. He waited at the bottom of the stairs for further indications. He must have been there fully five minutes before he caught a sound, but at last he was certain some one was moving about in the dining room. Grasping his weapon firmly, he opened the door.

The room was dimly lighted by the rays of a dark lantern, and at the far end Brett saw a man busily engaged with the silver on the sideboard. There were a couple of open bags on the table, and in them and around them he saw a quantity of the household plate. The man had his back toward him and did not hear his entrance, and Brett was close upon him before a creaking board betrayed him. The thief turned round instantly and faced him. Brett knew him in a moment, despite his disguise. It was the man he was looking for, the man he had seen coming from Keighley Gates' rooms, the man who had tried to rifle the body of Lady Florence Mostyn, the man whom he suspected had abducted Mabel! At last he was face to face with the scoundrel. He had him in his power. With fierce exultation he raised his weapon.

"Hands up, you blackguard," cried he. "or I'll brain you!" "The man's hands mechanically went up aloft."

"Now, Dr. Fitzgerald," said Brett, "we meet again!" He never finished the sentence, for there was a stealthy step behind him and a terrible blow on the head with a life preserver, and he fell senseless and without a cry.

"Thanks, old chap," said Fitzgerald, dropping his arms with a sigh of relief. "Whoever would have expected that donkey turning up here?" "Curse him!" hissed Gates between his teeth. "He and I are quits now. But look sharp. Stow away what swag we have and close up. We must be off. Others may have heard us. I'll go and listen."

Leaving Fitzgerald to collect the booty and without bestowing a thought on the inanimate body on the floor, Gates opened the door softly and went out in the hall.

In an instant he saw that the household had taken alarm. There was whispering, the opening of doors, and he caught the sight of a figure on the stairs. Without even giving a signal of alarm to Fitzgerald, Gates ran to the front door. It was the work of an instant to open it and in another he was flying down the steps into the street. Here his

With exultation he raised his weapon. Ill luck followed him, for he ran straight into the arms of a policeman who was passing.

from an ugly wound in his head. "There's been murder here," cried one of the men, bending over him. "Go for a doctor—quick. There's one at the far end of the street. Look slippery, or he'll bleed to death, if he isn't dead already."

The footman ran off for the doctor and the others busied themselves over Brett. They tried to stop the flow of blood with bandages, and loosened the clothes round his neck. Then they could only wait for the arrival of the doctor.

He soon made his appearance and, after a rapid examination, he shook his head. It was a bad case, he said, if not hopeless.

"Well, I'm blest!" said the man who had first come on the scene, as a bright idea struck him. "I'll bet the covet I met on the doorstep who gave me the information was the other one!" Fitzgerald pricked up his ears.

"What was he like, officer?" "The policeman paused reflectively. "He ran out of the house in the d Dickens of a hurry and nearly knocked me over, and then he hauled me in almost as quick, so I hadn't time to notice him particular. But he was a shortish man, and had a beard—ginger, I should say."

Fitzgerald's eyes almost started from their sockets. "And you say this man gave you the information, officer?" "That he did. 'There's murder and robbery going on in this house,' he said, and I followed him in, and then I suppose he slipped away, as I haven't seen him since. He was a pretty smart cove, that one was, if it was your pal. Is he shortish and ginger?"

Fitzgerald did not reply. He seemed overwhelmed by the news, but at last he muttered between his clenched teeth: "All right, Mr. Keighley Gates. I once saved your life and tonight maybe you saved mine, so we're quits so far, but you afterward rounded on a pal, and, by the God above us, you shall swing for it!"

CHAPTER XIX. LADY FLORENCE MOSTYN'S DIARY. When the door closed behind her captors and shut out of sight Lady Florence Mostyn's stepbrother, Mabel fainted. When she recovered consciousness, it was only to lie, numbly wondering where she was, too weak and sick at heart to realize the horror of the situation—too dazed to suffer much. She passed a restless night, and it was in the early hours of the morning before nature asserted herself and she fell into a deep sleep.

She awoke clearly and acutely living in the present, with a sharp consciousness that was agony. There was no gradual piecing together of events, but there came the sudden, vivid recollection of all that had happened on the previous day.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of Sally with a meal. The old bag vouchsafed no remark as she placed it on the table, but at once departed, and the door was instantly locked behind her. Mabel forced herself to eat. Then she investigated the resources of her prison.

The window was boarded up over the lower hall, and the upper portion showed that it was barred behind. There was a small fireplace with a narrow mantelpiece adorned with gaudy ornaments. There were two chairs with tumbled antimacassars, the very sight of which made her shudder, recalling as they did the struggle of the previous day. The only other furniture in the room were the horsehair sofa on which she had spent the night and a table covered with a dirty red cloth. A pile of boxes and an empty hamper were pushed into one corner of this cheerless apartment. Mabel observed all this minutely. Finally she pulled up a chair to the window and peered over the top of the shutter into the narrow back street beyond.

night, and among them was Mr. Arthur Durant, the new owner of Abbinghall. He is one of those wild men of the west, who have been to all sorts of impossible places and seen all sorts of wonderful things. But papa says that, unlike most travelers' tales, Mr. Durant's are well worth listening to, and that is high praise for him. For myself I am not particularly taken with him, but that is nothing. I rarely am impressed by people at first sight. Mr. Durant bids fair to be popular. He keeps good horses and rides straight. That may account for it.

"Nov. 29.—I observed Mr. Durant more particularly today, perhaps because he appeared to notice me even less than usual, if that were possible. Of course, he is always polite, but he probably does not consider me worth more attention than is demanded by ordinary courtesy. He has clear, penetrating gray eyes and a firm chin; his heavy black moustache completely hides his mouth, but I can imagine it to be clever and capable. I suppose his forehead does recede a little too much.

"Dec. 8.—Mr. Durant dined here tonight. There was a crowd of people, but he was the most interesting of them all, and because I was his host's daughter I suppose he felt obliged to be attentive. We had a long talk together in the drawing room—in fact, he scarcely ever left my side.

"Dec. 11.—The hounds met at Brockworth park today, and we killed at Leighterton; the best run this season. Mr. Durant gave me a splendid lead. He rides well and already knows every inch of the country.

"Dec. 17.—I need not complain again of Mr. Durant's lack of interest. He is delighted with my hospital scheme and has offered to help me.

"Dec. 19.—We dined at the Towers tonight. Dinners there are generally tedious ordeals, but tonight was different. Mr. Durant took me in. Perhaps that accounts for it.

"1898, Jan. 7.—The Cottage hospital scheme works splendidly. Mr. Durant's help is wonderful assistance and by the spring we hope it will be ready for the first patients.

"Jan. 15.—It is a week since I have written anything in my diary. I have seen Mr. Durant every day since. He was at the meet at Houndsroft, and we were in at the death at Dunkirk. Then he was at the Hoskins' dance, and took me in at Lord Launton's dinner. He was among the audience at the hospital concert, and on Sunday he was at church. Yesterday he walked with me from the other end of the village. I had been to see old Hanks when I met him. He was riding, but he dismounted and walked with me to the south lodge. I am afraid he would be very miserable, walking all that distance in riding boots.

"Jan. 22.—Today I have refused Lord Winter again for the third time. Why cannot he take 'No' for an answer? I wonder if Mr. Durant ever cared enough for any one to propose three times?

"Jan. 27.—Today the most wonderful thing has happened—Arthur Durant has asked me to be his wife! I can hardly realize it yet. Only when I close my eyes and again see his gazing into mine I can hear his words, almost whispered in their intensity. 'I love you,' he said. 'I worship you. I have loved you from the moment I saw you! I avoided you because I felt I was not worthy to touch the ground on which you walked. But surely my love has raised me so that I dare plead with you to let me try to teach you to love me a little.' I could not find words, and he thought I did not care. His voice was full of pain as he released my hand. 'Forgive me my presumption. I am not worthy of you. I have been roughened by my life, by hardship and travel. Forgive me for daring to tell my love, but I could not keep silent any longer.' His face was white and set, but still I had no words. I held out my hands to him, and none were needed. I am happy, wildly happy. He loves me, and, oh, I love him so! Tomorrow Arthur sees papa—in deference to my wishes, he says, for he is sure it is useless. I know papa is proud, but he can have no fault to find with him. Still, I am nervous, and Arthur is certain it is useless.

"Jan. 28.—Arthur had an interview with papa this morning. I met him in the arbery ground afterward. It was as he feared—papa would not bear him to the end and forbade him to speak to me on the subject. He silenced him instantly and dismissed him with contempt. Arthur vows that nothing shall separate us and begs me to fly with him. He says that we will be married by special license in London; that we shall go abroad and stay there till papa's wrath has cooled. Then we can come home, and all will be well again. Arthur little knows papa's implacable nature. He is colder than ice, knows no yielding, and will never pardon. He never forgave Robert, and never will forgive him, though his faults, poor boy, were small enough. No, I could not run away. It would not be right.

"Wednesday Night, Jan. 30.—Arthur was waiting at the coppice and again poured out the passionate entreaty that I would fly with him. I told him about Mentone. Then he held my hand in a clasp that hurt me and breathed hard; the words seemed wrung from him: 'My darling, listen! You will go to London on Friday, but I will meet you there, and we will be married at once.' Then I was sobbing in his arms, and he was comforting me.

"Jan. 31.—Tomorrow I am to become Arthur's wife. What joy that should mean to me! And yet my heart is heavy. I ought not to take this step. It is the first thing I have ever done underhand—and yet—and yet—I love him—I love him, and all the world is as nothing to me against my love for him. Had papa shown me the slightest affection I could not have left him in this way, but I have never known what it was to be loved by him. How can I reject the true love of the man I worship? Tomorrow, Arthur, I shall be yours—yours forever!

"Feb. 8.—We have been married a week today and are now staying at a little Bedfordshire village, but Arthur has been most of the time at Abbinghall to show himself there and allay any suspicion. There is a great scandal in the county over my disappearance,

but his remaining on the spot has removed all suspicion from his shoulders.

"Feb. 11.—I am lonely and restless. It must be because Arthur is away again. I wish this vague unrest, this undefined something, did not creep in so often. This presentiment of evil haunts me. Why can I not rest and be absolutely content, as I was at first?

"Feb. 15.—My nerves are all wrong. I am always dreading some frightful calamity. I will shake this feeling off and ask Arthur when we shall go abroad, as we talked of doing.

"Feb. 16.—Arthur says he cannot leave England just now—that his funds are low and that he has some speculations on hand which will demand his whole attention for the time being, but we will go when all is settled again.

"Feb. 22.—Yesterday afternoon Arthur went to town. He returns by the mail tonight. I have been horribly restless and cannot sleep. I will put on my blue gown—it is his favorite—and wait up for him. I have never done it before. He will be pleased."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Good sewing machines from \$10 up at Randle's. If you care after comfort in sewing you will get it, if you buy the "White"

Husbands For All His Girls. "The number of male infants born yearly exceeds that of female by one to four per cent., the proportion varying slightly from year to year," writes Professor D. R. McAnally of "The American Girl's Chances of Marriage," in the March Ladies' Home Journal.

Breaks all Records.

A New Yorker Stands Two Thousand Volts of Electricity.

New York, March 7.—Joseph Hampel, an employe of the Lexington avenue cable power house, while working at his switchboard, received and survived an electric shock of about 2,000 volts. The man's body was burned black from head to foot; every stitch of clothing was torn from him, and he fell senseless through a hole instantaneously burned in the floor by the current. Hampel is expected to live. The doctors who attended him say there is no case on record of a man withstanding a similar shock. The accident was caused through Hampel trying to tighten a loose screw on the switchboard and in some way creating a circuit. The enormous power of the shock may be judged from the fact that until the circuits were readjusted all the cars on the road were brought to a standstill.

The colony of Fitzgerald, in Irwin county, is in a flourishing condition, as shown by President Fitzgerald, of the colony company. His report shows that the company has a margin of \$109,451 above all debts after the stock is retired. It is stated to be the purpose of Mr. Fitzgerald, so far as he can influence the affairs of the company in future, to employ all the surplus assets in founding charitable institutions for patriotic societies and in building churches, libraries and schools. The enterprise was well conceived and ably managed. Mr. Fitzgerald has erected for himself an enduring monument; and one of the best that a man could have. Georgia is proud of his city, and hopes there will be others of his kind to come into the State and duplicate his success.—Columbia Record.

Admiral Cervera's Watch.

A Kansas volunteer, Lieutenant W. A. Bettis, now has in his possession the Spanish Admiral Cervera's watch and chain. He obtained them from the pilot, Jose Baca, who guided the admiral's flagship out of Santiago harbor on that fateful morning of last July 3.

When Admiral Cervera had called for a pilot to volunteer for this hazardous task, Baca was the only one to respond. The admiral praised him for his bravery and, taking off his own watch and chain, had given them to the pilot on the spot.

In the disastrous sea fight that followed the pilot Baca was wounded. He managed to swim ashore and made his way to the American lines. He there met Lieutenant Bettis and had offered him the watch for money enough to take him home to Barcelona. The watch is diamond jeweled and has the coat of arms of the admiral's family on the outside of the case and on the inside the name "Pascual Cervera."

THE ONLY INSTANCE.

Washington, March 7.—It was stated positively at the war department to-day that there had been no cases of trouble with any of the Eighth immune regiment at Atlanta. The regiment was one of those slated for muster out some time ago and was for a long time mustered out last night. The department has heard nothing from them since and some irritation was evinced at inquiries whether or not the soldiers had engaged in rioting or other disturbances. It was said at the war department that it has become the custom to start reports of this sort in connection with each colored regiment mustered out from southern points, and that the denial of such rumors has become a burden to the department.

NO EXCEPTION AFTER ALL.

Chattanooga, Tenn., March 7.—The Eighth United States Immunes, colored, commanded by Col. Higgins, was mustered out of the service to-day. Two citizens were seriously wounded by shots from the train as the soldiers were leaving the city. About 500 of the discharged men, many of whom were under the influence of liquor, went home by the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis road, and as they were leaving the yards in the city a number of men who had in some way secured revolvers began to discharge them into the air and into sheds and vacant houses. A soldier standing on the rear platform shot at W. W. Hardins, car inspector of the Nashville road, the bullet striking him in the right leg and inflicting a painful, though not serious wound. A general fusillade followed. Andrew Lee Ford, a countryman, who was standing near the track, was shot in the face and seriously wounded. An effort will be made to stop the train at Bridgeport to secure the arrest of the riotous soldiers.

Paris, March 8.—In the chamber of deputies to-day the debate on the army budget led to the usual references to the necessity for preparedness against Germany and to comparison of the two armies, but members of the house, while complaining of the budget, which aggregates 875,000,000 francs, admitted the impossibility of retrenching in the face of the necessity of meeting Germany's increases by corresponding additions.



The first entry was on her eighteenth birthday.