

# The CASTLELIES

BY ARTHUR HENRY WELBY  
CONVICTS, BOYS, & LAWYERS & COMPANY

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

So far as it lay in my power, I would perform my self-interest in a direct and businesslike method. As to this method, a dozen extravagant courses of action occurred to me at once. Of the dozen I selected two as possible.

"Every English gentleman comes of a race of warriors, the mysterious woman of the reading room had said to me last night. Miss Drevit, being an Englishwoman, she had no need of orders in her veins. The physical courage of the battlefield, then, must appeal to her. If, for instance, I should enlist in the Foreign Legion, there was the Legion of Honor to be won. The little ribbon would tell its eloquent story.

But Willoughby's life had been lost amid the dread silence of the white snows. I looked long and earnestly at the woman who touched the mountain-top with a rosy light out of the morning mists. The mountains seemed to beckon, to wait for me.

I had shuddered as I still shuddered, at a thought of the cruel gloom and loneliness. And yet they seemed to beckon—to wait for me. I had been helpless and weak. They had conquered me. Well, I must return to conquer them. Their very immensity need not appal me. Man's glory is to subdue the vast forces of nature—to make them his own.

I thought of a Hoplite of St. Demetrius. There for centuries men had even laid down their lives to save the perishing. Well, why should I not be one of the little band for the time being? Why should not become a novice in the order? A few months of arduous training, and I should be ready for the battle.

If I went to the monastery and told the good father superior of the order, he would be glad to have me. I had made, would he laugh at me for a madman, or would he understand and help me to fulfill it?

I began the day, therefore, vaguely hopeful. I no longer permitted myself to be troubled at the whimsical servants and guests. I even courted the society of my fellowmen. I paid my two francs admission to the kursal, and listened with real enjoyment to its excellent orchestra.

My coat was lightly brushed. There was a faint but exquisite perfume. I glanced, as did a dozen others, at the woman who was passing.

The small, but superbly poised figure, gowned with a marvelous simplicity, passed by my side a fraction of a second. It was my acquaintance of the reading room. I am sure she had murmured a good morning. A dozen had noted the greeting and envied me.

I did not return it. She continued her way demurely, smiling meekly at me mockingly as she seated herself at my right. There was something of a childlike, almost fairy malice in the silvish smile.

The intermission came. All the world pushed back their chairs, and made their way through glazed doors at the rear, whence an electric bell rang persistently. The melody of officers, tourists, and such of the society of Lucerne as was at the kursal passed through the glazed doors to play the petite chevaux—a fiercer harmless form of polo, and a rambling toy that permits one to lose at the most a five-franc piece.

I mingled with the crowd about the green-baize table on which the little metal horses were being played. A crozier changed a 50-franc note for me. I tossed a coin on one of the numbers; and lost. I staked another coin, this time against the field. Again I lost. I staked all my five-franc pieces but two.

While I weighed them thoughtfully in my palm, my arm was touched lightly. It was the girl of the reading room once more. She lifted her eyebrows in whimsical concern at my ill luck.

"Even these little horses, you see, madam, know that I am to be abandoned," I said in a low voice.

"My friend," she smiled, vivaciously, "they are simply frightened at your black face. They are sensitive, the little horses. But if you continue to lose, you shall see me."

"No rien va plus," croaked an official in a dingy dress suit and crumpled shirt bosom. He spun the mechanism briskly between two bony fingers and thumb. The tiny jockers in blue, buff, and red sped swiftly around the course. Presently they struggled one behind the other, and came to a pause. The crozier stroked out his rakes and drew in one or two shilling francs with the other winnings of the bank.

I turned to her sternly. "You see" I cried in tragic dismay.

"Fool! A little patience, monsieur. It is the jockers who are sulky. I have forgotten to blow them a kiss. Quick, a five-franc piece, the maxi-

mun, on the field. This time we shall certainly win."

Three times in succession we won—now at even odds, now with the odds in our favor. But against the electric bell rang. She shrugged her shoulders, and made a moue of regret.

"Alas! At the hour of our triumph the voice of art clamors."

We returned to the concert room.

"Is it not strange," she murmured after a pause in the music, "that one longs so much for what is just beyond one's reach, while other fruit, as sweet, may be plucked for the asking?"

The boldness of the metaphor startled and repelled me.

"You speak in riddles, madam," I said, coldly. Frankly, I had not placed her exactly as that sort of a woman.

"Riddles!" She lifted her eyebrows, hesitating. "I mean, Mr. Hadson, that I should be so glad if I might be friends."

I was unconvinced. "You are too generous," I said, ironically. "Does your interest in mankind embrace all the world?"

"But you have been unfortunate," she said softly. "Are you angry that I should be sorry for you?"

"I am perplexed, at least."

"If you are only perplexed, I shall



not despair." She smiled at me grayly across the table, and blew my nose. The clasped hands that framed her exquisite beauty. "Come, are we to be friends?"

"I remember," I said, boldly, "when I was at college, a story of Socrates that pointed an obvious moral. Would you like to bear it?"

She made a mock grimace. "Oh, Socrates, monsieur, and a philosopher! And a philosopher heaped upon his wife Xantippe! Am I one to do with a heaped philosopher? Regard me seriously, monsieur, and tell me, but if you insist—your story; I shall listen patiently."

"The heaped philosopher, then," I began somewhat grimly, "tells us that when Hercules had attained manhood he set out on a journey to see how the world, and presently came to a parting of two ways. He hesitated as to which way he should choose. While he hesitated there appeared a woman, a philosopher whom he had met in a dream. She lifted her eyebrows in whimsical concern at my ill luck.

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hands clasped, her eyes sparkling. She leaned demurely toward me; her bright eyes looked me.

"The name of the other maiden was Vice," she cried in a hollow, lugubrious voice. "My dear gentleman, you are too delicious. Mon Dieu, I should be furious with you! You are telling me quite the opposite of what I should wish you to say. I am the Vice; and I, the very wicked one—I am naughty Vice. And again she laughed deliciously.

"Fardon me, it is you who are applying the moral," I protested awkwardly.

"Then if it is applied correctly, let us have the true application," she beseeched.

"That must follow the explanation of your extraordinary interest in me."

"Hum!" She leaned back critically. "Shall I say it is because you are handsome?"

"Not if you are honest," I checked.

"Or good?"

"Why not say brave?" I demanded, bitterly.

"Or that you remind me of a dear friend?"

"Say of your late lamented grandmother."

"Or," she gasped, "that it is because you can be of use to me?"

"Ah, that is better!" I assented, shortly. "I am to be of use to you, then—and how?"

"Gently, monsieur! First of all, are you to be friends?"

"And again gently," I returned with caution. "Your name, if you are serious?"

A rosy-faced page pushed his way toward us, and in his hand it was at our table he paused. On the silver was a telegram.

"For me?" cried my companion eagerly.

The boy nodded, but before he could hand the telegram to me, I had seized it myself. I made a gesture, signifying that I asked her consent to read the same addressed on the en-



velope. She smiled, but reticently, I thought.

"Madame Sophie de Varnier," I read aloud, before I passed the telegram to her.

She tore the envelope open with a jeweled clasp that hung from her chainette. As she read the message, she became frightfully pale; she swayed in her seat. It was not grief so much as utter despair that prostrated her.

"Dead!" She repeated the word in French more than once in a dazed voice. "Dead, but it is incredible!"

The seconds passed. I did not speak; I regarded her with concern. A doubtful woman is always dangerous, but a beautiful woman in trouble is doubly so. The friendship she had lightly begged of me a moment ago, I was tempted to offer seriously now. She had piqued and fascinated me. Now her unhappiness touched my heart.

But suddenly I doubted. Was it a clever ruse, this advent of the telegram so aptly timed? Was she a consummate actress, confident of her dupes? No; the agony the message had caused her was undoubtedly genuine. When she looked at me, it was with eyes heavy with despair. When at last she spoke, her eyes burned fiercely, her voice was harsh with anger. The words she uttered were certainly not addressed to me. They were spoken rather in spite of my presence than because of it.

"Look! I stabs all in one throw! I lose all—in a moment. I hold in my clenched hands the liberty and happiness of 10,000 women and children. And then a cursed fate strikes from my grasp this priceless happiness. My poor people, my poor people! Again I fall you; I betray you!"

She gazed at me with eyes that did not see. Her small hands pressed her temples convulsively.

"Perhaps, madam, it is fate also which has sent me to you now, to help you."

"Perhaps," she said, heavily, scarcely listening.

Then suddenly an expression, quite morbid, of the best courage of the pupils dilated in her face excitement. She studied my face critically, coldly deliberate. There was something portentous, almost ominous, in this cool stare. It disconcerted me; it made me already regret my proffer of friendship. She smiled; but the smile was Medusa-like.

"Yes, I believe it. Fate has sent you to me. And you—are you willing to follow where Fate leads?"

"Why not?" I demanded with more curiosity than sincerity. I confessed.

"Then you are ready to meet me for that? Monsieur, you are a bold man."

"Surely not so bold as you, madam, in asking courage of a man who has been disgraced for cowardice. It was I who chose me from a score of men to help you."

"I know to whom I speak, my dear monsieur. The task I would set you demands not the brute courage of the fool, but the devotion of a crusader. It is a sacred cause; its servants are not easily found."

"I am satisfied that I fulfill the requisite conditions," I returned cynically. "But you will find it difficult to convince me that my extraordinary courage and devotion to a good cause make my services invaluable. Why should you choose me from a score of men to help you?"

"You are right. Above all things we must be frank with each other. You are at the Schwellenherf. An excellent address. I have written to you. I bowed over the hand she held languidly toward me. I was embarked on an adventure. Where would it lead me?"

CHAPTER VIII.

Prince Ferdinand and His Ambitions.

I returned to my study, and I was surprised to find my little allegory lightly. Now I asked myself if I should not apply it seriously to myself. Only this morning I had mapped out for myself a clear path to the following day. I had been strenuous, but already I was enchanted.

I was intensely irritated that I should have allowed myself to be intoxicated by the Sophie de Varnier. For the past hour I had been playing dangerously near the fire. It had not yet burned me; but could I honestly say that it had not warmed, intoxicated, altered, and so forth, must be careful not to compromise myself in the future.

Two women had met me at the parting of the ways. One of them had set me a task, holding herself proudly aloof, promising nothing. If this task were actually accomplished, the reward was to be the deed itself.

The other woman had come—radiant, glittering, a subtle perfume lulling the senses. Her wild beauty, her charm, had been frankly displayed to enthrall me. She had promised a definite advantage. As to the reward, it seemed to me too brazenly obvious.

I flicked the ash angrily from my cigarette. And was I really tempted? Hardly, I resolved savagely. And yet I was not fool enough to blind to the fact that the situation was not without its danger.

My shoulder was tapped. I was seated in the vestibule of my hotel. I looked up, started. A well-groomed man in the early thirties towered over me, an American I saw at once. The round, jowled face was vaguely familiar.

"Dead!" exclaimed a burly voice, "it is really old Hadson."

I grasped the hand he held toward me with emotion. Here was a friend, an American, and I needed a friend badly just now.

"I do not see Locke since we were at college together. We had never been intimate, but the big-hearted Robinson Locke had been a character among us for many a day. Then I first I hesitated to his cordial greetings; I was afraid he had not heard my story. But presently he plunged into the episode that had made me notorious for a day. Then I knew he had come to stand by me. 'It is a brutal lie, of course,' he stormed indignantly, 'but even if it were true—' He clapped my shoulder.

"It is true—at least in a measure."

"Rot!" he exclaimed with cheerful skepticism, lowering his person into the yielding expanse of an armchair by my side. "Tell me about it, and without any amendment."

I said quietly, beckoning a waiter. "It was just a horrible accident. Frankly, to have saved his life was impossible. But I might have died with him. I do not regret it, you have my disgrace in a nutshell."

He looked somewhat glum at this cold-blooded explanation and stirred uneasily in his chair. I watched him, without any comment.

He pulled at his cigar, searching my face keenly.

"Rot!" he cried again, and this time with conviction. "If you feel any disgrace, it is to be your story. But I want you to know that you have one friend from home to stick up for you, and to believe in you."

I was too moved to speak.

"I am sure," he said with gruff gentleness, "it must be hell to be over here alone and everybody kicking you."

"Oh, that—as to be expected, I don't want to hear your story. But I experience that I wouldn't go through again if I could help it."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Illinois State News

Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns.

**LAWYERS IN ANNUAL MEET.**  
State Bar Association Ends Session at Galesburg.

Galesburg.—Edward M. Shepard, of New York, delivered an address before the session of the Illinois State Bar association. The subject of the address was "Corporate Capitalization and Public Morals." In it he advocated a number of reforms, the principal one of which was the abolition of the purely nominal money capitalization of business corporations. The removal of the dollar mark from capital stock will, he believes, go far toward solving the problem.

The report of the committee on admissions was presented by Frank K. Danaher, chairman. The report of the committee on the practice act was read by Robert E. Pandarris, Chicago. The subject of "Railroad Rate Regulation" was thrown open for general discussion by members of the association. Officers were elected for the coming year as follows: President, J. H. Matheny, Springfield; First vice president, E. Williams, Galesburg; second vice president, E. A. Bancroft, Chicago; third vice president, John C. Richberg, Chicago; secretary-treasurer, John F. Voigt, Jr., Mattoon.

**MANY SWINE IN 'N'LAN.**  
Hogs and Sheep, Valued at Over Half a Million in County.

Bloomington.—Lesser county has over 400,000 worth of hogs. The number of swine in the county, that is eliminating all but the four footed porkers, is 60,123 and their value, to be exact, as shown by the returns of the township assessors, is \$434,875. The county's sheep and hogs are in round numbers, as shown by the tax books, worth a half million dollars. The number of hogs in the county may be surprisingly large, but the hogs here referred to are a valuable asset of each or almost every farmer.

The south end of the county leads in the hog industry. The average value of hogs the county over, of all ages and kinds, is \$7.22.

The sheep population of the county is not so numerous as the hog, but many farmers are raising them and making money. Every township in the county has some sheep, but some have very few.

**HAZERS SUEED FOR \$30,000.**  
Lad Maimed in School Frolic Seeks Heavy Damages.

Peoria.—A \$30,000 damage suit has been filed in the circuit court at Topeka by Charles Clinton, William Pilgrim, William Real, Earl Lattin, Earl Hull, William Harwood and Edward Starkey for damages received while the plaintiff was being hazed and tied to a tombstone in the Bradford cemetery by the defendants. Stoner is crippled for life from the tombstone falling on him. Stoner was a student of the Bradford high school.

**COL. G. W. BELL DEAD.**  
Former Consul to New South Wales Under Cleveland Dies at Sydney.

Sydney.—A dispatch received here announces the death of Col. George W. Bell at Sydney, Australia. He was consul to New South Wales under President Cleveland for seven years. He was the first white child to live in Bureau county, this being 70 years ago. He was a member of Yates' Rough Riders, and was wounded at Lockout mountain. He emigrated from the war with the rank of colonel. He delivered many speeches in Ireland during the Land League fight and nearly caused trouble between the United States and England.

**Must Answer to Charge of Murder.**  
Clinton—Sheriff H. A. Campbell, of De Witt county, left July 4 with requisition papers signed by Gov. Deneen to bring back Frederick J. Magill, former bank official of this town, and his bride, who are under arrest in San Diego, on the charge of murdering Magill's first wife on May 31.

The warrant for Magill's arrest was sworn out after State Attorney Miller investigated the case of Mrs. F. Gandy Magill, despite the inquest conducted by Coroner Cyrus Jones on the day of Mrs. Magill's death, which resulted in a verdict of "suicide."

**Mayor Stoes Trolley Cars.**  
Moline.—Because the city and the company have failed to reach terms on a franchise extension, Mayor Johnson, of East Moline, stopped the cars of the Moline, Rock Island & Eastern Interurban company. The company offered a bonus of \$10,000 and an offer to build 25 miles within five years. The city insisted on street lighting along the line and forfeiture of franchise for failure to build an extension. Chicago is the city which negotiates the closing of several factories.

**Escaped Convicts Recaptured.**  
Pontiac.—Two convicts who were working on the farm at the Illinois state reformatory and had fled, an officer named Law and asked for a permit to do some other work. While he was writing the order the guard dropped his gun. The two prisoners at once seized it and escaped. They were followed by a score of officers and, aided by a posse of farmers, were captured near McDowell, about five miles south of here.

**Daneen Club at Rockford.**  
Rockford.—A meeting of Republicans of this city and county was held here, a Deneen club was organized and plans were set in motion for the securing of the nomination of the position of re-nomination of the governor. Robert Lathrop was selected president, Judge William Johnson vice president and Howard O. Tilton secretary of the club. An executive committee will be selected to consist of two members in each primary district in the county.

**Governor Will Speak at Palmer.**  
Taylorville.—Phillip Hanger telephone C. Simpson, chief of publicity for the reunion for Springfield, that Gov. Charles S. Deneen would speak at Palmer on the afternoon of Friday, August 2, which will be the day of the reunion of the Christian county soldiers, and old settlers. This will be the first speech delivered by Gov. Deneen in Christian county.

**Boys' Eyesight Ruined.**  
Peoria.—William Whaley, 14, lodged in the city jail on a serious charge, that of destroying the cresting of his son, aged 15 years. It is said Whaley had done something which displeased the father, whereupon he picked up a piece of brick and hurled it at his son, striking him in the right eye. In fact, Whaley had cut and cut the eyeball, and it is believed that the sight has been destroyed.

**Sherman Is Out of Politics.**  
Galesburg.—Lawrence Y. Sherman announces he is on the political shelf. He said the boys were playing on a raft and would not be a candidate for reelection. "I have no intention or desire to mix up in any factional party fights," said the lieutenant governor. "I have done my share of scuffling in the past, and I am through."

**Mrs. Warner Wins Her Dower.**  
Bloomington.—Following a long contest in chancery, Mr. John Warner, the stepmother of Vespasian Warner, United States pension commissioner, has the award of an interest in her husband's estate, valued at \$185,000, giving her almost one-third. She had previously signed a contract by which she was to receive but 100,000. This contract has now been declared invalid.

**Find Body of Stiletto in Heart.**  
Spring Valley.—The body of Albert Parmanan, an Italian miner, was found dead on the main street of the village of Ladd with a stiletto six inches long sticking in his heart. The murderer is held on suspicion. The murder is attributed to a "Black Hand" device.

**Two Danville Boys Drowned.**  
Danville.—John Hassel and James Taylor, colored boys, 14 years old, were drowned in a pond west of the city. The boys were playing on a raft and were shoved off by companions. Neither could swim and sank immediately.

**Lightning Strikes Team Dead.**  
Keosauqua.—While Mr. and Mrs. Roy Andrews were driving along a country road, their horses, both valuable animals, were struck by lightning. Neither of the occupants of the carriage suffered injuries.

**Auto Beats Train in Race.**  
Litchfield.—In a race between an automobile and a local passenger train from Cairo to Litchfield, a distance of 12 miles, the automobile won by 15 minutes. The train made two short stops.

**Charged with Murder of Two.**  
Benton.—A warrant was issued charging Joseph Genett with the murder of August Genett, his cousin, and Louis Colonna, two migrants killed several days ago by the explosion of an industrial machine in a mine near Collinsville.

**Incendiary Fires Afloat in Bay.**  
Carlyle.—An incendiary is believed to have been at Carlyle six miles south of this city, and hereafter the village will be watched at night by armed guards.