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The BLACK BAG

By Louis Joseph Vance

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(Continued)
"Oh, he'll be along—if he isn't waiting now in the boat."
They descended, the man leading. At the foot, without a glance to right or left, he advanced to the edge of the stage, leaning out over the rail as if endeavoring to locate the rowboat.
"But, Mr. Mulready!"
The girl's words were drowned by a prolonged blast on the boatswain's whistle at her companion's lips. The shorter one followed in due course.
"But what shall we do if my father isn't here—wait?"
"No; best not to—best to get on the Althea as soon as possible, Miss Calendar. We can send the boat back."
"Once aboard the lugger the girl is mine," eh, Mulready, to say nothing of the boat!"
If Calendar's words were jocular his tone conveyed a different impression entirely. Both man and girl wheeled right about to face him, the one with a strangled oath, the other with a low cry.
"The devil!" exclaimed this Mr. Mulready.
"Oh, my father!" the girl voiced her recognition of him.
"Not precisely one and the same person," commented Calendar suavely. "But—er—thanks, just as much. You see, Mulready, when I make an appointment I keep it."
"We'd begun to get a bit anxious about you"—Mulready began defensively.
"So I surmised from what Mrs. Hallam and Mr. Kirkwood told me. Well?"
The man found no ready answer. He fell back a pace to the railing, his features working with his deep chagrin. The murky flare of the gas lamp overhead fell across a face handsome beyond the ordinary, but marred by a sullen humor and seemed hauntingly familiar until Kirkwood in a flash of visual memory reconstructed the portrait of a man who lingered over a dining table with two empty chairs for company. This, then, was he whom Mrs. Hallam had left at the Pless—a tall, strong man, very heavy about the chest and shoulders.
"Why, my dear friend," Calendar was taunting him, "you don't seem overjoyed to see me for all your wild anxiety! For my word, you act as if you hadn't expected me—and our engagement so clearly understood at that. Why, you fool"—here the mask of irony was cast—"did you think for a moment I'd let myself be nabbed by that yap from Scotland Yard? Were you banking on that? I give you my faith I ambled out under his very nose! Dorothy, my dear," turning impatiently from Mulready, "where's that bag?"
The girl withdrew a puzzled gaze from Mulready's face (it was apparent to Kirkwood that this phase of the affair was no more enigmatic to him than to her) and drew aside a corner of her cloak, disclosing the gladstone bag securely grasped in one gloved hand.
"I have it, thanks to Mr. Kirkwood," she said quietly.
Kirkwood chose that moment to advance from the shadow. Mulready started and fixed him with a troubled and unfriendly stare. The girl greeted him with a note of sincere pleasure in her surprise.
"Why, Mr. Kirkwood! But I left you at Mrs. Hallam's!"
Kirkwood bowed, smiling openly at Mulready's discomfiture.
"By your father's grace I came with him," he said. "You ran away without saying good night, you know, and I'm a jealous creditor."
She laughed excitedly, turning to Calendar. "But you were to meet me at Mrs. Hallam's!"
"Mulready was good enough to try to save me the trouble, my dear. He's an unselfish soul, Mulready. Fortunately it happened that I came along not five minutes after he'd carried you off. How was that, Dorothy?"
Her glance wavered uneasily between the two, Mulready and her father. The former, shrugging to declare his indifference, turned his back squarely upon them. She frowned.
"He came out of Mrs. Hallam's and got into the four wheeler, saying you had sent him to take your place and would join us on the Althea."
"So! How about it, Mulready?"
The man swung back slowly. "What you choose to think," he said after a deliberate pause.
"Well, never mind! We'll go over the matter at our leisure on the Althea."
There was in the adventurer's tone a menace, bitter and not to be ignored, which Mulready saw fit to challenge.
"I think not," he declared. "I think not. I'm weary of your adde pated suspicions. It'd be plain to any one but a fool that I acted for the best interests of all concerned in this matter. If you're not content to see it in that light I'm done."
"Oh, if you want to put it that way I'm not content, Mr. Mulready," retorted Calendar dangerously.
"Please yourself. I bid you good evening and—good-by." The man took a step toward the stairs.

Calendar dropped his right hand into his topcoat pocket. "Just a minute," he said sweetly, and Mulready stopped. Abruptly the fat adventurer's smoldering resentment leaped to flame. "That will be about all, Mr. Mulready! 'Bout face, you hound, and get into that boat! D'you think I'll temporize with you till doomsday? Then forget it. You're wrong, dead wrong. Your bluff's called, and—with an evil chuckle—"I hold a full house, Mulready—every chamber taken." He lifted meaningfully the hand in the coat pocket. "Now, in with you!"
With a grin and a swagger of pure bravado Mulready turned and obeyed. Unnoticed of any save perhaps Calendar himself the boat had drawn in at the stage a moment earlier. Mulready dropped into it and threw himself sullenly upon the midships thwart.
"Now, Dorothy, in you go, my dear," continued Calendar, with a self-satisfied wag of his head.
Half dazed, to all seeming, she moved toward the boat. With clumsy and assertive gallantry her father stepped before her, offering his hand—his hand which she did not touch, for in the act of descending she remembered and swung impulsively back to Kirkwood.
"Good night, Mr. Kirkwood. Good night, I shan't forget."
He took her hand and bowed above it, but when his head was lifted he still retained her fingers in a lingering clasp.
"Good night," he said reluctantly. In a sudden flash of daring he turned and nodded coolly to Calendar. "With



The boat dropped away, the oars lifting and falling.

your permission," he said negligently and drew the girl aside to the angle of the stairway.
"Miss Calendar"—he began, but was interrupted.
"Here—I say!"
Calendar had started toward him angrily.
Kirkwood calmly waved him back. "I want a word in private with your daughter, Mr. Calendar," he announced, with quiet dignity. "I don't think you'll deny me. I've saved you some slight trouble tonight."
Disgruntled, the adventurer paused. "Oh, all right," he grumbled. He returned to the boat.
"Forgive me, Miss Calendar," continued Kirkwood nervously. "I know I've no right to interfere, but—" "Yes, Mr. Kirkwood?"
"But hasn't this gone far enough?" he pondered unhappily. "I can't like the look of things. Are you sure that it's all right—with you, I mean?"
She did not answer at once, but her eyes were kind and sympathetic. He plucked her of their tolerance.
"It isn't too late yet," he argued. "Let me take you to your friends—you must have friends in the city. But this—this midnight flight down the Thames, this atmosphere of stealth and suspicion, this—" "But my place is with my father, Mr. Kirkwood," she interposed. "I daren't doubt him, dare I?" "I suppose not."
"So I must go with him. I'm glad—thank you for caring, dear Mr. Kirkwood. And again good night."
"Good luck attend you," he muttered, following her to the boat.
Calendar helped her in and turned back to Kirkwood with a look of arch triumph. Kirkwood wondered if he had overheard. Whether or no, he could afford to be magnanimous. Seizing Kirkwood's hand, he pumped it vigorously.
"My dear boy, you've been an angel in disguise. And I guess you think me the devil in masquerade." He chuckled, in high conceit with himself, over the turn of affairs. "Good night—and fare thee well!" He dropped into the boat, seating himself to face the recalcitrant Mulready. "Cast off there!"
The boat dropped away, the oars lifting and falling. With a weariful sense of loneliness and disappointment Kirkwood hung over the rail to watch them out of sight.
Somewhat wearily the young man released the railing and ascended the stairs. "And that is the end!" he told himself, struggling with an acute sense of personal injury. He had been hardily used. For a few hours his life had been lightened by the ineffable glamour of romance. Mystery and adventure had engaged him. He had served a fair woman and been associated with men whose ways, however questionable, were the ways of courage, lodged thickly about with perils.
Disconsolate and aggrieved, he gain

ed the street. He was miles from St. Pancras, foot weary, to all intents and purposes lost.
In this extremely chance smiled upon him. The cabby who at his initial instance had traveled this weary way from Quadrant mews, after the manner of his kind, ere turning back had sought surcease of fatigue at the nearest public. From afar Kirkwood saw the four wheeler at the curb and made all haste toward it.
Entering the gin mill, he found the cabby, soothed him with bitter and, instructing him for St. Pancras with all speed, dropped, limp and listless with fatigue, into the conveyance.

CHAPTER IX.
FROM the commanding elevation of the box "Three 'n' six!" enunciated the cabby, his tone that of a man prepared for trouble, inclined to give trouble a welcome. His bloodshot eyes blinked truculently at his alighted fare—"Three 'n' six," he iterated aggressively.
An adjacent but theretofore abstracted policeman pricked up his ears and assumed an intelligent expression. "Bernonday O' Stab to Sain' Pancras," argued the cabby assertively, "seven mile by th' radius—three 'n' six!"
Kirkwood stood on the outer station platform, near the entrance to third class waiting rooms. Continuing to fumble through his pockets for an elusive sovereign purse, he looked up sulkily at the man.
"All right, cabby," he said, with pacific purpose; "you'll get your fare in half a shake."
"Three 'n' six!" croaked the cabby, like a blowy and vindictive parrot. The lobby strolled nearer.
"Yes!" said Kirkwood, mildly diverted. "Why not sing it, cabby?"
"Lor lumme!" the cabby exploded with indignation, continuing to give a life-like imitation of a rumped plover. "I 'nd trouble enough wif you at Bernonday O' Stab; 'dover that quid you promised, didn't I? Sing it! My hey!"
"Quid, cabby?" And then, remembering that he had promised the fellow a sovereign for fast driving from Quadrant mews, Kirkwood grinned broadly, eyes twinkling, for Mulready must have fallen heir to that covenant. "But you got the sovereign? You got it, didn't you, cabby?"
The driver affirmed the fact with unnecessary heat and profanity, and an amendment to the effect that he would have spoiled his fare's sanguinary cook had the outcome been less satisfactory.
The information proved so amusing that Kirkwood, chuckling, forbore to resent the manner of its delivery and, abandoning until a more favorable time the chase of the coy sovereign purse, extracted from one trouser pocket half a handful of large English small change.
"Three shillings and sixpence." He counted the coins into the cabby's grimy and bloated paw and added quietly: "The exact distance is rather less than four miles, my man—you 're, precisely 2 shillings. You may keep the extra 18 pence for being such a conscientious blackguard—er talk it over with the officer here 'lease yourself."
He nodded to the bobby, who, favorably impressed by Kirkwood, smiled at the cabby a cold, hard smile. Thereupon the latter, smirking in unashamed triumph, spat on the pavement at Kirkwood's feet, gathered up his reins and wheeled off.
Restoring 2 shillings and a few at expier pennies to his pocket, he started the vast and echoing train shed. In the act his attention was attracted and immediately riveted by the spectacle of a burly luggage navy on a line jumper in the act of making it with a large folding signboard, of which the surface was lettered extensively with the advice, in red against a white background, "Boat Train Leaves on Track 3."
Evidently Kirkwood touched the man's arm with a detaining hand. "Boat train?" he gasped, pointing at the board.
"Left ten minutes ago, thank you, sir."
"Well, but—Of course I can get another train at Tilbury?"
"For yer boat? No, sir, thank you, sir. Won't be another tryne till morra-tn', sir."
"Oh-h!"
Aimlessly Kirkwood drifted away his mind a blank.
Some time later he found himself on the steps outside the station, trying to stare out of countenance a glaring electric mineral water advertisement on the farther side of the Euston road.
He was stranded.
Distracted, he searched pocket after pocket, locating his watch, cigar case and cigarette case, matchbox, pen-knife, all the minutiae of pocket hardware affected by civilized man, with old letters, a cardcase, a square envelope containing his steamer ticket, but no sovereign purse. His small change pocket held less than 2 shillings—two and eight, to be exact—and a brass key, which he failed to recognize as one of his belongings.
And that was all. At some time during the night he had lost (or been cunningly bereft of?) that little purse of chamouis skin containing the three golden sovereigns which he had been hussanding to pay his steamer expenses and which, if only he had them now, would stand between him and starvation and a night in the streets. If Brentwick were only in town! But he wasn't and wouldn't be within the week.
"No good waiting here," he concluded. Composing his face, he re-entered the station. There were his trunks, of course. He couldn't leave them standing on the station platform forever.

(To Be Continued)

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