

The Golden Greyhound

By DWIGHT TILTON

A chase after a fair face leads Overton Brill, a wealthy man about town, into assisting in the defeat of the most astounding act of piracy ever attempted on the high seas.

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PROLOGUE.

The action of the story has its real beginning on an ocean liner bound for Europe and just leaving New York. It has been boarded in haste on a winter day by Overton Brill, an impetuous wealthy young bachelor, who, attracted by a pretty girl accompanied by an elderly gentleman, has followed them aboard. Brill was on his way uptown with Aristides Stebbins, his valet, known as Jay, when he saw the girl, just after purchasing a valuable bracelet as a gift for a Miss Carstairs. The passenger list reveals the names of the pursued as Mr. Andrew Jenkinson and daughter. Brill finds himself without money and negotiates with a dark individual named Benedict for the sale of the bracelet, receiving \$500 for it, with which he secures a de luxe cabin. At dinner the conversation turns to the weather, and a Professor Pennythorpe's storm prediction is placed before Captain Humphries for judgment. Brill makes the acquaintance of Mr. Jenkinson, and the two proceed to the captain's cabin to inspect a phenomenal, wonderfully trained canary. At luncheon a jovial person, Christopher C. Marsh, introduces himself to Brill. Starting from a sound sleep Brill hears through the window Benedict, the professor and Jenkinson discussing the large shipment of gold aboard. Soon after this he is rewarded by a smile from Marion Jenkinson for a small courtesy. Marsh is informed that he has been selected to take charge of the Christmas concert, and he chooses Brill, Marion Jenkinson, the professor and Mrs. Blucher-Ward as his aids. Brill, known as Mr. Overton, and Miss Jenkinson have a pleasant chat together. Icebergs and fog are reported. A child dies in the steerage, and Miss Jenkinson asks Brill to seek the captain's consent to hold the funeral in the first cabin. He finds the chief officer in company with Benedict and wonders. He gets the permit, but the purser officiates at the services. Jenkinson, worrying about the gold, becomes sick. Professor Pennythorpe observes that the ship is off its course. Marsh notices that the captain hasn't been at the dinner table for several days. Professor Pennythorpe misses his sextant and compass. Brill has a talk with Marion about the concert and is later told by Benedict that the latter objects to his friendship with Marion, whom Benedict calls his fiancée. Brill meets Marsh on deck. Hearing a noise in a supposedly unoccupied stateroom, they investigate with the captain, but find nothing. The altered course of the vessel frightens the passengers, who protest. Brill and Marsh look to Jay to assist in a secret search of the mysterious stateroom. A wireless reports that Russia has declared war against Great Britain. Marsh suspects Benedict of having manufactured the message. Professor Pennythorpe armed with a marine glass watches a strange craft approach astern. At the Christmas feast Brill becomes jealous of Benedict's attentions to Miss Jenkinson. Marsh, still suspicious, continues his investigations of the mysterious noises. Knocking on the door of room 33, he is confronted by the smiling Benedict.

Signaling the Stranger.
BRILL found the energetic Marsh standing in the middle of the room intently watching Stebbins, whose head was in close contact with the door in the partition. A moment later the youth turned away, and at a sign from Marsh the three left the cabin quietly and returned to Brill's domain.
"Hear anything?" asked Marsh in a most matter of fact tone.
Stebbins nodded. "Yes. A few moments ago there was a cry. Then a man spoke."
"Yes, yes! What was it? Could you make it out?" Marsh's voice thrilled now, and he rolled his great watch chain between his fingers rapidly.
"I heard plain enough," replied Stebbins, "but they weren't words I know."
"Can you repeat them—give some idea what they were like?"
"I think so, pretty near. There were only two. One of 'em was like ker-keram-ba."
"Yes, yes; that's to be expected. The others?"
"It sounded like callacy."
"Callacy, callacy!" repeated Marsh earnestly; then he dropped into his former careless tone. "But you're



sleepy, Mr. Stebbins. Don't let me keep you up. I've had disagreeable neighbors. Wanted to find out something about them."

Explanation was wasted on Aristides. Into his drowsy brain there had come no desire to know anything about the nocturnal doings of the queer Mr. Marsh. Bed was his prime object, and, having been dismissed by a look from his patron, he sought that haven with alacrity.

Left together, the two men looked at each other a moment in silence. Marsh was the first to speak.
"Do you know Spanish?"
"I'll own up to the 'carramba,'" returned Brill, with a smile. "The 'callacy' is just a few steps ahead of me."
"What that man said," observed Marsh, "was, 'Carramba, callacy—'Curse you, hold your tongue.' I assume it was the fellow with the cut forehead, for, although I saw him go into 33 again, he wasn't there when I went in."

Well into the morning hours the two men, companions in arms now, sat in the stateroom and talked of the curious conditions of affairs they had found in their section of the ship. Finally Marsh stuck his thumbs into the apertures of his waistcoat and scowled good naturedly at his host.
"Now, after we've thrashed out talk here like a couple of phonographs, Overton," he said, "what is your theory of the racket out my way?"
Brill ventured the first thought that came to his mind.
"The only thing that seems plausible to me is that the men are aiding some friend to get across the ocean passage free."

Marsh laughed unfeelingly.
"Rest assured that there's nothing going on that Benedict doesn't know about and countenance," he declared. "He's got a pair of ferret's eyes behind those queer glasses of his. Wouldn't be in such a scheme himself, for passage money wouldn't trouble him. He's free with his money. Gets it too easily to worry."

"Well," returned his companion, taking the offensive, "what is your theory?"

Marsh's fat face grew serious, and he pursed his lips.
"It's a puzzle," he replied. "If that Mexican with the cut in his head didn't give it to himself, there must have been a struggle. That would prove resistance by whoever's there. Yet how could they have brought an unwilling person aboard without attracting attention?"
"Used drugs, possibly."
"It may be none of my business, but I'd give my commission on the sales of this trip if I could get the better of Benedict."

Brill pondered well these pregnant words before he resumed the talk. Then he spoke in a halting and rather diffident way.

"Why are you so—well, to use a common expression, so down on Benedict?"
"I don't like snakes," answered Marsh quietly, "especially when one of 'em's crossing the path of a man I want as a friend."

The ring of honesty was in the words, and Brill's heart felt a warmth that few men had ever lighted there. But with the splendid Anglo-Saxon reserve that keeps in the soul all the emotions that might be poured out and lost, he merely bowed his head with a smile that was vital with meaning. Marsh rose, grasped Brill's hand and held it tightly a moment.

"I'm off to bed," he said. "Lost my beauty sleep already. Must get my wits in order; for I'm going to solve this conundrum before we're twenty-four hours older. May be the simplest thing in the world, or Benedict may have John D. Rockefeller held up for ransom. Whatever it is, it'll do me no harm to find out."

Brill sought his berth and slumber, but the latter was in no humor to be wooed. With staring eyes the young man lay tossing to and fro, his mind crowded with hobgoblins of his own creation, all revolving around Benedict. The fellow had threatened him, and there was precious little doubt as to what he meant. He intended to separate him from Marion Jenkinson for the rest of the voyage. How he was to accomplish that highly undesirable circumstance was not quite as clear. The voyage would end by Thursday night

or Friday morning, notwithstanding the Olympiad's long detour. What was to happen meantime?

He fancied his cabin was hot and stifling and rose and opened one of the portholes. Thrusting his head half out, he felt a strong wind on his face, blowing squarely against it. The ship was pitching heavily, the stars were blotted out by scurrying clouds, and there was in the half gale a quality of heat that recalled an experience with a typhoon in the Indian ocean.

"Such a wind would blow nowhere but from the south," he muttered. "Has the course been changed again?"
Once more he looked out. Over the blackness of the sea came the distant gleam of lights, tiny points of gold with one star of red. They rose and fell with long, undulous motions, sometimes disappearing altogether.

"Must be that the other steamer has caught up with us," Brill thought as he went back to his berth and finally to sleep.

His first knowledge of the new day came with the fact that Stebbins was stumbling about like a man with epilepsy.

"What's the matter, Jay?" asked his patron, not fully awake.
"—I think, sir," replied Aristides as a sudden lurch threw him against the door like a rubber ball—"I think the sea has got its sea legs on. Isn't that what they call it, sir?"

"It's more than you've got, anyway," returned Brill, laughing. "Go back to bed. I don't need you."

Breakfast was not a fully attended feast this morning, the first really rough sea of the voyage having numbered its victims early. But Marsh was on hand, serenely smiling at rolls and pitches.

"Did anything disturb your slumbers?" Brill asked him significantly.

"I didn't even know the wind had risen. Seem in for a storm," replied the other. After that exchange taciturnity reigned until the meal was over.

On the way out one of the deck doors on the lee side suddenly opened, and the figure of Professor Pennythorpe, a curious apparition in violent yellow oilskins and sou'wester, was hurried through the opening as if projected by a catapult. A big book flew from under his arm and across the corridor. Marsh picked it up.

"A love book, eh? Been signaling to the loved ones at home, professor?"
The little man gave no heed to this too self evident pleasantry.

"I've been trying to read the signals we've been making to that vessel off yonder," he said solemnly.

The two men followed the direction of his finger through a port hole and saw abreast of them and the matter of a mile or so away a black, two funneled steamer of no very striking appearance.

"Well, what did they say?" asked Marsh.

"I couldn't make out. The signals were not in this book. An officer said the captain was using a private code."

"What is the ship?" queried Brill.

"I haven't found any one who knows," returned Pennythorpe. "Would

you like to take my glasses?" This to Marsh, who was trying to improvise a telescope with his curled hands.

"Can you make her out?" demanded the professor.

Marsh shook his head. "Too low in the water for a liner. Too fast for a tramp. Might be a yacht. Might be—but what she might be isn't very illuminating as to what she is. How's the course, professor?" he asked suddenly handing the glass back to its owner.

"A little south of northeast," said the man of science majestically, as he quitted the scene with much railing. Marsh sniffed contemptuously.

"There's an answer to make a sea dog lose his bark," he remarked. "A little south of northeast? O Lord!"

Brill smiled, but the vagaries of Pennythorpe were of little interest to him. Here he was at the threshold of a new day, one of the few remaining on shipboard. What would it bring forth for him? He could form no definite plan of action. Marsh might have had some brilliant coup, but he could not bring himself to discuss that matter even with so downright and honest a friend.

"Not much of a day for promenade-

ing," observed that gentleman, rather dubiously, "but I must have my constitutional as long as there's anything to hang on by. Will you come?"

Wrapped in greatcoats, the two made for the boat deck, where the wind was howling fiercely. Here they stopped to watch the flagman, who had been hauling the variously colored and marked streamers up and down as signals for the vessel on their beam. He was just putting the flags away into a chest, which showed that the Olympiad's part of the communicating was over.

On the forward deck Captain Humphries had his glass leveled at the distant steamer, and as a long line of flags went up on her he turned to a book under his arm. Then he spoke to some one behind him. Another moment and the person stepped forward into view.

"Benedict seems to have been promoted to first mate," said Marsh with a snort as they walked aft.

At this particular point of indignation Marsh felt the need of his handkerchief, and opened his coat to get it. A ferocious blast struck the sturdy fellow amidships, and although he did not budge, his coat went whirling up around his head in exasperating fashion. It took the laughing Brill, a full half minute to untangle the garment, and as he was thus occupied Captain Humphries and Benedict walked by, their heads down to escape the wind.

"I tell you a boat wouldn't live two minutes in this sea, even if we could launch one," the captain was saying.

After another turn the pair of friends decided to go inside for warmth and shelter. As they passed the door of the library they saw Benedict writing at one of the desks. Marsh shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't be surprised if we have some more war news," he said sarcastically.

Brill, following his friend's example, went to his stateroom to dispose of his storm coat. He was glad to find Stebbins almost established on his sea legs again, although he still objected to looking out from the portholes.

"It makes me feel how far we are from home," he explained, which reason seemed to his patron as logical as any.

At Aristides' solicitation Brill removed his only suit and handed it over to be freshened by the electric iron that the steward had furnished, recognizing in Brill a man who would "do the 'andome'" at the end of the voyage.

The tailoring operation had just been completed when a knock sounded at the door and in stepped Marsh, his face glowing with triumph.

"What did I tell you about the war news?" he cried. "The latest bulletin that groaner operator has pinned up is that Great Britain had declared an embargo or surveillance or something—I forget the words—on all ships for Russian ports."

Brill smiled tolerantly. He wondered why Marsh fancied that Benedict could have any possible interest in dictating such messages as this and said as much. Marsh merely chuckled.

"I suppose," he said jovially, "I'm such 'dead nuts' against Benedict that if the ship should be struck by lightning I'd swear he did it. May I smoke?"

"Certainly. That is, if I may."

The stout gentleman was not obtuse, and he drew another of his own perfectos from his pocket and gravely handed it to his host. With a dual sputtering of matches they put fire to their tobacco.

"Just saw the captain," observed Marsh after a few luxurious whiffs. "Seems to have thawed out. Asked me to drop in and see him any time."

"Indeed!"

"He thinks war is on all right—was quite jolly over it. If he wasn't captain of an ocean liner, Overton," he added seriously, "I'd think Captain Humphries had been drinking just a little too much."

Having thus freed his mind, the man of commerce pulled a pack of cards from an inside pocket, drew a chair up to the little cabin table and began to shuffle vigorously.

"If you'll excuse me, Overton," he said solemnly, "I'd like a little solitaire. I never think so well as when I'm monkeying the pasteboards."

A queer game of solitaire, thought Brill, as he watched the play of Marsh. Colors were oddly mixed, and sequences irretrievably jumbled. Still there seemed to be some method to the stout man's game, for often, as he lay a picture card on another, he would pause, stare, frown and go through the motions of whistling without making a sound.

For a time the host was entertained by this odd fight against the fate of the cards, in which he somehow read his own contest with a larger destiny. But after a little he wearied of the puzzle and had determined to throw himself on his berth when Marsh suddenly leaped to his feet, letting fall at least half of his pack of cards.

"I have it!" he cried, his eyes glistening, his lips parted in a radiant smile.

"The solitaire?" queried Brill, in astonishment. "Why, you've just—"

Marsh made a gesture of impatience. "No, not the cards. I said last night—or was it this morning—that I'd solve that stateroom rebus before I was twenty-four hours older."

"You've done it, then?"

"Planned it. Call your friend Stebbins, will you?"

Aristides appeared on the double quick. He was direfully afraid he was not earning his salary, and anything that bore the least resemblance to service was literally jumped at.

But what was this strange thing that the peculiar Mr. Marsh was doing? Aristides saw him lock the door between the two staterooms, take out the key, and put it in his pocket.

"Now, Mr. Stebbins, suppose I'd lost

this key. Could you get into that room?" he asked gently.

Stebbins saw the point, if not the application of it. He looked toward Brill for instructions. Much as he respected the substantial Mr. Marsh, it must be thoroughly understood that his allegiance was another's.

"Go ahead, Jay," said his patron. "See if you can open it as you did the trunk."

Aristides, kneeling, squinted through the keyhole, turned the knob gently and pressed the door forward and back; then, having obtained the key from Marsh, he inserted it and moved it delicately this way and that. Finally he arose, with a bland look of satisfaction on his chubby countenance.

"I think I could do it if I had the tools," he announced.

"What do you need?" asked Marsh.

"Some stout wire and a vise and file to put it in shape."

"Can you get those things with money?"

"Guess I don't need money," returned the youth, with a certain pride in his voice. "I can borrow 'em in the engine room."

Marsh said something in a half whisper to Brill, who nodded emphatically.

"Go ahead, Jay," he ordered briskly. "Get the things together and experiment on this door."

"Is it some other door?" queried Stebbins. Then, catching the affirmation in his master's face, "Mightn't it be bolted too, sir?"

Brill frowned at the "sir," but said nothing as he noted the two heavy bolts, one on each side of the door.

"Bolt me, but I hadn't thought of that!" exclaimed Marsh tragically. "What could be done in that case, Mr. Lock-pick Stebbins?"

"I'd need a rather long, strong steel wire and some stout string," replied the young man confidently.

"Well, go and get all the stuff you need, Jay," said Brill, "and if money stands in the way, why, give it to 'em—in promises. That's about all we can do on this particular voyage. Then come back here and practice on this door till you can burglarize anything on the ship."

As soon as Aristides had gone away, rejoicing that he was to be of service, Marsh proposed that they visit the bulletin board to see if anything new had been posted.

The ship's public places were almost deserted, as Marsh observed gleefully, but at the foot of the grand staircase Professor Pennythorpe gave visible evidence that he had not succumbed. However, he was less loquacious than usual and his side whiskers drooped dejectedly.

"Rough, professor," grunted Marsh. "Exceedingly rough, sir," was the reply, "but the wind has shifted and the sea will calm down tonight." He would be didactic in the last extremities, thought Brill.

Marsh glanced from one of the portholes.

"Wind has shifted," he remarked. "It's on the other quarter. Let's go out a minute, on the other side, not in the teeth of the gale."

The two friends retraced their steps, and in so doing crossed through the passageway back of Brill's stateroom only to run into Andrew Jenkinson just coming from his cabin. His face was pale and drawn and he tottered in his gait. As the ship tilted violently he stumbled, and would have gone prone to the floor had not Brill caught him.

"I'm afraid I'll never get my sea-legs," he said, with a pitiful attempt at a smile. "I'm not well, Overton. I—I'm not a young man, and—and I've been under a rather heavy strain." He seemed to hesitate a moment, then continued: "Would you mind coming into my room for a moment? Yes, and you, too, Mr. Marsh?"

To the younger man it was a blessed privilege, this passing into the intimate apartments of the Jenisons, with the one swift glance into the inner shrine that was so eloquent of a woman. That happiness was brief, to be sure, for the pert Marie quickly closed the door and shut out the vision. Yet the very nearness to the sacred spot was in itself sufficiently intoxicating.

The old man waved his visitors to chairs and sat down heavily himself. He looked from one to the other for a moment, then addressed himself to Brill.

"I'm sorry Jack's coming here tonight, for I'm going to the theater with Harry."

"But I thought you were engaged to Jack."

"I know it, but since we have been engaged we can't afford to go to the theaters."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Misunderstood.
"Hubby, if I asked you for a check for \$100 what would you do?"
"Well—er—I believe that I'd give you a smack!"
"Oh, you mean old thing!"—Baltimore American.

Our Hero.
Weary Variety Agent—And what's your particular claim to originality? Artist—I'm the only comedian who has so far refrained from addressing the orchestra as "you in the trench."—London Punch.

Practical Reply.
Boarder—Here's a nickel I found in the hash.
Landlady—Yes, I put it there. You've been complaining, I understand, about lack of change in your meals.—Boston Transcript.

Her Easter Hat.
Her Easter hat,
So neat and pat,
Sat lightly on her tresses;
And breezy dips
From April's lips
Kissed it with their caresses.

Her Easter hat
So lightly sat
That I forgave her yearnings;
Although it lay,
I'm free to say,
Quite heavy on my earnings!

Difficult Situation.
"That man says ours is the wickedest town on earth."

"Yes, but he has said the same of nearly every town on the map. Where are we going to move to?"—Washington Star.

Another One.
Here's a new definition of a pessimist:
"A pessimist is a man who pulls down all the blinds and then kicks about the darkness."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

All Through.
"Your friend appears to think that life has nothing more to teach him."
"Yes; he seems to imagine he is the only living alumnus of the school of experience."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Doctor.
"How unkind that doctor is!"
"Naturally. It is a doctor's business to treat people ill."—Baltimore American.

Appropriate Place.
"Where is this electrical case to be tried?" "I should think in the circuit court."—Baltimore American.

Puts "Pep" into It.
Money may not bring happiness, but it certainly gives life a sort of snappiness.—Exchange

[To be continued.]

Wasting a Few Minutes In Laughter

The New Easter Bonnet.
Now Mr. Fly was very proud
Of Mrs. Fly, his wife,
He thought the sweetest Easter hat
She'd had in all her life.

Said Mr. Fly, "There's just one thing
That I'd suggest to you.
I think a wing upon the hat
Would make it swell, don't you?"

"A good idea," said Mrs. Fly,
"But wings are dear, you know."
"I'll give you mine," said Mr. Fly,
"Because I love you so."

Applying the Active Test.
Bennie was telling his parents about
The wonderful things he saw in the
Circus sideshow.

"And what do you think," he said—
"There was an armless woman who
Played the piano with her feet."

Little sister Ruth, who is taking music
Lessons, piped up:
"I'll just bet she can't span an octave
With her toes."—London Standard.

His Counter Thrust.
The Other Side's Counsel (fiercely)—
I suppose you were brought up to tell
The truth?

The Goaded Witness—No, I wasn't.
The Lawyer—Not brought up to tell
The truth? What do you mean by that?

The Witness—My folks intended me
For a lawyer.—Buffalo News.

Then They Quit.
"What's the trouble here?"
"The bellboys are on a strike."
"Want more pay, I suppose?"
"No. A man came in a little while
Ago and asked to have Waldislaw
Szczurczak's page."—Chicago Herald.

A Useful Friendship.

"I'm sorry Jack's coming here tonight,
for I'm going to the theater with
Harry."

"But I thought you were engaged to
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