

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, a 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 Jennison 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. Jennison, 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 Jennison discussing the large shipment of gold aboard. Soon after this he is rewarded by a smile from Marion Jennison for a small courtesy. Icebergs and fog are reported. Jennison, 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. 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 Jennison. Marsh, still suspicious, continues his investigations of the mysterious noises. Another war notice is posted up. Jennison confides to Brill that \$50,000,000 in gold is being shipped to Russia secretly. Jennison wires his partner for instructions and is told to transfer the gold to a Russian ship. Marsh and Brill suspect that the dispatches were tampered with. The two visit the captain, but quickly leave on Brill seeing a note addressed to the captain from Benedict, which arouses suspicion that the captain is in league with the conspirators. Brill tells Miss Jennison about himself.

Brill Becomes a Prisoner.

DEEP interest was written on the girl's face, but no shock, no look of displeasure, he was delighted to find. "Neither my companion nor myself had any money," he continued rapidly. "I came aboard the Olympiad on—on impulse, Miss Jennison." He spoke proudly as he looked fairly at the exquisite cause of that impulse, but he did not delay his story. "Fortunately a piece of jewelry intended as a gift was in my friend's possession," he went on. "This I gave as security for a loan from—a passenger." Another swift observation to see what this delicate part of the narration had made. Marion was smiling. "I wanted you to know the truth," he declared. "The deception, has troubled me as it applied to you." "You certainly were in what we used to call at school 'a fix,'" she said smilingly. "How sorry you must have been for your—your impulse, as you call it." "Oh, no, Miss Jennison, no," he replied, with ringing voice and face lighted with the enthusiasm of adoration. "I have never for an instant regretted that impulse. It was the first of my life to prove completely satisfying." He wondered if she understood, and he gazed with all a lover's fervor at her face. Perhaps there was a little deepening of color in her cheek, or it might



was told significantly that a steward would be on call immediately outside if he desired anything. "I have no doubt this is all an error," said the officer as he took his leave, "but we can only do as we are told." Brill had scarcely time to sit down and think the situation over before Marsh came bustling in, his face radiating gladness. "Your friend Stebbins is the coolest cuss I ever saw outside of a refrigerating plant," he cried. "You should have seen him!" He stopped suddenly as he beheld his comrade's rueful countenance. "Hel-lo!" he said. "What's up with you? Sick or anything? I saw a steward standing outside your door." To the accompaniment of the stout man's peevish Brill told what had happened briefly, but with the fire of an indignation that was not yet cool. "Benedict wants you out of the way," growled Marsh. "That's obvious. Hope it's only a personal matter and that he's not bottled you up because he knows you've had a peep at his cards. Miss Jennison hasn't let anything drop to him, has she?" "No, not that. But the scoundrel presumed to question my right to Miss Jennison's acquaintance, and I—well, I made him stand aside."

"Had it out with him? Bully for you!" roared his friend. "Of course you didn't give any inkling that any one's on to his game—in the excitement, you know." "No. I was very careful. In fact, I said nothing." "He thinks you're safely cooped up till he's left the boat." At this the young man's anger, given fuel by his recital, flamed up again, and he rose and extended his hand toward the doorknob. "I shall demand instant investigation," he exclaimed. "I was so staggered by the outrage that I've just begun to think. You'll go with me at once, will you not?" "To the captain? For an investigation?" queried Marsh mildly. "What kind would you get? Do you want Benedict to be judge as well as accuser?" Brill recalled that they already knew Captain Humphries to be but a lump of putty in the clever Mexican's fingers. Just now he was certainly being molded into the shape of a rascal. There was no hope in that quarter truly, and meantime Marsh had gone to work on his nails with that almost insolently careless manner of his, while he and the gold—and the girl—"By Jove!" shouted the man of commissions, leaping to his feet, "the greaser's played into our hands. Your imprisonment is the best thing that could have happened." The prisoner wondered under what particular light that became evident. His eyes questioned the other. "Let me tell what I started to tell when I first came in," said Marsh. "Thanks to Stebbins, they won't get into that specie room for hours." He laughed a queer little, half buried, chuckling laugh, that finally came



forth and shook his fat cheeks. To Brill this was most unseemly; it was not the time for mirth. "Our scheme worked like yeast," he went on. "Stebbins, you remember, was to call on the second officer with the chief engineer. He did, and happened to be there when the captain sent for the second officer to bring him his set of keys of the specie room. The officer dug up the keys from his strong box or wherever he kept them and—" The narrative was interrupted rather curiously at this point. Stebbins opened the door in his usual cautious manner and entered quietly, when Marsh rushed at him, seized his hand and worked it vigorously up and down. Then he gave the lad a tremendous thump on the shoulder and shouted: "You're a wonder, Stebbins! You ought to be an actor. Tell us how you did it." "I did just as you told me—that's all." "Yes, I know, but Overton doesn't tell him." "Well," began Aristides, looking at his patron carefully, "Mr. Marsh said you wanted the keys to be lost." This particular feature of the case had slipped Brill's memory, but he said nothing.

"So when Mr. Cuthbert"— "The second officer," put in Marsh. "Left his room I went along, too, and on the next deck I stubbed my toe." "Over a steamer chair!" cried the chief plotter, with a roar of laughter. "As I tried to save myself I struck Mr. Cuthbert's arm." "And overboard went the keys. Your look of horror double discounted anything I ever saw on the stage," was Marsh's heartfelt encomium. He owed much to this rustic and he knew it. As for Aristides, he cast sheep's eyes at "Mr. Overton." It just occurred to him that he might have gone a bit too far in doing everything the funny Mr. Marsh told him. But the smile on his patron's face reassured him, and he went into his cabin with a light heart after Marsh had said to him: "Here's my key. Better get your tools into my room. Be sure no one sees you."

"And now," observed the portly schemer, turning to Brill, "I'll prove to you that your confinement is providential. I'll make a fuss for appearances, but you won't be released. They'll think you safe, but I'll find a way to slip you into my room tonight." But his companion rebelled at this wasting of his energies when there was so much to be done. He intimidated this strongly to his friend. "Now, see here," returned the latter, with a smile of indulgence for the ebullience of youth, "if we're to release Thurston we've got to get the Benedict crowd out of the way. To do that I must be outside, while you and Stebbins are in my room ready to work when the time comes. You'll have to work fast." "But I don't see how this proves me of more value a prisoner than at liberty," persisted Brill. "This way: Now Benedict knows you can't see Miss Jennison, he'll give all his attention to the gold business. That counts him out as far as my plan goes. All I've got to deal with is the man in charge of the prisoner." The logic of the situation dawned on the young man, but it was no less unpleasant because it looked sensible. "How long must I submit?" he asked, with ill concealed discontent. "Till we prove Benedict a scoundrel or he leaves the Olympiad." "You say you will get me into your room. How?" "By the usual lever."

Saying which, the corpulent campaigner took off his coat and waistcoat, opened his shirt and displayed a handsome leather belt of necessarily unusual length and provided with various pockets, each fastened by little gilt snaps. This article of intimate wear he tapped significantly. "With money, my boy," he resumed gayly. "It may cost a pretty penny, but if we save some fifty millions it's worth it. Bank of England, my boy. I'll count 'em out till your steward-jailer's eyes drop on the floor if he doesn't give in before. After all, it's not much to ask. He knows you can't get away. I'm going to dinner. What'll I send you?" "Nothing," replied Brill glumly. "I can't eat." Marsh laughed at him scornfully. "Of course you can," he said. "A good soldier always wants a good meal before going into action." He saw clearly enough that his lot bloodied ally was not reconciled to his ignominious position. He knew that if things were to go well Brill must be restored to his ordinary calmness. He turned just as he reached the door. "If you say so," he observed coolly, "I can secure your liberty in half an hour. I'll tell Miss Jennison you're accused of stealing from Benedict a bracelet her father bought at Tiffany's."

Brill smiled at this. "That would scarcely settle the matter of Pennythorpe's instruments," he said. "I'll bet the old cuss knows nothing of this charge and that it was not his instruments that were found. I'll settle the bracelet affair and then—" "I—I think I'd rather she didn't know, at least not now," returned Brill, willing at last to remain in durance under the condition of Marsh's silence. The man who had won his point chuckled. "As you please," he said, calling for Stebbins and leading him away to dinner. "Thought that would fetch him," he muttered as he closed the door. Had he but known it he would have been glad that his friend ate with relish the excellent dinner brought him by the steward. Youth and confidence conquered, and again Brill felt that Marsh was on the right trail. If Thurston could be unearthed just at this time the colossal scheme of rascality would fall at once, as he could communicate with the officials of the company. This thought paved the way for another and another. Suddenly he brought his fist down upon his dinner tray with a thump that set the dishes rattling. "What a fool I am that I didn't think of that before!" he exclaimed, getting up and pacing the narrow confines of his house of detention with impatient steps. He looked from his port and could see the lights of the black steamer shining as serenely as if villainy were unknown on all the seas. The minutes dragged along into the likeness of hours, and yet no Marsh. To be sure, Stebbins had come noiselessly and gone again mysteriously, taking his newly fashioned implements with him. "Where are you going, Jay?" Brill asked mildly. In his present humiliation he seemed the man, the youth, the master. "To Mr. Marsh's room, sir," replied Aristides. "I believe I'm to do a little work for him there."

Before long Marsh himself came bustling in, chuckling with suppressed glee. "There's the devil to pay over the precious gang's inability to get into the specie room," he announced. "Benedict showed his hand. I saw him, and he's lost all his nonchalance. While they're drilling the steel door, they're trying to gain time by unloading the cargo from the forward hold. They're dumping some of it overboard." "Did you see anything of the Jennison?" asked Brill. "Oh, yes. The old man's watching every move," returned the exasperated fellow. "Now I'll see how strong I am as a tempter." Marsh went outside the door, and Brill knew from the immediate cessa-



Silently They Left the Cabin. tion of his footsteps that he remained close at hand. In a few minutes he was in the room again, a look of great complacency illuminating his round face. "Easy," he proclaimed. "Didn't cost much more than the tip he'd have expected at the end of the voyage. He's a conscientious duck. He's not to let you go. You're simply to walk by when his back is turned. It's turned now, so come on. Thurston mustn't be kept waiting. Waiting long enough already." "Thurston? You still believe you'll find him?" "I do," was the earnest reply. "The jig's up if we don't." "You won't find him. I'm certain of it. I'll lay you a good dinner at the Carleton for the Jennisons and ourselves that you don't." "And Stebbins?" "Yes, and Stebbins." "Done!" cried Marsh. "But if you win the Jennisons may not be able to accept my invitation." "Oh, I don't know about that," returned Brill, smiling so significantly that his friend was puzzled. But he returned to the urgent matter in hand. "Come on," he said tensely. "The campaign is about to get to business." Silently they left the cabin, passed the British back of the steward-jailer, who seemed as motionless as a lay figure, and crossed to Marsh's room without encountering any one. After a final consultation as to the details of their next move Stebbins assured the others that he was ready to begin operations at an instant's notice. "I've oiled this lock so there'll be no noise," he informed them. "Of all the thoughtful young men!" cried Marsh admiringly. "Now you two just sit here a bit while I go out to reconnoiter. When you hear a whistle like this—he sounded two soft notes like a seamew's pipe—"you, Stebbins, set to work like the very devil. You, Overton, will know what to do. I'm off. Here's luck to the scheme." Brill's heart glowed toward this hearty, sincere and altogether fascinating fellow who had taken so much upon himself for friendship's sake. Whatever the result of this night's work, he made a vow that he would never lose sight of Marsh again and that if the stout man of commerce wished to give up his joggling around the world something else would be provided for him near the house of Brill.

[To be continued.] Constantinople's Great Church. The mosque of Sancta Sophia, Constantinople, stands as the world's greatest monument of Christian architecture. Professor Paparrigopoulos, the Greek historian, whose estimate is regarded as the most careful ever made, reckons the cost of ground, material, labor, ornaments and church utensils at about \$64,000,000. The common estimate of the cost of St. Peter's in Rome was something less than \$48,000,000, says the Geographic Magazine. No other Christian church has at all approached Sancta Sophia in the variety and priceless value of its marbles, in the prodigal employment of gold, silver and precious stones, and in the number and value of its sacred vessels. The expenditure for Sancta Sophia was doubtless greater than for any other sanctuary ever reared by any people to the glory of God.

A Minute or Two With the Funny Man

Law as She is Worked. Prison Visitor—What terrible crime has this man committed? Jailer—He has done nothing. He merely happened to be passing when Tough Jim tried to kill a man, and he is held as a witness. "Where is Tough Jim?" "He is out on bail."—New York Weekly.

It's Being Heard Every Day. "And what," asked the curiously inclined new arrival, "is the remark made by human beings that moves you oftenest to hearty laughter?" Satan answered promptly. "It's the stereotyped remark of the debtor, 'Oh, if I ever get out of debt this time I'll never get in again!'"—Judge.

Dry. Romantic Old Maid—Tell me, have you ever picked up any bottles on the beach? Boatman—Werry often, miss. Romantic Old Maid—And have you found anything in them? Boatman—Not a blessed drop, miss!—London Punch.

Very Slow. "Yes," said the young lady, "I spent the entire evening telling him that he had a terrible reputation for kissing girls against their will." "And what did he do?" "He sat there like a boob and denied it."—Kansas City Journal.

As Usual. "I have an engagement to meet my husband and I'm an hour late. It has got me all flustered. It is annoying to be late." "It is so. I'd lecture him good for it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Her Idea. "The actress who is playing the role of the laundry maid is entirely too realistic." "How is she?" "Don't you see how she mangles her part?"—Baltimore American.

His Temper. "My dear," said a lady to her husband, "there must be a lot of iron in your system." "Why do you think so?" "Because you invariably lose your temper when you get hot!"

Foot Notes. "Here's a fellow," said the answer to correspondents editor, "who wants to know what musical instrument produces foot notes." "Tell him a shoe horn," suggested the sporting editor.—Judge.

When She Begins. Dobbs—Does your wife ever go to the club for you when you are out late? Bobbs—No, but she goes for me when I get home.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Continuous Performance. "That kid of mine is practically automatic." "What do you mean?" "First he gets his face dirty; then he cries, and that washes it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Different Matter. He—They say that she is engaged to Bell. She—I thought that she detested noisy people. He—Oh, but she likes his ring!—California Pelican.

The Explanation. Fred—There seems to be a lot more fuss made of Miss A.'s singing than Miss K.'s, and I am sure Miss K. has by far the richer voice. Jack—Ah, yes, but Miss A. has by far the richer father.

Expressive. "Don't you think that head waiter has expressive features?" "I do. To me his face looks exactly like a dollar mark."—Birmingham Age Herald.

Up In the Air. "Which would you rather be—chauffeur or an aviator?" "Well, the latter is the higher position."—Boston Transcript.

Making Two One. He—Will you share my lot? She—Yes, when you have a house on it that is paid for.—Exchange.