

# 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 is accused of theft and is ordered to remain in his cabin a prisoner. The jailer is bribed, and Brill goes to Marsh's room, from which it is intended to reach the room of mystery. Marsh goes to reconnoiter.

## The Mystery Solved.

IN the midst of Brill's grateful resolutions came a gentle tap upon the cabin door. Stebbins started up from his caressing of the bits of wire and the slender steel rod in his hands and looked at his patron for instructions. Brill signed to him to open the door. It might be the corrupted jailer, he thought. At any rate, it was best not to show himself. Aristides performed his duty with great caution. In an instant he turned and said in an eloquent whisper: "Miss Jennison, sir." Brill's heart seemed to rise and energe his throat. What evil circumstance had brought the girl to the cabin at such a time as this? The girl came into the cabin, her eyes filled with something that spoke of trouble and with a very manifest flush on her fair cheeks. Brill saw the two emotions and hardly knew which to consider first. But Marion Jennison left him no time for speculation. "I went to your room—there was no time to send," she said in little, nervous phrases, "and when I rapped—

steward told me you were here—with Mr. Marsh." Brill made a mental note that this prince of jailers should find himself suddenly enriched at the end of the voyage. "You wished me to keep you informed of everything new," she continued. "Well, father told me some time ago to be ready to go aboard the Czarovitch at a moment's notice." "Tonight?" cried the young man, clutching the back of a chair at the shock of this sudden turn of affairs for the worse. "Impossible!" The girl regarded him with eyes sadly calm. "It is necessary, he says," she went on, "in order that he may consult with the government representative and obtain his receipts as the gold arrives." "How soon do you expect to leave?" asked Brill, pacing the room. "A boat was being put in readiness when I came away." Truly, the plot was nearing its denouement. Brill could not admit its diabolical ingenuity. What was to be done? He longed for Marsh with his clever resources and had determined to send Stebbins to find him, when a new expression—half terror, half regret—on Marion's face made him forget his intent. "Isn't the steamer coming to a stop?" she whispered, grasping the sleeve of Brill's coat with an adorably unconscious gesture that asked, he fancied, for protection. He stood silent for a minute. Yes, the monster was quivering less than ordinarily, and he had an instinctive knowledge that its speed was lessening. The moment of parting had come. The girl held out her hand to rest in his for the last time. As he took it his soul rushed to hers in the warm clasp, and he knew that she must not, could not, go until he had revealed his heart and sought to find the future. Yet with the perversity of love he must needs begin in roundabout fashion. "Miss Jennison," he said earnestly, "your father is going on a mission that promises danger. Do you think that you—" "I think nothing, except that if there is to be peril I should be with him," she replied, raising pathetic eyes to his. He released her hand in the excitement of a great inspiration. Why not go with her and her father as a volunteer? With Stebbins and perhaps Marsh, right might yet triumph over evil. "Besides, Mr. Benedict has agreed to accompany my father," the girl went on. Benedict? It was no part of the scoundrel's plan, then, to drop his mask of friendship. He was going along with the gold and its guardians in the guise of a self-sacrificing friend, and with his consummate cleverness it was quite likely that he would strengthen his hold upon the Jennisons' confidence until long after his crime was accomplished. The hour of the Mexican's triumph seemed about to strike. The girl moved toward the door. "One moment, Miss Jennison!" he cried. Yes, he would go too. His hand was on the doorknob when the realization that he was a prisoner, accused of a felony, rushed across his mind. He could see the sneer with which Benedict would greet the announcement that he (Overton Brill) proposed to become one of the party with the gold. Again Marion Jennison held out her hand and smiled pathetically. "Goodby, Mr. Brill," she said. He clasped her hand tightly and gazed intently into her eyes. "Miss Jennison," he exclaimed, with all the earnestness he could put into words, "give me a few moments. There are some things I must explain." "I am very sorry," she replied, "but they will be searching for me if I do not rejoin my father. And he knew where I was going," she added. Brill bowed and stood aside. She put a hand on the door, then turned and faced him. No lover could have resisted the appeal her look made to him, and Brill was ready to seek Benedict and fight it out with him before them all. Another step and both would have crossed the threshold together when a sound came faintly to Brill's ears, a sound whose low, mourn-

ful, significant call froze him to the floor. It was the signal of Marsh, the two sad little notes of the seamew. One instant of irresolution and Brill sprang to the door, closed and locked it, taking out the key. "Jay," he cried in a strange, high pitched voice, "at work!" The youth seized his paraphernalia of wires and steel bars and threw himself upon his knees before the door leading to the next cabin. Then the man turned to the woman. "Forgive me, Miss Jennison," he said in a low voice, "forgive me if I seem brutal, but there is no other way. In a few moments I believe we shall know the truth." Marion made no reply, but stared at the kneeling figure of Stebbins as he worked with marvelous deftness and speed at the door. Already the lock had yielded, and Aristides, inserting his thin, pointed, powerful bar of steel, caught the bolt and pried it back. A moment more and he had rushed into the adjoining empty cabin and begun in like manner upon the next stateroom beyond. Brill heard the soft rasping of his master key as he moved it this way and that to catch the tumblers within the lock. He turned again to Marion Jennison. "To leave this ship would be ruin or death to your father and perhaps worse than death to you," he declared solemnly. "Within a few feet of us, I hope, is a man—a prisoner—whose release will prevent this crime." "But my father and—the others will be hunting for me. They may—" "I cannot let you go," was the firm reply.

The girl's lips trembled, and her face grew white and drawn. Brill knew he must leave her, for already Stebbins was at work on the bolt in the next room. He held out his hands imploringly. "Trust me, dear," he said fervently, "for I love and honor you above all the world. I feel that—" The steel bar rang sharply as it fell on the floor, and a moment later Marion Jennison was alone. She heard the bolt in the door that Brill closed upon her slide into place with a snap. It was well for her peace that she could not see into the adjoining room. As Brill entered it the door before which Stebbins was kneeling was suddenly opened from within, and a heavy featured Mexican, with a deep scar on his forehead, leveled a revolver at Stebbins. In the tense, thrilling instant that all three remained motionless Brill decided his course of action. Evidently Marsh had not lured away all the guardians of the mysterious cabin, as he had hoped. There must be no shooting. The pressure of a trigger might completely turn the tide of events at the very flood of success. There was another way, and he took it. "Stebbins," he said sharply, "what do you mean by this nonsense? I've warned you for the last time." A slight uplifting of the shoulders might have been noted from the figure on his knees before the pistol, but no word. "I trust you'll pardon my valet, sir. He's a trifle touched," said Brill carelessly, tapping his forehead, "over an invention of his for preventing burglaries and is always experimenting with locks. He supposed your room vacant." The evil browed fellow muttered something in Spanish. He evidently understood, for his finger left the trigger, although he still held the revolver pointed at Aristides. Brill saw that his ruse had succeeded. "Now, Stebbins," he commanded sternly, "pick up that truck and fling it into the sea through the port hole." Jay obediently began to gather up his twisted wires, and his patron thanked God for the intelligence that had comprehended the trick and had kept silence. "Here, throw this out too." As Brill spoke he took a step toward the man in the doorway and, bending down,

picked up the steel bar from the floor. When he rose it was as if he were a part of some machine. His arm straightened out, and the bar flew up with it and struck the man a terrific blow on the wrist. A howl of pain came from the Mexican as the revolver flew to the ceiling, struck it and clattered back to the floor, but without discharge. With the ferocity of a panther Brill was upon the fellow and bore him struggling to the floor, a grip of iron upon his throat. Little by little the captive was choked into submission. Brill looked for Stebbins. There stood his rustic servitor with some pieces of rope that he had drawn from beneath his coat. "By Jove, you certainly do think of things, Jay!" cried his master admiringly. "Now help me tie this—carcass." When the Mexican was firmly bound and lay motionless on the floor his vanquishers went cautiously into the room from which he had come. They were to take no chances of an ambush, as Brill whispered to his valet. No human being was visible. Brill stepped to one of the berths and peered in. A recumbent figure was stretched upon the mattress. The first sight of it almost stopped the blood in his veins, the second set his heart pumping furiously, yet he remained calm. "A knife, Jay," he commanded softly. Stebbins whipped it from his pocket.



The Gaunt Figure Stiffened, and the Thin Legs Came Down Over the Edge of the Berth.

et in an instant, and Brill began cutting at the ropes that bound the man in the berth. In the midst of the work came a knock, followed by the seamew call. Stebbins opened the door, and Marsh entered. His keen eyes noted at once the strangeness of Brill's attitude, and he crossed to the berth and looked in. His face paled, and his expressive lips twitched violently. "The devil!" was all he could find words to say. "I told you it wasn't Thurston," observed Brill, with a faint smile. "The dinner is on me," exclaimed Marsh jubilantly. "It's worth one for the whole ship's company. He's coming to. Give him a few drops of this." He drew a tiny blue bottle from his pocket, and Brill, raising the head of the man on the bed, forced some of the liquid between his bloodless lips. Marsh looked again and gasped.

"Good Lord! How much they look alike! Such things do happen, then, outside the story books." In a few moments the man in the berth sat up weakly and passed a thin hand across his eyes. Then he looked from one to the other of his rescuers in dazed fashion. "Have—have we reached port?" he stammered. Brill shook his head. "We are still at sea," he said gently. "And—and the gold?" "It is safe." "Thank God!" The fervor of the exclamation overcame him, and he sank back upon the bed. "Great Scott!" ejaculated Marsh. "He's going off again. We can't permit it. We must have him on his feet at once or the game is lost." Again he applied the old little bottle to the man's lips. "Take some more cordial," he urged. "It's harmless, and it'll put anything but a dead man on his feet." The powerful stimulant did its work well, and the slow rising of color in the ashen face showed that the engine of the heart was responding to the generous fuel. The man arose again, this time with decision. "I suppose you're amazed," he said. "The—the other is—my twin brother. He—" "Excuse me, captain, but we'd better not stop for explanations," interrupted Marsh. The officer's eyes brightened. Evidently he knew something of the plans he must defeat. "It's nearly dawn," continued Marsh, glancing from a porthole. "They'll begin to ship the gold soon." The gaunt figure stiffened, and the thin legs came down over the edge of the berth unsteadily and touched the floor. The two held him up, and he took a few tentative steps, gaining strength rapidly. "I've been inactive so long," he said, with a wan, apologetic smile. "But, by God, gentlemen," he cried, "I'm good enough to take command of my own ship and put an end to this rascality."

At this moment the sound of violent knocking and loud voices in the corridor came to their ears. It means the search for Marion Jennison. Marsh opened the door to the passageway and stepped out, and Brill was about to follow him, when Stebbins touched his arm and pointed to the open door of the adjoining room, in which lay the fettered figure of the Mexican guard. It was the better way, and Brill hurried to the imprisoned girl. Rapidly he told the story, while she looked at him with flashing eyes. "You will wish to return to your own room," he concluded. "Aristides here will be your escort." He took the fingers she extended and pressed them tightly. "Not 'goodby' this time," he exclaimed jubilantly, and the knowledge that she blushed glorified the day that was rushing up from the edge of the sea with pink and gold outriders. On the way back to the cabin that had been the captain's prison, Brill saw that two stewards were carrying away the limp form of the Mexican with no very gentle grasp. A change had evidently come over the spirit of the deep. He found Marsh and Andrew Jennison together, and the latter, his face glowing with excitement, rushed forward and grasped his hand and shook it so vigorously that Brill wondered if Marsh had not been treating him to some of his wonderful vest pocket elixir. The officer was not visible. "Where's Captain Humphries?" asked Brill. "Guess he thinks a watch on deck about due him," returned Marsh. [To be concluded.]

## Comparisons.

Big Man—You're a little scoundrel, sir! Little Man—Why brag of your size, sir?—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Enough to Make Anybody Laugh

**Man's Ingratitude.** "My employers played me a rather heartless trick," remarked the man who is always kicking. "Why, I thought they had increased your compensation." "Yes. But they increased it just enough to compel me to keep books and employ an expert accountant to figure out my income tax."—Washington Star.

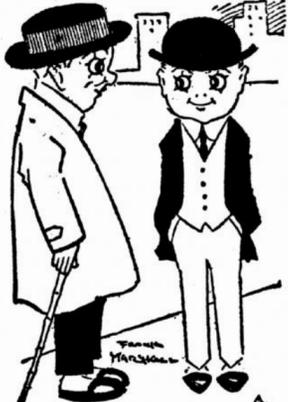
**Nearly Caught Him.** Mrs. Bacon—Where were you last night, John? Mr. Bacon (in alarm)—Why, dear? "I heard you talking in your sleep." "You did? What did I say, dear?" "You said somebody had 'cleaned you up good,' that's what you said." "Oh, yes; I was down to a Turkish bath, dear."—Yonkers Statesman.

**Cruel Advice.** "Miss Oldgirl, would you like me to borrow Brother Jack's parrot to keep in your room?" "Why should I borrow your brother's parrot?" "Because I heard him say the language that bird uses would make your hair curl."—Baltimore American.

**The Nearest He Ever Came to It.** "Colonel," she asked, "have you ever been up in a balloon?" "No," he answered, "but I got to talking over to a Boston lady once, and she had me away up in the air inside of two minutes."—Exchange.

**Reaching a Conclusion.** "I imagine from your speech that you are a taxidermist." "What makes you think so?" "Principally because you tell me I am as wise as an owl and then try to stuff me."—Exchange.

## A Safe Guess.



"I saw Hickey going into the chiroprapist's this morning." "There must be something serious on foot."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## Reduced.

"Old Juggeworth died at an advanced age, didn't he?" "On the contrary, he died at a greatly reduced age. He was really twenty years older than he said he was."—Chicago News.

## The Tripping Tongue.

"Henry Peck, you're a fool!" "You didn't seem to think so when I was single." "No, you never showed what a big fool you were until you married me."—Exchange.

## Starting Something.

"Say, d'yer see me fists and me strong right arm? Well, I'd just as leave start something as not!" "All right. What will you charge an hour for cranking automobiles?"—Exchange.

## Easier.

"After I wash my face I look in the mirror to see if it's clean," confided little Doris. "Don't you?" "Don't have to. I look at the towel," joyfully rejoined Willie.—Browning's Magazine.

## Hopeful.

Tonsorial Artist—And what will you have on your face when I finish shaving you? Optimistic Stude—Oh, probably both lips and part of my nose.—Cornell Widow.

## Pretty Thin.

"Thin!" replied the man who was talking about a mutual acquaintance "Well, he's so thin that when he eat macaroni he can only swallow it on piece at a time!"—Pittsburgh Press.

## The One Exception.

Mrs. Flubbub—You have never done anything really clever in your whole life. Mr. Flubbub—You seem to forget, my dear, that I married you.—Judge.

## His Left.

"Did he waive his right?" "No. He shook his left fist in my face."—New York Press.

## The Remaker.

Friend—Whose make is your machine? Autolist—The repairer's, mostly.—Boston Transcript.

## Defined.

"Harold says he worships me." "A mere 'idol' remark."—Baltimore American.

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