

"A Man of Mark"

A Romance of a Bank's Gold and a Beautiful Prima Donna

By ANTHONY HOPE

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Martin, an American twenty-six years old, goes to the republic of Aureatland, on the coast of South America, to investigate the disappearance of \$500,000 from the bank of the republic, Marcus W. Whittingham, a native of Virginia, secretary and treasurer of the bank, who had disappeared in 1912...

realtain was very hard up. I suppose somebody had some money, but the Government had none; in consequence the Government employees had none, the officials had none, the President had none, and, finally, I had none. The bank had a little—of other people's, of course—but I was quite prepared for a "run" on any day, as I had directed the bank to employ a remittance in cash, for our notes were at a discount humiliating to contemplate. Political strife ran high. I dropped into the House of Assembly one afternoon toward the end of May, and, looking down from the gallery, saw the Colonel in the full tide of wrathful declamation. He was demanding of the miserable Don Antonio when the army was to be paid.

The latter sat cowering under his scorn, and would, I verily believe, have bolted out of the House had he not been nailed to his seat by the cold eye of the President, who was looking on from his box. The Minister on rising had nothing to urge but vague promises of speedy payment; but he utterly lacked the confident effrontery of his chief, and nobody was deceived by his weak protestations.

I left the House in a considerable uproar, and stroled on to the house of a friend of mine, Mme. Devarges, the widow of a French gentleman, who had cured his way to Whittingham from New Caledonia. Politicians demanded the assumption that he had found his way to New Caledonia owing to political troubles, but the usual excuse of a great and noble date and circumstances of his patriotic sacrifice.

Madame sometimes considered it necessary to bore herself and others with denunciations of the various tyrants or would-be tyrants of France; but, apart from this pious offering on the shrine of her husband's reputation, she was a bright and pleasant little woman.

I found assembled round her tea-table a merry party, including Donna Antonia, unimpaired of her father's fortune, who was a young Englishman, what they called a "cader" of a good family, shipped off with a couple of thousand pounds to make his fortune.

Land, body, and estate, if they were to be sold, would not fetch more than a few hundred pounds. Recently he had blossomed forth as a keen constitutionalist, and held a seat in the Assembly in the name of the honest man in Aureatland. I speak, of course, of the place as I found it. He was a young Englishman, what they called a "cader" of a good family, shipped off with a couple of thousand pounds to make his fortune.

"Hullo, Johnny! Why not at the House?" said I to him. "You'll want every vote to-night. Be off and help the Ministry, and I'll be with you. They're eating up the Minister of Finance."

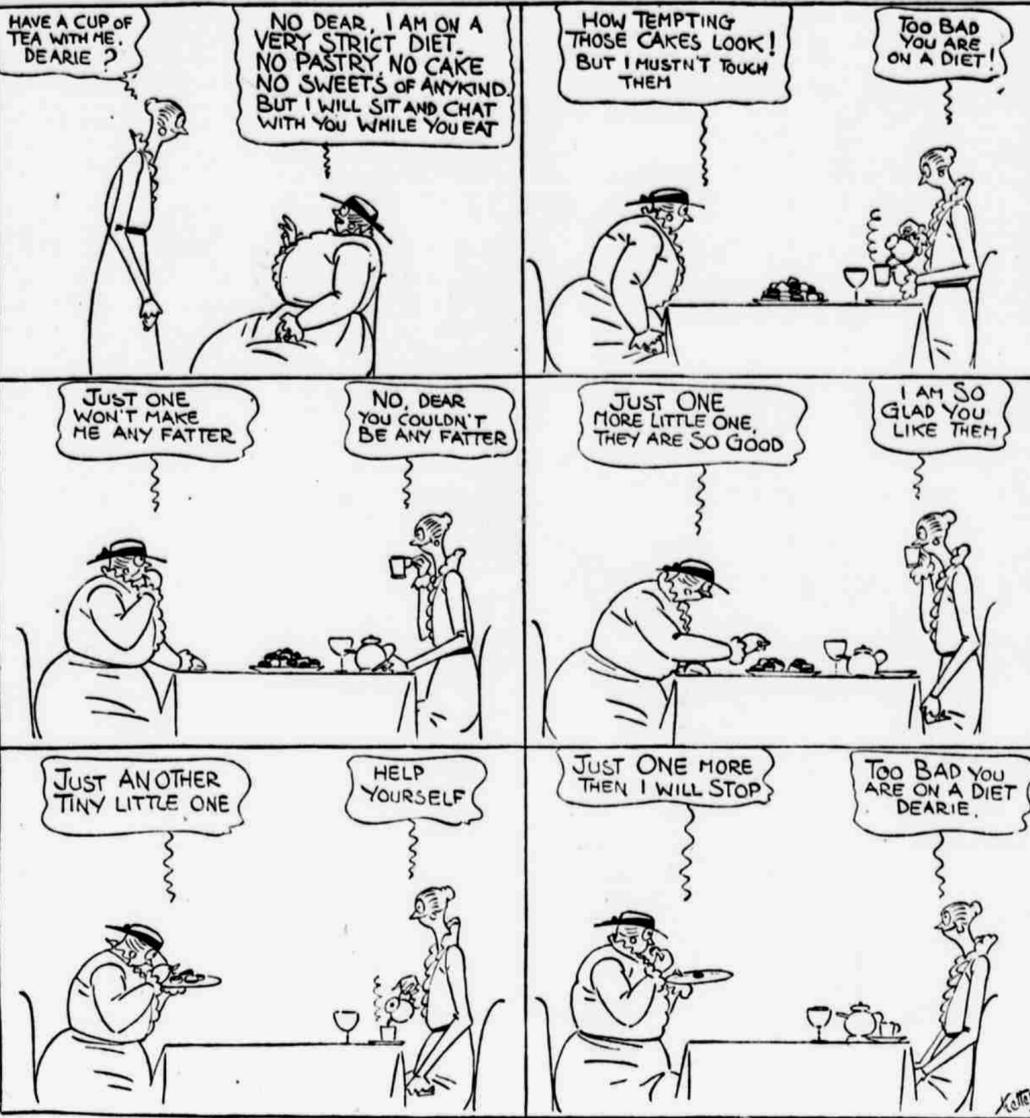
"All right! I'm going as soon as I can. And another muffin," said Johnny. "But what's the matter about it?" "Well, they want their money," I replied; "and Don Antonio won't give it them. Hence bad feeling."

"I hope you have enjoyed yourself in the conservatory," she said, maliciously. "We were talking business, Donna Antonia," I replied. "Ah, business! I hear of nothing but business. The President goes down to the country and burying himself alive to work out some great scheme of business!"

Such Is Life

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By Maurice Ketten



for a moment I thought I might do better to tear myself free from my chains, and turn to the refuge opened to me. But I could not do this; and, thinking it would be rather mean to take advantage of her interest in me only to use it for my own purposes, I yielded to conscience and said: "Donna Antonia, I will be straight-forward with you. You can only help me if I accept your guidance; I can't do that. I am too deep in it."

"Yes, you are deep in it and eager to be deeper," she said. "Well, so be it. If that is so I cannot help you." "Thank you for your kind attempt," said I. "I shall very likely be sorry some day that I repulse it. I shall always be glad to remember that you made it."

"We have ruined you amongst us," she said to me. "I am not a man of your kind," she said to me. "I am not a man of your kind," she said to me. "I am not a man of your kind," she said to me.

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and began to turn over the pile of letters and messages which he had put on my desk; they dated back two years; this surprised me, and I said: "Father, behindhand, aren't you, Jones?"

"Yes, sir; rather. Fact is, I've done 'em before, but as you've never intimated 'em, I thought I ought to bring 'em to your notice."

"They're all there, sir, except, of course, the cable about the second loan," he repeated. "I was glad to be reminded of this, for of course I wished to remove that document before the bundle finally took its place among the archives. Indeed, I thought I had done so. But why had Jones removed it? Surely Jones was not as skeptical as that. Unless I could add five thousand dollars to my ten thousand before the end of the month, I should have to bolt!"

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STORY OF THE YOUNG MAN WITH THE CREAM TARTS— STORY OF THE PHYSICIAN AND THE SARATOGA TRUNK— THE ADVENTURE OF THE HANSON CAB— ALL ARE TOLD IN THE SUICIDE CLUB By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Read This Famous Tale of Mystery From the NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS

That no more interest would ever be his! "The devil!" I cried, leaping up. "What do you mean, man?" "The President," said he, calmly, "will, on the 31st instant, repudiate the national debt!"

"I had nothing left to say. I fell back in my chair and gazed at the Colonel, who was now employed in lighting a cigarette. At the same moment a sound of rapid wheels struck on my ear. Then I heard the sweet, clear voice I knew so well, saying: "I'll just disturb him for a moment."

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CHAPTER IV. Overtures from the Opposition

THE Signorina smiled again, but went on as if I hadn't spoken. "On the other hand, I can't disguise from myself that some of his measures are not wise."

"I said I had never been able to disguise it from myself. "The Colonel, of course, is of the same opinion," she continued. "About the debt, for instance, I believe your bank is interested in it!"

"No money of yours, no! But aren't you interested in it?" she persisted. "This was rather odd. Could she know anything?" "She drew nearer to me and, laying a hand lightly on my arm, said reproachfully: "Do you love people, and yet not trust them, Mr. Martin?"

"This was exactly my state of feeling toward the Signorina, but I could not say so. I was wondering how far I should be wise to trust her, and that depended largely on how far his excellency had seen fit to trust her with my secrets. I said finally: "Without disclosing other people's secrets, Signorina, I may admit that if anything has happened to my employers' opinion of my discretion would be severely shaken."

"Of your discretion," she said, laughing. "Thank you, Mr. Martin. And you wish that not to happen?" "I would take a good deal of pains to prevent it, if it were possible. "Not less willingly if your interest and mine coincided!"

"I was about to make a passionate reply when I heard the President's voice saying: "And where is our hostess? I should like to thank her before I go." "Hush," whispered the Signorina. "We must go through. You will be true to me, Mr. Martin?" "Call me Jack," said I idiotically. "Then you will be true, ah, Jack?" she said, smiling. "I'll be true to you, Mr. Martin."

"I hope you have enjoyed yourself in the conservatory," she said, maliciously. "We were talking business, Donna Antonia," I replied. "Ah, business! I hear of nothing but business. The President goes down to the country and burying himself alive to work out some great scheme of business!"

CHAPTER V. I appreciate the Situation.

THE flight of time brought no alleviation to the troubles of Aureatland. If an individual hardup is a pathetic sight, a nation hard up is an alarming spectacle; and Au-