

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 24, 1903.

## NEW THEATER AND AUDITORIUM AS PART OF AN ARTISTIC SUGGESTION

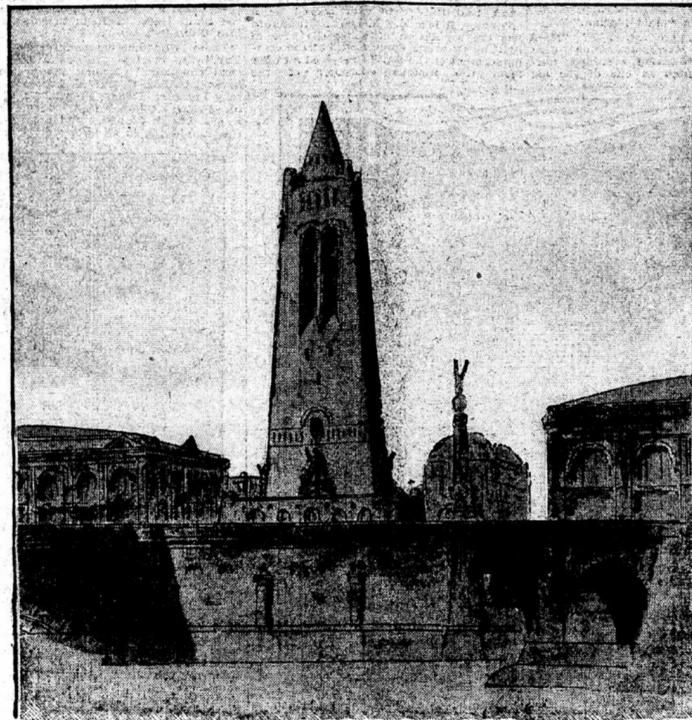
### L. S. Buffington of the Art Commission, Evolves an Elaborate Plan to Beautify the Lower Business District of the City

L. S. Buffington, member of the city art commission and architect of some of the most prominent buildings of Minneapolis, has evolved some architectural ideas which contemplate startling changes in the sky line of lower Hennepin and Nicollet avenues. By the co-operation of railroads and the city council he believes it would be possible to acquire the property abutting on the Bridge square junction of the avenues from the river up to First street, establish magnificent union depot facilities and replace the present structures with architecture of a striking design, set off by contrast with esplanades and columns commemorative of the city's growth.

Mr. Buffington's plan provides for two handsome depots on either side of Bridge square, of sufficient capacity to accommodate the city until its population should approximate a million.

Mr. Buffington also has his mind's eye on a river front park. He suggests that the river bank now occupied by the union station and the railroad yards be converted into an embankment and park, like that which borders the Thames in London. At the intersection of Hennepin and Nicollet avenues he would erect a tower of imposing design of sufficient height to be seen for a mile up or down the river, to commemorate the discoverers of St. Anthony Falls and the explorers of the Mississippi river. The architecture should be of French and Spanish designs to accord with the nationalities of the discoverers who opened the new world to civilized man. Surrounding the tower, he would have four groups of statuary, the one facing the river to be in memory of Father Hennepin, who named the falls.

Mr. Buffington would replace the old



PERSPECTIVE.

city hall with a column and esplanade, the column to commemorate the exploits of the early settlers and builders of the city before and as late as 1880, when the town began to put on metropolitan airs.

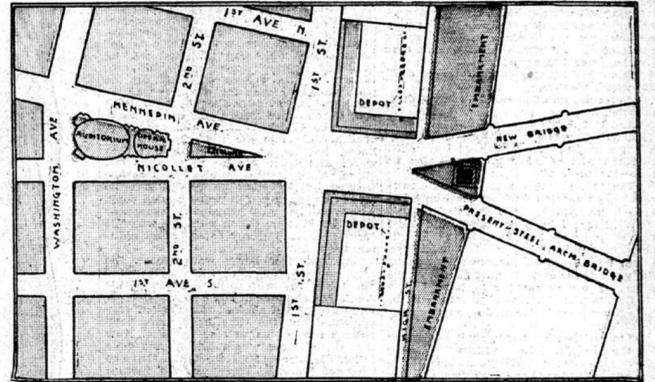
But these are only half of Mr. Buffington's plans which are drawn with a view not only to beautifying but also to reclaiming, in a commercial way, a section of the city fast falling into abandonment and decay.

The need having been felt for years of a large hall or auditorium and opera-house centrally located, and accessible by all street cars, he says that no city in the United States, if not the world, has a more suitable location for such a pur-

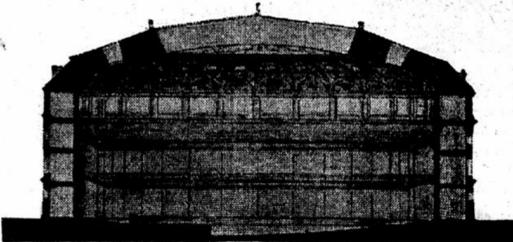
pose than the center blocks, bounded by Washington, Hennepin, Nicollet and Second street. This triangular block is to Minneapolis what the famous "flat iron" is to New York city.

The new auditorium which Mr. Buffington has in mind, would be 155x200 feet. It would be oval in form and would seat 5,000 people. The dimensions of the opera-house would be 80x120 feet, with a seating capacity of 1,800. Four broad streets would afford ample exits and entrances, two sides being for street cars, one for carriages and one for the stage.

The idea of erecting such a building at this point is not entirely new, but in view of the other proposed improvements it is of peculiar interest at this time.



PLAT OF STREETS.



SECTION.



AUDITORIUM.

OPERA HOUSE

COLUMN.

DEPOT

TOWER

BRIDGE.

## A Secret of the Sea

A MYSTERY STORY.

By MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

The House with the Courtyard.

"What are you going to do next?" asked the girl, looking from Lady Drayton to her father.

"Well," returned Sir Peter, "Waverley has been telling me about a drive that one ought to take. One goes out into the hills, and there's a view, and it's cool. It takes about three or four hours to go and come, but the day is young, and I don't see that we could spend our afternoon in any better way."

A bright rose-pink burnt on Eve's cheeks, and her eyes were stars. It seemed to her that fate was going out of its way to befriend her. She wisely kept her intentions to herself until the carriage was ordered for the drive, and then said that as her head ached a little (which was quite true) she would prefer to stay behind and rest. We can keep on these rooms," she suggested, "and I shall be quite safe and happy till you come back and pick me up." Of course there were objections, especially from Waverley, whose whole afternoon would be spoiled by Eve's absence; but her father was inclined to let the girl have her own way. She really did look feverish, he thought; and as she had behaved very well about his recall d'etat with Dick Knight, and had besides been satisfactory in her treatment of Lord Waverley, he did not see why she should not sleep instead of drive to-day if she chose.

They had lunched early, and by half-past two those who were going on the excursion had driven away from the hotel in an odd vehicle, protected from the sun with a white awning. Eve was left alone.

She went into the suite of rooms engaged for the afternoon, but she did not lie down. Being a very human girl she looked at herself in the mirror, altered a little straying curl or two on her forehead, arranged her big white gauze head, and what heaps they would have to say to each other, about past, present and future.

Presently, swinging her white sunshade carelessly, she strolled out through one of the long windows into the garden. There she looked anxiously about, but nobody was in sight, not even the Moorish servants, who with the deft speed of the genie in the "Arabian Nights," had already removed tables, rugs and chairs. As an excuse for being there Eve plucked a white rose and slipped it through her belt in case hidden eyes might be looking. Then she wandered under the olive trees, as if aimlessly, and—still without

having met any one—darted finally into the walled path which was a short cut to the town. Now everything depended upon Sidi Mahrez. If he had given up his mission in despair, or if he had grown weary of watching and dropped into a noontime nap, she would be helpless, for she could not possibly find the house of "Lola," H. M." Dick Knight's kind friend, without a guide.

She walked a little way down the stony path, growing more anxious with every step she took, when suddenly she heard a soft patter of naked feet behind her. She turned quickly, and saw the old bell dancer (carefully shorn of his bells now) almost at her shoulder. Evidently he had been hiding in the hotel garden, had seen her start, and followed as soon as it seemed prudent.

He made a sign which warned the girl to silence and caution when she opened her lips to try if he could understand a little French or English; and then, with a certain dramatic grace, made Eve comprehend by dumb show that they must not be seen walking together. He slipped ahead of her, in the narrow path, and indicated the distance which it was advisable to put between them. At last, still with swift and emphatic gesture, he assured the girl that she had only to keep him in sight from afar off, to be led in the desired direction.

After all, it appeared, they were not to go down to the town. The old black man wheeled round the first turn they reached and then began going up hill again. Apparently the house of Dick's friend lay above the town, like the hotel which Eve was leaving far behind.

This was the least busy time of the day in Tangier. It was the hour for rest and peace. It seemed to Eve that all the inhabitants who had crowded the narrow streets and the wide, bare market place must be asleep, for as she went on she met no one, not even a boy with a donkey. After a walk of perhaps half an hour the bell dancer—about fifty paces in front of Eve—stopped at a gate in a high white wall which surrounded a villa set in a garden. This must be "Lola's" house, then. The girl thought that it must be pretty, and her imagination began to picture a meeting with Dick in a romantic oriental garden or in a shaded room, sweet with roses.

The gateposts were inlaid with quaint tiles, yellow and blue, set into the glaring white plaster, and shining in the blaze of the African sun. Sidi Mahrez rang a jingling bell, and then motioning to Eve to approach, he moved away, stopping at a distance as if to make sure that she was admitted. She had stood waiting for a moment or two in a pool of blinding light, when the gate was thrown open, to show a cool vista of greenery under plane trees that made an arbor over the

straight path which led to the house. The person who opened the gate stood motionless behind it, keeping out of sight until Eve had stepped in. She had half hoped that Dick might have been watching for her to come, and that now he would appear from behind the gate and surprise her. But it was only a servant who closed it as she entered; not a picturesque Moorish servant like those she had seen at the hotel, but a little dark woman in European dress who looked like an Italian.

The girl's sole knowledge of the Italian language had been acquired from her music teacher, and therefore she addressed the woman in French:

"Madame, your mistress has invited me to come here this afternoon," announced Eve. "Will you kindly let me know that Miss Markham has arrived?"

The woman's only answer was a bow. She did not even smile, but having eyed the lovely English girl with a stolid, expressionless gaze, she turned to show the way to the house. Now that Eve came to see it, the garden in which she had pictured her meeting with Dick Knight was rather desolate and neglected, despite the grateful shade of the crowding trees. There was only one dilapidated seat to be seen, and she began to hope that, after all, "Lola" might give them a drawing-room to themselves.

The house was built partly in oriental fashion, for, entering a doorway, they crossed a large room or hall entirely unfurnished, and came out on the other side into a square courtyard, with a path of pink and yellow gravel running all round it, and a melancholy fountain, had seen her start, and followed as soon as it seemed prudent.

But no one was there; and to all save Eastern eyes the room must have seemed an odd one. In front of the window, which was raised on a sort of platform above the floor, rugs were spread; on them many beautifully embroidered cushions were piled. In an alcove were more cushions and more rugs, folded up. The window was divided into two spaces, both of which stood open, but the close iron bars on the outside, such as one sees in the windows of all harems in Morocco, looked as if made on purpose to prevent the occupants of the room from leaning out.

Eve sat down on the cushions in the window seat, and looked away towards the sea. From this window very little of the town was visible; only the wide expanse of water and sky. "Charmed, of desolate seas, in fairylands forlorn," she quoted to herself. And a sense of isolation and desolation settled down upon the girl. She wished that Dick's friend would come to welcome her, or better still, that Dick himself would appear. It seemed a shame to waste even a moment, when the time they two could have together was so precious; yet many, many moments were being deliberately wasted. By-and-by, it really began to appear very strange that she should be left alone so long.

The girl wore a little bracelet-watch on her wrist. She had not thought to glance at it when she first came into the house, but after she had sat so long in the room that she knew the pattern of embroidery and spangles on every cushion,

and had hurt her eyes by continued staring at the glittering sea she grew very impatient and restless, and remembered the watch. It was close upon four o'clock, and a hasty calculation told her that she must have been kept waiting more than half-an-hour. Perhaps she tried to console herself by arguing "Lola" was the kind of woman who took ages to dress herself, and never was ready for anything at the right time. Perhaps it would be considered a terrible thing in this country if she and Dick met without a chaperone. Lola's letter had made some suggestion about chaperoning her. Probably, this horrid delay would turn out to be something idiotic of that sort; but really it was too bad. It had seemed so providential that this chance of a glorious long afternoon with Dick had suddenly offered itself, when she had hoped at most to steal an hour away, with a frightful fuss to pay for it afterwards. And "Lola" could not possibly know that she had several hours to spare. It was most inconsiderate.

Poor little Eve's cheeks grew pinker and pinker with vexation, and nobody who had seen her fuming at the barred window would have dreamt of the pretty dimples which hid themselves for happier hours. She poked the cushions with her sunshade, and even pushed them viciously with the pointed toe of a small white shoe. She changed her place from right to left, she sighed, and frowned reproachfully at a softly tinted rug which hung like a curtain over the door. Finally, when it was ten minutes past four, she could stand the suspense no longer, but sprang up, and in no bell was visible, determined to go bravely in search of a servant, and demand that madame should be reminded of her guest's existence. She pulled aside the rug which hid the doorway, and she had just stepped into the hall, when to her surprise she was confronted by a closed door.

It must have been shut with precaution to make no noise, for she had not heard a sound, and had supposed that the door behind the curtain remained wide open. She tried it impatiently, but it would not yield; and for the first time a chill suspicion that something was wrong—very, very wrong—crept shiveringly through her veins.

Suddenly Eve was afraid, though even now she scarcely knew of what. There was some mistake; yes, of course, it could only be a mistake. It could not be possible that she had been deliberately locked into the room, and that she would be left there, when she had just stepped so loudly until her little white suede gloves protested against her violence by splashing the floor with the dust of her shoes.

Still nobody came; nobody answered. There was not a sound in the house. Eve's heart was beating heavily. She could hear the pounding of the blood in her ears, and the throbbing of the veins in her temples made her head ache. Was Lola a treacherous friend to Dick, after all? Did she love him herself, and had she hidden her jealousy under pretended kindness, like the tigress-women of whom one sometimes read in books? Had she set a trap for the girl whom Dick loved, and was she with him at this very moment, telling him that the girl would not come?

Eve began to be horribly frightened. Everything seemed so much more secret and mysterious in the east than in the newer countries that she knew. Anything might happen in a place like this. She pressed her trembling body against the door and called, "Dick—Dick—help!" at the top of her shrill voice. No answer came, save a hollow echo of her own voice, wandering like a sad little ghost through empty rooms.

The girl's knees shook under her, so that she could scarcely stand, but again and again she uttered her despairing cry. Again and again it was echoed, with no other following sound, except that the air seemed to the girl to be full of mysterious rustlings. She looked this way and that, half expecting to see a door in the wall open, and a jealous, tiger-woman spring out to stop her cries.

Once when Eve Markham had been a very little girl, a cruel nurse had locked her into a dark wardrobe built into the wall of an old-fashioned house. There she had been left for hours, until she had nearly died from fear of the imaginary horrors which her excited fancy had conjured up. Now she began to feel as she had felt then, as if she was stifling, dying. She ran to the barred windows and screamed for help until her voice broke, and she burst into a passion of self-pitying tears.

Out there on the blue sea the Lily Maid lay at anchor—the pretty white yacht which had been her home for weeks, and where she had been so happy with Dick. There was her dear little stateroom waiting for her, and the kindly, middle-aged maid who had been with her ever since she left school. Soon her dinner dress would be laid out, and her bath would be got ready; soothing warm water, scented with eau de Cologne, to rest her after the long, tiring day of sightseeing. Would she ever go on board the dear Lily Maid again? Would she ever see any of the people she loved, and who cared for her? Oh, where was Dick? How could he, how could he let such a horrible thing happen to a poor child like her? But, of course, it was not Dick's fault. Perhaps it was all a trick from beginning to end, and he was not even in Tangier.

Why, she asked herself desperately, should anyone in the world wish to steal her away from her father even if they could have found out enough to make up such a story as this which had trapped her? She thought of many things, and decided it was possible that she had been kidnapped for a ransom, as it might have been abroad that her father was a millionaire. It seemed too dreadful, too strange to be true, for, although one read of such affairs in the east or in far southern countries, they always happened to other people—the kind of other people one never knew but only read of in the newspapers.

She remembered how she had been warned to destroy the letter, and how she had given much if she had disregarded the warning, because if she had dropped the crumpled ball of paper in the hotel, it would be comparatively easy for her to trace her when she returned from the long drive and found that she had mysteriously disappeared. Suddenly she choked with the fear that her father might fancy she had run away to join Dick Knight. Oh, if he thought that he would not look for her at all in the town; he might never find her! The Lily Maid might sail away, and she would be left behind alone in this terrible place, at the mercy of cruel people who had tricked and imprisoned her here. She began to hope again that her father was a millionaire, and that she had been kidnapped with ransom as an object, for then word of some kind would be sent to her father, and, besides, they would not dare to murder her, because until she was redeemed she would be a valuable asset.

This idea was so cheering that Eve stopped crying, and looked at her watch. It was half-past five. Sir Peter and the others had expected to finish their drive and be back at the hotel by six. In half an hour more they would know that she was gone. Then—but who could tell what would happen then?

As the girl asked herself this question disconsolately she heard a sound at the door. It was being unlocked. She sprang

up, her heart thumping, her eyes on the portiere.

The drive occupied a rather longer time than Lord Waverley had told Sir Peter Markham it would take, and it was never more than six when their white-winged carriage drew up as close to the hotel as such vehicles could go. It was really Lady Drayton's fault that they were so late, for there was a quaint little inn hidden away among the hills, where it was amusing to stop for coffee or sherbet in the afternoon, and she had been anxious to show it to Sir Peter. Waverley had frowned at the proposal and touched his sister's foot disapprovingly, saying aloud that it was too bad to leave Miss Markham so long alone. But Lady Drayton had been sure that Eve would not mind, and the scenery was charming. Sir Peter found the excursion an anonymous private worry. Therefore they had gone to the inn, and had drunk sherbet in the afternoon, and when they arrived again at the hotel in Tangier Lady Drayton was planning to be particularly sweet with a view to disarming Eve.

The air, which had been burned up by the sun in the blazing May afternoon, was exquisitely cool now, and they expected to find Eve in the garden. Not seeing her there Lady Drayton peeped through one of the long French windows of the sitting room. Lord Waverley was standing under a tree close behind, waiting with an expectant face, and his sister smiled at him over her shoulder.

"No fair maiden here," she proclaimed. "Can it be that she has been sleeping all this time? I'll go and see."

She went through the sitting room to the bed room, where the green straw blinds were still down, making the room so dim that Lady Drayton had to go quite close to the mosquito netting draped before her to see that no slim white figure lay under the misty curtain. "Oh, the child must be in the garden, after all," she thought, and stopped for a re-fouling of pink and white from tiny chamomile bags which she kept in her pocket. Thus rejuvenated she sallied out to rejoin the men, who would, she supposed, by this time have found the missing girl and be ready to start for the yacht.

But Sir Peter and Waverley stood together, with an air of waiting. "Well, where's Eve?" inquired Eve's father.

When Lady Drayton announced that the girl was not indoors Sir Peter began to look serious. "I shall be extremely vexed if she has gone down into the town below," he said. "She ought to have known better."

but he was angry with his daughter. He and Waverley started immediately to walk down to the town, and the girl's father grumbled about the inconsiderateness of young persons who did not care whether people's dinners were spoiled or not. The idea in his mind was that the girl had gone on a little private shopping expedition among the bazaars, and had been unable to tear herself away. Of course she must be there, since in all Tangier there was no other place which would tempt a young English girl to wander about alone.

But the two men went from shop to shop, and nowhere were they rewarded by the sight of a slender little figure in white with a big gauze hat for a halo. At last when they had come to an end of Tangier's attractions they began to ask questions; but the shopkeepers, who remembered the beautiful blonde young lady from the morning, were certain that she had not passed this way since then. Now, at last, Sir Peter began to be anxious, and Waverley looked pale and miserable. He had not realized until now how wholly he was wrapped up in Eve Markham. They were on their way to apply to the police, and Waverley had suggested a visit to the English consul, whom he knew very well, when the bell dancer, Sidi Mahrez, suddenly appeared like a dark shadow, steering out of a dim, narrow street like a crack between two rows of little shops and houses.

At sight of him Waverley stopped, and beckoning from a shop door a merchant who could act as interpreter, he requested him to ask the old man if he had lately seen the young English lady for whom he had danced in the morning. Sidi Mahrez listened to him solemnly, his old eyes blinking; then gabbled rapidly to the interpreter for a moment.

"He says," the merchant translated, "that he met the young lady early in the afternoon, walking toward the market with an Englishman, who was also young. They were walking quickly as if they were in haste, and talking together with great eagerness."

"Tell him to describe the man," said Sir Peter, brusquely.

The shopkeeper put the question, but the bell dancer shook his head. "The lady was so beautiful that he had not looked long at her companion. He knew only that he was a young Englishman. And this Sidi Mahrez said with perfect gravity, looking straight into Sir Peter's face.

### CHAPTER XIII.

Dick Gives His Word.

Never had Dick Knight been in such a cul-de-sac of difficulty. He took the paper which the man Brown had brought to him, and sat with his stylographic pen hovering, ready to write out an answer to Sir Peter Markham's telegram. He knew that it was necessary to answer at once; he knew that some one was waiting to take that answer back to shore. But—what to say?

He could not even be certain that the message had really come from Sir Peter. The whole thing might be a trick, yet it would be well in writing to Tangier to take it for granted that Eve had actually disappeared, and try to put a clue into her father's hands. If he did attempt to do this, however, and Eve should suffer consequence of his disregard of the warning, he could never forgive himself. He felt physically ill with doubt and anxiety as at last he wrote: "She is certainly not here. Suspect plot, and that she has been kidnapped in Tangier." This message he finally sent off, and once more was left alone, with the woman's closely veiled again now, and ominously calm, as if she knew (and wished to assure him