

KARL GRIER

Continued from page 9

notion about the shark and then lose a leg, wasn't it?"

I managed to find words to thank my informant, whose name and address I obtained, though I was so agitated that he expressed his regret if he had harrowed my feelings with his recital. Luckily, he was discovered by a Liverpool merchant whom he knew, and we parted with a promise to meet in London.

CHAPTER XV.

The Other Woman

THOUGH I have seen many distressing sights in the course of a varied life, I have never felt so near sickness, so physically overcome, as amid that cheery, bustling, chattering crowd. Ridiculous as the notion was, I fancied that Karl, his father, Maggie and myself were *participes criminis*, sharers in the awful secret which led to that poor mangled body being carried to a mortuary. It is well enough now to smile at the shaken nerves which induced this shrinking, self-condemnatory frame of mind—it was real and terrible then.

Slinking, conscience-stricken, through the barrier, I saw a refreshment buffet. To this day I can recall the surprise of the barmaid when I grabbed a bottle of French brandy and poured out what she said was two shillings' worth, "warranted pure," which I drank neat.

"Well, I never!" she gasped.

"Nor I, hardly ever," I managed to say, for the ardent spirit reinvigorated me. And let me interpolate here, as a breathing-space in a thrilling moment, that it is a fine thing never to drink brandy when in good health; thus it becomes an invaluable tonic in physical suffering or mental depression.

Well, I hastened to the hotel, and as I expected, Karl was in a highly distressed state, and I was called on to deride in him the foolish conceit which had shaken my soul at the docks. His father's British phlegm was superb on this trying occasion. To him, Constantine was an admitted scoundrel, and a black one at that.

"Never heard such nonsense in my life!" he declared in the true "Confound it, sir! what d'ye mean?" manner of John Bull. "Of course, I am sorry this Armenian firebrand has taken his own life; but it is evident that if he did not face an eternal Judge he would soon be called on to face an earthly one. You talk about personal responsibility for the death of a madman, a loony who has visions and carries a long knife concealed on his person! What next, I wonder? My firm belief is that his untimely decease was a dispensation of Providence!"

You cannot argue with a man who describes such a tragedy as Constantine's as an "untimely decease." The phrase lent to our discussion a grim humor of which my excellent friend was sublimely unconscious.

And indeed, looking back in calmness to the tumultuous thoughts of that day, I have ever been thankful that his stolid good sense came to our aid. It must not be forgotten that Grier the elder had small experience of Karl's sixth sense. He was piling up money; and for what? To enable Karl to enter Parliament, marry well, and earn a peerage. I suspected that he was profoundly annoyed with me for seeming to encourage the exercise of the *telegonomic* sense, and it was a proud moment for me when, not long ago, he confessed his error and recanted his opinions.

However, he was a rock to which we clung for salvation during that storm-tossed afternoon in a Liverpool hotel, for we had barely resolved to take the next train to Oxford and London respectively than there came a telegram addressed to Karl.

He opened and read the message with a strange listlessness. "I was expecting something of the kind," he said, handing the slip of pink paper to his father. "I knew it had ended! I knew it on the landing-stage."

The telegram was from Maggie. It ran: Sympathize with you in dreadful event. We leave England to-night. Farewell.

"What does it mean?" I asked incredulously. "Why is she going so suddenly? How does she know anything about Constantine? What has ended?"

Karl turned aside and pretended to look out of the window. The soft-hearted fellow was ashamed to let us see the tears in his eyes.

I examined the telegram more closely. It had been a long time on the way, nearly an hour. It was despatched before anyone on the landing-stage (except three people, none of whom could communicate with her) had the least inkling of the Armenian's suicide.

Had Maggie too been a spellbound witness of that elfin spring into the river? And what was the significance of Karl's wearied cry: "I knew it had ended!"

I glanced at him again, but his head was bowed, his face hidden by his hands. Silence was best, just then.

I had no knowledge of the torture Karl had undergone until he turned toward me again, and I found a gravity in his face which had not been there before. Since that morning two little lines had developed between his eyebrows at the junction of nose and forehead. That is Nature's way of minting her crude gold—just a touch of the finger of experience, no matter if the agony be of soul or body, and there is no machine can stamp its token more indelibly.

"Maggie's message is her last word to me," he said. "She means that she will endeavor never to see or hear from me again."

Even his father was troubled by the marked restraint in his voice; but I felt that the mere effort of discussion would be helpful.

"That is a blank impossibility," I cried. "You two will find each other, whether you like it or not. You did so before, and you will do it again. The settlement is not in your hands, unless I err greatly."

"You do not understand," said Karl. "Perhaps you may meet her sometime. Please tell her what I have said. Let it rest at that."

"If you mean that all this tomfoolery is going to stop here and now, I am heartily glad of it!" broke in his father. "Had I been aware of what was going on, it would have been ended long since. Good gracious! What was this unfortunate fellow Constantine to us that we should bother our heads about him. I assure you, Karl, that the only thing which troubles me is the fear that this latter-day witchcraft of yours may be interfering with your work if not actually undermining your health."

But Karl's obvious wishes should be respected. I pretended to agree with his father. I used the customary platitudes anent his career and the necessity there was to endeavor in future to repress any manifestation of his sixth sense. And while I was talking, I saw the ghost of a sad smile flickering on Karl's lips, because he knew that I knew better. I laughed myself (ostensibly at some trivial remark by the elder Grier that there would be some sense in *telegnomy* if Karl could summon a waiter quickly by its exercise) when I thought of Hooper's scorn of the notion that a fellow shouldn't see through a brick wall if he had the power. I was sure that he would pounce on the suggestion as

"THE YELLOW PERIL"

COPIES of Will Grete's double-page picture in this issue, printed on heavy paper for framing or home-decoration purposes, will be mailed unfolded to any address on receipt of ten cents. The price is a nominal one, as we wish all our readers to have one of these reproductions. They are equal in every respect to the art-store prints that usually sell for \$1.00.

another instance of British disinclination to adopt new ideas.

We parted soon, and I regard it as not the least amazing feature of my really close association with Karl that I did not see him again in five years.

* That is the sort of queer prank the tides of existence will play occasionally with the flotsam and jetsam of humanity. The great highways of rail and ocean may be bringing the whole family of the globe into closer communion; but they have too the strange result of separating units in a way not dreamed of by our forefathers. Thus, when my wife and I were in the western States of America, Karl was in Germany, making the acquaintance of his mother's relatives and learning again the iron-clamped syllables which bind German thought in words which are whole phrases.

We came back to Europe to watch the upbringing of our own youngster, and we transferred bag and baggage to Heidelberg at the time chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Grier to establish themselves in a house in Curzon-st., Mayfair.

Of course we kept in touch by correspondence. Mrs. Grier and my wife sent each other family news; Grier gave me occasional "tips" which, by operation of that wonderful machine, the Stock Exchange, took money from some stranger's pocket and put it into mine, merely because one of us bought and the other sold stock which neither of us possessed.

Karl, beyond semi-humorous hints, said little about *telegnomy*. He kept me duly advised of his progress in the university. In May of the year following Constantine's death he obtained that much-sought document of little future value which set forth the degree of bachelor of arts.

He did not secure honors, and in this respect justified his father's fear that the adjectival sixth sense was anything but a help to him. The truth was that Karl, to whom scholastic work was too easy, was prone to dream away many an hour that might have been applied more profitably, from the "Ita testamur" point of view of the examiners.

He never alluded to Maggie in his letters, and his omission in this respect reminds me that I also have been slow in recording the one really interesting bit of news I learned from Hooper when I met him in New-York.

After Constantine's death, who do you think hunted up the whereabouts of the girl and her mother and brought back into their lives with redoubled poignancy the unhappy memory of a tragedy? None other than Constantine's solicitors! The unfortunate Armenian made a will in New-York leaving to Margaret Vane Hutchinson "all the real and personal estate" of which he died possessed. To account for this astounding bequest he stated that the said "Margaret Vane Hutchinson is the woman I intend to marry," a written testimony of his views which is all the more to his credit, seeing that Steindal's Mephistophelian method of securing the girl's submission contemplated no such honorable course. Indeed, I have thought better of the Armenian ever since I heard of that clause in the will.

Naturally, Constantine's Armenian and Levantine relatives were wroth. They would have liked to torture with hot irons the straightforward American secretary who found the will among his employer's papers and took care that it reached the hands of the trustees and solicitors to the estate. They wanted to contest it on various grounds—none creditable, it may be safely inferred, and had the matter been left to the girl herself she would have executed any legal transfer of the property to the disappointed crew without consideration.

Her mother, however, thought they had done enough already for Constantine's sake. Maggie, after a terrible scene in London the day we were in Liverpool,

obtained Mrs. Hutchinson's consent to the abrupt closing of a professional career and a departure forthwith to the Italian lakes, where they could live in economical retirement and Maggie might devote herself to painting.

The mother yielded because she feared for her daughter's reason. In sober earnest, the girl was nearly distraught, and was not in her right mind until they left England. But although adamant in her resolve to withdraw from the world (had Maggie been a Roman Catholic nothing could have kept her from entering some religious community), she rapidly recovered her normal good health and abounding good spirits. Hence Mrs. Hutchinson exercised her Scottish canniness when the solicitors ran them to earth, and it was proposed that her

DYSPEPSIA

CURED quickly and permanently by new German medical discovery. Sufferers from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Catarrh of the Stomach and all forms of stomach trouble should send for

Ronuma Pills 50 cents—Liquid Extract (for chronic cases) \$1.00

FREE TRIAL TREATMENT and booklet on "The Stomach" to any sufferer. Beck Chemical Co., Dept. X, 67-69 W. 125th St., New York.



STEWART'S DUPLIX SAFETY PINS

REGISTERED
TRADE MARK
CONSAPICO

THE GUARD

over the spring prevents tearing the cloth. The point fastens on either side, but can't slip through to stick you. Be on guard for safety-pin perfection. Send two 2c. stamps for sample card worth double the money.

In buying Safety Pins see that the card bears the name of

CONSOLIDATED SAFETY PIN CO.
BOX 157, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

CAPSHEAF

THE MODERN

SAFETY PIN

Will not Pull Out in Use

WILL NOT BEND
STIFF
STRONG
COILLESS

THE ONLY SAFETY PIN MADE THAT CANNOT CATCH IN THE FABRIC.

JUDSON PIN CO. MFGRS. ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Send Postal to 101 Franklin St. N. Y. City for FREE SAMPLES

4% Interest



We advertise our system of Banking by Mail because we believe that the aims and facilities of a financial institution should be set forth plainly before the general public.

Our booklet "Q" explains our plan in detail, and tells why we can safely pay 4 per cent. interest on deposits of any amount from \$1.00 to \$10,000.00. Send for it today.

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS AND TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, O.

ASSETS OVER FORTY MILLION DOLLARS

Does 5% Interest You?

IF SO, it will be to your advantage to write at once for particulars of the non-speculative investment offered by the Industrial. Let us show you the testimony of prominent clergymen, professional and business men all over the country, upon whose savings we are paying **5% PER YEAR**

Earnings commence the day your money is received and paid for every day left with us. Compounded semi-annually or remitted by check if preferred. Established twelve years. Under New York banking department supervision and regularly examined by same.

Assets \$1,750,000. Surplus and Profits \$150,000. Endorsements and full particulars upon request.

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO.
21 Times Bldg., Broadway, New York

