

AUDITOR'S REPORT

CITY OF BRIDGEPORT, AUDITOR'S OFFICE, Aug. 1st, 1909. Statement of Appropriations and Expenditures of the City of Bridgeport, Second District, for the month ending July 31st, 1909:

Table with columns: Appropriations for 1909-1910, Amt. Expended month of July, Previous month, Total expenses to date, Balance Unexpended. Rows include Advertising, printing and stationery, Ambulance and emergency, Appointments, board of, etc.

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The Man From Brodneys By GEORGE BARR M'GUTCHEON



"They have the keys!" he cried. "Shoot!" His rifle cracked a second later, and one of the two men leaped into the air and fell like a log.



"Under cover!" shouted Chase.

at the foot of the terrace. They stopped the shade of a clump of trees that hung upon the edge of the stream. As they were gravely discussing the events of the night Neenah came up to them from beyond the bridge.

unbreakable. Her face was lifted to his. The blackness of the passage was impenetrable, but love was the guide. He found her lips in one wild, glorious kiss.

A door creaked sharply. He released her. Their quivering arms fell away. They drew ever so slightly apart, still under the control of the influence which had held them for that brief moment.

"Then the glimmer of a light came to them through the half open door at the end of the passage. They gazed at it without comprehension, dumb in their sudden weakness. A shadowy figure came out through the door, and Selim's voice, low and tense, called to them.

"Excelsency," she began breathlessly. "It is Selim who would have private speech with the most gracious sahib. It is to be quick, excellency. Selim is under the ground, excellency."

"In the cellars?" "Yes, excellency. It is so dark there that one cannot see, but Neenah will lead you. Selim has sent me. But come now!"

Chase felt his ears burn when he turned to find a delicate, significant smile on Neenah's lips. "Don't let me detain you," she said, ever so politely.

"Wait, please!" he exclaimed. "Is Selim hurt?" he demanded of Neenah, who shook her head vigorously.

"Then there is no reason why you should not accompany us, princess." "I am not at all necessary to the undertaking," she said coldly, turning to leave him.

"Selim has found fuses and gunpowder laid in the cellars, excellency—the secret vaults," began Neenah eagerly, divining the cause of the white lady's hesitation.

"This astounding piece of news swept away the feeble barrier Geneva had erected in her plique. She consented to accompany Chase into the cellars, a spirit of adventure overcoming certain scruples which might have restrained her under other conditions.

Neenah led them through the wine cellars and down into the vaults beyond the dungeons. The princess clutched Chase's hand tightly as they stole through the bleak, chill corridor. She found herself wondering if the girl was to be trusted.

"Under cover!" she called to him. "The dungeon was off to the right. They could hear the insistent murmur of voices, with now and then a laugh from the distant cells. The guard could be heard scoffing at his charges.

With a caution that seemed wholly absurd to the two white people, Neenah guided them through the maze of narrow passages, dark as Erebus and chill as the grave. Chase checked a hysterical impulse to laugh aloud at the proceedings. It was like playing at a children's game.

He was walking between the two women, Neenah ahead, Geneva behind. Each clasped one of his hands. Suddenly he found himself experiencing an overpowering desire to exert the strength of his arm to draw the princess close—close to his insistent body. The touch of her flesh, the clutch of her cold little hand, filled him with the most exquisite sense of possession.

The magnetism of life changed from one to the other, striking fire to the blood. He was forgetting Neenah, forgetting himself, thinking only of the opportunity and his fascination. In another instant he would have drawn her hand to his lips.

Neenah came to a standstill and uttered a warning whisper. Chase recovered himself with a mighty start, a chill as of one avoiding an unseen peril sweeping over him. Geneva heard the sharp, painful intake of his breath and felt the sudden relaxation of his fingers. She was not puzzled.

She, too, had felt the magic of the touch, and her blood was surging red. She knew then that she had been clasping his hand with a fervor that was as unmistakable as it was shameful.

Neenah may have felt the magnetic current that coursed through these surcharged creatures. She was smiling mysteriously to herself.

"Wait here," she whispered to Chase, ever so softly. She released his hand and moved off in the blackness of the passage. "I will bring Selim," came back to them.

"Oh!" fell faintly, tremulously, from Geneva's lips. It was a trap, after all! But it was not the trap laid by a traitor. She fell all aquiver. Her heart fluttered violently; her breath came quickly. Alone with him, and their blood leaping to the touch that thrilled!

Chase could no more have restrained the hand that went out suddenly in quest of hers than he could have checked his own heart throbs. A wave of exquisite joy swept over him—the joy of a temptation that knew no fear, no conscience. He found her cold little hand and clasped it in tense fingers—fingers that throbbled with the heat of passion. He drew her close; their bodies touched and sweetly trembled.

"Are you afraid?" he whispered in tones he had never heard before. "Yes," she murmured convulsively—"of you! Please, please, don't!" At the same time she tightened her clutch upon his hand and crept closer to him, governed by an unconquerable craving. Chase had the sensation of smothering. He could not believe the senses which told him that she was responding to his appeal.

"Geneva!" he murmured, almost gasped, in his delirium. His arms went about her slender figure suddenly, and she was strangled to his breast, locked to him with bonds that seemed

CHAPTER XXI THE JOY OF TEMPTATION. HERB was but little sleep in the chateau that night. The charity ball was forgotten or, if recalled at all, only in connection with the thought of what it came so near to costing its promoters.

No further disturbances occurred. A strict watch was preserved; the picturesque drawbridge was lifted, and there were lights on the terrace and galleries; men slept within easy reach of their weapons. The siege had begun in earnest. Men had been slain, and their blood was crying out for vengeance; the voice of justice was lost in the clamorings of rage.

The princess was quite serene. She lightly announced that the present state of affairs was no worse than that which she was accustomed to at home. The court of Rapp-Thorberg was ever in a state of unrest, despite its outward suggestion of security. Outbreaks were common among the masses. Somehow they were suppressed before they grew large enough to be noticed by the wide world.

"We invariably come out on top," she philosophized. "And so shall we here. At home we always eat, drink and make merry, for tomorrow never comes."

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