

# The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

NEENAH.

"Selim's wife, Neenah, saved my life." It was the next morning, and Chase was next to Selim's bed in the breakfast room.

"She has a sister whose husband was one of the leaders in the attack. Neenah told Selim, and Selim told me. That's all. Days ago Selim and I reached the rope at the top of the cliff, anticipating just such an emergency as this and intending to use it if we could reach the chateau in no other way. I figured that we would cut off all other means of getting into your grounds."

"Neenah came up from the village ahead of the attacking party, out of breath and terribly frightened. We didn't waste a second, let me tell you. Grabbing up our guns, we got out through the rear and made a dash across the stable yard. It was near midnight. The servants, all of whom were up and ready to join in the fight, attempted to head us off. We had a merry little tussle, but we were just back of the stables. It was as dark as pitch, and I don't believe we hit anybody. But it was lively scrambling for a minute or two, let me tell you."

Depplingham's big blue eyes were fairly snapping. His wife put her hand on his shoulder with an impulse strange to her, and Geneva saw a light blaze in her eyes. "I hope you potted a few of 'em. Serve 'em jolly well right!"

"Selim says he stumbled over something that groaned as we were racing for the back road. I was looking out for Neenah." He glanced involuntarily from Lady Agnes to the princess, a touch of confusion suddenly assailing him. "Selim covered the retreat," he added hastily. "Instead of keeping the road we turned up the embankment and struck into the forest. Dropping down behind the bushes, we watched those devils from the town race pell-mell, howling and ranting down the chateau road. There must have been a hundred of 'em. Five minutes later the bungalow was afire. It was as bright as day, and I had no trouble in

finding my way back to the chateau. "They will dispose of us wholesale, not piecemeal," said the man in the crowd. Selim led the way, and I followed with Neenah. Hang it all, Browne, I didn't have time to save that case of cigars. I'm out nearly a hundred boxes."

"You might have saved the cigars if you hadn't been so occupied in saving the fair Neenah," said her ladyship, with a provoking smile.

"Alas, I thought of that also, but too late! Still, virtue was its own reward. Imagine my delight when we stopped to rest to have Neenah divide her own little store of Turkish cigarettes with me. We had a bubbly smoke up there in the wood."

"Selim, too?" asked Browne casually.

"Oh, no! Selim was exploring," said Chase easily.

"Neenah is very beautiful," ventured Lady Agnes.

"She is exquisite," replied Chase, with the utmost care. "Selim bought her last winter for a ten carat ruby and a pint of sapphires."

"That explains her overwhelming love for Selim," said the princess quietly. Chase looked into her eyes for a moment and smiled inwardly.

"We finally got to the edge of the cliff and unheeded the rope, which we already had fastened to the trunk of a tree. I was obliged to carry Neenah for the last quarter of a mile, poor little girl. She was tied to my back, leaving my throat and chest free, and down we came. Simplest thing in the world. Presto! Here am I with my happy family at my heels."

"Well, we can't sit here and dawdle all day," exclaimed Depplingham. "We must be moving about—arrange our batteries and all that, don't you know. We've got to save these devils off for two or three weeks at least, and we'll have to look sharp. Browne, that's the third cup of coffee you've had. Come along! This isn't Boston."

"As they left the breakfast room Chase stepped to Geneva's side and walked with her. At the foot of the stairs, where they were to part, she extended her hand, a bright smile in her eyes.

"You were and are very brave and good," she said. He withheld his hand, and she dropped hers, hurt and strangely vexed. "Don't you care for my approval, or do you?"

"You forget, princess, that my hands are still suffering from the bravery you would have," he said, holding them regularly behind his back.



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NEENAH.

"Oh, I remember!" she cried in quick comprehension. "They were cut and bruised by the rope. How thoughtless of me! What are you doing for them? Come, Mr. Chase, may I not dress them for you? I am capable—I am not afraid of wounds. We have had many of them in our family, and fatal ones too. She was eager now and earnest. He took her hand with a smile on his lips. "I thank you. They are better, much better, and they have been quite properly bandaged already."

"Neenah?"

"She replied gently. She seemed to search his mind with a quick, intense look into his eyes. Then she smiled and said, 'I'll promise not to bruise the wounds if you'll only be so good as to shake hands with me.'"

"He took her slender hand in his broad, white-sailed palm and pressed it fervently regardless of the pain which would have caused him to cringe if engaged in any other pursuit. There was no longer any doubt as to the intentions of the disappointed islanders. Von Blitz and Russia had convinced them that their cause was seriously jeopardized. They were made to see the necessity for permanently removing the white pretenders from their path."

Depplingham, on account of his one-time position in the British army, was chosen chief officer of the beleaguered "citadel." A strict espionage was set upon the native servants despite Ballo's assurances of loyalty. Lookouts were posted in the towers, and a ceaseless watch was to be kept day and night. Chase on his first visit to the west tower discovered a long unused searchlight of powerful dimensions. Fortunately for the besieged, the electric light plant was located in the chateau grounds and could not be tampered with from the outside. Brit was put in charge of the night patrol, Saunders the day. Selim under orders had severed the long rope with a single rifle shot. No one could hope to reach the chateau by way of the cliff.

Extra precautions were taken to guard the women from attacks from the inside. The window bars were locked securely, and heavy bolts were chained on the doors leading to the lower regions. It was now only too apparent that Skaggs and Wyckholme had wrought well in anticipation of a rebellion by the native shareholders.

"By nightfall Depplingham's forces were in full possession of every advantage that their position afforded. Chase came from his room, still stiff and sore, but with fresh white bandages on his blistered hands. He asked and received permission to light a cigarette and then dropped wearily into a seat near the princess, who sat upon the stone railing. Her trim, graceful figure was outlined against the darkness. A delicate, sensuous fragrance exhaled from her person, filling him with an indescribable delight and languor; the smell of her beauty was upon him, and he felt the heat of his blood.

"If I were you," he said at last, reluctant to despoil the picture, "I wouldn't sit up there. It would be a very simple matter for one of our friends to pick you off with a shot from below. Please let me pull up a chair for you."

"Dear officer of the day, do you think they are so foolish as to pick us off in parties? Not at all. They will dispose of us wholesale, not by the piece. By the way, has Neenah been made quite comfortable?"

"I believe so. She and Selim have the room beyond mine, thanks to Lady Depplingham."

"Agnes tells me that she is very interesting—quite like a princess out of a fairy book. You recall the princesses who were always being captured by ogres and evil princes and afterward satisfactorily rescued by those dear knights adroitly? Did Selim steal her in the beginning?"

"You forget the pot of sapphires and the big ruby."

"They say that princesses can be bought very cheaply."

"Depends entirely upon the quality of princess you desire. It's very much like buying rare gems or old paintings, I'd say. Speaking of princesses and ogres, has it occurred to you that you would bring a fortune in the market?"

"Mr. Chase?"

"You know, it's barely possible that you may be put in a matrimonial shop window if Von Blitz and his friends should capture you alive. Ever think of that?"

"Good heavens! You—why, what a horrible thing to say!"

"You won't bring as much in the market as you would in the matrimonial shop window. I dare say you could be sold for."

"Please, Mr. Chase, don't suggest anything so atrocious," she cried, something like terror in her voice.

"Neenah's father sold her for a handful of gems," said he, with distinct meaning in his voice. She was silent, and he went on after a moment. "Is there so much difference, after all, where one is sold, just so long as the price is satisfactory to all concerned?"

"You are very unkind, Mr. Chase," she said with quiet dignity. "I do not deserve your sarcasm."

"I humbly plead for forgiveness," he said, suddenly contrite. "It was beastly."

"American wit! I imagine you call it," she said scornfully. "I don't care to talk with you any longer."

"Won't you forgive me? I'm a poor brute—don't lash me. In two or three weeks I'll step down and out of your life; that will be penitently enough, don't you think?"

"For whom?" she asked in a voice so low that he could scarcely hear the words. Then she laughed frostily. "I do forgive, it is all that a prince or a princess is ever asked to do. I'm beginning to believe, I also forgive

you for coming into my life."

"If I had been a trifle more intelligent I should not have come into it at all," he said, the turned upon him quickly, staring at the remark.

"Is that the way you feel about it?" she asked sharply.

"You don't understand. A man of intelligence would never have kicked Prince Karl. As a matter of fact, in trying to kick Prince Karl out of your life I kicked myself into it. A very simple process, and yet scarcely intellectual. A jackass could have done as much."

"A jackass may kick at a king," she murmured calmly. "A cat may only look at him. But let us go back to realities. Do you mean to tell me that these wretches—would dare to sell me—as I mean—to the kind of slavery you mention?"

"Why not?" he asked soberly, kindling and coming quite close to her side. "You are beautiful. If they should take you alive it would be a very simple matter for any one of these men to purchase you from the market. You might as well be kept on this island for the rest of your days and the world would be none the wiser, or you could be sold into Persia or Arabia or Turkey. I am not surprised that you should. Von Blitz and his cohorts intend to destroy all of us. We are to disappear from the face of the earth. When our friends come to look for us we will have died from the plague and our bodies will have been burned, as they always are in Japan. There will be no one left to deny the story. Here tomorrow no ship is due to put in here for three weeks. They will see to it that none of us get out to that ship. It will be the ship's officers know of our peril. The vessel will be sent to sea with the plague and the absence of nearly all mail from the island. There won't be another boat for three weeks, and they won't land because of the plague. They will get word, however, that every one in the chateau has died of the disease and that scores of natives are dying every day."

"We'll decide to break away from the guard and try to get to the chateau. It was their intention to take some of us back to the bank this morning to open the vaults and the safes. That was to be our last act, I fancy. About 4 this morning a dozen of the women came up to where we were being held. They were flying from the town and ran into the arms of our guard before the news of their presence. It seems that those devils down their had set out to kill their women because it was known that one of them had warned Mr. Chase of his danger. During the excitement they were so busy that they didn't even notice our presence. They were not expecting it, and we had seized their rifles before they could recover from their surprise. I regret to say that we were obliged to kill a few of them in the row that followed. You let us in just in time. My word, it was a close shave."

"It's an ill wind that blows all evil," said Depplingham. "Mr. Bowles, you are welcome. We are a bit short of

ammunition. Their hands were so full of their rifles that they didn't even notice our presence. They were not expecting it, and we had seized their rifles before they could recover from their surprise. I regret to say that we were obliged to kill a few of them in the row that followed. You let us in just in time. My word, it was a close shave."

"My dear Browne, Bowles hadn't the ghost of a chance of coming in here," said Chase. "He can't buy 'em any longer with his Tommy Atkins coat. They've outgrown it, just as he has. It was splendid while it lasted, but they're no more afraid of it now than they are of a wasp. I wish there was some way to get him and his English assistants into the chateau. It's awful to think of what is coming to them sooner or later."

"Is there no way to help them?" groaned Depplingham.

"I'll never forget poor Bowles the first time I saw him in his dinky red jacket and that hoodlum cap of his," reflected Chase, as if he had not heard Depplingham's remark. "He put them on and tried to overawe the crowd that gathered when I was taken to the market place. He did his best, poor chap, and I—"

"Look!" exclaimed Britt suddenly, pointing toward one of the big gates in the upper end of the park. "I believe they're making an attempt to break through the gates."

The next instant the men in the balcony were leaving it pell-mell, picking up the ever ready rifles as they dashed off through the halls and out into the park. They kept themselves as well covered as possible by the boxed trees, although up to this time there had been no shooting.

Chase, in advance, suddenly gave vent to a loud cry and boldly dashed out into the open, disregarding all shelter. Two of the native patrol were hastening toward him from another direction. Outside the huge, barred gate a throng of men and women were congregated. Some of the men were vigorously slashing their swords at the heads of the crowd; the others slapped their legs stanchly.

The arrival of the refugees from Ararat gave the chateau a stanch little garrison of sixty men.

"For the time being we are as snug as bugs in a rug," said Depplingham when all was over. "Shall we retire to the ladies, gentlemen?" He was as calm as a May morning.

The three leaders found the ladies in the staid balcony, lounging lazily. Below them in the grassy courtyard a dozen indolent Persians were congregated, lying about in the shade with all the abandon of absolute security. One of the native patrol had been watching them for an hour, and was venting freely upon these creatures from another world. Neenah, the youngest and prettiest of them all, had waited kisses to the proud dames above. She had danced for their amusement.

Lady Agnes waved her hand lazily toward a group below, sending a mocking smile to Chase. "The Asiatic plague," she said cheerfully.

"The disease!" broke in her husband, not catching her meaning. "Has it really broken out?"

"Deppy, you are the dumbest creature I know!" exclaimed his wife.

Chase smiled broadly. "She refers to the newly acquired harem, Lord Depplingham. We're supposed to die with the Asiatic plague, not to—"

"Not to live with it! Ho, ho, I see, by Jove!" roared Depplingham amiably. "Splendid! Harem! I get the point. Hipping!"

"They're not so bad, are they, Bobby?" said Geneva coolly, going to Browne's side and the railing. "It may have been true that Browne was in love with Lady Depplingham, but it was more than evident that his wife felt convinced that he was."

"Splendid!" was the sudden exclamation of Drusilla's regular head. "Say, everybody, Lady Agnes and I have hit upon a ripping scheme. It's great!"

"To better our position?" asked Depplingham.

"Condition? What, oh, I see. Not exactly. What do you say to a charity ball, the proceeds to go to the survivors of the plague we've expected to have?"

The princess gave a quick, involuntary frown at Chase's face. Browne's tall fellow countryman was now leaning against the rail beside her chair.

what's more, there wasn't a word of truth in it—I mean the ladies of the chateau, begging pardon too. Von Blitz came to me often with complaints that you were being made a fool of by a pretty face or two and that you were going over to the enemy body and soul. When I heard that they tried to kill you the night before last I made up my mind that no white trash should be allowed to get the best of you. I'm not surprised that you should. Von Blitz and his cohorts intend to destroy all of us. We are to disappear from the face of the earth. When our friends come to look for us we will have died from the plague and our bodies will have been burned, as they always are in Japan. There will be no one left to deny the story. Here tomorrow no ship is due to put in here for three weeks. They will see to it that none of us get out to that ship. It will be the ship's officers know of our peril. The vessel will be sent to sea with the plague and the absence of nearly all mail from the island. There won't be another boat for three weeks, and they won't land because of the plague. They will get word, however, that every one in the chateau has died of the disease and that scores of natives are dying every day."

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and discussed the matter of the guard for a few minutes. Then he had a happy thought.

"Why send a guard at all?" he said. "You're turning to the young man—you can find your way there alone, can't you?"

"Well, then, that saves a lot of trouble," exclaimed the officers, delighted. So they wrote him a careful letter of introduction to the governor of the prison, explaining that the bearer was to be locked up as soon as he arrived in a most unpleasant cell.

"That's all right," they said in great satisfaction. "We hope your journey won't be too tiresome." And they parted with great cordiality.

The young man did as he was told and is now in prison. The chances are probably even that he and the governor will become sincere friends or that an order to put him to death will arrive and be executed in the same impersonal, eminently Russian manner. —New York Times.

Compressed Haverack Rations. A Tonawanda (N. Y.) firm recently completed a sample order of 3,000 packages of compressed haverack rations for the use of the United States army. The rations are packed in a water tight box 2 1/2 inches long, 2 1/2 inches wide and 1 1/2 inches thick. The articles contained are: Salt, 16 ounces; pepper, 22 ounces; sugar, 24 ounces; and coffee, 112 ounces, sufficient for one soldier for a day. The coffee is compressed under twelve tons pressure and is reduced one-third in bulk. The salt is prepared under five tons pressure, and the pepper is placed in a capsule inserted in a wooden holder. Each article is wrapped in waterproof paper. —New York Tribune.

How Henry Knew. It was while H. H. Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate, was working at his first job, delivering the village newspaper, that his inborn capacity became evident. He brought in the name of a new subscriber, Isaiah West. Mr. Anthony, the publisher, wrote down the name. Then he turned to the boy. "How do you spell Isaiah, Henry?" he asked. "Is-a-k-a-h," said Henry. "You'll do," said Mr. Anthony, with a chuckle. He told the story to a skeptic neighbor. "But how did you know how to spell it, Henry?" asked the neighbor. "I saw him write it down," said Henry. —Argonaut.

New Parisian Terror. We are threatened—at least we are threatened in London, for we have it already in Paris—with a ferocious novelty in barrel organs. An ingenious descendant of Mephistopheles has invented a piano organ which is built on the lines of an automatic match machine. Its proprietor places it outside a house and goes around the corner.

The organ begins to play, and on top of it appears a notice. "Put a penny in the slot and the music will stop." A penny buys only three minutes' silence, though. Has anything more diabolical yet been invented?—London Standard.

Radium and Vaccine. An Italian physician who exposed fresh vaccine virus to the emanations of radium for varying periods and then made use of it in vaccinating children found that there was no effect on the action of the virus produced by the exposure to the rays, but that the pastures produced by the virus were entirely free from any septical suppuration. There was no inflammatory area and no fever. He finds that this is an efficient method of purifying vaccine virus, but on account of the expense of radium not to be commonly followed. —Il Politecnico.

How a War Set a Fashion. The calabash pipe is one of the after effects of the South African war. To supply the demand to which popular taste has given rise, quite an industry has grown up in South Africa. The farmers are regularly planting calabash specially for pipes, while planting is already being carried out in the south of France and even in Australia. —Tobacco World.

Circumstances Alter Cases. "I thought you said May Nagget had married a good natured man?" "So she did."

"Senseless! I met him yesterday. 'Well, he's been married to May for nearly four months now, you know.' Catholic Standard and Times.

Queer Cases of Jilt. A well known novelist was once jilted by a girl who took exception to the inadequate punishment meted out to one of his fictitious villains. She declared that as he regarded vice with so lenient an eye he must himself be at heart a reprobate and unworthy of true love and that she must request that their acquaintance cease.

An eminent lawyer in his younger days met with a similar mishap. The lady to whom he was engaged, chancing to hear that he had delivered a most skillful though futile speech in defense of an arrant rogue, wrote, saying that she must decline to know one who could thus strive to speciously excuse crime. In return he pleaded the exigencies of the profession, but in vain. The lady was obdurate and soon afterwards, by the strange irony of fate, married a man who was ultimately convicted of gross fraud, mainly through the forensic eloquence of her former lover.

They Are Kindly and Cruel at One and the Same Time. No one can be long associated with Russians without reaching a condition of utter amazement at the extraordinary inconsistency of their mental makeup. The kindest of men seem to receive placidly the most blood curdling doctrines. They enforce the strictest laws in the gentlest way, and vice versa. An odd tale illustrating their queer ideas of discipline is told by a revolutionist who has just come to this country. By those who ought to know it is said to be typical of a singular simplicity of mind which is also said to be peculiar to the Russians.

A follower of Tolstoy was called on for military service. He presented himself to the army officers, as required, and explained that he could not serve because of his beliefs.

"Ah," said the officer in charge politely, "but you understand that this means prison?"

"Of course."

"You will be sent," continued the officer, "to the Caucasus," naming a prison of dreadful repute. "The guard will have to start at once with you."

He turned to several other officers

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