WOMEN'S HOUSEHOLD GIRLS'

FICTION — TWO PAGES OF RECIPES AND IDEAS — PAGE for MISSES

MR. DE PUYSTER INTERVENES

By Henry M. Hyde AUTHOR of "The Upstart"

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DE PUYSTER THRUST A REVOLVER IN THE FACE OF THE MOOR.

ROBB DE PUYSTER awoke with an unpleasant start. For an instant he imagined himself in his rooms at the club. Then, as the prince of Prussia mounted the top of the swell and went sliding down into the mile wide valley beyond, he came to himself. What an ass a man is to go Thomas Cooking around the world, when everything is smooth and soft and comfortable at home—particularly when one is always a bit squeamish the first night out. From the deck outside a sound of suppressed sobbing came through the open window of his cabin.

With a sigh of disgust De Puyster lifted a languid hand and pressed the button of the traveling clock which hung on the wall over his head. Five silver chimes were followed by two.

"Oh, puppy dogs!" he snarled to himself. "Not 6 o'clock yet and the animals are already performing out there in the dark."

The pressure of the call button was instantly answered by a man, who stood fully dressed in the door of the adjoining cabin.

"You're up early, Morosini?"

"Yes, sir. I heard you tossing about, sir."

"Bing me a glass of water."

When the valet returned he carried in one hand a bunch of roses.

"What's this? Am I a sweet girl graduate?"

"I took the liberty, sir. It's your birthday, sir."

"Oh, Lord! Why remind me of unpleasant things?"

"I beg your pardon, sir. And here's a letter I was to give you."

De Puyster took the letter, flashed on the shaded light at the head of his berth, and tore the envelope.

"Jimmy Forsyth writes that he's sold out my Pedro stock at a profit of $100,000 and wishes me many happy returns of the day. Now, why the devil should I be bothered by any more money?"

"No, sir. It's too bad, sir," replied the patient Morosini.

A sob of unusual violence came through the open window. De Puyster waved his hand and nodded.

The valet peeped out, then turned his head.

"It's a young woman, sir."

"Is she pretty?"

"I can't just make out her face, sir."

Wrapped in a big dressing gown, De Puyster stepped across the room with exaggerated caution. Just as he reached the window the young woman, who had been lying back in her steamer chair, suddenly sat up, a small, brown hand clutching at each of the arms. A deep sob shook her and from her lips came an explosive utterance.

"I'm afraid! Oh, Ezra! Ezra!"

De Puyster turned quickly to his valet. "My name isn't Ezra, but—Morosini, I think I'll dress. By George! She's pretty."

Half an hour later, his toilet completed, De Puyster slipped noiselessly back to the window.

The girl was still there. She was sitting as he had left her, her hands clutching the arms of her chair, still staring back at the retreating west. As he looked she sobbed again—the deep, heartbroken sob of a frightened child. By the growing light he noticed the cheap little country made sailor frock she wore and smiled cynically at the idea that he should be interested in the commonplace woes of a commonplace young person from the west—probably a homesick, hysterical school teacher making the grand tour alone and mourning the absence of the head clerk in the local dry goods store. It was nothing less than scandalous the way his countrymen let their innocent and pretty young girls go sailing around the seven seas without an escort.

"They'll kill me!" the girl sobbed. "I'm afraid of their awful black faces! And I don't love you!"

Her broken voice was so low that De Puyster strained his ears to catch the words. This was plainly something more serious than an ordinary provincial love affair. The girl felt herself in great danger; it was an instinct with him to avoid unpleasant scenes and it would be easy to escape personal complications by simply notifying one of the ship's officers. But something about the girl appealed to him strongly and it was a pleasure not to be resisted to feel a keen thrill of interest in anything, after his 35 years of fat and selfish living. He knew a woman on the ship, a charming old lady from Chicago, going abroad with her daughter, who would be just the person to mother and comfort this homesick, frightened girl. In the meantime, he would—

The shadow of something big and black suddenly shut out the light from his window. The girl sprang up with a stifled cry of joy.

"Ezra!"

"Yes, I'm here," boomed a man's deep voice.

"But you promised—you said you wouldn't—you've broken your word."

"Yes, I've broken my word. You see, I love you."

The girl sank back in the chair and stared out at the ocean.

"You'll marry me, after all, Ellen."

"No," the girl answered, looking up at him bravely. "It's my cross and I must bear it. I've prayed over it, night and day. It's my call and I must answer it."

"Your call is to marry me."

"You've no right—it's been hard enough—you're a wicked man."

De Puyster silently closed the window. He had suddenly remembered that he was a gentleman and, for the moment, he regretted it.

Half an hour later, when he stepped back on deck, the steamer chair was vacant and the deck empty. Also the ship had run into a high head wind. Looking forward, he watched the bow climb up the steep slope of a huge wave and then pitch down the opposite side like a gigantic toboggan. When the bugle sounded the breakfast call he retired instead to his cabin and dallied with the toast and tea brought by the faithful Morosini. Before noon a thick fog shut down over the face of the waters and for the next 48 hours De Puyster tossed unhappily in his berth, disturbed at regular intervals by the muffled, sullen bleating of the foghorn. He retained just spirit enough to be furiously angry at himself, and daily Morosini was made the recipient of his complaints.

"At any rate, Morosini," he said, querulously, "if I must suffer the humiliation of being seasick, you might, at least, go and find out something about Ezra and Ellen. You know they're the first people I've been really interested in for 10 years."

One afternoon the valet came back with great news.

"A party of emigrants were quarreling down in the steerage, sir. They came to blows and one of them started to draw a knife. Then this man you call Ezra, sir, dropped down on them from the deck above, seized the wrist of the man who held the knife and bent his arm back until he dropped it. Then he put his foot on the stiletto and held his man at arm's length until a petty officer took him in charge, sir."

"Good! Good! You know I've never seen him. Tell me what's he's like."

"He's quite the giant, sir. Immensely tall and broad shouldered. He wears no whiskers, his chin is very brown, and his hands big and rough. Appears to be a hard working person, sir."

"And the young woman?"

"Yes, sir. Occasionally she takes a turn with him on deck. But most of the time she sits about alone. Seems to make no friends, sir, and to be very unhappy."

"Well, you must get me out tomorrow, or I'll die of curiosity."

Next morning early De Puyster occupied his chair on the top deck. The sun was warm and grateful, the air balmy and the great ship smoothly plowed its way through the rippling sea on an even and easy keel. Presently the man and the girl came tramping down the deck together, one of her small, brown hands linked into his arm. They stopped at the rail in front of De Puyster's chair and stood there silent for a moment until suddenly the girl gave a rapturous cry of delight.

"Oh look! look!"

To De Puyster the familiar vision took on fresh wonder as he watched her. Out of the sky loomed vaguely a high rounded peak of soft chocolate brown. On its deep slopes glowed square patches of lush and tender green. Below, in pink and white and delicate blue, the walls and towers of a climbing town ran down to the edge of a green and silver ocean. And, as the off shore breeze struck the ship, the air was suddenly full of a strange, sweet, tropical fragrance.

The man turned his head with a questioning look. "Excuse me," he said, "do you know what place this is?"

"The Azores—the isles of spice," De Puyster answered with a smile.

"It's all the fairy stories come true," cried the girl.

From the foot of the town, like a flock of black water birds skimming the surface of the sea, the native boats were racing out to the ship. A man working a long sweep stood at the stern of each.

"Come on, Ellen," the man said, with a laugh and a nod of thanks to De Puyster, "we'll go ashore and look for the fairies then."

Standing at the rail De Puyster watched them come back to the ship again, three hours later. They were the only passengers in one of the big canoes. The man was laden with huge and fragrant pines, white and purple grapes and golden tangerines. The girl had twined a vine, thick with big green and lavender flowers, about her white straw hat and her arms were full of strange tropical blossoms. To De Puyster there seemed something primeval, elemental, about them. He amused himself with the fancy that here was a new Adam and Eve, not content with taking a single apple, who had looted all the trees of their garden. The man's rapt face and the glow of happiness in the girl's eyes put a swift end to his idle worry about their woes. Like the ship on which they were sailing, it was plain that their romance had come out of the storm and fog into sunny weather and favoring airs.

But late that night he was again awakened by the sound of hushed sobbing outside his cabin window. He looked at the clock. It was after 1 in the morning. A waning moon was faintly shining and the wrinkled surface of the sea was laced with phosphorescent threads. Under his window the girl was lying, huddled in her steamer chair. Below the big cloak which covered her he saw the edge of a white garment. Her slender figure was racked with slow sobs.

"Oh Africa's so big," she was breathing, "and I'm so afraid! But I will, John! I must! I'm wicked—wicked!"

De Puyster sat down hard on the couch. "She's wicked—wicked," he repeated with a noiseless laugh. "And she will, John, she must. But I know, perfectly well, she loves Ezra."

All the next day De Puyster fussed about the decks with his eyes open, but not once did the girl appear, nor could he find her in the dining saloon. At dinner the tall westerner stalked in, sat down alone at a small table and ate a hurried meal, hardly lifting his eyes from the plate. Later De Puyster found his friend, Mrs. Graham, wrapped in her rug in a quiet corner of the deck, and asked if she knew anything of the girl.

The old lady smiled. "So that child has aroused your blase interest, too?" she asked. "Well, I don't know much. I've tried to talk to her once or twice, but she's a queer, timid little thing. Her father is a Methodist minister out somewhere in Idaho. She is, herself, very religious—regular little fanatic, in fact. She's going to Morocco as a missionary."

"Hasn't she got a lover somewhere?"

"Yes, I think she has. That makes her Christian duty harder to do and, therefore, more necessary to be done."

"There are women like that, then?"

"Plenty. Only you haven't met many of them."

"Perhaps there is more than one lover?"

Mrs. Graham laughed. "You haven't by any chance been laying your twenty millions at her unsophisticated feet?"

"I'm a middle aged bachelor of settled habits, who is mildly interested in freaks of human nature," De Puyster answered, solemnly.

At midnight De Puyster went into the almost deserted smoking room to quiet his unusual excitement with a nightcap. Presently the big man from the west filled the doorway with his bulk and looked uncertainly about him. With a nod De Puyster made place for him in one of the leather lined alcoves which surround the card tables, and offered his cigar case.

"Thank you. My name is Bright. I'm from Idaho—out in the irrigated country."

"I'm De Puyster. I live in New York."

They lit their cigars. "You're the first white man that's said a civil word to me for a week," said Bright, with a slow smile. "I've had a chill up my backbone ever since I left Chicago. Out in my country we talk to each other."

"We mean all right," De Puyster answered, "but we've been brought up wrong."

"Do you know anything about Morocco?"

"Not much. I've been there half a dozen times. But no white man can ever know much about Morocco."

"I've a friend—a young lady—going out there as a missionary. Do you call it a safe country?"

"Is she married?"

"No—not yet."

A deep flush showed through Bright's tan.

De Puyster scratched his chin.

"You remember Perdicaris? And yet white men and women have lived there safely for years. That's just it. You never can tell, when you're dealing with Arabs. No, I don't call it safe for a young girl."

As they stood up to go De Puyster spoke again:

"My old Arab guide, Mohammed Yussef, will probably meet me at Gibraltar. If you're going across to Tangier I'll be glad to help you out."

Next morning early the mountain coast of Spain rose grim and forbidding out of the sea and the ship slipped gently into the straits, past Trafalgar and around Tarifa point, to where, across its splendid bay, the lion of Gibraltar rears its vast bulk to bar the passage to the Mediterranean.

When De Puyster came on deck Mrs. Graham was waiting for him.

"She's had a letter from her friends. They are waiting for her in Tangier. She's going across the straits in the morning. I'm going to chaperon her in Gibraltar. We'll be at the Bristol."

On the tossing deck of the tender Mohammed Yussef was waiting, draped in his long white kourbash. His big black oriental eyes were radiant as he recognized De Puyster and his curly black beard bobbed in repeated salaams. De Puyster took him at once down into the stuffy little smoking room and there passed between them five minutes of earnest conversation, Yussef listening with delighted smiles and putting in an eager question at intervals. Finally, as De Puyster handed him a roll of English gold, Yussef made a salaam that almost touched the floor.

"You shall be served, O highness," he declared. "It shall be done as you direct."

"Be sure you come to me for final directions," De Puyster added, as he climbed the stairs to the deck.

He found Bright standing alone near the stern of the little steamer, most of the passengers being massed at the bow. Already they were nearing the long stone mole, on the other side of which lay the great basin, where half a dozen grim black men of war were at anchor, each flying the red barred ensign of England.

"The levanter is blowing," he said to Bright. "We shall have nasty weather."

Bright nodded. "Are you going across to Tangier?" he asked.

"Yes. On tomorrow's steamer. And you?"

"I'm not sure."

At the mole De Puyster watched Mrs. Graham get into a carriage with her daughter and the girl, then, as they drove off, invited Bright to accompany him.

"To the Bristol," he said, "and hurry."

With a tremendous but quite harmless lash of his whip the driver sent his fiery little black Barb stallion forward. As they swung through the Waterport gate, a tall patriarchal Moor, his long gray beard hanging down over his white karboosh, hustled his flock of turkeys out of the way of the wheels. Then, as the carriage passed, he turned and spat after it venomously.

"There," said De Puyster, "you see how they love us."

Bright straightened his tall figure on the seat. "Yes," he said, with a grim frown, "I see."

The narrow lane of Waterport street, chief thoroughfare of the fortress, was crowded, as it always is. Moorish Jews, in yellow gaberdines and bare legs; stately Arabs, with proud, inscrutable faces, hung about the low, deep arched doorways; black eyed Spaniards peered out from the shops; Tommies in red coats and pill boxes, swinging their swagger sticks, loitered in and out of the public houses, sailors from the warships paraded in couples, their arms about each other's necks and, presently, they passed two companies of Highlanders in kilts, following their whining bagpipes. Bright sat silent through it all, his eyes to the front.

Then, as the driver turned down Bomb House lane to avoid the crowd, he broke out suddenly:

"Look here, Mr. De Puyster, I've got to have some help. The girl I told you about on the ship got off here. She's going over to Morocco to marry a missionary—and I know that she loves me."

"She's at the hotel we're going to, with some friends of mine," De Puyster answered.

"She's made me swear not to try to see her again."

"I'll talk to her this afternoon," De Puyster promised. "Her people don't meet her here. She had a letter from them saying that they'd wait for her in Tangier. She's going over in the morning."

"All right," said Bright. "I'll look you up at 5 o'clock and I'll keep out of sight till then. Let me out here."

In the little garden opposite the hotel and under the shadow of the big English church, De Puyster found Mrs. Graham and her two charges. He was presented to the girl—Miss Ellen Gray. She was pale and, plainly, badly frightened by her strange surroundings. But when he talked with Mrs. Graham a little later he found that the child had made up her mind finally.

"Before her father moved to Idaho," Mrs. Graham told him, "she attended a little freshwater college in Iowa. There she met a boy and promised to marry him. He went as a missionary to Morocco. Then out in Idaho she met another man, and fell in love with him. You should see her eyes light up when she told me how he went out single handed and brought in the leader of a gang of train robbers—it seems he's a United States marshal out there and he owns a big ranch and acres of apple orchards.

"She wrote to the missionary boy, and he promptly gave her up and wished her happiness. But he was a very wise and crafty little missionary boy. Of course, his own heart was broken, but it was the poor heathen he said most about. With her by his side he had planned a great work for the church. He should stay at his post and do his duty, anyhow, but—how the the heathen would miss her—the cause of the church would be set back for years by her desertion. She brooded over it, poor little fanatic, until it seemed her one hope of salvation to go. So she crushed down her love and started—the worst frightened, bravest, most pitiful little martyr that ever went to the stake."

In the short southern dusk, after dinner, De Puyster found Bright and, climbing together up the steep stone steps of Prince Edward's ramp, told him what he had heard. The big man listened in silence.

"Well," he said finally, "I'm going to cross over on the boat with her in the morning, anyhow. She promised to let me know if ever I could help her, and I'm going to stay within hearing distance."

"I'll be on the boat to look after her," De Puyster answered. "I'll not leave her till she meets her people."

Bright pointed away to the southwest, where some dim sparks glowed like stars on the surface of the ocean.

"There are the lights of Tangier. If I've got to give her up I'll not say goodby till the last," he said.

Mohammed Yussef was waiting when De Puyster got back to the hotel.

After a few moments' talk the Moor went out and, half an hour later, though the gates of the fortress were locked for the night and it was in violation of all the laws of Great Britain, a tiny felluca presently slipped away from its mooring in the crowded bay and went silently skimming away toward the African coast.

The Geb-el-dar, the ancient tub which serves as ferry between the two continents, was already crowded with tourists when De Puyster drove down to the mole. Mrs. Graham and her daughter had come to wish a Godspeed to Ellen Gray. As they left the carriage De Puyster caught a glimpse of the stern, brown face of Bright peering through the porthole of the stuffy smoking room below decks. The girl clung to Mrs. Graham for a moment as the elder woman kissed her goodby, and there were tears in her eyes as De Puyster escorted her to the bow of the little steamer.

Once beyond the end of the mole, with the broad panorama of Spain behind and the African coast rising faintly ahead, he exerted himself to keep her mind off her troubles. He showed her how closely the great rock resembles a crouching lion, with its head facing Spain; he pointed out the Queen's seat, that high peak of white marble from which the proud mistress of Castile and Aragon had once watched her great fleet broken and defeated by the navy of Great Britain; he called her attention to the mysterious bulk of the Atlas mountains rising dim and formidable across the straits; but all he got in return was an occasional, faltering monosyllable. Two or three times she turned and looked back at Gibraltar, growing smaller and fainter in the distance.

Then, suddenly, she became almost garrulous.

"Have you ever been in Idaho, Mr. De Puyster?"

He shook his head.

"Why, these mountains are only little hills to our Rockies. Out where I live," she stopped and corrected herself, "where I lived, you can count half a dozen peaks that are white the year round. And the valleys are full of farms and orchards; the apple blossoms are in bloom now."

The Geb-el-dar was fairly out in the straits now, where the swell from the Atlantic meets the opposing current from the Mediterranean, and in that choppy sea the old craft tossed and pitched like a chip. Before them the bay of Tangier opened its wide mouth, and at the far end the massed white walls of the city glared in the pitiless sunshine, unbroken by a touch of green. The off shore wind was tainted with a strange, sickly sweet odor. From the edge of the water the yellow, naked sandhills rolled up to meet the horizon.

The girl leaned forward and looked slowly about the whole half circle. Then she closed her eyes and De Puyster could see that her lips were moving.

"When are you going back to Gibraltar?" she asked finally.

"On tomorrow's boat."

"Here's a letter." She handed him an envelope. "Ezra Bright—he came over on the ship with us—is at one of the hotels. Will you give him this?"

De Puyster took the letter, then excused himself for a moment to look after the baggage.

Bright sprang up as he entered the smoking room, seized the envelope and opened it without a word. He read the single sheet for a second time, then walked to the porthole opening on the coast.

When he turned away his face was white and drawn.

"I'll wait here," he said.

When the Geb-el-dar anchored De Puyster helped Ellen Gray down the ladder and into one of the waiting boats, manned by two half naked, screaming negroes. Along the long stone pier they passed many seated Moors, who eyed them with insolent, unblinking eyes. Outside the gate of customs, where they were examined, through an interpreter, by an ancient official, who looked like Abraham, stood a little group of three people. They were in Moorish dress, and it took a second glance to tell that they were not Arabs. Two were women, both with uncovered faces, one already elderly, with soft gray hair and a deeply lined face; the other younger, the hood of her kourbash no whiter than her face. The man's shaven face was burned a deep red. His deep sunken black eyes burned with a strage light under his heavy brows and the skin seemed to be stretched almost to the breaking point over the cheek bones.

He stepped forward as De Puyster and the girl came through.

"Ellen!" he said.

"Yes,? John," she answered, and gave him her hand.

He presented the girl and De Puyster to the two women, Sister Williams and Sister Black.

De Puyster asked their plans.

"We stay here tonight. Tomorrow we go to the coast to the mission at Mogador."

The girl thanked De Puyster and bade him goodby. Her hand was cold and lifeless and she showed no sign of emotion.

He watched the four as they turned and mingled with the crowd which filled the eight foot channel of the main street of Tangier, the girl walking with the others as if in a trance. Close behind them he saw Mohammed Yussef following.

To him they were like people from another world, moved by motives which he could not understand. When he turned back Bright had landed and was waiting.

They passed long processions of tiny donkeys, each almost hidden by its load of faggots; huge, gaunt yellow dogs slunk about among the crowds and at intervals in open spaces kept sacred by common consent devout worshipers, kneeling on their prayer rugs, made obeisances to the east. Almost in front of the hotel the mob—made up of men of every color, from white to the deepest black—was suddenly broken in two with wild shouts of alarm. Down the opening in the center came 10 horses, charging abreast. On the back of each rode an Arab, waving his long gun and shouting with every leap of his horse. Their red and white and yellow robes streamed behind them, and just as they passed De Puyster and Bright the 10 guns were discharged simultaneously. De Puyster turned just in time to see Bright, his face livid with anger, raise his hand to strike an Arab who had almost knocked him off his feet.

"For heaven's sake," De Puyster whispered, "your life wouldn't be worth a cent if you laid hands on one of these men. Come."

It was a relief to get him on the broad terrace of the hotel, where they could look down on the great crowd which filled the beach for a mile.

"It is Mohammed's birthday," the porter explained. "The tribes have come in from the interior to hold fantasia on the beach."

From the terrace they could look about at the high hills which encircle the city.

"There," said De Puyster, pointing to where a spot of white glistened against the brown of a distant peak, "that is the castle of Raisuli, the bandit."

"God!" Bright burst out, "and she's going to live here!"

As the dusk fell the crowd scattered. Little fires glittered along the sands and from the flat roofs of the houses came the sound of singing and the rattle of strange drums. A pale moon rose and in its spectral light a long file of camels stalked solemnly down the beach. The two men sat silent for hours.

Presently De Puyster looked at his watch.

"It's midnight," he said. "I'm going to bed."

As he turned to go Mohammed Yussef suddenly came onto the terrace in a visible state of excitement. He spoke in Spanish to De Puyster, who asked him many questions.

"Bright," said De Puyster finally, "our friends are in trouble. They have been taken out of the city and are now hid in a cave on the road to Fez. Mohammed Yussef has located them."

Bright sprang up.

"Wait! They're in no danger. It's almost certain that a ransom is all that's wanted. We'll turn out the American consul."

"I am going now. I won't wait. Your man must guide me. Come!"

"If you go, my valet and I will go with you. Mohammed, can you find mules?"

"They wait, master."

They climbed the steep Kashba hill in single file, and presently, Mohammed leading, struck out into the open country. On either side of the twisting, narrow trail grew thick hedges of cactus, higher than a man's head. The wall was broken only by the rounded, wattled huts of the Arabs. As they galloped by packs of lean dogs yelped after them. Then even these huts disappeared. There was no sound but the deep breathing of the mules as they labored through the sand. At the top of a steep ravine Mohammed Yussef raised a warning hand and sprang to the ground. Another Arab appeared out of the shadows and pointed downward.

"Only two men are on guard," he said in Moorish. "The others have gone back to the city until morning."

De Puyster laid a restraining hand on Bright's shoulder. "Everything depends on our keeping quiet," he said. "Above all things, there must be no shooting. Mohammed will lead you down on one side and the other Arab will take Morosini and me the other. You must handle your man and we'll take care of ours."

As De Puyster thrust a revolver in the face of the Moor leaning against a palm which shaded the cave's mouth, he heard a brief scrimmage close by. Then a limp body fell into the moonlight and Bright rushed past him and on into the cave.

Leaving Morosini to guard the prisoners, he followed.

Sitting stiffly on a stone ledge in one corner was the missionary, his hands fastened behind his back. Two of the women lay on rugs on the stone floor. They were apparently asleep. Ellen Gray sat facing the entrance, her eyes wide and her face livid.

As Bright burst in she sprang to her feet and rushed to meet him.

"Oh, Ezra!" she cried, "I prayed for you to come!"

The big man opened his arms to receive her.

De Puyster watched the missionary, fascinated. His red face grew suddenly white and he painfully got up to his feet and took a step forward, his deep set eyes on the girl and her lover. Then he spoke, and the blase and cynical De Puyster felt a great lump come into his throat as he listened.

"Ellen, dear," he said.

The girl turned toward him a face that had something of terror in it.

"It's one of my privileges as a minister to marry people who love each other very much."

The look on the little missionary boy's face was something which De Puyster never forgot. Holding the girl in one arm, Bright stepped forward and extended his hand.

"John McIntire," he said, "you're a man."

And Ellen Gray, leaving her lover's arms, crept shyly over and kissed the missionary full on the lips.

"Forgive me," she whispered. "I can't help it."

After he had acted as witness at the wedding celebrated in the American consulate next morning, De Puyster saw the bridal party off on the boat to Gibraltar. And, an hour later, as he sat on the terrace in front of the hotel, he turned to Morosini with a slow, satisfied smile.

"On the whole, Morosini," he said, "I don't think we ever invested $1,000 to better advantage." And, a little later:

"Was that fellow Bright manhandled very badly hurt?"