

THE QUEST OF GENTLE HAZARD

Being the Adventures in Love and Chivalry of Lord Richard Jocelyn

By H. M. EGBERT

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

A Matrimonial Disentanglement

"Miss Evelyn," said Lord Richard Jocelyn, "will you honor me by becoming my wife?"

Lord Jocelyn removed his hands from his pockets and stood up to receive the verdict, looking about as comfortable as a soldier in the face of a firing squad.

They were standing in the conservatory of the Squires house at Newport, under a frond of a large palm tree that drooped over a romantic rockery. They were entirely alone. Yet each of them was aware that the entire setting of the scene was for them; that the musicians, playing the latest waltz in the big ball-room beyond, the palms that overshadowed them, the splendid draperies and the beeswax floors were, actually, a portion of the trap that had been baited for them. And outside a hundred eyes were watching for their appearance.

Evelyn Squires looked in Jocelyn's eyes with amusement.

"You speak almost sincerely," she said, flushing a little with vexation. "I am as serious as I ever allow myself to be," Lord Jocelyn answered. "Sit down," said Evelyn Squires. "Before I answer you, Lord Jocelyn, and thank you for the honor you propose to confer on me, let us be plain with one another. Perhaps this will be our last opportunity. It is, I think, admitted that you do not love me."

"I esteem you more than any lady I have ever known," Lord Jocelyn answered.

Evelyn inclined her head. "And that I do not love you," she continued. "It is, then, a transaction purely commercial on either side."

Lord Jocelyn was silent. He did not know what to say, and so took refuge in the sanctuary of the wise man.

"Let me recount to you my position," Evelyn went on remorselessly. "I am the daughter of a multi-millionaire. From childhood I have been trained with one object in view—to make a successful marriage—that is to say, to exchange my wealth for a title. If he be young, passably good-looking, and clean of life, so much the better for me. But these are not essentials. A title is."

"I was educated at the most expensive schools and under the best governesses and professors. At the age of twenty I was taken through Europe on exhibition. In London you met me and admired me. My parents saw in you a possible husband. You have an ancient name and one that has never been tarnished. It is my duty to repay the money that has been spent on me by obedience to my parent's wish rather than by shirking my responsibilities."

"But I—" Lord Jocelyn protested.

"Yes, now for you, Lord Jocelyn. You are one of an ancient house which, like so many in these days, has come to financial ruin. You owe it to your family to make a wealthy marriage. You were sent to America by your father, the fourth viscount, for that purpose. You know me; I was, then, naturally, the first objective. It is a fair bargain, unalloyed by sentiment. If you claim me as your bride in that frank spirit I will accept you in the same way."

Lord Jocelyn bowed; then raised Evelyn's hand to his lips.

"I hope in time," he said, "that love may come to us."

She suddenly grew pale and began trembling; his words affected her where her own had left her unmoved. Then, placing her hand upon his arm, she suffered him to lead her into the drawing room. And, all the remainder of that evening, some subtle sense told each of them: that the guests knew, that even now looks and words were being interchanged among them, that her parents, the varnish king and his stout wife, were busily receiving the congratulations of their associates.

On the next day the news was formally announced. Lord Jocelyn went to town and sent a brief cable dispatch to his father announcing the event.

"I shall need a couple of thousand more for preliminary expenses," he wrote in a letter. "Everything is arranged, and the dowry will more than reef and furnish Doubledwight Manor. Squires has lent us his yacht for the honeymoon. The lady is charming and I think we shall both be happy." Then, leaning back in his armchair in his modest apartment on Madison Avenue, he said to himself:

"How can it be that duty sometimes turns decent fellows into muckers and cads?"

He tilted up the photograph of his betrothed so that the light shone full on it. Then he hit his table a resounding thump with his fist.

"God grant," he cried, "that I may make her happy."

"My present to you, Richard," said

Lord Jocelyn, having assisted his future mother-in-law into her seat, finding that Evelyn lingered, went back in search of her. He had ascended to the head of the flight on which Torelli had his studio, when he was suddenly rendered dumb by what he saw through the half-opened door.

For Evelyn Squires lay like a dead weight in the painter's arms, and he was showering kisses upon her cheeks and lips.

"I cannot bear it, Marco," he heard her say in a low voice, as she struggled out of his arms. "I thought our meeting would give us a few more moments together. But I now see that this interview must be our last."

"Why should it be our last?" he whispered. "Come with me, Evelyn; I am known now. I can earn a living with my brush. In a year I shall be famous. I am rich already. I have money in the bank—five hundred and fifty dollars. We could live—"

Even as he turned away Lord Jocelyn could not help smiling. Five hundred and fifty! And Evelyn paid that for a single gown.

He descended softly and then came noisily upstairs again. At the head of the flight Evelyn stood waiting. She smiled at Lord Jocelyn pathetically and they went down once more to the automobile.

"How long you've been, Evelyn," said Mrs. Squires petulantly. "Where have you been?"

"I stayed to chat with Signor Torelli," answered the girl lightly.

And on the way back it was Jocelyn who was the most embarrassed of the party.

"The question before the committee," he soliloquized to the photograph that evening, as he sat back in his chair, "is this: Whether it is consistent with a chap's sense of honor to marry a party of the second part when said party of the second part is in love with a party of the third part—by name, Torelli; nationality, Italian; occupation, artist."

He paused and meditated, puffing at his pipe. "The sense of the com-

ney to Washington Square that she hates so much, and I'm sure she'd never let you accompany me there without her chaperonage."

He broached the plan to Mr. and Mrs. Squires that evening. Mrs. Squires was at first disposed to offer objections.

"It isn't done," she declared emphatically. "Of course, some painters are different; a man may be a painter and yet be a gentleman, but I'm told that this Vermicelli fellow came over in the steerage with a lot of low immigrants only a year or two ago."

"I should have liked to be painted in these surroundings," said Lord Jocelyn meekly, looking in admiration upon the Louis Quinze furniture, embellished by Elizabethan tapestries.

"And think how much trouble it would save you, mamma," Evelyn added.

He carried his point and felt that the first portion of his scheme was satisfactorily concluded. If he could bring Evelyn and Torelli into this propinquity, surely he could wear down those secret scruples which, he knew, would chain her to duty, save under some overmastering emotion.

He contrived that the lovers should be left to themselves for a few moments on each occasion, and, though he was too much of a gentleman to eavesdrop, he noted with secret satisfaction that they were not without effect upon the demeanor of Torelli and his fiancée.

After the third sitting even Mrs. Squires became enthusiastic.

"Really, he's a positive genius," she declared, watching the likeness of her future son-in-law growing upon the canvas. "I wonder whether he would paint me," she continued, glancing at her reflection in the glass over the mantel.

A little judicious maneuvering on Lord Jocelyn's part clinched the proposition. Torelli was to paint both Mr. and Mrs. Squires, for a thousand dollars apiece. "And cash in advance," said Jocelyn, smiling. He had secured for Torelli commissions

discovered officiating in a little Brooklyn church during one of his rambles. But his existence was not disclosed to any member of his fiancée's family.

The day before the wedding arrived and a strange calm had descended over all, such as that atmospheric quietude which is to be observed immediately before a thunderstorm.

Everything was ready. The church at Newport was being decorated with flowers; the members of the Venetian band had learned their pieces; the clergyman, the Rev. Gracchus Hayes, who had married so many pairs of Newport's sons, was smiling benignly in anticipation of the celebration on the morrow. Evelyn had nerved herself for this ordeal. If her nerves gave way, at least it would not be until after the ceremony. And then—when all was over, why—

She fled to her room and, taking the photograph of the young artist from the locked drawer in which she kept it, she kissed it passionately and tore it into a dozen pieces. Then, having bathed her eyes and composed herself, she joined her parents in the drawing room.

Meanwhile Lord Jocelyn, aboard the vessel, was giving his final instructions to the captain. These ended, he went to the cabin door and knocked. Torelli opened, and seeing his visitor, glowered at him.

"Mr. Torelli," said Jocelyn, "have you finished the sketches?"

"Not now. I shall finish tonight, maybe," Torelli answered. "It will mean working till midnight."

"I want you to stay," Lord Jocelyn answered. "I must have these sketches ready to send to my father before leaving on my wedding trip tomorrow. By the way, Torelli," he continued, carelessly, "I hear you have received quite a number of commissions recently."

"Well, sir?" said the painter angrily.

"And your patrons have paid you cash in advance, I believe?"

"That, Lord Jocelyn, is my own business," the painter answered.

"Pardon me, Mr. Torelli, it is very distinctly my business," replied Lord

dinner commenced, he suggested to Evelyn that she should stroll down to the yacht with him afterward.

"Evelyn, my dear," her mother said, when she protested, "e'll all go. I declare, Richard, I'm crazy to see the new paintings," she continued. "Now, Evelyn, I must insist that you do not disappoint Richard on this last evening of his single life. Go and put on your wrap, child."

They strolled down to the harbor together, Lord Jocelyn and Evelyn in advance, Mr. and Mrs. Squires behind them. And, as the inevitable hour approached, Lord Jocelyn felt a curious and unwonted sense of contraction in his throat.

"Evelyn," he said a little huskily, "do you remember our conversation in the conservatory that evening when I asked you to be my wife?"

"Yes, Richard," she answered, steadily, facing him.

"I told you then that I esteemed you more than any woman in the world. I think I would have learned to care for you very much."

"Would have learned?" said Evelyn, in astonishment.

"You do not repent your bargain, Evelyn?"

"No," she answered bravely, and he felt something splash upon his hand that pressed her arm.

Jocelyn looked back. Far, far behind him waddled the varnish king with his amiable spouse. "Evelyn," he said, "you did not tell me that there was another."

He felt her shake from head to foot. She raised her tear-dimmed eyes and looked into his own.

"No, there was no need of that," she answered simply. "Tonight I put all memory of him aside. You need not fear my loyalty," she ended.

"But you still love him?" asked Lord Jocelyn, and, somehow, try as hard as he might, he had a distinct feeling that her denial would relieve that strange, suffocating sensation.

"I have put love out of my life," she answered. "Richard, you will find in me a faithful and devoted wife."

"That's not enough," he answered gayly. "Suppose, Evie, I were to relinquish you to Signor Torelli?"

"Ah!" she exclaimed, as though he had stabbed her. They were now upon the pier at whose end the yacht was anchored. She turned her eyes upon him in anguish. He said no more, but, taking her by the arm, led her aboard. He advanced to the cabin door, opened it, and ushered her in. Then he closed it softly and waited.

It did not reopen.

He counted thirty seconds upon his watch. Then he stepped off the boat and, looking toward the bridge, waved his handkerchief.

Simultaneously two men cast off the ropes; the vessel trembled, and then began to recede from the pier. The foot of open water had grown to a hundred yards before he saw a woman emerge from the cabin and wave her arms to him and study the space of water as though she meditated a plunge into its depths. Lord Jocelyn looked back. Two waddling figures were approaching the pier entrance.

"A narrow escape for the parties of all the three parts," he murmured. Then, as the vessel receded further into the distance, he saw the figure of a painter emerge from the cabin and stand by Evelyn's side. He made a trumpet of his hands and called over the waters:

"Good-bye. Good luck to you!"

And, as he turned, he ended his soliloquy.

"I've shut them up aboard and put a clergyman to keep them company, and if that don't contrive to turn the trick before the ship puts into Jacksonville, why—I'll marry her myself," Lord Jocelyn said.

HALLMARKS OF MANY KINDS

Official Stamp Is Guarantee of Purity When Placed on Articles of Gold and Silver.

In the beginning the hallmark was the official stamp placed on gold and silver articles by the Goldsmiths' company in England, signifying their purity. The hallmark is now stamped on articles made of gold and silver by the assay offices, the office for each district having a distinct device.

The hallmark for London, for example, is a leopard's head; that of Birmingham an anchor, and York five lions and a cross. In addition to these devices showing where the assay was made, there are marks to indicate the degree of purity of the metal. In gold it is compared with a given standard of pure gold, a crown and the figure 18 signifying three-fourths of pure gold. "Crown 22" is the standard for coin of the realm, and in England wedding rings are usually made of this quality of gold.

For silver the purity is expressed by the number of grains of pure silver in an ounce of alloy. Two qualities of silver are marked—one contains 11 ounces 10 pennyweights of pure silver to the pound troy, and this is called sterling; the other 11 ounces 2 pennyweights, which is the standard for English coin.

The standard mark for England is a "lire passant;" for Edinburgh a thistle.

Besides these marks there is a later called the date mark.

Recipe for Success.

"Our mental attitude toward the thing we are struggling for has everything to do with our gaining it. If a man wants to become prosperous, he must believe that he was made for success and happiness; that there is a divinity in him which will, if he follows it, bring him into the light of prosperity."—Orison Swett Marden.



"I cannot bear it, Marco."

mittie is that it is not honorable for the said party of the first part to do any such thing," he said in conclusion.

He sighed a little, for he had come to love Evelyn just a little during their engagement.

"The question now is, how is the said party of the third part going to make enough money to supply the party of the second part with gowns, not to speak of bread and butter," he said fiercely to the photograph. He went to bed and dreamed over his problem.

The result of his cogitations was a round of visits that he paid to as many of the Squires' friends as he thought would serve his purpose.

"Evelyn," he said a day or two later, "I have some good news for you. It's about that painter fellow. I've been talking to old Bross, the beer magnate, and he's going to pay him a couple of thousand to paint his wife and daughters."

Evelyn paled; then her eyes flashed angrily.

"Why do you call that 'good' news, Richard?" she demanded icily. "What possible interest do you suppose that can have for me?"

"Why—er—I thought you might be interested to know," he answered lamely. "It was just a stray thought of mine," he stammered.

And, seeing that she was disposed to accept his explanation, he continued:

"Evelyn, wouldn't it be nice to get him to finish my portrait here, in this drawing room? It would save your mother from making that jour-

amounting to ten thousand dollars, and always cash in advance. "It's the thing," was all he deigned to advance as his explanation. But in each instance he stipulated that Torelli should not be told that he was acting as his agent in these matters.

The commissions appeared to flow in spontaneously, for Lord Jocelyn's recommendation was accepted as the last word in aesthetics.

"If I don't watch the chap he'll spoil everything by eloping," he said to himself during one of his evening communings. "The party of the first part will play this game off his own bat." And thenceforward he kept the lovers religiously apart.

One week before the date fixed for the marriage, Jocelyn's picture being completed and universally praised, he surprised his father-in-law by insisting that Torelli should make a series of sketches of the Squires' yacht, on which the honeymoon was to be spent, that he might send them to his father in England. The vessel lay at anchor off Newport—a sailing craft, with auxiliary steam, and Jocelyn had taken up his residence in that fashionable resort in order to be near his betrothed, for it had been decided that they should be married there. Torelli was furnished with quarters in the cabin of the yacht, which had already been manned and equipped for the voyage to the Bermudas. Jocelyn had engaged the captain, an old English seafarer of his acquaintance, to whom he disclosed a portion of his design: A chaplain, also, was secured—a college chum of Jocelyn's, whom he had

Jocelyn, smiling. "Because—I obtained them for you; likewise the advance fees. You will need them in the near future."

"You—you," muttered the painter, staring at Lord Jocelyn in astonishment. "I cannot take them. You would never have befriended me if you knew. I must tell you something. I—"

"Tush, man! This is no time for confidences. Don't you see that I have weightier matters on my mind?" Lord Jocelyn answered. "It isn't the easiest thing to get married, let me tell you that, Torelli."

He hurried away from the insistent artist and went up to the captain once more.

"You understand that you are to have the anchor weighed and be ready with steam up to cast off and leave the harbor?" he said.

"Aye, sir," the captain answered. "You will make for Jacksonville, and on no account, unless restrained by physical force, will you put into land until Jacksonville is reached—a five days' run."

"Lord Jocelyn," said the captain, "I understand what orders mean. I don't pretend to understand them—that ain't my business. My business is to obey them, and that you can reckon on my doing."

"Good—very good," said Jocelyn, and he left the vessel and betook himself to the Squires' mansion.

"The party of the first part having disposed of the party of the third part," he mused, "it now remains only to dispose accurately of the party of the second part." And, arriving at