

The STOLEN SINGER

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SYNOPSIS.

Redmond, opera singer, starting to drive in New York, finds a stranger who climbs into his car and chloroforms her. James Lynn, Mass., witness of the abduction of Agatha Redmond. Chamberlain and Agatha are taken aboard a boat and when near Hambleton, an American friend of Agatha's, Aleck Van Camp, who is a member of the Hambleton club, makes a call upon her. He and Miss Melanie Reynier, who is the sister of the Hambleton club, are taken aboard a boat and when near Hambleton, an American friend of Agatha's, Aleck Van Camp, who is a member of the Hambleton club, makes a call upon her. He and Miss Melanie Reynier, who is the sister of the Hambleton club, are taken aboard a boat and when near Hambleton, an American friend of Agatha's, Aleck Van Camp, who is a member of the Hambleton club, makes a call upon her.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

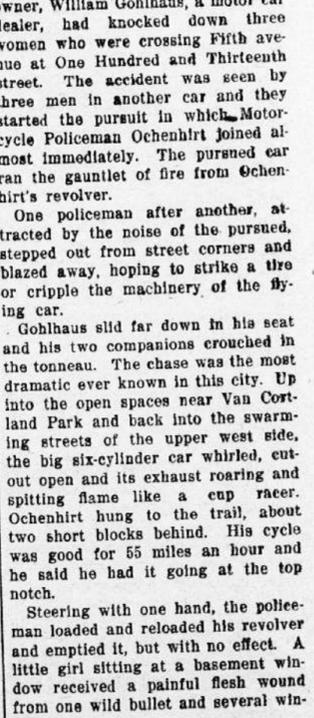
It was not difficult to get on his feet, even though the village people were constitutionally reluctant to let him go. A mile or so farther up the road, beyond the road that ran across the hill to the granite quarry, Chamberlain came upon a lodging house, a seaman's mess and the reading room were near by; the telegraph office, which had been placed at this end of the village, obviously for the convenience of the operators of the granite quarry. Chamberlain had the appearance of a seaman and pleasant industry peeped from places where handwork is done. Chamberlain applied first at the granite quarry without getting satisfaction. A foreign-looking boy, who was the only person visible, could give him no information about anything. But at the reading room the erstwhile yacht owner was known. Borrowing money was a sure method of impressing one's personality. The Frenchman had been in the neighborhood two or three days, lately becoming very impatient for a telegram to his New York telegram. A great deal of money had been applied for, and the opinion of the money-lender, this person, caretaker and librarian, was a tall, ineffective individual, with eyes set wide apart. His speech was a mixture of Dr. Johnson and a judge in chancery. It was a good deal of time before he could reach the point. He informed Chamberlain, with some circumlocution, that the Frenchman had been very anxious over the telegram. He tried to persuade him that it was not so important over such a telegram, said he. "And I regret to say that the man allowed himself to be so easily persuaded."

ward the main village, along a road that more or less hugged the shore. Sometimes it topped a cliff that dropped precipitately into the water; and again it descended to a sandy level that was occasionally reached by the higher tides. Near the main village the road ascended a rather steep bluff, and at the top made a sudden turn toward the town. As Chamberlain approached this point, he yielded more and more to the beauty of the scene. The Bay of Charlesport, the rugged, curving outline of the coast beyond, the green islands, the glistening sea, the blue crystalline sky over all—it was a sight to remember. Not far from the land, at the near end of the harbor, was the Sea Gull, pulling at her mooring. A stone's throw beyond Chamberlain's feet, a small rocky tongue of land was prolonged by a stone breakwater, which sheltered the curved beach of the village from the rougher waves. Close up under the bluff on which he was standing, the waters of the bay churned and foamed against a steep rock wall that shot downward to unknown depths. It was obviously a dangerous place, though the road was unguarded by fence or railing. Only a delicate fringe of goldenrod and low juniper bushes veiled the treacherous cliff edge. It was almost impossible for a traveler, unused to the region, to pass across the dizzy stretch of highway without a shuddering glance at the murderous waves below. On the crest of this cliff, each of the two men paused, one following the other at a little distance. The first man, however, paused merely for a few minutes' rest after the steep climb. Chamberlain, hardened to physical exertions, took the hill easily, but stood for a moment lost in speculative wonder at the scene. He kept a sharp eye on his leader, however, and presently the two men took up their Indian file again toward the village. Some distance farther on, the road forked, one spur leading up over the steep rugged hill, another dropping abruptly to the main village street and the wharves. A third branch ran low athwart the hill and led, finally, to the summer hotel where Chamberlain and the Reyniers had been staying. At this division of the road Chamberlain saw the other man ahead of him sitting on a stone. He approached him leisurely and assumed an air of business sagacity. "Good day, sir," said Chamberlain, planting himself solidly before the man on the stone. He was rather large, blond, pale and unkempt in appearance; but nevertheless he carried an air of insolent mockery, it seemed to Chamberlain. He glanced disgustedly at the Englishman, but did not reply. "Rather warm day," remarked Chamberlain pleasantly. No answer. The man sat with his head propped on his hands, unmistakably in a bad temper. "Want to buy some land?" inquired Chamberlain. "I'm selling off lots on this hill for summer cottages. Water front, dock privileges, and a guaranty that no one shall build where it will shut off your view. Terms reasonable. Like to buy?" "Non!" snarled the other. Chamberlain paused in his imaginative flight, and took two luscious yellow pears from his bulging pockets. "Have a pear?" he pleasantly offered. The man again looked up, as if tempted, but again ejaculated "Non!" Chamberlain leisurely took a satisfying bite. "I get tired myself," he went on, "tramping over these country roads. But it's the best way for me to do business. You don't happen to want a good hotel, do you?" Coarse fare and the discomforts of beggars' lodgings had told on the Frenchman's temper, as Chamberlain had surmised. He looked up with a show of human interest. Chamberlain went on. "There's a fine hotel, the Hillside, over yonder, only a mile or so away. Best place in all the region hereabouts; tip-topping set there, too. Count Some-body-or-Other from Germany, and no end of bigwigs; so of course they have a good cook." Chamberlain paused and finished his second pear. The man on the stone was furtive and uneasy, but masked his disquiet with the insolent sneering manner that had often served him well: Chamberlain, having once adopted the role of a garrulous traveling salesman, followed it up with zest. "Of course, a man can get a good meal, for that matter, at the red

house, a little way up yonder over the hill. But it wouldn't suit a man like you—a slow, poky place, with no style." The man on the stone slowly turned toward Chamberlain, and at last found voice for more than monosyllabic utterances. "I was looking for a hotel," he said, in correct English but with a foreign accent, "and I shall be glad to take your advice. The Hillside, you say, is in this direction?" and he pointed along the lower road. "Yes," heartily assented Chamberlain, "about two miles through those woods, and you won't make any mistake going there; it's a very good place." The man got up from the stone. "And the other inn you spoke of—where is that?" "The Red House? That's quite a long piece up over the hill—this way. Straight road; house stands near a church; kept by a country woman named Sallie. But the Hillside's the place for you; good style, everything neat and handsome. And fine people!" "Very well, thanks," cut in the other, in his sharp, rasping tones. "I shall go to the Hillside." He slid one hand into a pocket, as if to assure himself that he had not been robbed by sleight-of-hand during the interview, and then started on the road leading to the Hillside. Chamberlain said "Good day, sir," without expecting or getting an answer, and turned the hill toward the village. As soon as he had dropped from sight, however, he walked casually into the thick bushes that lined the road, and from this ambush he took a careful survey of the hill behind him. Then he slowly and cautiously made his way back through the underbrush until he was again in sight of the cross roads. Here, concealed behind a tree, he waited patiently some five or ten minutes. At the end of that time, Chamberlain's mild and kindly face lighted up with unholy joy. He opened his mouth and emitted a soundless "haw-haw." For there was his recent companion also returning to the cross roads, taking a discreet look in the direction of the village as he came along. Seeing that the coast was clear, he turned and went rapidly up the road that led over the hill to the old red house. When Chamberlain saw that the man was well on his way he stepped into the road and solemnly danced three steps of a hornpipe, and the next instant started on a run toward the village. He got little Simon's horse and buggy, drove into the upper street and picked up the sheriff, and then trotted at a good rattling pace around by the long road toward Ilion. CHAPTER XX. Monsieur Chatelard Takes the Wheel. Sallie Kingsbury would have given up the ghost without more ado, had she known what secular and unministerial passions were converging about Parson Thayer's peaceful library. As it was, she had a distinct feeling that life wasn't as simple as it had been heretofore, and that there were puzzling problems to solve. She was almost certain that she had caught Mr. Hand certain an oath; though when she charged him with it, he had said that he had been talking Spanish to himself—he always did when he was alone. Sallie didn't exactly know the answer to that, but told him that she hoped he would remember that she was a professor. "What's that?" inquired Hand. "It's a Christian in good and regular standing, and it's what you ought to be," said Sallie. And now that nice Mr. Chamberlain, whom she had fed in the early morning, had dashed up to the kitchen door behind Little Simon's best horse, deposited a man from Charlesport, and then had disappeared. The man had also unceremoniously left her kitchen. He might be a minister brought there to officiate at the church on the following Sabbath, Sallie surmised; but on second thought she dismissed the idea. He didn't look like any minister she had ever seen, and was very far indeed from the Parson Thayer type. Hercules Thayer's business, including his ministerial duties, had formed the basis and staple of Sallie's affectionate interest for seventeen years, and it wasn't her nature to give up that interest, now that the chief actor had stepped from the stage. So she speculated and wondered, while she did more than her share of the work. She picked radishes from the garden for supper, threw white screening over the imposing loaves of bread still cooling on the side table, and was sharpening a knife on a whetstone, preparatory to carving thin slices from a veal loaf that stood near by, when she was accosted by some one appearing in the doorway. "Is this the Red House?" It was a cool, sharp voice, sounding even more outlandish than Mr. Hand's. Sallie turned deliberately toward the door and surveyed the new-comer. "Well, yes; I guess so. But you don't need to scare the daylight's outer me, that way." The stranger entered the kitchen and pulled out a chair from the table. "Give me something to eat and drink—the best you have, and be quick about it, too." Sallie paused, carving knife in hand, looking at him with frank curiosity. "Well, I snum! You ain't the new minister either, now, are you?" The stranger made no answer. He had thrown himself into the chair, as if tired. Suddenly he sat up and looked around alertly, then at Sallie, who was returning his gaze with interest. "Where are you from, anyway?" she inquired. "We don't see people like you around these parts very often." "I dare say," he snarled. "Are you going to get me a meal, or must I tramp over these confounded hills all day before I can eat?" "Oh, I'll get you up a bite, if that's all you want. I never turned anybody away hungry from this door yet, and we've had many a worse looking tramp than you. I guess Miss Redmond won't mind." "Miss Redmond!" The stranger started to his feet, glowering on Sallie. "Look here! Is this place a hotel, or isn't it?" "Well, anybody'd think it was, the way I've been driven from pillar to post for the last ten days! But you can stay; I'll get you a meal, and a good one, too." Sallie's good nature was rewarded by a convulsion of anger on the part of the guest. "Fool! Idiot!" he screamed. "You trick me in here! You lie to me!" "Oh, set down, set down!" interrupted Sallie. "You don't need to get so hot up as all that! I'll get you something to eat. There ain't any hotel within five miles of here—and a poor one at that!" Thus protesting and attempting to soothe, Sallie saw the stranger make a grab for his hat and start for the door, only to find it suddenly shut and locked in his face. Mr. Chamberlain, moreover, was on the inside, facing the foreigner. "If you will step through the house and go out the other way," Mr. Chamberlain remarked coolly, "it will oblige me. My horse is loose in the yard, and I'm afraid you'll scare him off. He's shy with strangers." The two men measured glances. "I thought you traveled afoot when pursuing your real estate business," sneered the stranger. "I do, when it suits my purposes," replied Chamberlain. "What game are you up to, anyway, in this disgusting country?" inquired the other. "Ridding it of rascals. This way, please," and Chamberlain pointed before him toward the door leading into the hall. As the stranger turned, his glance fell on Sallie, still carving her veal loaf. "Idiot!" he said disgustedly. "Well, I haven't been caught yet, anyhow," said Sallie grimly. Chamberlain's voice interrupted her. "This way, and then the first door on the right. Make haste, if you please, Monsieur Chatelard." At the name, the stranger turned, standing at bay, but Chamberlain was at his heels. "You see, I know your name. It was supplied me at the reading room. Here—on the right—quickly!" The hall was dim, almost dark, the only light coming from the open doorway on the right. Whether he wished or no, Monsieur Chatelard was forced to advance into the range of the doorway; and once there, he found himself pushed unceremoniously into the room. It was a large, cool room, lined with bookcases. Near the middle stood an oblong table covered with green felt and supporting an old brass lamp. Four people were in the room, besides the two new-comers. Aleck Van Camp was on a low step-ladder, just in the act of handing down a book from the top shelf. Near the step-ladder two women were standing, with their backs toward the door. Both were in white, both were tall, and both had abundant dark hair. One of the French windows leading out on to the porch was open, and just within the sill stood the man from Charlesport. "Here's a wonderful book—a rare one—the record of that famous Latin controversy," Aleck was saying, when he became conscious of the entrance of Chamberlain and a stranger. "Ah, hello, Chamberlain, that you?" he cried. Agatha and Melanie, turning suddenly to greet Chamberlain, simultaneously encountered the gimlet gaze of Chatelard. It was fixed first on Melanie, then on Agatha, then returned to Melanie with an added increment of rage and bafflement. "So!" he sneered. "I find you after all, Princess Auguste Stephanie of Krovetz! Consorting with these—these swine!" Melanie looked at him keenly, with hesitating suspicion. "Ah! Duke Stephen's cat's paw! I remember you—well!" But before the words were fairly out of her mouth, Agatha's voice had cut in: "Mr. Van Camp, that is he! That is he! The man on the Jeannette D'Arc!" "We thought as much," answered Chamberlain. "That's why he is here." "We only wanted your confirmation of his identity," said the man who had been standing by the window, as he came forward. "Monsieur Chatelard, you are to come with me. I am the

sheriff of Charlesport county, and have a warrant for your arrest." As the sheriff advanced toward Chatelard, the cornered man turned on him with a sound that was half hiss, half oath. He was like a panther standing at bay. Aleck turned toward Melanie. "It seems that you know this man, Melanie?" "Yes, I know him—to my sorrow." "What do you know of him?" "He is the paid spy of the Duke Stephen, my cousin. He does all his dirty work." Melanie laughed a bit nervously as she added, turning to Chatelard: "But you are the last man I expected to see here. I suppose you are come from my excellent cousin to find me, eh? Is that the case?" Chatelard's eyes, resting on her, burned with hate. "Yes, your Highness. I am the humble bearer of a message from Duke Stephen to yourself." "And that message is—" "A command for your immediate return to Krovetz. Matters of importance wait you there." "And if I refuse to return?" Chatelard's shoulders went up and his hands spread out in that insolent gesture affected by certain Europeans. Chamberlain stepped forward impatiently. "Look here, you people," he began, "you told me this chap was a bloomin' kidnaper, and so I rounded him up—I nabbed him. And here you are exchanging howdy-do. What's the meaning of it all?" As he spoke, Chamberlain's eyes rested first on Melanie, then on Agatha, whom he had not seen before. "By Jove!" he ejaculated. "Whom did he kidnap?" questioned Melanie. "Why, me, Miss Reynier," cried Agatha. "He stole my car and dragged me and got me into his yacht—heaven knows why!" "Kidnaped! You!" cried Melanie. "Just so," agreed Aleck. "And now I see why—you scoundrel!" He turned upon Chatelard with contemptuous fury. "For once you were caught, eh? These ladies are much alike—that is true. So much so that I myself was taken aback the first time I saw Miss Redmond. You thought Miss Redmond was the princess—masquerading as an opera singer." "Her Highness has always been admired as a singer!" burst out Chatelard. "No doubt! And even you were deceived!" Aleck laughed in derision. "But when you take so serious a step as an abduction, my dear man, be sure you get hold of the right victim." "She was even singing the very song that used to be a favorite of her Highness!" remarked Chatelard. "Your memory serves you too well." But Chatelard turned scoffingly toward Agatha. "You sang it well, Mademoiselle, very well. And as this gentleman asserts, you deceived even me. But you are indiscreet to walk unattended in the park." Agatha, unnerved and weak, had grown pale with fear. "Don't talk with him, Mr. Van Camp, he is dangerous. Get him away," she pleaded. "True, Miss Redmond. We only waste time. Sheriff—" Again the sheriff advanced toward Chatelard, and again he was warned off with a hissing oath. At the same moment a shadow fell within the other doorway. As Chatelard's glance rested on the figure standing there, his face gleamed. He pointed an accusing forefinger. "There is the abductor, if any such person is present at all," said he. "That is the man who stole the lady's car and ran it to the dock. He is your man, Mister Sheriff, not I." The accusation came with such a tone of conviction on the part of the speaker, that for an instant it confused the mind of every one present. In the pause that followed, Chatelard turned with an insolent shrug toward Agatha. "This lady—" and every word had a sneer in it—"this lady will testify that I am right." Agatha stared with a face of alarm toward the doorway, where Hand stood silent. "If that is true, Miss Redmond," began the sheriff. "No—no!" cried Agatha. "He had nothing to do with it?" questioned the sheriff. (TO BE CONTINUED.) Modern Aesop. One day, in the presence of the Fox, the Tortoise was bragging to the Hare of his ability as a runner. The Fox was very derisive of the Tortoise's pretensions, whereupon the Tortoise, winking at the Hare, offered to bet the Fox a considerable sum of money that he could outrun the Hare. The Fox lost no time in putting up the money, and off the contestants started. The Hare took a big lead at once, but after getting comfortably out of sight, wandered away from the track and fell asleep. The Tortoise accordingly was the first to reach the winning post. The Fox went off cursing at the loss of his money, and when he had gone the Tortoise divided his winnings with the Hare. Ever since that time betting on races has been an uncertain sport.—Life. Education. Accustom a child as soon as it can speak to narrate his little experiences, his chapter of accidents; his griefs, his fears, his hopes; to communicate what he has noticed in the world without, and what he feels struggling in the world within. Anxious to have something to narrate, he will be induced to give attention to objects around him, and what is passing in the sphere of his instruction, and to observe and note events which will become one of his first pleasures; and this is the groundwork of a thoughtful character.

WILD AUTO CHASE IN NEW YORK CITY Police and Motorists Pursue Speeder Three Hours. KNOCKED DOWN WOMEN Bullets Flew After a Car That Had Run Down Several People and Then Ran Away—Collapsed Wheel Finally Ditched the Machine. New York—Roaring through the streets of the upper west side with an occasional burst of Vanderbilt speed, a low built racing car was run to earth early the other day after a continuous chase of three hours, in which a motorcycle policeman led a fleet of private cars. The pursued machine, driven by its owner, William Gohlhaus, a motor car dealer, had knocked down three women who were crossing Fifth avenue at One Hundred and Thirteenth street. The accident was seen by three men in another car and they started the pursuit in which, Motorcycle Policeman Ochenhirt joined almost immediately. The pursued car ran the gauntlet of fire from Ochenhirt's revolver. One policeman after another, attracted by the noise of the pursued, stepped out from street corners and blazed away, hoping to strike a tire or cripple the machinery of the flying car. Gohlhaus slid far down in his seat and his two companions crouched in the tonneau. The chase was the most dramatic ever known in this city. Up into the open spaces near Van Cortlandt Park and back into the swarming streets of the upper west side, the big six-cylinder car whirled, cut-out open and its exhaust roaring and spitting flame like a cup racer. Ochenhirt hung to the trail, about two short blocks behind. His cycle was good for 55 miles an hour and he said he had it going at the top notch. Steering with one hand, the policeman loaded and reloaded his revolver and emptied it, but with no effect. A little girl sitting at a basement window received a painful flesh wound from one wild bullet and several windows were broken and heads barely missed by the shots. The whole upper section of the city was on the street to watch the sport. Car after car got in line, each with a policeman hanging on the running board blowing his whistle to get the right of way, or taking long distance shots at the flying quarry. But the pace began to tell and the number of pursuers slowly dwindled toward midnight until finally there were only Ochenhirt on his still faithful motorcycle and the three men who had started the pursuit. After 150 miles of city streets had been covered Ochenhirt found himself the only pursuer. Slowly he drew in on his quarry and finally far up town, the pursued machine's front wheel collapsed and the car flopped into a ditch. One of its occupants fled, but the other two, Gohlhaus and his chauffeur, were arrested. The three women Gohlhaus's car had knocked down were taken to a hospital. FIGHTS SNAKE; SAVES MASTER Dog Seizes and Kills a Rattler as Reptile is About to Strike. Clearfield, Pa.—Tippy, a little mongrel dog, saved the life of his master, Frank G. Harris, one time county treasurer, the other day while the latter was on a fishing trip to Moose Creek, near here, by attacking a big rattlesnake that was about to strike Harris in the face. Mr. Harris, desiring to reach the other side of the stream, started to crawl over on a slippery log. Just as he reached the far end of the log a big rattler raised his head directly in front of his face and drew back to strike. "Tippy," who had swam the creek, darted at the snake and obtained a hold just back of the head. His keen teeth made short work of the rattler.



Pace Began to Tell.