

THE GRAY WOLF

By F. K. SCRIBNER

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CHAPTER XI (Continued)

OR a moment he remained motionless, his broad shoulders braced against the wall; then, with a muttered imprecation, hurried the harmless weapon across the room.

Morgan's forehead was damp with beads of perspiration. McGregor's face had gone the color of chalk. Each was a brave man, but to stand by and witness another blow out his brains had kept my nerve, for I alone knew the revolver was not loaded.

Hauptmann uttered a short, disagreeable laugh.

"It seems you would not let me end the matter in the simplest manner; perhaps it is because you of religion, the Baron von Seldorf is a do." He spoke bitterly.

"And so you would have blown out your brains?" said I.

"And why not?" he answered. "I have been tricked by that miserable Hauptmann. In the devil's name, why do you interfere in my affairs, or will the reward be greater if you deliver me alive to the governor?"

"Captain Hauptmann," said I soberly, "you are in error; we have nothing to do with the governor of Brescia."

He stared at me incredulously.

"It is true," I continued. "I obtained the paper from Herr Hauptmann, but I have no intention of using it of it except to protect ourselves."

"What devil's game is this? Who are you?" asked the governor.

"You had supposed we were conspirators against the government of Brescia; might I inquire how it is you desired to arrest being pursued in a conspiracy to overthrow the Baron von Seldorf?"

A grim smile crossed his bloodless face.

"I knew you were not of our party; there are no foreigners among us. Why, in that case should I not obey orders?" he answered.

"And I, the suspicions of the governor, put in Morgan."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Listen," continued the governor, "you have nothing to fear from us if you agree to certain conditions."

"And Hauptmann?" broke in the Brescian.

"What of this Hauptmann?" asked Morgan, turning to me.

"I can promise Hauptmann will not trouble us; he will abide by such agreement as we may reach," I answered.

I fancied an expression of relief on the governor's face; that he was so easily won was evident. Morgan took up the conversation.

"If you will agree upon your honor as an officer, to attempt no violence of any description we will, in turn, pledge our honor to your honor."

"Over calmly," he said, "it may be possible you have nothing to fear from this Hauptmann or ourselves. Are you sure?"

"The Brescian's answer was to descend from the bed, when, seating himself upon its edge, he regarded us one after the other."

"The device take me, but I do not understand," he muttered. Then, with the utmost composure, he produced a cigarette and lighted it.

Morgan drew me to one side, but I observed that McGregor did not notice. If the latter saw it he made no sign; only puffed nonchalantly upon the cigarette.

As briefly as possible, I explained to Morgan what had occurred. He nodded, glanced toward the closed door of the closet, and lowered his voice, so that he could not be overheard by the man seated upon the bed.

"I have had a talk with Shulhof, and it was because of his return to Brescia this afternoon," I returned to McGregor.

"But, surely, you have not explained."

"Hardly that, but I have sounded him. In the first place, he loves the little countess; one would a daughter. He was a friend of her father's."

"If we may expect that unfortunate fellow, Ludolf, in fact, it was he who lent me that valuable assistance on the night when the lady escaped from the front of the house across the river. It was Shulhof who provided the horses."

"And he is a stranger in Brescia?" I queried.

"Only after I had vanished what I had to say a bit. I gave him to understand we had known old Von Holleu pretty intimately in England. By working in a part of what Ludolf told us in Paris, I fancy I made a pretty fair yarn of it; at least it made the impression on the old war horse. I gave him to understand we had come to Brescia on a promise made to the countess's father; and that was enough for him to know."

"And he knows nothing of the documents, or the debt Brescia owes to its deposed chancellor?"

"It scarcely fancy so," replied McGregor. "or he must have suspected I would have known of it, and dropped some hint."

"And he spoke nothing of this conspiracy?" gave me no inkling that the countess was mixed up in such an affair."

"Not directly, but he did state the government, which means Baron von Seldorf, was watching her closely; and he warned me to avoid running foul of the governor. He warned me above all not to confide anything to the countess's Holleu, who is completely under the influence of the Baron. He even suspected that trouble in the creek was not so much the result of his horse talking. I fancy I have confirmed that suspicion."

"And you rode back to the city?"

"I was coming to that," he continued. "Shulhof is virtually a prisoner at the villa; what you have learned about a conspiracy exists; the possible result is that it was useless for me to remain there, and especially as he gave me a message to a friend of his in the city. But what started me off post-haste was the suspicion he has that the countess may not return at once to the villa. The friend to whom he directed me will put us in touch with her, provided she does not return tonight or tomorrow."

"The game may develop into one of extreme delicacy, and especially since this conspiracy business has dropped out. I believe the governor will see to it that she remains under his eye, and he will be more anxious than ever to marry her to that son of his."

"Our coming has hastened matters; Von Seldorf suspects, of course, that we learned something from Ludolf. He suspects also we will hunt up the countess, and while we are at large he proposes to know with whom she holds communication. The old fellow is no fool, and understands looking after his own interests."

"But when they got us at the villa, why didn't they make sure of us? That was an opportunity," I suggested.

"Because," answered Morgan, "the agents who held me up in the park were watching only to head off would-be conspirators; it is evident they knew nothing about this other affair, nor that the countess had hidden out to the countess's villa. Yesterday, you must remember, they had that Englishman in the toils, thinking he was the man they wanted."

"The story you have told me substantiates that theory; we have proof there is a conspiracy brewing in Brescia and that the Countess von Holleu is mixed up in it. It is not yet time to arrest out there in the hills. The governor was probably waiting for the return of Hauptmann, on whom he depended for information. You may imagine the old fellow has now something more to think about than a few unruly citizens. That wire from Paris must have stirred him up a bit. He will first get up the documents; afterward he will turn his attention to the less vital matter."

LOCAL MENTION

Do You Like Soft Crabs? Get 'Em. Maryland Lunch, 3038 Pa. ave. 610 5th.

Senator Warren and Wife, of Wyoming, Are Entertained at the White House

President Host At An Informal Dinner Last Evening.

The President entertained informally at dinner at the White House last evening in compliment to Senator and Mrs. Warren of Wyoming, whose marriage took place recently.

Dinner was served on the terrace. Others in the party were Senator and Mrs. Newlands, Senator Crane, Major A. W. Butt, U. S. A.; the secretary to the President, C. D. Himes, and Judge Herron, of Cincinnati, brother-in-law to the President.

New Chilean Minister And Family to Sail.

The new Chilean minister, with Mrs. Quares and their children, who have been at the Shoreham since their arrival in Washington, the latter part of June, will sail for Paris tomorrow to spend the remainder of the summer.

Miss Genevieve Clark, daughter of the Speaker of the House and Mrs. Champ Clark, has returned to Washington after a visit of several weeks at Deal Beach, N. J. She will accompany her mother, who is leaving shortly for a visit to Colorado Springs.

Dr. P. J. Lennox, of the Catholic University, and Mrs. Lennox will sail from New York Saturday on the Arabic to spend the remainder of the summer abroad. They will visit England, Wales, and various places on the continent, attending the international congress on alcoholism at The Hague in September, and will return here October 1.

Everybody's Question Box—Answers to Queries

Times Inquiry Department:

Kindly tell me of an unfailing remedy for setting colors in wash material, and oblige, SALLY.

A household authority recommends washing light materials that are apt to fade in bran water instead of ordinary soap and water. It is made by boiling two quarts of clean bran in two gallons of water for one-half hour. Strain this through a cloth, squeezing it to get the glutinous mass, and in this wash the material, using neither soap nor starch. This will make the goods like new, and will prevent fading. Ordinary salt and water will set delicate colors, and there is an ox gall soap which is also said to set colors in wash goods. This may be obtained at any large grocery store.

Times Inquiry Department:

I saw recently in the Inquiry Column that dry cornmeal would clean a white felt hat. Now, I have a very light, tan colored hat, and I write to ask you if cornmeal could be used on the same on white felt, without injuring the color. Truly yours, ANNABELLE.

You will find the cornmeal equally successful on any light color, unless the hat is very much soiled. Apply the cornmeal with a piece of soft white flannel.

Times Inquiry Department:

Please publish a recipe for canning string beans, and oblige, A SUBSCRIBER.

After stringing them, wash and cook in a kettle of boiling water five minutes, drain and fill into glass jars. Then add to four quarts of water two ounces of salt, fill the jars with this to over-

Gen. Marshall, Wife and Daughter Leave Today

Gen. and Mrs. William L. Marshall, U. S. A., and Miss Maitland Marshall left Washington today for Monterey, Pa., where Mrs. Marshall and her daughter will spend the remainder of the summer. General Marshall will return to Washington Monday, joining his family for the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Weller are spending the summer at their country place, Arundel-on-the-Bay, Anne Arundel county, Md.

Mr. de Nain, vice consul and attaché at the French embassy, will leave Washington toward the end of the month for New York, from where he will sail August 4, for a two months' sojourn in France. Mr. de Saint Phalle, of the embassy, who is now in Canada, will return to the city about the same time.

Mrs. Mary Ware, of West Point, Miss. sister of Mrs. Fred Beall, and Miss Mamie McEachin, of Los Angeles, Cal., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Beall, at 1139 Columbia road.

Capt. and Mrs. John G. Knapp and the latter's mother, Mrs. Randolph Harkins, will leave their residence on Twenty-second street tomorrow, and go to Jamestown, R. I., for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron S. Adams and Miss Adams are at the Royal Muskoka Hotel, Muskoka, Canada.

Miss Marie Louise Howser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Howser, will leave Washington tomorrow for Verona, N. J., where she will be the guest for a week or ten days of Miss Mau.

Colonel Bailey and Wife at Lenox for a Few Weeks.

Col. and Mrs. C. J. Bailey and their family have closed their Washington residence, and have gone to Lenox, where they will spend several weeks at the Aspinwall.

The Spanish minister has gone to John M. Riano, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Chandler Anderson, at York Harbor, Me., for several weeks.

The Rev. and Mrs. Philip M. Prescott and Miss Marquerite Prescott have gone to Narragansett Pier for the summer.

Mrs. A. R. Fenning has gone to Asbury Park, and is not expected to return to Washington until late in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Westcott To Summer in Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Westcott are leaving Washington in a fortnight for York Harbor, Me., where they will spend the remainder of the season.

Mrs. Fleming Newbold will leave Washington tomorrow to spend the summer at Cape May, N. J.

Mrs. John F. Connor and her children left town today for Port Dover, Canada. Mr. Connor will join them later in the season.

Mrs. John Melton Hudgins and her little son left Washington today for Jamestown, R. I., for a stay of several weeks before going abroad.

FOR LITTLE FOLK JUST BEFORE BEDTIME

The Sandman's Stories

THE SURPRISE.

"TOMORROW is my birthday," said little Nellie Stewart, "you promised I should have a party, mother."

"You shall, my dear!" her mother replied.

"But you are not getting ready for it," said Nellie, "and we have not invited any one."

"Wait and see," said her mother, "you will have your party, I promise you, but it is to be a surprise."

"How can it be a surprise?" said Nellie. "I know all about it."

"That is the surprise, you do not know all about it," her mother replied, "you only know that you are to have a party, but you do not know what kind of a party it is to be."

Nellie went into the kitchen several times that day, but there was no special preparation being made and she began to wonder if it could be possible that her mother would give a party for her without refreshments.

The next morning Nellie was called for an early breakfast and while she was eating, her mother said to her:

"Don't you think it is a little early for a party?"

"No, I don't think so," said Nellie, "I don't know what time the party is to be held."

"The party is to be held at the step of the wagon and reached into the cage with a stick. One of the birds hopped on it and then picked up a printed slip of paper, and with the bird still on the stick the man held it toward a little girl, who took the slip from the bird's beak and read it aloud. It said: 'Tell your fortune,' he said, lifting his cap and bowing. 'Tell me, then, what your fortune is,' said the girl, and the mother arranged to have the fortune of each boy and girl told."

The man bowed and the cage to the step of the wagon and reached into the cage with a stick. One of the birds hopped on it and then picked up a printed slip of paper, and with the bird still on the stick the man held it toward a little girl, who took the slip from the bird's beak and read it aloud. It said: 'Tell your fortune,' he said, lifting his cap and bowing. 'Tell me, then, what your fortune is,' said the girl, and the mother arranged to have the fortune of each boy and girl told."

Nellie thought it strange they met these performing animals, but her mother told her they were on their way to the city and it was yet early in the day.

At last they reached the grove, where they played games until it was time for lunch, and then the hampers were unpacked. And such a hungry little people you never saw. There were sandwiches of all kinds and ice cold milk, little cakes and cookies, peaches, pears, and bananas.

After lunch Nellie's mother read to them, and then they rode home by another route, stopping at a pretty little house covered with vines and roses, where the cream was served for lunch. Mother said a party was not complete without ice cream. It was almost dinner time when they reached Nellie's house, and each little guest scampered toward home, but first they told Nellie and her mother what they had just heard. They never would forget all the fun they had on the way to the grove.

"I think my party was the nicest kind of a surprise," Nellie told her mother, "and I am sure the other children were as much surprised as I was."

They were quite a way out of the city when they saw a man coming toward them leading what looked like a huge dog, but when they were nearer it proved to be a bear.

The driver stopped his horse, and the man with the bear said: "He dance for you." Nellie's mother gave him some silver and he played on a pipe while the bear stood on his hind legs and danced around in a circle. He looked so clumsy and awkward that the children screamed with laughter. Then the bear put his big paws around his master and they danced together.

His master next loaded a wooden gun with the bear pulled the trigger and then looked at the children and laughed, or at least it looked as though he did, for his mouth was open very wide.

One little boy threw a piece of candy to the bear, who ate it, and then came to the end of the wagon and put his paws on the opening looking for more. The boy gave him the bag to get him away, for the children were a little frightened to have him so near.

The bear sat on the ground and emptied the bag in a very short time. The horses were the only ones who did not enjoy the funny bear, and they were impatient to move on. As they rode away the children waved their hands to the bear and he waved his paw, until they were out of sight.

They had gone only a short distance when they met a man with an organ and a monkey, and they stopped again.

Nellie's mother gave him a piece of silver, and the monkey danced while the man played the organ, but the music was so bad they asked him to stop.

The monkey wanted to get to the children because they were eating, and he jumped to the side of the wagon and took off his cap.

One little girl offered him a bag to help himself to peanuts, and, quick as a flash, he pulled it from her hand and ran to the top of the wagon. A line of a tree overhung the covered top, and up went the monkey, pulling the chain over his master's hand as he jumped.

For a few minutes there was a great confusion. The man chattered in a foreign tongue, fearing he had lost his pet, and the monkey chattered in monkey language, thinking they wanted to take away the peanuts. Luckily the chain became entangled in the tree, and his master was able to capture him. When he had him safe he boxed his ears and said something which probably meant: "You are a very bad monkey," for the monkey put his paws over his face and made a noise just like a child crying.

"Poor little fellow," said the children; "don't hurt him."

"The organ man smiled and shook his head. 'I no hurt him,' he said as he held the monkey close to him and patted his head. He then took up his paw and patted his master's cheek. The children said good-by, and the merry party drove along.

Just before they reached the grove they met a man with a cage of birds. 'Tell your fortune,' he said, lifting his cap and bowing. 'Tell me, then, what your fortune is,' said the girl, and the mother arranged to have the fortune of each boy and girl told."

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(Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.)

Cardboard Protects Lace From Scissors

It is a difficult matter to cut away the material under lace without severing the wrong thread occasionally, unless means of overcoming the trouble are employed. Use a piece of cardboard four inches long, rounded at one end, and cut wide enough to slip between the lace and material.

No Blemish as Great as Superfluous Hair

Any woman who uses face powder, any woman who does anything to improve her appearance and charm, and who is annoyed by the growth of superfluous hair on her face, neck or arms, wants to use ERADICO. It is as safe as the most delicate face powder. It uses the insurance of the disappearance of that hairy growth that mars your beauty.

ERADICO is a liquid that dissolves hair. It is readily applied with a brush. It does not break off the hair, and therefore cannot increase its growth.

ERADICO is a delicate toilet preparation for the use of ladies who prize their appearance. There is a perfectly safe remedy, called ERADICO, which seeks out and removes these unsightly hairs and retards their growth without injuring the most delicate skin.

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