CHAPTER XXIL

The House Divided.

Alone in that strange place of si-lence and shadows—that des of the down's livery, orieson and black— chained to the invalid shair wherein, cannot to the invalid chair wherein, day is, day out, for years on end, he had suffered the Promethean torments of the life that would not do out of his wretched, wrecked carosas, though without country sharp-basked envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitable hose pecked inestiably at his vitale: Seeses. Trime and waiting, with the impassivity of a graven figure waiting rity of a graven figure waiting he imminent hour of ultimate persent for the wrong that had nde him what he was.

"Another hour! . . In sixty and Marrophet and Rose—poor foolt—and him! . . . In sixty minutes more they will put him down before me, bound and helpless, if not dead

slight pause prefaced words that were a whimpered prayer: "God send that he be not dead! Have I lingered



Rose Turned on Her Par

here in anguish all these weary years est of my revenge only to be cheated at the end by Death? Ged grant that Alan Law may be laid Nowa still living here at my feet! . . Then . . .

A bitter smile twieted his tortured features: "Then shall my will be done to him! And then, when I have seen him die as his father died—then—Ah, God!—then at last I too may die!

There was a long silence, then a green of exasperated protest: "Why do they not come? Why does Judith delay, when she knows how I suffer? delay, when she knows how I suffer? Why have I been put off from day to day with her telegrams that begged for more time and promised everything—but told nothing!—until yesterday. . . . Where are those mea-mages she sent me yesterday?'

His one sound hand groped out like a claw and sought a mass of papers on the deek basile him, sorting out from among them (we yellow forms. Painfully he blinked over these and root among them (we yellow forms. Ainfully he blinked over these and lowly his pain-bent lips conned their

"Also and Rose safe with me-will out fall," he read the first aloud; and then the second: "Have motorcar of for me tomorrow morning three o'clock till called for New

"No!" he affirmed with the ferve of one persuaded by his own desires: "I must not doubt the girl! She has promised, she has performed:

So still was he, indeed that he seemed to sleep, but so deceptive was not sembleness that he was alert for t sound. The girl entered softly, as if tearful of 4th sere; but she found him with head

"Judith!" he eried, his great voice brating like a brazen bell. "At last! Where to he?"

With no more answer than a sigh, o girl drooped her head and let her sade hang limply with palme ex-

After an instant of incredulous di-

pointment the men shot a single, gid question at her: "You have failed?" "I have failed," she confer

the shrugged slightly. "Who knows Who shraeped elightly. "Who knows why one fails? I did my best: he was see much for me, outwitted me at every turn. Thus and again I thought I had him, but always he escaped, either by his own wit and courage or with mother's sid. Only yesterday night they were all three in the hollow of my hands—but now I bring you.

Stored, awed by the glare of intel oyes. "Let me explain."

aphoin. The thing is impossible, that we should have talled. There is com-bing branch this, consthing you rill not tell me."

Sie anderwood to speak, but he en-erced offence with a sonerous "No!"

His hand proget the yow of buttons

Upon this one he loosed the light ings of his wrath without ruth Hose suffered him in silence. His most galling recrimi retort from this one.

In a lull in Trine's tirade, Juditi chose to interject: "Don't be so hard on the silly fool: she's not respo she's sick with love for that good-look

ing simpleton!"
"And you!" Rose turned on b nately-"what about you? ove Alan Law, at least I love him openly. I am not ashamed to own itand I don't pursue him, as you do, preending I mean to sacrifice him to a wicked family foud, and then sparhim every time I meet him, to lead him to believe I haven't the heart to injure him—as you do, hoping so to work upon his sympathies and care a kindly word and a pat on the head rom his hand!

Plercely she leveled a denunciato arm at hor sister. "There!" she cried to her father-"If you need to knowthere stands the daughter who has betrayed your faith-us I have not. who have never oven pretended to

pprove your villainy! "I think." Trine announced in "I have learned now what I needed to know."
His fingers sought the row of but-

tons; and when a servant respons he inquired:

Mr. Marrophat has returned?"

"He is in the waiting room, sir."
"Conduct Miss Judith to him and
tell him I hold him personally responsible for her safe-keeping. He will

And for a long time thereafter the father, alone with the daughter who been estranged from him since birth by every instinct of her nature, essayed in vain to break down her

At last Trine summoned two of his creatures and had her led weeping from the rooms to be held prisoner in ber bedchamber on the topmost floor of the house.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Sporting Offer.

Some two hours later, that same evening, Mr. Alan Law, very much alive and, in spite of a complete new outfit of ready-made clothing, looking much more like himself than he had in a fortnight, issued forth from the Grand Central station, hailed a taxi-cab, and had himself conveyed to the Hotel Monolith.

But if he looked his proper self once

more, it speedily was demonstrated that his wish was otherwise: for after learning from the room-clerk of the Monolith that a suite was being held in the name of Arthur Lawrence, that was the name Mr. Law inscribed or

On the other hand, it was his true name that he gave to the person whom he called upon the telephone immediately after being shown to his rooms. But then he was speaking to his old friend and man of business, Mr. Digby. Within another ten minutes this last was in conference with his employer:

"I think you must be out of your bead," he insisted nervously, once their first greetings were over. "You might just as sensibly throw yourself from the top of the Metropolitan tower as come to New York while Trine lives and knows you're this side the water

"Nonsense!" Alan laughed, "Remen ber this is New York-not the backds of Maine!" Alan paused and smote his palm

nal, I'm forgetting Barcus! Barcus? "Chap whose boat I chartered in

Portland--sheer luck on my part: be's one of the salt of the arth. First, something must be done for the box You've got influence of some sort in New Bedford, surely?"

Digby reflected: "Some. There's George Blaine, justice of the peace-"The very man. Telegraph him in Barcus' interests immediately. And telegraph Barcus as well—send him a bundred for expenses, and tell him to join me here in New York as quick as be can!"

"Your friend's address?" Digby inquired, mildly ironic as he sat down at the deek and fumbled with the sup-

ply of stationery. "New Bedford jail, of course!" Alan chuckled-but cut his laugh in two as something fluttered from the pack of envelopes which Digby had disturbed and fell to the floor between the two

Pace up it gripped eardonic mock ery of Alan's confidence: It was a trey

With an ashen face and a trembling hand, Digby stooped to pick the damned thing up; but Alan was be-forehand with him, and got his fingers first upon the card.

"Now will you believe?" Digby denanded buskily.

"In what? A simple coincidence?" lien flouted. "Not I! Who knows I'm in New York—or that the Arthur Law-rence for whom your agent engaged these rooms was Alan Law. No, my friend: it's a bit too thick for me. Take my word for it, this is nothing more nor less than a souvenir of a poker-party held by yesterday's tenant of this saits."

"Perhaps—perhaps!" Digby as ed, stroking tresulous lips. "Bu ed, stroking treamlous lips. "But I'm afraid for yea, my boy. Who knows that Trine's spice were not watching my man when he made this reserva-tion? Who knows but that 'Arthur Lawrence' was too thin a diaguise for him to the contract of th Alan Lew? I tell you, I'm frightened to the marrow of my aid bones! Do me this favor at least, my boy: now that: you've been warned, whether by accident or design—we won't argue that—do leave town—go incognito to

there for the sailing of the next trans atlantic steamer. Oh, surely you can't deny me this one wish of my fond old eart, my boy!"

tion Alan dropped a hand on Digby's

"There's nothing on earth I wou not do for you," he said: "you've been a father and a mother to me ever since I can remember, even if we were sepa-rated, most of the time, by three thousand miles of salt water. But this thing-I can't do it, even for you. I can't do it even for myself. Rose Trine is here in New York, in the hands and at the mercy of her father and sister: and you may judge what their mercy will be when for learn all that she has done for me. I won't go and I can't go until I find her and take ber with me. And that is final."

"Then," Digby struck in, grasping wildly at a straw of hope, "I have your word you'll go, providing I find and re-store Rose to you?"

"You have my word to that, unque tionably. Bring Rose to me, and I'll gladly shake the dust of New York from my shoes, and never return till Trine is put away comfortably in his "It shall be done," Digby promised.

"It must!" "You believe that?"

"In twelve hours Rose shall be re

etored to you."
"Will you make a book on ht I'll bet you something happens and hope I lose into the bargain. If you believe you can carry out your promise, wire the White Star line to reserve the best available suite on the Oceania and make arrangements for a mar riage before the boat sails."

"I'll go you," Digby agreed: "and if fall, I forfeit the cost of the reser-But about this marriage vation He heeltated.

You'll have to have a license in this state—and can't get one except

agery of a tiger's when it was tran-siently revealed in a shaft of moonlight.

At leasth Alan sained the sridiron

fortuity, or instinct, or the psychological attraction of his steadfast concentration-the tenant of the room came to the window and stood there for a little, looking pensively out, altogether unconscious of the watcher in his serial coign.

Again a horrible uncertainty har-

assed him. Was the woman Rose or Judith? That she was one of these he could plainly see. But which? Dared he seemme his hopes fulfilled?

With difficulty he detached his hungry vision from her, and drawing from his pocket a small notebook, tore out a blank page, placed this flat on the girder, found a pencil, and with the assistance of a ray or two o moonlight scrawled a message of almost steaographic bravity.

When he looked up from this task, she had vanished.

Sitting up, astride the girder, he took his watch—a cheap affair he had cicked up when reclothing himself in the garments of civilised society, at Providence, that morning—opened the



by applying in person with your bride

o-be. There wan't be time-"Then we'll marry in Jersey!" Alan insisted, "Dig up some clergyman over self-

"Oh, I'm well acquainted with the very men!

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Time o' Night.

Not ill-pleased to be left to his own levices (whose proposed character Digby would never have approved had he so much as suspected them) Alan none the less deferred setion until after midnight.

And espionage was all he feared save and except always, of sourse, failure to find his Ross.

It was about one in the morning when he arrived inconspicuously (but not so much so as to seem deserving of police surveillance) in the seigh-borhood of the Riverside drive home of his mortal enemy, a grim white bouse that towered, stark and tall, upon

His preliminary reconn. vided little more than comfortless ercise. Huge, still, its wall bathed in the milk and ink of meonlight and shadow all its windows dark but one and that one, in the topme showed only a feeble glimmer, so slight that Alan almost overlooked it.

But once discovered, it focused upo itself his thoughts with a power little less than hypnotic,

He believed with small soubt the Rose was a prisoner within those walls; that Judith must have convered her there with all speed.

And, this being the presumptive case, that small, high window of the light

might well be bers. Directly across the street from the Trine residence, on the opposite cor-ner, a colossal apartment structure

stood half-finished, stonework to its To his infinite diagnet, Alan found the guardles very wide awake, very muck on the job: so chance here steel unseen into the building.

This in itself night have be deemed a suspicious circumstant not for nothing does an honest nig watchman so deny the laws of nature and the tenets of his craft. But Alen merely praised the man while curving the very fact of his existence; and, ac-

what seemed a uncommonly stubborn reluctance, and got his way.

He could be know that another skulked behind a barrier of lime barries and overheard all that passed and, when Alan had ducked smartly into the unfinished building, rose and stole after him with footateps as noiseless as a cat's and a face that had the savancer of a tiger's when it was transacry of a tiger's when the tiger of time that the tiger of the time tiger of time tiger

of girders on a plane with the lighted from the girder and hung helpless in window across the way, and grept space, dangling at the end of Alan's along one of these, singerly on his hands and knees, until he came to its the fingers between him and death.

The shock of that unpressaged to

Alan's Appearance at the Hotel Mone lith.

back of the case, and closed it upon the folded message.

Then drawing back his arm. breathed a silent prayer to the god of all true lovers, and cast it from him with all his might—with such force that it almost unseated him at the end of the swing. But nothing less would have served to bridge that yawning chasm

And the watch few straight and true, squarely through the lighted win-dow and to the further wall. . . . At that very instant of his exultation

over an obstacle overcome, he heard ound behind him of beavy breathing. The assault had come that clo upon his prey when Alan turned and discovered his peril.

The same moonbeam which ha aided Alan'in the composition of his mossage struck across the other's face. and showed it like a hideous Chir mask of deadly hatred, with its eye balls glaring and its lips drawn back from the naked blade gripped between its teeth—a stilette nothing short of a foot in length

With a sharp, startled movement Alan swung himself bodily about, so that, seated again actride the girder. he faced the assassin who sat up straddling the girder, his feet hooked beneath it a stiletto poised in his right hand to strike.

But even new Alan was in little o no better case than before. If he faced the thug, he faced him with no arms other than his bare hands. He had not even a pen-knife in his pockets.

With a low cry of desperation Alan matched off his hat, a soft and shape less felt affair, and flung It squarely to the fellow's tage.

Before befored recover—before, that is, it framed away and deared his vision, Alph had bent forward and grasped the wrist of the hand that held the knife.

He matched almultaneously at the

He matched simultaneously at the other hand, but it cluded him.

Alan had this advantage, as long as the knife might not strike—that his right arm was gree, while the assaults had only his the ... With this he strove persistently with his knife-hand and persistent the strike of the weapon. As persistent the fields his perpose by dragging to indichand toward him and swinging if for out to one side. At the same tind the struck repeatedly with his cleaning right fast at the other; had beyond disasseering the other; but this provid a yeary considerable

factor in the dust. In the end, they served together with that steady, resistless downward and outward drag gain?"

The one who gate the trey of hearts will drain that glass. Is it a bar-sistless downward and outward drag to break the grip of the man's locked

Abruptly he pitched forward on his face along the girder, kicking wildly. grasping at the air. The stlictto fell from an instinctively relaxed grasp and disappeared. And before Alan could release his hold, or ease the strain upon the right arm of the asarm-with no more than the grip of

The shock of that unpresaged turn That view, however, did not tempt; stomach. And the strain on his letter than the strain on his stomach. And the strain on his left little sister, I will shoot Alan Law warded with a bare gimpse of a prot-tilly-papered wall, framed in the lace of half-drawn cartains.

And of sudden—whether through signed for his victim was merely his Just desert.

And yet Alan could not let him go. Thus the battle began anew—but now it was a battle with a man balfcrased and struggling so madly that he well-nigh frustrated the efforts of

his rescuer.
Is the upshot the assassin lay like t limp rag across the girder, hend and arms dangling on one side, legs and feet on the other, spent with his terride exertions and physically sick with

And in this state Alan left him: had done enough; let the man shift for himself from this time on.

CHAPTER XXV.

Changeling. Is the vague, chill gray of that dull and desolate dawn, Judith stirred ab-ruptly on the couch of a sleepless night, and with the rapidity of one who has arrived at a settled purpose after a long period of doubt and per-

herself in negligee. In the adjoining room she could hear small, stealthy noises—the sounds made by her sister moving about and preparing against the unguessable moment when her rescue would be attempted, according to the information

plexity, rose and bathed and dressed

conveyed in that midnight message. For chance had couspired with her insomnia to station Judith in the recess of her darkened window, idly viewing the gaunt framework of the unfinished building from an angle which, when Alan edged out along the

girder, showed him plainly in silhou-In Judith's eyes his identity was unmietakable. She had hardly needed the night-glasses which presently she brought to bear upon him at the moent when he was isboriously inditing his message—while grim death stalked him from behind.

She had seen him throw the watch and had heard the double thump of its impact with the wall and floor of Rose's bedchamber. And she had witnessed with wildly

beating heart that duel in the airable to surmise its outcome only from the fact that the victor spared the life

of the vanquished.

The clock was striking six as she left her room: across the street workingmen were streaming into the building to begin the labors of the day. Brushing underemoniously past the drowsy and indifferent guard in the corridor outside the door to Rose's room, Judith turned the key that re-mained in the lock on the outside, rebehind her.

Without any surprise she found her sister already dressed to the point of

donning her outer garments. Rendered half-frantie by this unexoted interruption, threatening as it did the perilous scheme that Alan had proposed, Rose greeted her sister with countenance at once aghast and

"What do you want?" she demanded

ensely. come to an understanding with you," Judith told her coolly.
"There is no understanding possible

between us: you know that as well as "Yet one there must be "I lasist that you leave this room at

"Insist by all means lamned! I may leave this room—and may not, dear little sister. But one of us will never leave it slive. With a start of terror, Rose shrank sek from this strange, wild thing

that wore the very shape and sem denne of berself. "What do you mean? You cannot mean to murder me in cold blood, Judith?"

"Not II" Judith laughed harship. "But, since it has pleased Destiny to decree that we must both love one man—let Destiny decide between us and bear the blame of murder!"

"Judith!" "One moment!" Crossing to a side table, Judith took up a glass from a tray that held a silver water-pitcher and returned with it to the table that occupied the middle of the floor. At the same time she opened a hand till then fast clenched and disclosed a small blue bottle with a red label shricking

the warning "POISON!"
"Strychnine," site explained composedly, "in solution." And empties he bottle into the glass. A measure of courage returned to Rose. "Do you expect to be able to make me drink that?" she demanded

"Not I-but Destiny, if it will! See here." From a pocket of her dressing-gown Judith produced a sealed deck of playing eards. "Let these declars the will of Destiny toward us. I will break the seal, shuffle the cards, and deal," she explained, suiting action to word.

One Episode Each Wee

"Never! Oh, now I know that you are altogether mad! "Perhaps. Are you ready?" And Judith made as if to deal.

"No-never! I tell you I refuse!"
Rose chattered, terrified. "You dare not refuse." "Why ?"

"Because of this."

Whipping a small revolver from another pocket of her dressing-gown, Ju-dith placed it on the table, ready to "You will shoot me if I do not con-

sent? "Not you-but him. If you refuse, dead when he comes to keep his ap-

pointment with you."

"Ab!" Rose cried in mingled fright and amazement. "How did you find out? "Never mind. Is it a bargain, now, about the trey of hearts? Remember,

shall keep my word about this pis-With a shudder Rose bowed her

"Deal," she muttered fearfully, "and may God judge between us!" One by one she stripped the cards from the top of the deck, dealing first lo Rose, then to herwelf.

One by one they fluttered to the table on either side the glass of poison. and fell face uppermost.

The trey of hearts fell to Judith.

There was an instant of silent dress ended by Rose, as Judith's hand moved That multitude which never men steadily toward the glass.
"Judith!" she implored. "Don't-I beg of you-I didn't mean it-I take

ack my consent—' "Too late!" said Judith, lifting the glass and eyeing its contents with a strange smile. "Judith! you cannot mean to drink

"Can't I, though?" the other laughed mirthlessly. "Just watch me!" With a strangled cry Rose covered her face with her hands to shut out the sight, stood momentarily swaying. and dropped to the foor in a complete

faint. Delaying only to recognize this phe omens with a pitying smile for the weakness of spirit that caused it, Jufith's glance darted through the window and saw that which caused her to stay her hand an instant longer. On the topmost tier of girders of the

building opposite, Alan Law stood d a little knot of amused and anihands clasping the chain that linked

it to the gigantic block. And as Judith stared, he smiled at to some person invisible.

Immediately the arm began to dift.
the tackle to move slowly through the
blocks Very gently he was swung up needlessly from her, leaped across the

room, and anatched up the etreet garments Rose had dropped at her sisters entrance. In another moment she was struggling madly into them.

Before the shadow of Alan, chinging



"Not I-but Deetiny, If it Will!" window, she was dressed and clamered out upon the sill. "Sweetheart! My bravest little

The hook hung steadily within stx sches of the window-ledge. Alan exanded his arm. "Nothing to fear, except lest I hold

'lasmor

on too tight, dear one! Without a word Judith set her foot beside his in the hook, surrendered to his embrace, and closed her eyes. Immediately they were away away from the window, over toward the op-

the street. "Maybe this fan't a good scheme!" Alan exulted in the innocence of his beart. "But I think it is. And those workingmen think it a great lark—I told them the simple truth, you see: that we were eloping!"

posite sidewalk, and gently lowered to

By way of answer Judith breathed only a word of tenderness.

And that instant the hook paused and Alan stopped off upon the side-

over there the wiser as yet!" he de-ctared with a derietre ned toward the some of Trine. "Come along. Here's a limousine waiting. In twenty min-utes we'll be at the ferry, in forty over in Jersey, within an hour m

WATCH THIS COLUMN FOR MISSIONARY ITEMS

A news letter, sent out by Prof. Adolf Deissman, of the University of Barlin, sava:---

The great war of 1914 has been the cause of a distinct, and in many places marked, revival of Christian life. Especially in Germany competent observers are unanimous thatfor the past few months the Protestant Churches and denominations have undergone a period of intensified religious feeling which has hardly ever been reached before.- Missionary Voice.

At an interdenominational meeting of ladies, at the Methodist church on Sunday afternoon the Mission Study Circles of the various churches derided to continue to use the same text book-"Conservation of National Ideals," being the one selected, and to hold three joint meetings during the study of same.

COMPENSATIONS

What care I for the bitter things men

say. The slanderous, idle talk, the fool-

ish words, Whilst I may listen to the songs of birds? Best let the world pursue its noisy

WRY, Does not the wind yet murmur in the trees. The water flow

With soothing music? So I let them go, And fill my soul with voices such as these

What though the room be narrow where I dwell.

Or hard conditio nbound my life as bars ? Have I not yet the shining of the

could tell? Have I not still my blue Italian aky,

My olive trees,

In terraced rows that whiten in the breeze, And are not these enough for such

Why should I vex my soul for outward things? My room is narrow but the world is wide. Few things I own, and yet am sat

isfied. For nature gives to beggars as kings, While for the world, though it may

slander, blame, I heed it not; Such transient is easily forgot; The wind, the sea, the stars are yet

-Pail Mall Gazette.

FROM CHAPEL HILL Chapel Hill, Feb. 16,-The borrowsomothing said by one of those about er's desk at the State University library is a veritable information-dispensing bureau. A summarised re-port of Libraian L. R. Wilson takes account of the number of borrowers md cutward. and the volumes or books scaned for With a cry Judith flung the poison a twelve- month period. In the agand the volumes of books loaned for gregate, 23,104 books were signed for and issued from the deck in a single year. Making a count of students, faculty, summer school stu-dents, residents of the village, and visitors the figures 1,892 represent the number of borrowers for the corresponding period. The loans of hooks and periodicals to other institutions and schools in the State represent a separate entry of 414 copies. Another field in which an information-distributing agency, is in the supplying of debating material. Thirty-six queries were posted, and reference material to the tent of 692 volumes were bulletines for use during the twelve-month

> The University Dramatic will make a necond journey sheld early in March. The trip will include several larger towns in the eastern and western sections of the State. Bernard Shaw's comedy. "Arms and the Man," is the pres tation of the season. Chapel Hill, Raleigh, Goldsboro and Washington saw the play on the club's itinerary preceding the Christmas holidays. The engagements for the spring in-Eastern Carolina Training clude: School, in Greenville, March 9; Charlotte, March 10; Asheville, March 11; State Normal College, Greensbere, March 12. A date for Lexington is being considered.

Dr. R. B. Lawson, physical directo

of the University, made a physical examination of \$14 members of the freshman class during the fall term. From this number he selected 20 representative students that he might test the physical strength in eight different ways and accertain the various degrees of physical strength exhibited in a similar examination of twenty students five years ago. The test showed a favorable gain in physical strength to the credit of 1914 representative. The weight of the average student exceeded the ayerage for 1909 by eight pounds. The average for 1914 was 130 pounds. The average age for 1914 was 18 years and a fraction; in 1900, 19 years was the average. The cire ference of the neck, cheet and waist of the twenty students for 1914 exhibited favorable increases over the circumference of the average student five years ago. Among the defective students reported: Eyes-de-fective, 28; ears-defective, 7; fractures, 10 men; forenzm; 5, elbow; 2 collarbone; ., skull, 1, ribe; 2, knee. -6. R. Winters.