

# THE LOST LADY

By MELVILLE DAVISON POST.

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(Continued from Preceding Page.)  
"Hurred along. If we weren't too late."  
He stopped suddenly like a man brought up at the point of a bayonet.  
"My word!" He jerked the expression out through his tightened jaws. "Has she got ninety thousand dollars of your money?" And he set out again in his long strides. I explained briefly as I endeavored to keep his pace. It was her own money, not mine, but she did in fact have that large sum with her in the cut-under on this night. I gave him the story of the matter, briefly, for I had no breath to spare over it. And I asked him what he thought. Had a gang of thieves attacked the cut-under?  
"But he only repeated his explanation."  
"My word! You got her ninety thousand dollars and let her drive away with no eye on her! . . . Such trust in the honesty of our fellow creatures! . . . My word!"  
I had to admit the deplorable negligence, but I had not thought of any peril, and I did not know that she carried the money with her until the conversation with my sister. There was some excuse for me. I could not remember a robbery on this island.  
Marquis snapped his jaws. "You'll remember this one!" he said.  
It was a ridiculous remark. How could one ever forget if this incomparable creature were robbed and perhaps murdered. But were not some extenuating circumstances in my favor. I presented them as we advanced; my sister and I lived in a rather protected atmosphere apart from all criminal activities; we could not foresee such a result. I had no knowledge of criminal methods.

"I can well believe it," was the only reply Marquis returned to me. In addition to my extreme anxiety about Madame Barras I began now to realize a profound sense of responsibility; every one, it seemed saw what I ought to have done, except myself. How had I managed to overlook it? It was clear to other men. Major Carrington had pointed it out to me as I was turning away; and now Sir Henry Marquis was expressing in no uncertain words how negligent a creature he considered me—to permit my guest, a woman, to go alone, at night, with this large sum of money!  
It was not a pleasant retrospect. Other men—the world—would scarcely hold me to a lesser negligence than Sir Henry Marquis!  
I could not forbear, even in our haste, to seek some consolation.  
"Do you think Madame Barras has been hurt?"  
"Hurt!" he repeated. How should Madame Barras be hurt?  
"In the robbery," I said.  
"Robbery!" and he repeated that word. "There has been no robbery!"  
I replied in some astonishment. "Really, Sir Henry! You but just now assured me that I would remember this night's robbery!"  
The drawl got back into his voice.  
"Ah, yes," he said, "quite so. You will remember it."  
The man was clearly, it seemed to me, so engrossed with the mystery that it was idle to interrogate him. And he was walking with a devil of a stride.  
Still the pointed query of the affair pressed me, and I made another effort.  
"Why did these assassins take Madame Barras with them?"  
Marquis regarded me, I thought, with wonder.

"The devil, man," he said. "They couldn't leave her behind!"  
"The danger would be too great to them."  
"No," he said. "The danger would be too great to her."  
At this moment an object before us in the road diverted our attention. It was the cut-under and the horse. They were standing by the roadside where it makes a turn to enter the village from the south. There is a wide border to the road at this point, clear of underbrush, where the forest edges it, and there are here, at the whim of some one, or by chance, two great flag stones, one lying upon the other, but not fitting by a hand's thickness by reason of the uneven surfaces.  
What had now happened was evident. The assailants of the cut-under had abandoned it here before entering the village. They were, it seemed, about to enter with this incriminating vehicle.  
The sight of the cut-under here had on Marquis the usual effect of any important evidential sign. He at once ceased to hurry. He pulled up, looked over the cut-under and the horse and began to saunter about.  
This careless manner was difficult for me at such a time. But for his assurance that Madame Barras was uninjured it would have been impossible. I had blind confidence in the man, although his expressions were so absurdly in conflict.  
I started to go on toward the village, but as he did not follow I turned back. Marquis was sitting on the flat stones with a cigarette in his fingers.  
"Good heavens, man," I cried. "You're not stopping to smoke a cigarette?"  
"Not this cigarette, at any rate," he replied. "Madame Barras has already smoked it. . . . I can, perhaps, find you the burnt match."  
He got the electric flash light out of his pocket and stopped over. Immediately he made an exclamation of surprise.  
I leaned down beside him. There was a little heap of pinned papers on the brown bed of chert. Marquis was about to take up this charred paper when his eye caught something thrust in between the two stones. It was a handful of torn bits of paper. Marquis got them and laid them on the top of the flat stones under his light.  
"Ah," he said, "Madame Barras, while she smoked, got rid of some money."  
"The package of gold certificates?" I cried. "She has burned them?"  
"No," he replied. "Madame Barras has favored your Treasury. Her destructive process. These are five-pound notes of the Bank of England."  
"I was astonished and I expressed it."  
"But why should Madame Barras destroy notes of the Bank of England?"  
"I imagine," he answered, "that they were some which she had, by chance, failed to give you for exchange."  
"But why should she destroy them?" I went on.  
"I conclude," he drawled, "that she was not wholly certain that she would escape."  
"Escape!" I cried. "You have been assuring me all along that Madame Barras is making no effort to escape."  
"O, no," he replied, "she is making every effort."  
I was annoyed and puzzled.  
"What is it?" I asked, "precisely, that Madame Barras did here; can you tell me in plain words?"  
"Surely," he replied, "she sat here while something was being decided, and while she sat here she smoked the cigarette, and while she smoked the cigarette, she destroyed the money. But," he added, "before she had quite finished a decision was made and she hastily thrust the remaining bits or torn notes into the crevice between these stones."  
"What decision?" I asked.  
Marquis gathered up the bits of torn paper and put them into his pocket with the switched-off flash.  
"I wish I knew that," he said.  
"Which path they have taken,"

he replied; "there seem to be two branching from this point, but they pass over a bed of pine needles and that retains no impression."  
"Where do these paths lead?"  
"I did not know that any paths came into the road at this point. But the island is veined over with old paths. The last of paths here, however, was fairly evident."  
"They must come out somewhere on the sea," I said.  
"Right," he cried. "Take either, and let's be off. . . . Madame's cigarette was not quite cold when I picked it up."  
I was right about the direction of the paths but, as it happened, the one Marquis took was nearly double the distance of the other to the sea; and I have wondered always, if it was chance that so selected the only taken by the assailants of the cut-under as it was chance that selected the one taken by us.  
Marquis was instantly gone, and hurried along the path, running nearly due east. There was light enough entering from the brilliant moon through the tree tops to make out the abandoned trail.  
And as I hurried Marquis' contradictory expressions seem to me must themselves into a sort of order, and all at once I understood what had happened. The Brazilian adventurer had not taken the lead of his wife, and the following in English sounds of her, lying down. He had followed to recover them.  
I now saw clearly the reason for everything that had happened: the attack on the driver, and my own presence on the street, and my English money which she discovered remaining in her possession; this man would have no knowledge of her gold certificates but he would be searching for his English pounds. And if she came clear of any trace of these five-pound notes she might disclaim all knowledge of them and perhaps send him elsewhere on his search, since it was always the money and not the woman that he sought.  
This explanation was hardly realized before it was confirmed.  
I came out abruptly onto a slop of the path and before me at a few paces on the path were Madame Barras and two men; one at some distance in advance of her, disappearing at the moment behind a spur of rock, and the following in English money which she discovered remaining in her possession; this man would have no knowledge of her gold certificates but he would be searching for his English pounds. And if she came clear of any trace of these five-pound notes she might disclaim all knowledge of them and perhaps send him elsewhere on his search, since it was always the money and not the woman that he sought.  
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## PREDICTING EXCESSIVE MAXIMUM CLASS RATES

### Edgar Moulton Is Witness at Southeastern Rate Hearing.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 1.—Excessive maximum class rates would result from the application of the new rate schedule proposed by the rail lines for the southeastern territory, Edgar Moulton, assistant manager of the New Orleans Joint Traffic Bureau, declared today.  
Mr. Moulton, who will probably be on the stand two days to present the views of New Orleans in the rate hearing, declared that the application of the new rate schedule would result in a maximum class rate for the territory of the southeastern territory as a preliminary to the question of rates which he will take up tomorrow.  
W. A. Mayfield, traffic expert for Swift and Company, argued for the establishment of a carload commodity rate on packing house products at the morning session. These products now take on any quantity commodity rate.  
Representatives of Armour and Company, Cudahy and Company and the Morris and Wilson interests, sought to have Mr. Mayfield's testimony stricken from the record on the ground of irrelevancy but were unsuccessful.  
B. F. Williamson, representing the merchants' association of Galveston, Tex., and D. P. Brink, a Galveston grain and feed merchant, objected to the proposed "dead line" in the proposed new rate schedule, declaring it would allow an undue advantage to Florida jobbers north of the line. It was asserted the differential south of this line has been advanced too sharply in the carriers' proposals and is not justified by the mileage differences from the Ohio gateway.

## Woman Evangelist To Hold Lenoir Revival

(Special Correspondence The Asheville Citizen) LENOR, Oct. 31.—Beginning next Sunday Mrs. C. E. Stability of Gastonia will begin a two weeks revival meeting here in the First Methodist Church. Mrs. Stability is an earnest Christian worker and for the past year has been in Gastonia doing work throughout that district. She has been an "Evangelical Mission" and with many of the leading evangelists in the last few years and has done some splendid work throughout the State. She is expected to arrive here the latter part of the week. There will be two services a day. The day service will be at 2:15 o'clock in the afternoon and at 7:00 o'clock in the evening.  
Miss Mary Green, principal of the Morning School, has the honor of placing the first library in the rural schools of the county this year, according to Miss Ethel F. Kelly, supervisor of schools in the county. Miss Green selected suitable books for all the elementary grades.

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What happened was over in a moment.  
I was nearly on the man when I turned out of the wood, and with a shout at Madame Barras I struck him with the heavy walking stick. But the creature was not taken unawares; he darted to one side, wrenched the stick out of my hand and dashed its heavy-weighted head into my face. I went down in the bracken, but I carried with me into unconsciousness a vision of Madame Barras that no shadow of the lengthening years can blur.  
She had swung around sharply at the attack on her and stood bare-headed and bare-shouldered, knee deep in the golden bracken, with the glory of the moon on her; her arms hanging, her lips parted, her great eyes wide with terror—as lovely in her desperate extremity as a dream, as a painted picture. I don't know how long I was down there, but when I finally got up and followed along the path behind the spur of rock, came out onto the open sea. I found Sir Henry Marquis. He was standing with his hands in the pockets of his loose, tweed coat, and he was cursing, softly.  
"The ferry and the mainland are patrolled. . . . I didn't think of their ocean-going yacht."  
A flash of light was disappearing into the open sea.  
He put his hands into his pocket and took out the scraps of torn paper.  
"These notes," he said, "like the ones which you hold in your bank vault, were never issued by the Bank of England."  
I stammered some incoherent sentences and the great chief of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard turned toward me.  
"Do you know who that woman is?"  
"Surely," I cried, "she went to school with my sister at Miss Page's; she came to visit Mrs. Jordan."  
He looked at me steadily.  
"She got the data about your sister out of the Back Bay biographies and she used the accident of Mrs. Jordan's death to get in with it. . . . the rest was all fiction."  
"Madam Barras?" I stammered.  
"You mean Madame Barras?"  
"Madam the Devil," he said. "That's Susan Barras. Used to be in the Hungarian Follies until the Soviet government of Austria picked her up to place the imitation English money that its presses were striking off in Vienna."

### Grand Exalted Ruler Of Elks To Visit State

(Special Correspondence The Asheville Citizen) GREENSBORO, Oct. 31.—J. Edgar Masten, grand exalted ruler of the Elks, will spend 24 hours here, coming on November 24, on his way to Atlanta to confer with other officials of the Elks of these counties. His visit will be the first any grand exalted ruler of the Elks has ever paid to North Carolina and a royal welcome, consisting of a reception, dance and other trimmings will be put on for him.

### Attacks War Record Of Democratic Nominee

(Special Correspondence The Asheville Citizen) GREENSBORO, Oct. 31.—The race for solicitor in the Twelfth District, between James P. Spruill, of Lexington, Democrat, and E. T. Jerome.

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**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE**

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Mrs. Annie M. Rose, deceased, this is to notify all persons holding claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned on or before October 6th, 1923, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of any recovery. All persons interested in said estate will make immediate payment.

This the 6th day of October, 1923.  
W. H. MURRAY,  
Administrator of the Estate of Mrs. Annie M. Rose, Deceased.  
Oct. 6-15-20-27; Nov. 3-10

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