EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1915. ALSE WITNESS

By EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE Author of "Her Husband's Widow," Etc.

(Copyright, 1814, by the Associated Newspapers, Ltd.) CHAPTER L.

MAUD PLESSEY rested her elbows W on the ship's side and, pressing her unds against her cheeks, gazed out arross the sea. The night was dark md moonless. The waves were visple only by their own phosphorseence or in the thin ribbons of light which radiated from the little cargo steemer. Here and there a point of light moving swiftly across the blackness of on night indicated the path of some sther vessel. The throbbing of the engines art the rush of waters under the keel

munded very loud in the listener's car. suddenly a great star, larger and sughter than any in the heavens, shone et of the darkness to the northward, on a level with the masthead. Its broad and nul beam glanced across the heaving misrs and rested for 30 seconds inquir-mily, searchingly, on the low deck of is steamer. The girl, dazzled by the mit stepped back a pace, clasping her Till and full of figure, long and elender

s limb, she faced the radiance. She was roung Juno. Her head was bare; the and breeze ruffied her chestnut hair and made her turn up the collar of her coat rand her white and gracious throat. For sheeks were full and tinged with term, her lips red and prominent. But are broad forehead was very pale and are dark blue eyes looked out at you from ing shadows. Here was a face naturally metre, almost grave. She was broud-re Romantic people liked to think over Remantic people liked to think over in tragedy which had darkened her midbood; but her father's mysterious seth had only been heard of by her long after it had occurred, and had long since sumed the proportions of a distant hisnetical event. Perhaps it was her expression and the ripeness of her form which hade her appear older than she via Tou would have taken Maud Ples-sy for two or three and twenty, but she vanied yet a year of her majority.

The light went out as suddenly as it had come. It was the Dungeness light, she Over there-not farther than a within a very few hours now she would tread her native shore.

With a faint sensation of wonder, as hough she were looking into another's and she remembered how eager she had been to get home only a month ago. She had become bored by her sojourn at Gibltar. Excursions into the most romanis regions of Andalusia had ceased to inseculific exploring party on a during ex-radition into the interior of Morocco. It had been joily enough at first. She was glow with gleeful excitement. Her uniwralty career finished, she missed the inareats and distractions, the freedom and merry companionships of college life. He wanted a new interest, a fresh wilet for her ambition, and talked of

uking up archeology. There were not many Roman remains in Zerocco, it was true, as her scientific frands smillingly reminded her; but the scuse was good enough. She enjoyed the wild open-air life, the camping, the strange, harsh country, the danger which ma like a hedge beside their path. Now that that chapter in her life was so near is close she skimmed it over in her

English seas. Be recalled those first vague fears when she found herself "bushed" among the lower spurs of the Atlas, alone with her flery-eyed native guide. Those fears they came within sight of a white-walled dly on the coast and she realized that the man had played her false-that he had been leading her away from instead of toward her party. It was all right, he as-sued her in broken Spanish, and showing I his teeth-the town was Larache There was a British Consul there; she could get a boat back to Gibraltar. So, with a brave front and terror clutching at her heart, she rode in through the meshoe-curved gateway, the guide

crew-they reminded her, she said, of the birate craft in "Peter Pan." She had telegraphed to her mother that she was safe and on her way home. She was in no hurry. And Captain Arrol, with a shrug of the shoulders and a smile of content about his lips, had acquiesced. She had been loath to leave the vessel then; she was loath to leave it now. That was why the crasy old engines seemed to stamp so loudly, the creaking old boat to be rushing onward like an occan greyhound. The first light which showed her the shores of England had it up the secret recesses of her heart. She had been frightened, she had laughed at herself, bud talked to her-self firmly; but now, when the dawn would blind herself to the truth no longer. At the thought of the impending parting the winced and set her lips together.

she winced and set her lips together. Then, as she leaned more over the side, she felt a tear rolling slowly down her cheek. That is the Grisnez light on the side,

said a voice at her elbow. "Tomorrow you'll be in South Kensington."

CHAPTER II.

SHE looked round and smiled. Cap-tain Arrol was standing by her. He was a broad-shouldered, lithe, and sinewy man of three or four and thirty, with the slightly aquiline features and extremely clean-shaven appearance which one associates rather with the naval officer than the master of a 1200-ton trading steamer.

He leaned with his back to the bulwarks and extracted a cigar from the pocket of his reefer coat. "We shall be in the Thames before 9 tomorrow morning," he remarked thoughtfully. "Mc-Closkie is not sparing the coal tonight. It's wonderful the speed he gets out of those engines, considering they are 20 years old." years old."

habit of command and aggressive chin mail of command and aggressive chin, was generally hovering in his clear grey eyes or about the upturned corners of his mouth. The lines on his forehead were contracted. He had the air of one who has been thinking very seriously.

denly louder; leaped forward as though redoubling her speed. Miss Plessey made a gesture of imputience and kicked the side of the bulwark with the tip of her white shoe "This beast of a ship!" she exclaimed passionately. "It is like a horse that scents the stable. Any one would think we were in a hurry to reach London!" "Some of us are," remarked the cap-tain. "McCloskie for one."

tain. "McCloskie for one." She scanned his face, but his eyes were fixed in a keen stare on the faraway French light. "And you," she asked. "are you glad?" "17 No, I don't care for London. Haven't set foot there for three years." She turned her head away to hide her disappointment. "You don't say that you are sorry the voyage is ended?" she said with a trace of bitterness. "I said with a trace of bitterness.

now." he reminded her, with a faint up-ward curve of his lips, but he did not look at her. "I know. I'm sorry I said that. She's

a dear old ship. I love her, and I love every one of the crew." "Which includes some of the greatest

rascals who ever went unhung." "That may be, But they have been very decent towards me-all of you have.

eyes upon him, eager for his reply. "No," he said quietly. He took the cigar from his mouth and added, "It's

been a Jolly voyage, thanks to you." "You will miss me, won't you-just a little?" she asked with a tremulous laugh.

age in both hands-"I believe I care for you-very much" His calm face lighted up as he heard that. He made a movement toward her, His calm face lighted up as he heard that. He made a movement toward her, selled her hard, then dropped it and stood still. He forced a laugh. "In that case-well. I also love you."

anllor-

savage."

Martin.

"In that case well, I also love you." "Thank you," she said. They both laughed outright.

"Im glad I told you," said Miss Plea-sey in deep contentment. She slipped her arm in his and pressed close to his side. "You were awfully stupid not to have summed it before." She leaned her head toward him and brought her lips close to bis. He placed his hands on her shoul-ders and kissed her long and tenderly. These her many states of the should be the should be the states of the states of the should be the sh Then he pushed her gently away from him. This won't do," he said with an accent

of determination. "Don't you like kissing me"" she asked wonderingly.

wonderingly. His composure was shaken. "My dear, my dear!" he cried. "We ought never to have admitted this to each other. We must forget each other. We must not meet after tomorrow," "Are you quite mad, Martin?" she demanded, his Christian name slipping from her lips unawares. "Since we love each other why shouldn't we admit it? Why

shouldn't we meet again? Why shouldn't we-" she broke off abruptly and regarded with affrighted eyes. him with affrighted eyes. "There isn't another woman, is there?" she asked tremulously. He dismissed the inquiry contemptu-ously. "No, there isn't another woman-

He lit his cigar with a patent lighter. The girl looked intently at his face, every detail of which she knew a thou-sand times better than he did Tonight she missed the smile which, for all his

The stamping of the engines grew sud-lenly louder; the vessel throbbed and

thought perhaps you might be." "You called this a beast of a ship just

I shall never forget the dear old Eidl and the days we have passed together. Will you"" She turned her serious blue

He nodded gravely. "Yes, I shall miss you next trip, a great deal. I'm glad that you retain such pleasant impressions of the poor old Sidi and her crew." She laid her cheek affectionately against the bulwark. "I have been happler in the ship than I have ever been before in all my life," she said in a low tone. Captain Arrol glanced quickly at her and seemed about to speak. But he checked himself and puffed furiously at his cigar. "We have had such jolly talks, you and I, haven't we?" went on Miss Ples-sey. "I never met a man who could talk like you. You remind me of Othello-that respect only, of course. And And the walks up and down this deck before breakfast and at this time-oh," she cried, raising her face and gripping the side, "I wish it were to come all over again." She swung round on her heels and, digging her hands into the pockets of her long coat, took a step forward. In-stinctively the captain took his accustomed place beside her. For a few min utes they paced the deck in silence. Ar-rol gazed almost moodily at the figures of the pilot and the first mate silhouetted above the bridge; his companion looked straight before her, evidently a prey to violent emotion. "This is our last walk, I suppose-on this deck," she blurted out presently. There was a queer little catch in her "Well," he said with an attempt at lightness, "all holidays must have an end. I'm sure you will find plenty of friends and distractions ashore to make you forget the poor old ship." Miss Plessey bit her lips and looked Miss Plessey bit her lips and looked down at the man almost angrily. She was nearly an inch taller than he. "I've told you I'm sorry that I'm go-ing home." she said holly. "I have told you aiready that there is no particular sympathy between my mother and my-self. My father died when I was 6 years old, and I have no brother or sister," she added, "but-oh, it's not that!" She tossed her shapely head impatiently. "But I see you don't understand. . . You don't really mind losing me at all. You don't really mind losing me at all, do you?" She tried to speak in a mock-ing strain, but she glanced at him anxshe said, "and I have never loved any man before." "The circumstances were peculiar," ob-

pected Capitaln Arroi doggedly. "I was lucky enough to be of service to you at a critical juncture. You began with grail-tude. Then we have been thrown to-sether for three weeks. There was no other man about you could possibly con-verse with You have had no encorback in her chair. verse with. You have had no oppor-tunity of comparing me with other men. Aboard his own ship a skipper always cuts an important and dignified figure. On shore he's off his pedestal. What sort of figure should I cut in a London draw-ing room? Answer me that."

pathetically, "Oh." she cried, "you would look a dlor-a hero among tailors' dummies." "It's kind of you to say that, dear, but Her mistress sighed. "It was very foolish of me to think of meeting her. I don't know why I did." she added fret-I should more likely appear a clumsy fully. "It was very silly of me. Maud is ever so much better able to take care

She leaned forward and touched his hand, "I don't ask you any question She leaned forward and touched his hand. "I don't ask you any question about your past." ale said, 'but I may as well tell you that you are as unmin-takably and obviously a gentleman as when you took to this life if years ago, as you tell me you did. Don't flatter yourself that your disguise would deceive any one. Your speech betrayeth you. You and I are the same sort of people. Martin." pect me, I'm sure. Well," she rose with a resigned air, "I suppose we had better

Mrs. Plessey pouted and slipped her

arms through the fur coat which her maid held in readiness. The garment

seemed all too heavy for the frail girlish little figure. Seen from the other side of He shifted uneasily from one foot to the other as she said that. He raised his eye-

"Yes," said Maud, with mock rusful-ness, "and they had run out of it on board!" and looked through the window of the Tilbury Hotel out over the river. The mist had cleared and she had no difficulty No one would have suspected the relain recognizing the vessel by the porter's description. Her maid ross at the same time and followed the direction of her saze. They exchanged glances of horror tionship of the pretty litle lady in gray fur and the tail young goddess in white serge. They stood, indeed, for exactly opposite types of womanhood. In these rude surroundings, in the cruel morning light, youth and vigor had an unfair ad-vantage. Perhans the older morning follo and commiseration. Mrs. Pleasey sank

back in her chair. "What a shocking old tub!" she ex-claimed. "Did you ever see such a boat. Fellse? My poor, poor girl What a frishtful time she must have had and what a dreadful time of day to arrive!" The maid glanced at the clock. It was a few minutes past 7. "I think it is a little inconsiderate." she remarked sym-pathetically.

this, for ane dropped into a fretful tone. "You are not a bit like me when I was a fir! And I do hope you won't do any more of this absurd exploring. You apoll the beginning of the season for me. Of course, when the rumor came that you were lost I knew that you were very well able to take care of yourself. but with everybody taking it for granted but with everybody taking it for granted that you were killed or something I sim-ply dared not go anywhere. People are so uncharitable." Mrs. Plesay looked round her with disgust. "What a fright-ful ship-it looks like a coal barge!" Maud atlanced bar of herself than I am! and she won't ex-

go out to meet her." "The launch is waiting for you, madam," intimated the porter.

"Who's that?" "I told you in my letter from Las Pal-mas," said the girl, pushing her mother toward the companion ladder. "Cap-tain Arrol, of course, the master of this ship." She laughed gleeduly. "You have trapped him beautifully, boarding us unawares like this. You see, he's very shy. This is my cabin." she drew the curtain from the opening. "What do you think of it?"

vantage. Perhaps the older woman felt this, for she dropped into a fretful tone.

"What a horrible, poky little den! You poor dear! No, 1 won't go in." Mrs. Plessey glanced up and down the alley-"You haven't been alone with men only in this boat, have you? I suppose there are some other women on board?" "Not one."

"Oh, you idiotic girl! What will you do n talk? next? You know how people will

'I didn't know you were so easily shocked, mother."

"But people will talk, dear. And Gilbert

Mand Pleasey flushed angrily. "Mr. Huron? What has it got to do with him?" she demanded indignantly. "You know what an interest he takes

In you. I think you might show more gratitude for it. Well, where is this Cap-tain What's-his-name to whom you are going to introduce me?" "He is on deck." Maud faced her mo

ther and her cheeks burned red. "He is the best and finest man in the world-you get to know a man pretty well shut up with him for three weeks on shipboard. I may as well tell you at once that I am in love with him and I want him to marry me.

"I see." Mrs. Plessey looked up and down at the tall girl pityingly. "I al-ways said you were a fool," she remarked with a sigh. "You haven't as much sense in your whole body as I have in my little finger. Marry the akipper of a dirty little tramp like this! What arrant non-sense!" Mrz. Plessey laughed a thin, flute-like laugh. "Really, you have made me quite curious to see him."

Maud bit her lip and clenched her hands. Her mother's laugh had never sounded so jarring. She controlled her anger with an effort. "Come with me and you shall see him. And remember," she said, almost sternly, "I mean what I said. I love Captain Arrol, and as soom as I am of age I shall marry him. You night also remember that I owe him my llfe

"Oh, I promise to be quite nice to him, giggled Mrs. Plessey. She tripped up the stairway after her daughter. The girl took after her father, she reflected. Ad-

The deck was littered with crates and boxes brought up from the hold prepara-been nursed in Gilbert's arms when she tory to the unloading. The two women had to pick their way carefully. Mrs. Picesey's dainty shoes and ankles looking pathetically incongruous on such a rude floor. She halted abruntly, for Maud had seized the arm of a man who was mount-ing to the bridge with his back turned towards them.

The story of a man and a girl. and circumstances which were altered through the intervention of a kindly disposed fate.

She emiled roguishly at the capiain and tripped down on to the deck. Maud. after a moment's suiky hesitation. followed. Arrol conducted them in silence to the head of the ladder. As they stapped into the launch another amail boat came alongside. A man stood up in it and halled the ladder excitedly. "Hurrah! Just in time! Walt a mo-ment. Fil come over to you." And the speaker clambered on to the launch at the moment it backed away from the steamer's side. "Gilbert at last!" cried Mrs. Pleasey crossly. "I do think you might have

come down earlier!" The new arrival was a short, thick-set man in the middle forties, with a rather handsome face, the coarseness of which was relieved by his snow-white hair and moustaches. He was nearly, even smart-ly dressed. He paid no attention to the older lady, but selsing Maud by both hands gazed engerly into her face.

"This is spiendid to see you again! My dear, dear girl, what agonies we have en-dured on your account! I was on the point of starting for Morocce to find you when your telegram arrived! Tou bad

girl, you must never go roving again!" He held up a fat finger in playful warn-ing. "And here you are safe and sound." Maud quickly disengaged her handa She was still standing up in the launch. "For that you have to thank my dear friend Captain Arrol," she said. "There he is." She looked upwards. "God-bys. Come and see me soon." she shouted, waving her handkerchtef. "Remember your normise."

your promise!" The white-houred man followed the direction of har gaze. His eyes met those of Captain Arroi, who was leaning over the vessel's side immediately above them. The two men looked hard at each other Maud saw the captain's eyebrows lift alightly as if in surprise or sudden rec-

ognition. Mr. Gilbert Huron turned to Mrs. Plessey and asked in a low tone, "Who is that man? He seemed to know me." "I hope he dcesn't," she replied almost in a whisper. "It's Martin Arrol."

CHAPTER IV

AS WE do not choose our parents or our brothers and sisters, so we are disposed, till absolutely our own masters, to accept without demur the other relationships forced on us in our childhood. Maud Piersey could only vaguely recall her first introduction to Gilbert Huron.

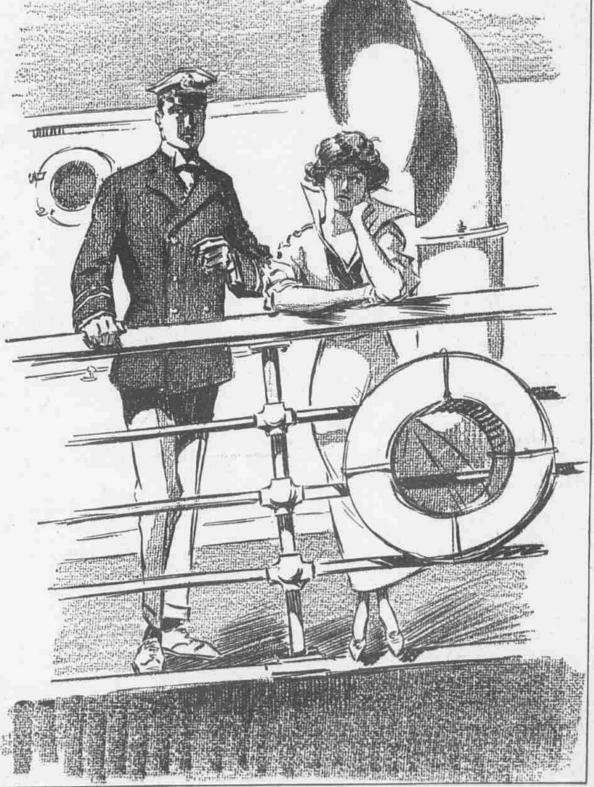
She had a distinct recollection of wriggling off his knee and threatening to kick him if he pulled her hair. As this was on her return from her first school and she had not long ceased to wear mourn-

miral Plessey had married a chorus girl for her pretty face; his daughter was prepared to waste herself, on some ro-mantic, penniless adventurer. also had not long ceased to wear mourn-ing for her father, she concluded that she must have been then about 7 years old.

Maud slipped her arm round her mother's waist. "It's the finest boat affoat," she laughed. "Come down to my cabin and then I'll introduce you to the man who saved my life." "Who's that?"

antage.





ing fast to her bridle.

In stammering Arabic she asked a pass-The bystanders heard the inquiry and based at her in derision. They cursed ber for an infidel-for a shameless Nazais, who rode with face uncovered. Then the knew that she was a prisoner. The make of the town was one she had never Here there was no Consul, no thip to Gibraltar. She found herself the European in a nest of fanatical

She was led unresisting into the prescits of the Basha. He affected kindness, illy. A boat would call to take her off within a month. Meantime she must have m fear. She should be his guest. In his m, among the ladies of his household. its would find a secure repose. He would for his respects to her on the morrow. His guest! Forcing a smile, she thanked

and, pretending not to suspect his good auth. She was a girl of high courage; her agils brain had been quickened by mhorate training. She divined with what mings her introduction into their masharem must be regarded by the tha's womenfolk.

Before dawn she had made allies of them. It was not hard to find a rope reached from narrow window to In the thick swathings and veilan of a Mohammedan woman she crept ling the lanes of that squalid town. In ain she strove to recall directions given her in a tongue she hardly understood. sod fro, in that amazing labyrinth, sing and repassing the same spot a taired times, seeking for an outlet like seeny caged beast. Faint and terror-maken, she became conscious of curious minous looks, of questions which she not undertand. Men turned and abored her. She quickened her pace and emerged upon a wide market piace. The broke into a sun. Her yashmak fell and revealed her to the growd of ters, Negroes and Beduwins as a white in, an infidel.

is an instant the mob was after her. we long she ran, whither she ran, she we knew. All at once she saw the sea have ber, a steamer in the offing, knots men gathered about a low breakwater. subscred about a low breakwater. inrough a mist there rose up the fig-s of a man, a European, ciad in das-me white. With a scream, sha fell at its ten and clasped his knees. She heard there are a pistol abot, and then every-me strew dark.

awoke to find herself in the cabin steamer. Through the open port, where she iny she could see low on the horizon the tall minarets ening walls of the city of her the She lay still for a while and I. Bhe could hear above the rat-plates and dishes, immediately bough-toned English volces, a the snatch of an English song and, homely-faced man perped in at strange, and went away. Presently deliverer came. It was Captain blinaelf. It was by the rarest with the Bild had called at the that the Bild had called at the ind a cargo from another Moor-ing. No other British vessel had ing there for years. And, he went much a spologetically, he was in to call at several other ports. It is he a long voyage to London, and with he admitted with a laugh, was

b, he admitted with a laugh, was after than a tramp-certainly not or a lady passenger. But he could achure at the Canaries, whence itske the mail hoat for England. Stefully agreed. But, when they the Canaries, she elected to com-Sourcesy licence in the same yea-bad loss her wardrobe, and Las could not supply another up to diag of a swell lines. Heatdes 4 the Hild and its commopolitan

ing strain, but she glanced at him anx-ously. "I mind very much indeed," he replied gravely. "I think you know that. But it's no use for me to talk in that strain. . It won't make things any easier. "I don't see why we should." It was his turn to glance up at her. "What do you mean?" he asked. She flushed deeply and averted har eyes. "Only that I shall see you on ahore, I presume, the next few days, of course, and every time you call at London." "We seldom call at London." returned Captain Arrol ahortly, "this is the first time for three years. It may be another

"OH," CRIED THE GIRL, AS IF SHE HAD BEEN HURT. "I SEE. I-I THOUGHT YOU LIKED ME, THOUGH."

never was. What sort of a woman do you think I am likely to meet crutaing on the coast of Moroeco? But-" "Thank heaven for that!" she broke in fervently. "I couldn't have stood it if it had been another woman. I never knew I was jealous before!" She preased his arm, shook the hair from her eyes, and hundbed barnelly.

laughed happily. Martin Arrol did not laugh. His lips were tightly compressed, his brow was wrinkled. "All the same," he said, "this won't do. I should not have given way like that."

"It was I who told first. Are you going to throw my love back in my face7 me again, dear, and don't be stupid."

He looked away to resist the appeal of

He looked away to resist the appeal of her lips, then drew her by the arm across the threshold of the charthouse. He pointed to the only chair. "Sit down there," he said firmly, "and let us look at this like sensible people." She sat down, crossed her knees and smiled at him whimsically, provokingly. He leaned against the locker and re-garded her with a troubled, perplexed face. "I wish this hadn't happened." he began. "You see, it's impossible-quits impossible that there should be anything between you and me. You are an ad-miral's daughter-a rich girl." "Hew do you know I am rich?" she interrupted. For a moment be had the air of a man

"What do you mean?" he asked.
The flushed deeply and averted har eyer, "A way that is hall see you on above a shore, is the avert few days, of course.
"We seldom call at London." returned, they do you know I am rich?" and the services at the avert is the avert is

air of resigned acquiescence. "I'm sorroy it hasn't worn off yet," he said simply, "I won't deny what you have discovered. But the inference is obvious. I have cut But the inference is obvious, I have du-myself off from England and my own people all these years and doomed myself to this sort of life-not that it's been a bad one. There must have been's reason the their doot over think?" for that, don't you think?"

Her eyes met his. "I don't ask the reason." she said proudly. "I don't be-lieve it was a disgraceful reason, but if it was-well. I don't care. You are the fluest man I ever knew. I love you. I

want you." He bent over, raised her willing lips to his and kissed her. Then, smothering an his and assess bet, then, make upon exclametion, has turned his back upon her and stood silent for a long minute, looking out at the charthouse door. "Oh," he made a desparing gesture, "you of all persons! You don't under-stand * * * I can't explain. It's the transmit gravitat coloridence that this

strangest, cruellest coincidence that this should have happened. * * I must never see you again, dear. Tomorrow you

must say good-by and forget me." Mand Plessay clasped her knee and, swaying slightly, sat staring blankly be-fore her. "You are hrutal, Martin," she said in a low voice, "but I know you love me, so it doesn't hurt. It is abaurd to me, so it doesn't hurt. It is adding to let these considerations come between us. Will you promise me this at least?-that you will let me see you for a long time every day that you are ashore-that you let me treat you during that time as friend? You say that my love for friend? You say that my love for is dependent on these surroundings. 10.31 You cannot refuse to submit it to that

He hesitated, then turned and glanced She looked very beautiful, he at her. chought.

"Very well. I agree to that," he maid

reluctantly. A Negro in a red jersey peoped in at the opposite doorway. "Pilot would like to see you on the bridge, sahi" he an-nounced. "Little bit of fog absad, sahi" Martin Arroi pressed the white hand which resched out to his own and hur-riedly followed the messanger toward the bridge. oppositive doorway. "Pilot would like to be you on the bridge, sahi" he and sourced. "Little bit of fog ahead, sahi". Martin Arroi present the white bit of fog ahead, sahi". Martin Arroi present the white bit of fog ahead, sahi". Martin Arroi present the white bit of the second the wave of the the the based her mother. "It was awfully good of you to mother." The was awfully good of you to mother. "It was awfully good of you to mother." It was awfully good of you to mother. "It was awfully good of you to mother." It was awfully good of you to mother." The was awfully good of you to mother

never was. What sort of a woman do brows and lowered them again with an passed for twenty: from the other side of the table for thirty. Always exqui-sitely gowned, she seemed at first sight a triumph of the fashion artist, a crea-tion of the Rue de la Paix; at a second glance you perceived that she owed less to art than to nature. The fair, fluffy hair still fell in baby curis on her forehead. The dazzling complexion which had raised her from the front row of a musical comedy chorus to the rank of an admiral's wife had suffered little from the ravages of time, and the beauty dos-

tor had so far successfully kept at bay he crowsfeet which threatened her big brown eyes.

The porter led the way to a motor-aunch which lay alongside the wharf. It was a raw, windy morning, and the river looked very uninviting. Mra. Plessey shivered and made a grimace as ahe stepped into the boat followed by her maid. She glanced toward the shore. "You are sure Mr. Huron has not ar-

rived?" she asked the servant. "Yes, madam. I made very particular

inquiries.' "How selfish of him!" murmured the dainty lady, seating herself in the atern of the launch. Her pretty face clouded. Abjectedly dependent upon men's help and company all her life, she deeply resented her abandonment at this mo-

ment "Sidi, shoy!" yelled the man in the "Sid, anoy: yound the main in the haunch. A Negro's head rose above the bulwarks of the steamer. Mrs. Pleesey gave a little shrick and clutched her maid. The swarthy mariner threaw out a rops, which was made fast to the launch. "Oh!" oried a voice from above, "It's mathert"

mother!" Mrs. Piessey looked up and saw her daughter looking down on her. She waved her hand and cried, "Hullo, Maud!" without being able to put any warmit into her tons. A moment later the two stood sids by side on the Sidl's dock

"This is my mother, just come aboard to welcome me," cried the girl eagerly. "Mother, this is Captain Arrol."

The captain started, and turning, saluted. For an instant he and Mrs. Plessey stared blankly at each other. Then the woman went very pale and grasped the rail of the ladder for sup-She forced a sickly smile and extended her hand.

"Er-haven't I met you before, Captain

Arrol" she asked nervoualy. Captain Arrol stood stiffly, staring at Mrs. Pleasey. Mechanically ha took her

proffered hand. Maud glanced from one to the other, amazed, delighted.

"Why, mother," she exclaimed, "you never told me that you had met Captain Arrol! I wonder you didn't recognize the name when I mentioned it. It is rather uncommon. And you," she said, address-ing the man, half reproachfully. "why didn't you tell me all this time that you knew mother?"

"I did in fact tell you that I knew, or, rather, had known your family very slightly," he answered. "It is very kind of Mrs. Plessey to acknowledge the acquaintance."

He was looking searchingly, almost resentfully, at the older woman as he spoke. She stood a step lower down the ladder, toying nervously with the buttons of her fur cost, and looking downward, evident-ly considering how to act.

Ebe gianced at him swiftly and smilled. "I cannot thank you too much. Captain Arrol," she said. "for all you have done for my dear daughter. It is a debt which I can never repay."

"Please understand, Mrs. Pleasey," said the sailor coldly, "that you are under no obligation whatever toward me in this obligation whatever toward me in this matter. Your daughter appealed to me as one of my swn countrywamen for pro-tection against great violence in a forsign land. I acted simply as I was bound to act, and as any whits man would have acted in the circumstances—at no risk to myself. I should add."

The girl looked again at her mother. The girl tooked mann at her more and She feit that in some way her appearance at this juncture had strengthened Arrol's reluctance to meet her again. Any want of courtesy or cordiality on Mrs. Plessey's part would convert that reluctance into a resolve.

She resorted to a bold stratagem. "My mother wants you to come and breakfast with us at the hotel," she said, laying her hand on the sailor's arm. "Will you come new or shall we wait on hoard till you are eady?"

Mrs. Plessey lifted her fair eyebrows. Her daughter's advoltness stirred her to faint admiration.

There daugeties and faint admiration. Arrol shock his head. "I am very sorry. I am unable to leave the ship," he said. Maud gave expression to a little cry of disappointment. "Oh, but you must," she pleaded. "Tou promised to see me or sorre, you know. Well, if you won't come with us, we'll ainy abourd and linch with you." She turned, without waiting for his reply to Mis. Pleasey, "Gook here, mother," she went, on in doe peraits earmentness, "In spite of Captain Arrol I must peraits that if it hadn't been for him I should new heaved of me again. And I've beats his guast for three weeks, too. It's should no next the while, as if we wire strangers. It would be the

been nursed in Gill was an infant and that he had been an old friend of her father's.

As Mrs. Plessey had managed to cut the acquaintance of almost all her late husband's associates, no one was in a po-sition to dispute this statement; and it had not occurred to Maud to question it. Perhaps his alleged initimacy with her father had early disarmed the little girl's hostility toward the man; at any rate, she grow to tolerate him, and by the time she was 14 or 15 had come to accept him as one accepts a not particularly es-teemed uncle or aunt. That is not to say that she saw very much of him-or her mother.

Anternity might or might not be a in-mode at the moment, but Mrs. Pleasey was at the time of the opinion that her charms were increased by the presences of a daughter as tall as hereoif. She pronounced Maud to be gawky and inter "positively huge!" So she had kept the young girl at school, mostly abroad, and took care that she spent a very small fraction of her holidays under the maternal roof. When Maud, whose skirts now reached almost to her ankies, expressed the de-site to go to a university, pretty little Mrs. Pleasey gave a delightful little scream of horror and at once delightedly acquiesced. So Maud went to St. An-there is and piled up academic homors, while her mother frisked and flirted and devoutly hoped that her daughter would never diacover any inclination for no-cety. Maternity might or might not be a la

never discover any inclination for mo-clety. So Maud Plessey saw very little of her-mother and still less of her home; but whenever she saw either she also asw Gilbert Huron. He was her mother a-oldest friend-so much she had been toid when she was 12; at 11 she suspected that some tender memory hound them and wondered why they didn't marry. She was too shy to ask and at last decided in her own mind that Gilbert Huron or her mother was too loyal to the memory of her dead father to contemplate mar-riage. Other people had lows ago mids up their minds that under the dead ad-miral's will the widow was forbidden us remarry. Terhaps it was his ambiguous footing her inmediate cirple that finally in-

(To Be Continued in Monday's Eropatag Lodger)

reneral.