

Hemming, The Adventurer

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

(Continued.)

"Dick," he said, "Dick, I am sorry."

By this time Anderson looked thoroughly ashamed of himself. "For God's sake, Bert, get out and leave me alone," he cried, huskily. "I've been drinking too much, you know."

Without another word, Hemming paid his bill and left the place. Beyond the fact that Anderson was in love with Molly, he did not know what to make of that honest soldier's behaviour. Perhaps Molly loved Anderson, and Anderson was too loyal to his old friend to further his own suit? That would make the mildest man act like a drunken collier.

Hemming had been striding along at a brisk pace, but when this idea got hold of him, he turned in his tracks and went back to the Trocadero, eager to tell his friend to go ahead and win the happiness in store for him. But when he reached the place, one of the waiters informed him that Mr. or Anderson had gone. He immediately returned to the club. By this time, he had made up his mind to write to Miss Travers, and say good-bye-for ever. On the club stationery he wrote:

"Dear Molly:—My dreams have brought me to England, and almost to you. But I met Anderson a little while ago, and you will understand why I do not call on you now. It was foolish of me to hope, but I am afraid I have been a great many kinds of a fool during my aimless life. I intend leaving town in a day or two, and returning to one or other of my distant stamping-grounds. Please think kindly of me, for 'old make's sake.' I wish you all the happiness and love can give."

As ever,
H. H.

He gave the letter to a page, to be immediately posted, and then sat down in a deserted corner and pretended to read. His thoughts were in a turmoil, and his heart ached dully. It seemed to him that fate was pressing him beyond human endurance. His gloomy meditations were interrupted by a genial voice addressing him by his Christian name, and, looking up, he found Mr. Pollin at his elbow.

"You are prompt, my boy," remarked Mr. Pollin.

Hemming frowned. What did the old ass mean by saying he was prompt, he wondered.

"I got to town to-day," he replied, coldly.

Pollin pursed his lips and wrinkled his brow. "Let me see,—ten eleven,

twelve,—why, that is very quick work. I mailed the note only twelve days ago," he said.

"What note? and what are you talking about?" asked his bewildered hearer.

"The note to you."

"I did not get any note."

"Then what the devil brought you here?"

"That is my own business, sir," retorted Hemming, angrily.

"Easy, easy, Herbert," cried the old man.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for speaking to you like that," replied Hemming, "but I am in a nasty temper to-night, and I really can't make out what you are driving at."

"Granted, my dear boy; granted with heart and a half," exclaimed Pollin. "But tell me," he asked, "do you mean to say that my note, advising you to come to London, never reached you?"

"That is what I mean to say," Hemming assured him. Suddenly his face brightened, and he leaned forward. "Why did you advise me to come to London?" he asked.

Mr. Pollin surveyed him critically. "We'll just sit down and have a drink," he said, "and then maybe I will tell you."

Hemming's curiosity was sufficiently excited to prompt him to comply with this suggestion. He wondered what old Pollin could have to say to him, for they had never seen much of each other, nor had they been particularly friendly. But he was Molly's uncle,—there lay the golden possibility. He smothered the thought. More likely, the communication would be something about Anderson's prospects. He smiled grimly, and swallowed half his whiskey at a gulp.

Mr. Pollin settled himself more comfortably in his chair. "I like your work," he began, "and have always followed it carefully. Your Turkish-Grecian book strikes me as a particularly fine achievement. What little of your fiction and verse I manage to hunt out in the magazines appeals to me in more ways than one. It is good work. But even better than that, I like the good heart I see behind it. When, a few days ago, Mrs. Travers asked me to protest with her daughter for refusing eligible suitors, I felt it my duty to look into the case,—hers and yours. I did so, and came to the conclusion that she still cares for you more than for any one else. That is my reason for writing you to come home."

"Does she know that you have written to me?" queried Hemming, his face and heart aglow.

"No, indeed, but I'm afraid she

may suspect when she sees you," replied Mr. Pollin, with some show of uneasiness.

"And what about Anderson?" asked Hemming.

"Dick Anderson? Ah, he is exceedingly stupid, or he would have given up long ago. He never had the ghost of a chance," replied the beaming match-maker.

Hemming stood up, and grasped the other warmly by both hands. "I got along without your letter," he said, "but I don't know what might have happened by now if you'd not stumbled over me tonight. I saw Anderson, you know, and somehow got the idea into my head that I was out of the game."

"Out of the game," laughed Pollin. "No fear of that, my boy. Come over to my diggings, and we'll give a smoke on it."

As he led the prodigal from the club, clinging affectionately to his arm, he warned him of Mrs. Travers. "Don't pay any attention to her,—unless she happens to be polite," he said.

Late that night, after Hemming had returned to his hotel, Mr. Pollin sat up and penned a note to his niece.

CHAPTER IX.

"The eyes that wept for me, a night ago are laughing now that we shall part no more."

It was later than usual when Molly awoke that morning. It seemed to her that the room looked brighter than it had for a long time. The pictures on the walls shone with a hitherto unnoticed glow. She lay still for awhile, recalling the night's dream, piecing the fragments one by one. The dream had been altogether pleasant and unusual. She had been in strange and delightful countries,—

"Where below another sky, Parrot islands anchored lie."

She had seen the palms shake their stiff foliage against the steady winds. She had gone along a white street, gleaming between deep verandas, and Hemming had walked beside her, talking of his adventures and his hopes. She had heard surf-music drifting in from moonlit reefs, and the tinkling of mandolins out of alleys of roses. She had gone through a land of sweet enchantment with her lover's hand in hers.

Molly dressed slowly, the spell of her dreaming still upon her, haunting her like a half-remembered voice. At the breakfast-table she found three letters beside her plate.

"You seem to be a woman of affairs, my dear," said Mrs. Travers, eyeing the letters greedily from her

end of the table. The dame had finished her breakfast some time before, but, having examined the three envelopes carefully, curiosity about their contents kept her in her place.

When Molly saw Hemming's handwriting,—and on the stationery of a London club, at that,—she leaned back, and for the flight of a dozen heart beats kept her eyes tight shut, and her hands clinched on the arms of the chair.

"My dear, what is the matter?" cried her mother, in tones of surprised concern. She, too, had recognized the writing, however.

"I felt dizzy,—just for a moment," answered Molly. Then she opened the letter. She read it again and again, making nothing of it, save that he was in London, had come there to see her, and was going away again. Love of her had brought him, but why should he go away? What had Major Anderson to do with it? Now her heart pulsed joy through her veins, and now fear,—and they both hurt. Then came the fearful, humiliating question,—could it be that her uncle had sent for him?

(To be concluded.)

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OUR POLITICS SHOULD BE MADE BETTER—NOT WORSE.

(Winnipeg Telegram.)

The gravest national injury threatened by the G. T. P. agreement—a disastrous and irrevocable calamity to our national life—is the creation of an overshadowing corporation power. Before this power formed by the combination of a transcontinental system with the already vast Grand Trunk system, individual industries and public men would be helpless.

The dominance of such an influence, demoralizing in its effect upon political life would be all the more debasing because it would be in the hands of an un-Canadian corporation ready to trample on every national interest which might conflict with its dividends.

It is not out of philanthropic charity to the poor promoters that a government passes such legislation as the G. T. P. agreement, presenting a

WANTS ARBITRATION.

Washington, Oct. 31.—Dr. W. G. Evans Darby, Secretary of the Peace Society of London, Eng., presented to President Roosevelt today a memorial from the Society urging that a treaty of arbitration be negotiated between the U. S. and Great Britain. The President informed Dr. Darby that he was in entire sympathy with the movement and that already steps looking to such a treaty had been taken; indeed, that negotiations for such a treaty were now in progress.

SHOT HER HUSBAND.

Jamestown, N. Y., Oct. 31.—Mrs. Mattie E. Carter tonight shot and killed her husband, Wm. E. Carter. She then sent for an officer and gave herself up. She says the shooting was for an attempted assault on her daughter, Carter's stepdaughter. The Carters are negroes.

BIG PASSENGER LIST.

New York, Nov. 1.—More than five thousand passengers arrived here today on the German liners, the Moltke from Hamburg, and the Kaiser Wilhelm II and the Frederick der Grosse, from Bremen. Of this number 1684 came in the first cabin, while 3,488 were in the steerage.

Among the passengers on the Kaiser Wilhelm II were Andreas Dippel, Madame Gadske, Madame Sembrich, Conductors Gustav Mogel and S. Myerowitz, of the Metropolitan Opera company, and R. W. Goeltz, of New York.

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railway to a corporation which does not invest one dollar, and authorizing the issue of tens of millions of dollars of over-capitalization for the enrichment of a group of promoters at the expense of the people.

It is from such legislation that large funds come to provide for the organized debauching of electors, ballot stuffing, and ballot stuffing or for venalizing the press. To approve of and endorse such legislation is to hold up enormous prizes as the reward of political corruption and is a sure method of continuing and increasing that corruption.

By building and operating the road under public ownership by means of a non-partisan commission such as that appointed for the Panama canal, we should leave no room for the vast corruption funds which accompany railway constructions under such bargains as the G. T. P. agreement.

GETTING READY FOR NOV. 3rd.

New York, Nov. 1.—A Naples despatch to the Herald dated Oct. 31, says: Since this morning Mount Vesuvius has again been giving signs of activity, the crater noiselessly emitting dense columns of dust which the wind carries westward in such quantities that at Torre and Portici umbrellas are necessary.



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Very often the vital resources are small at forty-two, but if not then, between fifty-seven and sixty-two years of age there is a strange slowing down and loss of vitality. It is important that this transient period of decay should be checked; strength must be imparted to the tired brain, the weakened nerves must be fortified. The wise man will use Ferrozone whose potency is particularly applicable to these critical periods. Ferrozone quickens the whole being, imparts vigor and power, pushes back the onset of senility in a very manifest way. It's because Ferrozone gives strength, vitality and vigor that it is useful to old men. Try it. Price 50c.

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J. RHEA

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