

Hemming, The Adventurer.

By THEODORE ROBERTS.

(Continued)

By the time the letter was sealed and ready for the mail, Hemming was tired out. He flung himself on the bed, unhooked the collar of his mess-jacket (they hooked at the collar a few years ago), and, lighting his pipe, lay for some time in unhappy half-dreaming. He knew, for, at the last, young Penthouse had not been careful to hide his cloven foot, that he might just as well expect another great-aunt to leave him another lump of money as to look for any reimbursement from the source of his misfortune. The fellow was had, he mused, but just how had his friends and the world must find out for themselves. Of course he would give Molly a hint to that effect, when he saw her. He had not done so in the letter, because it had been hard enough to write, without that.

Hemming went on duty next day, wearing, to the little world of the regiment, his usual alert and undisturbed expression. Shortly before noon he wrote and forwarded a formal resignation of his commission. By dinner-time the word that he had given up the service had reached every member of the mess. Spalding's story had also made the rounds, in one form or another (thanks to Major O'Grady, that righteous enemy to gossip), and the colonel alone was ignorant of it. During dinner little was said about Hemming's sudden move. All felt it more or less keenly; the colonel grieved over the loss of so capable an officer, and the others lamented the fact that a friend and a gentleman was forced to leave their mess because one cad happened to be a member of it. Hemming felt their quiet sympathy. Even the waiters tending him displayed an increased solicitude.

Hemming remained in "Dublin a week after resigning his commission. He had a good deal of business to attend to, and some important letters to receive—one from the American Syndicate, containing a check, and at least two from Miss Travers. It had been the lady's custom, ever since their engagement, to write him twice a week. Three were now overdue. The American letter came, with its terse and satisfactory typewritten instructions and narrow slip of perforated paper, but the English missive failed to put in an appearance. He tried not to worry during the day, and, being busy, succeeded fairly well, but at night, being defenceless, care visited him even in his dreams. Sometimes he saw the woman he loved lying ill—too ill to hold a pen. Sometimes he saw her with a new unsuspected look in her eyes, turning an indifferent face upon his supplications. He lost weight in those few days and Spalding (who with the others, thought his only trouble the loss of his money) said that but for the work he had in getting a fair price for his pony, his high-cart and his extra pairs of riding-boots, he would have blown his brains out.

On his last night in Dublin his old regiment gave a dinner in his honor. Civilians were there, and officers from every branch of the service, and when Major O'Grady beheld Hemming (which did not happen until late in the dinner), clothed in the unaccustomed black and white, with his medal with two clasps pinned on his coat, he tried to sing something about an Irish gentleman, and burst into tears.

"There's not a drop of the crachure in his blood," said Spalding, across the table.

"But he's the boy with the warm heart," whispered the major.

"And the open hand," said the subaltern.

"The same has been the ruin of many of us," replied O'Grady.

It was well for Lieutenant Penthouse that he did not return to Dublin in time to attend that dinner. Hemming knew a score of private houses in London where he would be welcome for a night or a month, but in his bitter mood he ignored the rights of friendship and went to a small hotel in an unfashionable part of the town. As soon as he had changed from his rough twoods into more suitable attire, he started, in a cab, for the Travers house. The bishop was dead, and the widow, preferring London to Norfolk, spent every season in town. Hemming was sure of finding some one at home, though he trembled at the memory of his evil dreams. Upon reaching the house he dismissed the cab. The maid who opened the door recognized him, and showed him into the drawing-room.

"I hope every one is well," he said, pausing on the threshold.

"Yes, sir," replied the maid, looking surprised at the question. She had seen Captain Hemming many times, but never before had he addressed her.

It seemed to Hemming that he waited hours in the narrow, heavily furnished room. He could not sit still. At last he got to his feet, and, crossing to a corner table, examined the photographs of some people he knew. He wondered where his had gone to—the full-length portrait by Bettel, in field-uniform. He looked for it everywhere, an uncomfortable curiosity pricking him. Turning from his search, he saw Miss Travers watching him. He took a step toward her, and stopped short. Her face was white, her eyes were dark with the shadow of pain. Something had put out the familiar illumination that love had lighted so gloriously.

"Molly," whispered the man. His hands, extended at first sight of her, dropped impotently at his side. "For God's sake, what is the matter?" he cried. His honest gray eyes asked the question as plainly. Hers wavered, and looked beyond him in a pitiful, strained gaze.

"Why do you ask? You surely know," she said.

He could not speak for a moment. His brain, in a whirl of apprehension,

groped for some clue whereby it might find understanding.

"I know nothing," he said, at last, "save that I am horribly afraid of something I do not understand—of your silence and the change in you." He paused for a moment scanning her averted face. "And now I am a poor man," he added.

At that a faint red stole into her cheeks. He drew nearer and laid a hand quickly and tenderly upon her shoulder.

"Dear girl, can that weigh against me?" he asked, scarce above his breath. She moved from his touch with a gesture that sent the blood ringing back to brain and heart. The madness of the righteous anger ebbed, leaving him cool and observant.

"I beg your pardon for intruding, and now I shall go," he said, "it was well worth the loss of a few thousands of pounds—to find the real nature of your love."

He passed her with squared shoulders and sneering lip, and strode briskly toward the door.

"Wait," she cried, "I do not understand you." Her voice contained a new note.

He turned on the threshold and bowed.

"You have known me long enough," he said.

"Yes," she replied. He stood in the doorway and stared at her.

"If I am dreaming, then wake me, dear. Surely you love me?" His voice was tense. He moved as if to approach her again.

"I have learned of your other life—of your living lie," she cried, weakly.

"My other life," he repeated, smiling gently.

"Yes," she said, "from my cousin. It was his duty. Tell me it is not true."

He saw the tears in her eyes. He marked the supplication in her voice. But he did not move from the threshold.

"From Penthouse?" he inquired. She did not answer him. She stood with one hand raised to her breast, and a world of entreaty in her gaze.

"I thought," said Hemming, coldly, "that you loved me. I thought that when a woman loved the man who loves her, that she also trusted him. But I am very ignorant, considering my age."

He took his hat and stick from the rack in the hall, and let himself out of the front door. He stood for a few seconds on the steps and looked up and down the street. A cab rolled up to the curb. After drawing on his gloves and adjusting his monocle, he stepped into the cab and quietly gave the name of his club to the man behind.

The cab bowed along the quiet, respectable street.

"Stop here," cried Hemming, when they had reached the corner, and as the horse slid to a standstill he stepped out, and went up to a heavily dressed young man on the pavement. The stranger did not see him, and held on in the direction from which Hemming had just come.

"Excuse me—a word," said Hemming.

The other halted. His heavy, handsome face whitened under its unhealthy skin.

"Ah, how do, Hemming," he said. Hemming took the extended hand. They stood about the same height.

Hemming retained his grip of the other's hand.

"I am somewhat pressed for time," he said, "so you'll forgive me if I begin immediately."

He jerked Mr. Penthouse toward him with a downward wrench of his left arm, and, with his stick in his left hand, he administered a short and severe caning.

"I'm a-waitin' for you, guv'nor," called the caddy.

Leaving Mr. Penthouse seated upon the pavement, dazed and blasphemous, Hemming returned to the cab and drove away.

CHAPTER III.

Hemming Visits the Manager of the Syndicate.

Hemming's club was a favorite resort of military and naval men stationed near town, or home on leave. He met half a dozen whom he knew more or less intimately. All had something to say about his change of career, but presently he escaped them, and sought a quiet corner of the reading-room, where he could smoke and stare at the papers. Reading was out of the question. He might as well have tried to sing. Several times he was ready to leave the club and return to Miss Travers, but the memory of the movement she had made when he touched her shoulder kept him crushed in his chair. He dined at the club, and drank more than was his custom. The sound wine brought colour back to his cheeks.

A youngster, who had been stationed in Halifax, Nova Scotia, for a year past, came over to his table with an American magazine in his hand.

"Do you know, old chap, your stories are quite the rage in Halifax," he said. "I notice, though, that the fellows here do not know what you are up to at all. One soon leaves the trick of reading the magazines on the other side."

This unexpected word for his literary work cheered Hemming considerably. He invited the youth to seat himself and have a cigar. Soon he found himself telling his admirer something of his aspirations.

When Anderson of the Royal Engineers came in, he found Hemming and the lieutenant on leave from Canada still talking across the table. Anderson was Hemming's senior by some four or five years, but they had been friends since childhood. After their greeting, Anderson said:

"Have you seen Penthouse?"

"Yes, I met him about five o'clock," replied Hemming.

Anderson's face brightened, and he slapped his knee with his broad hand.

"I ran across him in an apothecary's shop a few hours ago, and, as I had just heard of your arrival, I wondered if you had met him," he said. "You see," he continued, "I have had my eye on him of late. The Travers and I are still very good friends, you know."

"This sounds very interesting," broke in the lieutenant. "What is it all about?"

"I hardly know myself," answered Hemming.

The lieutenant wished them good night, shook hands cordially with both, and after assuring Hemming that he would watch eagerly for

everything he wrote, left for the dining-room.

"Williams seems a good sort," remarked Hemming.

Anderson did not answer. He looked as if he were thinking unusually hard.

"I suppose you'll be in town for awhile," he said.

"I leave to-morrow for Greece. I'm a newspaper correspondent now," replied Hemming.

"You must stay a few days," said the engineer. "A few days will do it. You have no right to fly off the handle like that."

"Like what?" asked the other.

"My dear boy, I have known for a week just how it would be, and now I am in rather a hole myself," said Anderson.

"Have you been living a double life?" inquired Hemming, with a sneer.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the lusty sapper, "do you mean to say?—but no, I only told the lady that Penthouse was a rotten little liar. Strong language, I must admit."

Hemming laughed shortly.

"You must not trouble yourself too much, Dicky, for it's really not worth while," he said.

A little later Hemming excused himself on the plea that he had to return to his hotel, and wrote some letters.

"I am my own master no longer," he said.

"I think you are just beginning," replied Anderson, drily.

Hemming looked into the future, saw his body journeying, vagrant as the wind, and his hand at a hundred adventures, but never an hour of freedom. He went down the wide steps and into the street with hell and longing in his heart.

Hemming spent two weeks in Greece. He wrote a few descriptive stories for his syndicate, and then crossed into Turkey, where he was offered a commission. He wired that fighting was certain. The syndicate thought otherwise, and called him across the world to see or make trouble in South America. He cursed their stupidity and started, spending only a few hours in England, and taking ship in Liverpool for New York. Arriving in that city, he and his possessions (and he carried a full outfit journeyed in a cab to an old and respectable hotel on Broadway. The fare he had to pay opened his eyes. But what could he do beyond staring the caddy out of countenance with his baleful, glaring eyeglass? At the hotel, they were kind enough to take him for a duke in disguise. Next morning he found his way to the offices of the New York News Syndicate, in a high gray building on Fulton Street. He scrambled into one of the great caged elevators, close on the heels of a stout gentleman in a yellow spring overcoat and silk hat. The lift was lighted by several small electric bulbs. The air was warm and heavy with the scent of stale cigarette smoke.

"New York News Syndicate," said Hemming to the attendant.

(To be continued)

Subscribe at once for the Evening Times, so that it will come to you regularly, in all weather.

DERANGEMENTS

OF THE LIVER

Usually Give Rise to Other Painful Disorders of a Painful Nature—Cure Effected by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mr. Wm. A. McDougall, police court clerk, Moncton, N. B. states: "As a remedy for lame back, pains in the small of the back and all forms of liver and kidney trouble, I consider Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills ahead of all treatments, I have used these pills myself for liver derangements and always found them most satisfactory in relieving the trouble at once. I have also heard a number of people praise this medicine and have no hesitation in recommending it to anyone affected with any of the above ailments. We always keep a box of these pills in the house in case of sickness."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

Having Returned from

the European markets where I was fortunate in securing some of the latest creations in London and Paris Millinery; also a lot of Ladies' Coats and Skirts together with a Choice Selection of Children's Headwear direct from the manufacturers, securing the goods at least 25 per cent. less than those who are not in a Position to buy on such favorable terms. I am prepared to give my Customers this benefit. Having also secured the services of three first-class Milliners. All orders in that line will receive our most careful attention.

J. K. STOREY,
165 Union St.

Estate

HANNAH RUSSELL, Deceased,

All persons having any legal claims against the above estate are requested to file the same with the undersigned Solicitor, at his Office Number 109 Prince William Street, Saint John, New Brunswick; and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the said Solicitor, my Client. Dated the 22nd, day of September, A. D. 1904.

STEPHEN B. BUSTIN,
Solicitor.

NORTHRUP & CO.,

Wholesale Grocers.

Let us have your orders, please. Our prices are right.

23 and 24 North Wharf.

YORKSHIRE BAR.

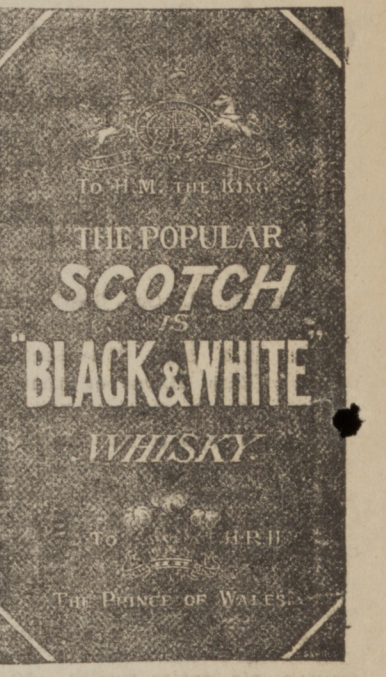
Ale and Porter 4^C per glass or tankard.

Highest Award Colonial and Indian Exhibition, London.

ENGLAND, 1886.

European Plan, - 20 Mill St.

J. RHEA



New York.

Instruction Column

Shorthand in 20 Lessons

FIRST LESSON FREE; absolutely most complete and up-to-date method; position guaranteed; lessons by mail exclusively; no interference with regular occupation; no difficulties; everything simple and clear; endorsed by boards of education and leading newspapers; thousands of graduates. Department—25. Campaign of Education, 211 Townsend bldg., New York.

PROOFS FROM THE

Boston Herald

NEW ENGLAND'S

Greatest Newspaper

23 and 24 North Wharf.

ABBHEY'S

Used by the masses, who, unsolicited, certify to its worth

Tones the Stomach and Stirs the Liver to Healthy Action

EFFERVESCENT

Is Nature's Remedy for Tired, Fagged-out and Run-down Men or Women

If taken regularly contributes to Perfect Health, Makes Life Worth Living

SALT

ALL DRUGGISTS