

BARRY GORDON*

A STORY OF MODERN AMERICAN LIFE

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SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

BARRY GORDON, the hero of the story, is a young Southerner, the son of an old Virginia family, at school in the North, at St. Clement's. He is suddenly summoned home, where he finds that his father, Colonel Gordon—commander of Gordon's Raiders in the Civil War—has been seriously hurt. A still more terrible revelation awaits the boy. The veteran soldier—a strange mixture of gallantry and weakness, but always an idol to his son—tells Barry that his ancestors, whose portraits stand proudly on the walls of the old dining-room, were not the spotless heroes the boy has venerated; that there has always been a fatal strain of deviltry in the Gordons, and that he himself is a drunkard—is, in fact, drinking himself to death. And, indeed, that very night, after deep potations—of whose probable result his old friend Dr. Burke had warned him—the colonel falls in a mortal seizure.

Back at St. Clement's, young Gordon gets into a quarrel with another Virginia boy named Meade, who taunts him with the shocking facts of his father's death. Infuriated, Barry strikes Meade senseless, and flees from the school with his younger brother, Tom. The two boys make their way to the summer home of Frank Beekman, a New York railroad magnate, who was appointed their guardian by Colonel Gordon's will. Here Mr. Beekman and his daughter Muriel receive them as members of the family. Later, they go to college together, and Barry is in his senior year when—through the machinations of Meade, now a freshman—he is dismissed for refusing to reveal the names of some classmates who had been involved in a hazing fracas.

Barry's genius for getting himself into trouble next displays itself at Muriel Beekman's coming-out party, at her father's house in New York. By this time the two Gordons are avowed rivals in their more than brotherly regard for Muriel, who hesitates between the impetuous Barry and the quieter and gentler Tom. At the party, Meade, who is one of the guests, challenges Barry to drink a toast to the débutante. Barry has not touched liquor since his father's death, and the punch goes to his head. He takes more of it, and loses his balance altogether, so shocking and frightening Muriel that she takes refuge with Tom and engages herself to him.

When Barry comes to his senses, Mr. Beekman calls him to account, but the young man forestalls the expected rebuke by telling his guardian that he wants to leave New York for a long period of travel. Mr. Beekman—who controls Barry's income until his thirtieth birthday—replies that if he goes, he must start without a penny and pay his own way. Barry says nothing, but late that night there comes to the Beekmans a note telling them that he has decided to go, and asking them not to try to trace him.

XVIII

LOAFING at ease on a chair in the Champs Elysées, a young American traveler let the full impression of this sparkling Sunday afternoon in early spring saturate his mind and senses. It was not half bad to be here

again. In fact, after years of roving, it seemed only natural, almost necessary.

Any wanderer, as a matter of course, returns again and again to Paris. On the great eastern highroad between America and Asia this was the traveler's half-way house, the world's tavern—this Paris.

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You might work your way far and see much in the immense spherical desert bounded by the poles and the sunrise and the sunset; but this was the only oasis—this Paris.

You might climb the Alps and have a look at the kingdoms of the earth; you might lie on the shore in the south seas and let your fancy meander among the kingdoms of the stars; but if you wanted pleasure, sheer pleasure, this was the only place for it—this Paris.

Where else could you live life? Where else could you forget the past, laugh at the future, and clasp the present in your arms in unashamed abandonment? Where else could you gratify every mood, innocent as well as dangerous? Here were the delights of company—art talk, literary talk, society talk; here were the delights of solitude, meditation, and work; and here were the delights of outdoors—the sight of this holiday Paris crowd, with its streams of carriages, its brilliant women, driving out to be seen—women alone till night; its *bourgeoisie*—thin husbands and fat wives, five or six in one conveyance, the women giggling at the tight fit; its nondescript, well-dressed pairs, with their subtle preliminary flirtations, the sparkle of the women's eyes, the vivacious gestures of their hands, the irony of their mouths, the chatter and laughter as they drove by; and then its children—the pale, Paris children—now and again pausing in their play and watching it all from the curb solemnly.

As the young American glanced at the children, one of them particularly attracted his attention. She was a dainty, thin, fashionable little girl, dressed in starchy white, with bare legs, white socks, and fluttering light-blue ribbons. He wondered what the child was thinking of, she looked so grave as she watched the pageant.

One small hand hung passive at her side; in the other she absently held captive by a long thread a bright-red toy balloon, which, bobbing back and forth high over her head, seemed very incongruous above so serious a youngster.

The little balloon held the American's gaze, fascinated. He looked at it musingly, and smiled.

But evidently the child had forgotten its existence. Her thoughts, or her un-

thinking wonderment, seemed at last to withdraw her wholly from the material world. At all events her fingers relaxed, the thread slipped, and the balloon jumped upward. The little girl, at once all child, jumped after it, but the lost thread was already beyond her reach.

The spectator on the chair sprang across the path and clutched at it.

"*Monsieur! Monsieur!*" cried the little Parisian, standing on tiptoe and reaching up a futile hand. "*Vite! Ah, mon pauvre ballon!*"

Too late! The balloon, caught by the breeze, went sailing over the woods high into the sky—a tiny touch of crimson.

The center of an amused group, they stood and watched it—he with a queer, reminiscent smile, the child at first too bewildered and fascinated by its fading ascent to cry. But as it vanished beyond the trees she began to sob silently. He felt uncomfortable and took her hand, looking about for her nurse.

"Never mind," he said, half to himself. "It always happens. What else can you expect?"

He spoke in English, and the child, not understanding, grew frightened. She drew away her hand. Then, fortunately, her fat *bonne*, all gingham and cap and streaming ribbons, came billowing to her and took her in her arms.

"*Telle est la vie,*" said the man, smiling, "and the ultimate great comforting nurse is death."

He suddenly heard a laugh behind him. A carriage had stopped at the sidewalk.

"Thank Heaven!" said a woman's voice. "Barry Gordon at last!"

He turned and saw Kitty Van Ness, bright as the spring day, fashionable beyond the dreams of dressmakers. She was leaning forward in a victoria, smiling at him delightedly. She had evidently noticed the balloon episode and heard his last comment.

"You say that's life, Barry? Nonsense! I say it isn't," she contradicted, greeting him with her clear blue eyes. "At least, not always. You were the balloon that blew away, and now—you're caught!"

She laughed with open pleasure, and, drawing off a suede fawn-colored glove, offered him a bare hand. She did it so naturally, with such an air of comrade-

ship, that the fetching little breach of custom would have won any man.

He smiled affectionately, and, clasping the warm, soft hand a moment without the conventional shake, released it. Then a shadow crossed his face.

"Seven years!" he said. "It seems ages!"

"Not to me," she replied, drawing on her glove again. "It did ten minutes ago, before I saw you, but now it is only a day or two." A puzzled expression crossed her face. "What made you look so queer as you watched that balloon go sailing off?"

The look she mentioned stole again into his face.

"I was remembering," he said, "a certain very large and riotous balloon, a crazy adventure I once had."

Kitty, sparkling with interest, rested her hand invitingly on the seat beside her.

"Come and drive with me, and tell me about it."

He stood hesitant a moment, one foot on the carriage-step, and Kitty tactfully waited without urging him.

Judging by his well-cut English traveling-suit, he was comfortably off. Since she knew he could not have yet drawn on his inheritance, his work, as they had all supposed, must have yielded him a fair income. But though he was barely twenty-seven, he looked well over thirty. Instead of the mercurial, imaginative, impulsive youth she had once known, she saw before her a man whose dark eyes seemed deeper set and colder; a man with a bronzed, weather-beaten skin, clean-shaven save for a brown mustache which was rather coarse and not heavy enough to hide a grim look about his sensitive mouth; a man, in fact, somewhat hardened by experience. Yet Kitty noticed that, despite this hardness and the shadows that kept crossing his face, he had the grace of the born wanderer, the ease of an acquired fatalism. He seemed, in short, one of the rarest of human anomalies—a lovable Stoic.

"You've looked life in the face," she said, "and so have I."

The words were spoken so gently, with so much comprehension, and yet implied such a careful consideration of his feelings because she had feelings too, that he

smiled gratefully, stepped into the carriage, and seated himself beside her. Kitty flushed with pleasure.

"Where shall we drive?"

"Anywhere," he answered. "Around the world, if you like."

"But that," laughed Kitty, with the faintest hint of a sidelong look at him, "would necessitate crossing the Atlantic."

"Oh, all right," he said, with a trace of his old recklessness that delighted her. "Let's!"

She looked up at the coachman.

"*A l'Amérique*," she ordered whimsically.

The coachman leaned still farther sideways and backward, doubting his ears.

"Oh, anywhere," laughed Kitty, with a gesture. "Up and down!"

Though in her haste to make off with her captive she had lapsed to her mother tongue, this proved more intelligible to the coachman, and Kitty's triumphant drive began.

In one sense she already regarded it in this light. Aside from her friendly pleasure at seeing Barry, she derived a very feminine satisfaction at being, even for an hour, the companion of a man about whose name so much curiosity, gossip, and mystery had centered at home. Others might conjecture and repeat hearsay, but she would speak with authority. "Barry Gordon? Oh, yes, I saw him myself—took a long drive with him in Paris."

At first it looked as if this would be her only reward. Long they drifted up and down, till the streams of carriages and pedestrians floated away from them into the heart of Paris. The green-gold light under the trees in the Bois faded into purple shadows, the skeleton tower and the Arc de Triomphe were dream-structures built of the dusk, and along the Champs Elysées the lights of houses kindled one by one, like eyes opening and watching them. Yet they talked the trivial talk of the town, their topics the long black gloves of Yvette Guilbert, the beauty of Cavalieri, the drooping hair of Cléo de Mérode, the current plays and songs, the races at Longchamps, the latest international marriage.

Kitty felt disheartened. There was nothing for it, she finally decided, but a

gentle appeal. After a long silence she said at last:

"Barry, why should we fritter away this drive? I can't forgive myself."

He patted her hand.

"Never mind, Kitty! I'll forgive you. In fact, I couldn't have forgiven you if you hadn't frittered it away. Do you know," he observed with mock gravity, "you're the first person who has satisfactorily interpreted the psychology of Yvette's wail and Cléo's festoons of hair?"

"Do you think Yvette's wail adequately expresses the situation?"

"Why not?" he said, shrugging. "It's ironical enough." He felt for his cigar-case. "It's getting dark. Do you mind?"

She shook her head. Then, while he lighted his cigar, she stole a sidelong glance at him. As the match flared before his face, she caught the tense, hard look of a Spartan secretly suffering torments.

"Barry!"

"Kitty!"

"Let's dine together. No, I won't take any excuse. Please do, you dear old Barry. Here's a chance. Let's make the most of it." She hesitated a moment, then spoke her thoughts impulsively and with genuine feeling. "In our love-affairs we've both been losers. We've both been beaten by life. We've both got the worst of it. We're both in the same boat—the same wrecked boat. Then let's together try something else. Let's try friendship, you and me. If it fails, we can't be much worse off than we are now. And at least we shall have tested another of life's so-called privileges. On the other hand, if it succeeds—well, half a loaf's better than no bread. Come and dine with me and talk to me—not confidentially, if you don't feel like it, and no more personally than you want to. Come; we'll talk things over as man and man."

Her plea succeeded because, for all her real and almost pathetic sincerity, she tactfully used the old Platonic appeal, the indescribably telling appeal of a woman offering to a man a man's companionship.

"All right, Kitty. Where shall we break our half loaf? I must get dressed."

She demurred at this, fearing she might lose him.

"Then dine with me," he suggested, already growing gayer. "We'll go across the river to the older Paris. The Café de la Paix isn't the place to wear clothes like these and break half loaves. Instead of champagne and *pâtés* I vote for burgundy and roast duck. That's a better beginning for a solid friendship!"

Kitty nodded in radiant consent. Though she was not altogether fond of the dingy Quartier, of full-bodied wines and raw game, she would have even tackled a beef at a barbecue had it been the necessary symbol of their new friendship's solidity.

"Where, Barry?"

He leaned forward to the coachman.

"To the Café Colomberg," he ordered, with an eagerness that warmed her.

XIX

THE Café Colomberg was almost empty. Too expensive for the average student, and too dingy for rich Americans, it was patronized only by those willing to dispense with mere glitter for the sake of real masterpieces in the culinary art.

The proprietor, his serious face mellowing when he saw Barry, led them with an air hospitably gracious to a corner table. This fine old host was a benevolent-looking man, with a kindly dignity by no means unimpressive; a man with deep, dreamy blue eyes and a great mane of silvery hair. He had a slight stoop, caused perhaps by years of invention and countless crucial moments when, bending over the concoctions of his *chef*, he himself tasted and subtly seasoned them, infusing into them the personal touch that had won him fame.

He received Barry's suggestions with grave interest, and finally with the pleasing nod of the born restaurant-keeper who recognizes nice discrimination in a guest.

As he left them, Barry smiled.

"François knows," he said, "that in true art simplicity is the highest achievement."

They sociably began nibbling bread, calling it their half loaf.

"But François is very versatile," said Barry. "He can cook eggs two hundred and nineteen different ways. He names them after his notable guests. On the list

you'll find royalty, artists, musicians, authors, all more or less well known."

"How about Barry Gordon?" casually asked Kitty, drawing off her fawn-colored gloves. "Has François included Barry Gordon on his roll of fame?" She shot a quick glance at him. "Ah, he has!" she exclaimed. "You should twirl your mustache downward instead of straight. The corners of your mouth betray you!"

"How do you like it?" he asked, smiling.

"What—your mustache? I love it."

"No," he laughed, "my book."

"Oh, you mean 'The Adventures of a Rolling Stone'?"

"Yes; that's the only one I've written—or ever shall, probably."

"I love that, too," she answered. "How thrilling it is! What a sale it's having! I didn't dare mention it, though, because I thought it might—" She hesitated.

"You thought it might be a sore subject," he concluded for her. "The criticisms were so harsh."

She shrugged carelessly.

"Your book offends the heavy respectables. You must admit your adventures have been decidedly racy. The chapter on hashish-eating and kief-smoking was bad enough, but that was a Sunday-school lesson compared to the chapter on Moorish harems!" She laughingly shook her head at him. "Barry, you're a case!"

The waiter, enough of an adept to seem almost non-existent, had served the *consommé*.

"You seem to forget," said Barry, after two or three spoonfuls, "the rolling stone was a man by the name of *Bob Gallo*."

"B. G.," she nodded. "The initials were significant." Then again she plunged into deep waters. "Mr. Beekman maintains that the story is imaginary, only the background real. He calls it a remarkable book."

"And Mrs.?" asked Barry.

"Oh, she insists it bears the stamp of reality. She calls it the most outrageous book she ever read." Kitty lowered her glance, and drew back a little as the waiter removed her plate and unobtrusively replaced it with another on

which lay a plump red mullet. She glanced up at Barry under her lashes. "Which of them is right?" she asked gently; "is it fiction or fact?"

He absently brushed aside the crumbs to leave a free white space for his plate, and as the waiter slipped it before him he looked off with wandering thoughts. Kitty, covertly studying him, saw lights and shadows cross his eyes. His reminiscences were evidently filled with the spirit of an adventurous liberty somewhat marred by regret.

"Both," he answered at last. They spent a moment extricating the mullets' backbones. Then he suddenly looked up, his face grew tense, and a question forced itself from him against his will. "How do other people take it? How does—"

Kitty's pulses quickened.

"One can only conjecture," she replied without meeting his gaze; "but the very day after the book appeared, her engagement to Tom, which I fancy had been only a sort of half understanding, was announced."

Barry turned quietly to the waiter.

"Bring the wine," he said. As he turned again to Kitty he tried to smile. "She's happy, isn't she?"

Kitty raised her eyebrows, shrugging.

"She seems passively so—not very."

Kitty thought that the truth—the "not very"—would please him, but evidently it did not. A look so helpless and lost darkened his intense face, as he glanced impatiently for the waiter, that Kitty, without understanding her sympathy, added quickly: "Tom's away, you know. Perhaps that's it."

The waiter filled their glasses with the rich red wine. Barry slightly inclined his head toward her before they drank. Then, as he sipped the Burgundy, he asked quietly:

"Where has he gone?" His voice fell. "Dear old Tom!"

"To Morocco."

"To Morocco!" he exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes. You remember Mr. Beekman's railroad project? Surely you've read in the newspapers about the Beekman-Roche Syndicate?"

Barry set down his glass, but kept the stem between his fingers, and still glanced into the wine's red depths.

"I think I did see something, but I'm not interested in ruining the wonderful expanses of Africa with railroads. Tom's surveying, I suppose?"

"Yes. After he graduated," said Kitty, "Mr. Beekman gave him a chance at construction-work in the West. He made great headway. But probably you already know all this from letters?"

The old lost look crept into Barry's eyes.

"No; I've no permanent address, you see." He drank again. "Tell me."

"I don't know much about it," she resumed, buttering a morsel of crust. "I believe the Sultan has granted railroad concessions to a French and American syndicate, of which Mr. Beekman is the ruling spirit. About a month ago he sent Tom out there with a party of engineers."

Barry frowned.

"Morocco's not very safe at present."

"No; but this may mean a lot to Tom if the plan proves practicable. They are surveying the proposed route, which is quite long. I'm not exactly sure where it is. It runs all the way from somewhere to somewhere else along the south coast of the Mediterranean."

Barry emptied his glass, and nodded as he refilled it.

"Yes; from Cape Spartel to Oran." He laughed bitterly, and she saw that a slight change, so subtle as to be almost unnoticeable, had come over him. She could not define it, except that perhaps his dark eyes were, if possible, more expressive than before. Perhaps it was the wine; perhaps it was the deepening of their companionship.

"Yes," he repeated bitterly, "from Cape Spartel to Oran, and the country will be ruined by American tourists and French criminals. Mr. Beekman means well. Like Cecil Rhodes, he thinks in continents, but he isn't personal; he isn't human. My father would never have planned a railroad in Morocco. He would have done as I've done. He would have lived there with the natives. He would have ridden their horses and gone pig-sticking, and roved through the country, making friends." He shook his head hopelessly, repeating once more, as if he knew the route and loved it: "A railroad from Cape Spartel to Oran! Yes; and the pirate boats of the Riffs, and the mules

of the ancient Berbers, and the thoroughbred barbs of the sheiks, and their camels—their rocking 'ships of the desert' that cruise up there from the south—what about them? And the caravans of the wandering families, and the splendid health, and the delicate craftsmanship, and the weird music, and the lazy day-dreams of all the people along that wonderful coast—what about them? Gradually most of it all will be brushed aside, and what isn't brushed aside will decay." His voice was earnest—even feverish. "Civilization? I've seen it come, Kitty, to other places, and I tell you there's no curse that falls on the child-races like the curse of the shrieking civilization of locomotives!"

Kitty saw new depths in him, vaster and more tragic than she had seen before.

"Then, Barry, do you mean to proclaim yourself an out-and-out barbarian? I'm not. I'm hopelessly civilized."

He saw François and the waiter appearing in the doorway.

"There's no doubt about one thing," he exclaimed, regaining his friendly smile. "Civilization bags the game. Here comes the duck!"

Throughout the rest of their repast they talked more freely and intimately. Drawn out by her comradeship, his tongue loosened by the strong wine, Barry not only answered her tactfully put questions, but soon began to vouchsafe information and confidences. By the time the salad had been disposed of, and an excellent Camembert cheese lingeringly eaten, Kitty had learned much. Piecing together this and that with the adventures so racily sketched in his book, she obtained a vivid bird's-eye impression of the seven years.

The scroll was rapidly unrolled. He told his story with such a light touch, such a gay whimsicality, that Kitty only now and then had a glimpse of the black despair that had dogged him through the world as inevitably as his own shadow. He told it all as impersonally as if speaking of another man; yet the mirage he conjured up was even more vivid than present realities. His talk was even racier than his book; and Kitty, breathlessly listening to it, followed him from land to land with intense interest, her imaginative faculty feverishly stimu-

lated. Never had she heard so enthralling a narrative.

XX

At the outset Barry had worked his way across the Atlantic on a cattle-ship, and had spent a month on the Liverpool wharves. Then he went to London, where he arrived, as luck would have it, on Derby Day. He drifted with the thousands to the great race. Characteristically, he staked his all on a horse that pleased his eye. The horse won. That gave him cash and a breathing-spell.

One night, in a public-house, he fell in with a kindred spirit—one Richard Dashwood, a younger son with a few shillings in his pocket and a flash of inspiration in his eye.

Suddenly this devil of a fellow had decided on an astounding move. He was going to try and make a living. He thought it would be "ripping to rag around London" driving a hansom cab. Barry took to the plan at once, and split up his Derby money into halves. In less than a week they were London cabbies. His book contained sketches of these adventures—the story of the eloping couple; the secret of the fugitive from the Russian embassy; the mystery of the foundling left in his cab.

Then came comedy and calamity. His account of the disgraceful and exciting climax of his career as cabby had made two continents laugh.

One night Dashwood and he were cruising along the Victoria Embankment on their hansoms, and again in Dashwood's eye there was inspiration. Their purses were full that night and their humor roistering.

"To the tune of a sovereign," said Richard, "from here to Charing Cross—at a gallop! No American trotting race for me!"

"Done!" cried Barry.

Pitching like ships at sea, the hansoms went bumping and rumbling through the dark. The night was full of flying horse-foam, the beat of hoofs, the crack of whips; and each driver, tipsier yet with the motion, kept seeing out of the tail of his eye the light of the other's cab jiggling horribly.

At Waterloo Bridge they were neck and neck, and the crowd was running after

them, hooting and cheering. Ahead, under the Charing Cross railway bridge, the Embankment was black with people waiting for them to pass. But they never got there. The police, with great valor but a lamentable lack of sportsmanship, interfered.

The distance from start to finish was about a mile, but they never timed it in minutes. The official time was ten days, and the police-court won the money.

This adventure gave Barry a cue. He took to the race-track and steeple-chasing, finally riding for a certain English nobleman, whose name he withheld for excellent reasons. Wearing his employer's colors, he came in second in the Grand National. The Rajah was the pick of the stable—a great horse at hurdles and water-jumps; but his noble owner, it seemed, was in a bad way financially. Like The Rajah, he went fast.

Through his trainer, the nobleman gently "approached" Barry Gordon. If, on a coming day at Ascot, Barry would pull The Rajah and throw the race, there was money in it.

Barry's reply was impulsive, but none the less positive.

"Tell his lordship," said he, "to go to thunder! Tell him The Rajah and I are gentlemen!"

That ended Barry's racing career in England. The trainer spread it about that he had discharged him, and gave a reason full of truth with a twist in it. He said Gordon wasn't to be trusted.

The scene then changed to Paris, where Barry in a week flung away the savings of a year.

He now decided to have a try at art. By teaching the son of a French baker good English, and the daughter of an American bartender poor French, he managed to pay for a dingy room in the Latin Quarter. When he had a little money, he lived like a fighting-cock and loafed; when he had none, he worked.

One day, in a portrait-class, they were painting a model made up as Coquelin in "Cyrano de Bergerac." The others produced portraits of varying excellence or mediocrity; but Barry caught only one impression—the nose. He began with the nose and finished with the nose. Without the slightest suggestion of the figure or the other features, he projected

from the dark background an enormous, bodiless, faceless nose.

Fouchet, in whose studio he was working, inspected his masterpiece gravely.

"Is that all you see?"

Barry nodded.

"And you painted this gigantic thing seriously?"

"As seriously," said Barry, "as *Cyrano* wore it."

"Then this is a nose?" asked Fouchet in mild surprise.

"What else did you think?" demanded Barry hotly.

"I took it," replied Fouchet without a smile, "for an imaginary sketch of Popocatepetl." Then Fouchet laid his hand on Barry's shoulder. "Life is short," he said, "and art is long, but this nose is even longer!"

"You can't judge me by this," protested the student. "This is a mood; that's all."

"A mood? I thought you called it a nose!"

"Look here, M. Fouchet," said Barry, exasperated, "tell me what you think of me. You know my work. Shall I keep on?"

Fouchet stroked his pointed beard and frowned meditatively at the canvas. Finally a smile played across the corners of his mouth.

"If you spend about ten years," said he, "trimming down this moody nose, by no more, say, than one millimeter each year, and then twenty more filling in the face and figure, you may prove yourself willing to approach art with the serious perseverance it demands."

"Then, adieu, M. Fouchet!" said Barry impulsively.

The following morning Barry had strayed from the Quarter, aimless and vagrant. Now came the adventure so vividly recalled to his mind by the little Parisian girl's loss of her aerial toy.

As he wandered out over the environs of Paris, he came by chance on three Frenchmen in a bad way. They were surrounded by a small crowd. Two of them sat near a gas-tank and a huge balloon ready filled. On the ground lay the third, just recovering from partial asphyxiation, due to a leak in the inflating-pipe. The man was too weak to start. His friends were in a great fluster

of impatience. There was talk of a **wager** and lack of ballast. They sadly needed a substitute.

Barry stepped out of the crowd.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

They waved vaguely toward the south. The indefiniteness of the gesture appealed to him. He put his suggestion in a way tactfully French and ingratiating.

"The earth," said he, "is a poor place. Take me with you to the stars!"

The aeronauts looked him over, and hastily whispered together. In the end they accepted his offer, and invited him into the car to serve as the needed ballast.

Never was a madder voyage. They got caught that day in a northeast storm, and something went wrong with a valve. They could not descend. They shot up incredible distances. They were swallowed in oceans of cloud. When night closed around them, they tore through a black infinity, the car trailing out sideways after the gas-bag. Save where they raced past cloud-rifts, there was no earth and no sky. The danger looked desperate.

"To the parachutes!" cried one of the Frenchmen. "That's better than bumping into the moon!"

Unluckily there were but two parachutes, the third having been left on the earth with the disabled aeronaut.

"We'll draw lots," said the Frenchman generously.

"Not a bit of it!" protested Barry. "Take the parachutes, please, and jump. The loss of your weight will shoot me up but a mile or two, and what's a mile or two in the wide universe? I came with you to go to the stars. Gentlemen, I insist!"

The two Frenchmen, overjoyed by his refusal, embraced him with such demonstrative gratitude that they all nearly toppled into space. Then, abruptly precipitant and businesslike, they disembarked.

He saw them drop straight down for an instant; then their parachutes opened, and they went sailing earthward as if beneath prodigious umbrellas. He knew nothing more. The balloon's rise must have been terrific. In the rarefied air his heart gave out, and he sank to the bottom of the basket in a swoon.

Barry's awakening was, to say the least, sensational. As he woke, he in-

stinctively kicked his feet and waved his arms. He had a feeling that he did not want to drop, but to rise. The motion saved him. In a moment he was breathing again; and as his wits returned, he knew that he was in water.

Swimming high, he looked about him. Not a sign of the balloon. On the one hand, as far as the eye could see, there was nothing but a calm, blue surface, on the other a dense forest.

When at last he gained the shore he lay down on the ground in the sunlight, and as life slowly flowed into him out of the vast warmth only one thing troubled his mind. He wondered how many miles he was from a cigarette.

Of course he knew nothing then of dates or places, but later he learned that he had gone to sleep probably somewhere over Spain, and now he had awakened in Lake Tchad, in the heart of Africa.

That ended the adventure. Never again did he see the balloon. The great gas-bag, semicollapsed, had probably dragged itself off into the forest.

After that Barry had wandered through Africa for years, his long nomadic idleness broken once by a mad raid on Somaliland with the Abyssinians, and terminated by a romantic adventure—the adventure, in fact, which had apparently impelled Muriel to announce her engagement to Tom.

One night, disguised as a Berber peasant woman, he ventured into the sacred city of Beni Aloo, high in the Riff Mountains. The pilgrimage to this forbidden place, whence no white man had ever returned alive, was not without aim. Outside the walls he had seen a vision beautiful as a June evening. They said she was a Tangier Jewess married to a mountain sheik whose name he did not learn. They called her Naomi the Fawn. Her veiled eyes and her fleeting whisper were full of a light allurements.

On that summer night the beggar-woman at Naomi's door did not beg in vain. Naomi led up Barry to the house-top and there unveiled. Near at hand, in a tree, a nightingale sang, and Naomi drew weird, faint music from the strings of a *gimbri*. The air was laden with intoxicating odors, and Naomi's soft, large eyes were like forest lakes at midnight. The spell of the African evening, secret

and magical, stole through his senses. Naomi, too, was lost in it. They spent enchanted hours on that flat roof in Beni Aloo.

But there came a terrible moment. The two shadows were softly approached by a third shadow, and suddenly, in the dark, there was a glimmer of steel. Barry and Naomi saw it and sprang up. Then began a wild dance of daggers—a flight through the house and streets to the open country; then a ride, both on one horse, and the town after them in full cry.

Luckily for Naomi, he got her safe to Tangier. They parted within sight of it, she assuring him that here she could find refuge with her family.

That seemed to be the end of the adventure in Beni Aloo; but Barry still had forebodings, and did not feel sure.

Leaving Morocco, he had taken steamer to Gibraltar, and thence to Naples. At Naples he had fallen low, morally and physically—almost to the rock-bottom of life. In the end he came near to dying of a fever, and spent weeks in hospital, raving, and hot as Vesuvius. When at last he came out of it, there, at his bedside, sat Hicks.

This old friend, it seemed, had obtained, through his relatives, a modest position in the diplomatic service. He was a sort of special agent, or messenger, constantly employed on foreign errands. Happening now to be at Naples, he had heard of Barry in the hospital.

Hicks, dogged and stanch as ever, was immediately for cabling home.

"If you do," said Barry, "I'll leave this bed this very minute!"—which meant death.

So Hicks, sadly surrendering, sent no word. Day and night he sat by his friend's bedside and pulled him through.

And that was the end of the seven years.

XXI

BARRY looked across at Kitty. They were lingering late over their tiny glasses of *cognac*.

"So here I am," he said lightly, raising his glass and toasting her. "There's nothing more to tell."

"And what do you think of it all, Barry?"

He blew several rings of cigar-smoke

and watched them ascend. Then he indicated the dissolving rings with a gesture, and smiled bitterly.

"Kitty," he said, "that's what I think of it. That's all it amounts to in the end." As he looked across at her the bitterness left him, and his eyes filled with a soft light. "Kitty, this is the pleasantest evening I've spent in the seven years."

She smiled at him in a comradely way.

"I think I can say the same, Barry, and yet—"

A mist gathered in her eyes. She felt inexpressibly weary at thought of his wanderings, sad at thought of his separation from Muriel. He caught her look, and said, with a touch of loneliness:

"Forgive me, Kitty! It was such a relief to tell it all—to unburden myself. I hope I haven't kept you too late."

"No, no," she said nervously, pulling on her gloves. "It isn't that. I was only thinking that if Muriel—"

He rose abruptly.

"Let me help you with your coat."

This was the first time she had actually mentioned Muriel's name, and the tone in which he spoke warned her not to do so again.

The night was clear, and they decided to walk to her apartment. As they strolled homeward Barry was very silent, and she began to fear that at the last she had openly overstepped the bounds of a masculine companionship. She tried to redeem herself by keeping to safer talk. Passing a kiosk near the Pont Neuf, she asked him to buy her a newspaper.

"I bet that The Cid would win to-day at Longchamps—a Paquin dress, with Catherine de Lorinville. You remember, she was one of the Morrison twins. She used to be a pallid lily, but now she's an artificial orchid. Poor Kate! *Monsieur le comte*, her husband, seems to prefer rosebuds."

Barry remembered the day when the Morrison twins had assisted in mixing up his brain, and laughed mirthlessly.

"What became of the other?" he asked.

"Oh, she was luckier," replied Kitty in a quieter tone. "She died."

"And what became of Meade?"

"Had to leave town," said Kitty tersely. "New York got too hot for him. Played a shady game of bridge."

"And what about Pierre Loew?" asked Barry in a strained voice. "Did he try that portrait?"

"Yes, but he failed utterly. She can't be put on canvas. He said he could no more paint her than he could paint a strain of music."

Barry tossed a coin to the news-vender and picked up an evening paper.

"Let's see if there's going to be fighting anywhere," he said abruptly.

He glanced through the main columns by the light from the kiosk. Kitty slipped a hand through his arm.

"You savage!" she laughed. "Look for the races. A Paquin dress is more important than all the wars on earth!"

He did not smile. She saw his face under the kiosk lamp grow white as death. He was staring at a cable-despatch on the front page.

She bent forward over the paper, straining her eyes.

The cable was from Tangier. Translated, it read as follows:

Mr. Thomas Gordon, one of the engineers sent from New York to Morocco by the Beekman-Roche Syndicate, has been murdered.

Mr. Gordon had been missing for several days—a fact until now withheld for international reasons. Many details are lacking. It is said that the young American had ridden out alone to prospect for a proposed bridge across a ravine beyond Ceuta. When days went by and he did not report, his companions grew anxious, and, after searching-parties had returned without news, appealed to the Sultan.

It was feared Mr. Gordon had been taken captive by Ali Hamed, the Moorish pretender, either to be held for ransom or because of Ali's fanatical antagonism to the railroad project.

But this was not the case. This morning Mr. Gordon's body, shot through the heart, was found in the mountains by the Sultan's troops.

The soldiers at once buried the body where they found it.

An hour later the murderer, a common bandit, who confessed to having shot and robbed the foreigner, was caught by the Moorish soldiers. He has already been executed.

There is not a little feeling against the native troops because they did not bring back Mr. Gordon's remains to his friends in Tangier. Their excuse is the distance, the difficulties of transportation through the

mountain fastnesses, and the defilement of carrying a Christian body.

While they read the despatch Kitty felt Barry's arm grow rigid. He was vaguely conscious that she kept gripping it with spasmodic contractions of her fingers. Then, as they finished the cable, his arm and her hand relaxed and parted.

Mechanically he folded the paper and put it into his pocket. They crossed the bridge without speaking. Once or twice she heard him groan almost inaudibly.

As they came again into the bright, crowded streets, he seemed suddenly to take heart.

"Details are lacking; details are lacking," he kept repeating dazedly to himself. "That's a significant fact. Details are lacking—and the details that are not lacking don't ring true!" He suddenly turned and stood facing her, deeply excited. "I don't believe it!" he exclaimed. "I don't—I won't believe Tom's dead! I know those people—know them well. They hate foreigners, and yet they fear them. Somehow they're lying. I know they're lying. That report they brought to Tangier about the burial—the apprehension of the criminal within an hour, the execution at once—it's all a blind. I won't believe Tom's dead."

Kitty was sobbing silently, heart-brokenly, and for a moment could not answer. As they walked on again she said at last:

"Barry, I loved him!"

Barry was too preoccupied to notice the fall in her voice. He thought she meant as a friend.

"Yes," he said, "every one loved Tom." Suddenly she saw him straighten up with a look of activity and resolve. "I shall take the first Madrid express," he said, "and keep straight on to Gibraltar. A few hours after that I shall be in Tangier."

At the door of her apartment she turned to him and grasped his hand.

"God give you luck, Barry!"

That night he sat till daylight alone in the corner of a café, reading and re-reading the despatch from Tangier.

* * * * *

His search in Morocco was one of the darkest chapters of Barry's life. In spite of himself, old hopes reawoke, and he

could not crush them out. Because of these hopes he felt so disloyal to his brother, so ashamed of thinking of anything but the loss of Tom, that his inherited curse came back upon him. Just when he should have set forth with every faculty alert, he fell again into the power of the demon that befogged his brain with the fumes of alcohol.

Yet he sought for the truth about Tom with grim determination. Desperately he tried to get at detailed facts and prove Tom's death a lie, but in vain. At last he was forced to accept the story which all the world believed. The fact seemed so very plain, so indisputably plain.

A month later, worn out, he returned to New York, and drifted into the Beekman house one evening as casually as if he had never been away.

XXII

MRS. BEEKMAN, seated at her desk, looked across at her husband with troubled eyes. He sat in his armchair, trying to lose himself in a complicated game of patience. She noticed that he was dealing very slowly, building very carefully on the proper cards, considering each play with a forced attention which suggested an attempt to rivet his thoughts on this idle recreation and to save himself from the far more serious problem that now disturbed their lives.

Mrs. Beekman frowned and shifted restlessly. His shallow pastime vexed her soul.

"I really think," she said at last, "that your game of solitaire is almost a sin—especially in the morning." Her voice was querulous, solicitous. "You're not growing old, are you?"

The lines on his forehead deepened. He drew himself up more alertly in his chair.

"To-day is a holiday," he replied impassively. "It seems to me that as long as a man is capable of enjoying his holidays irresponsibly, he's still young."

Mrs. Beekman sighed, and resumed the staving off of age in her own peculiar way. In this defensive process the newer the fad the better. As long as theories came thick and fast, why should her mind deteriorate?

With the acquired eagerness of a woman seeking a barren refuge, she

drew out from under her desk a tall, cylindrical brass instrument, which she placed before her and impatiently adjusted. Presently she took from one of her desk drawers a number of slides, and, fitting one after another into place, bent close to the instrument. Closing one eye, she peered through the cylinder with the other. As this extraordinary investigation progressed, she grew more and more fascinated and horrified. At last she began muttering to herself "Awful! Frightful! Hideous!" and other ejaculations indicative of pleased disgust.

Mr. Beekman, his game spoiled by these disturbing exclamations, leaned back in his chair and stared at her.

"What on earth are you doing?" he asked in bewilderment. "What is that thing?"

She looked up at him with feverish enthusiasm.

"I've joined a society for promoting the use of the microscope. Our object is to make the masses familiar with germs—to educate their pathological sense. We hope to popularize the microscope—to have one in every home, in every tenement. Then before the poor pay for their food they will investigate it. Thus the dealers, even in the slums, will be forced to supply their customers with purer meat and vegetables."

Mr. Beekman smiled and gathered up his cards.

"Once a Bostonian, always a Bostonian," he said dryly, and, bored by his game, put the pack in the box.

Regretfully he looked across at his wife. It was sad to think how steadily they had drifted apart; how he had let business take him from her; how she had sought refuge in fads.

"Sometimes," he said at last, "I deplore the very existence of money, science, and everything else that tends to harden the human heart!"

Mrs. Beekman bit her lip.

"If the human heart stays soft," she said bitterly, "it finds itself at the mercy of every cruelty in life!" Suddenly all her recent anxieties crowded in on her. She rose, crossed the library, and confronted him. "Speaking of the human heart," she said, "how about Muriel and Barry?" Her face assumed a look almost virulently maternal. "This is a ques-

tion," she said, "we have to face. Day after day, week after week, month after month, we've put it off, till now the time has come when, if we put it off any longer, we shall be too late to save her. It is certainly your place to take a stand, because if she loves him it's your fault. For the past two years, contrary to my wishes, you've permitted him to come here. Ever since he returned from abroad you have let him see her almost every day and every evening. They're always together. Of course you know the inevitable result!"

Mr. Beekman nodded dumbly.

"But I won't believe it!" she exclaimed in vehement protest. "I will not believe she loves him. Muriel loved Tom. If Tom had lived she would have married him." As she spoke of Tom, her cold blue eyes grew moist. They looked like ice slowly melting on the surface. "How I wish that might have been!"

Mr. Beekman's keen glance, fixed on the bare green baize of the card-table, seemed to be piercing the past.

"No," he interposed. "She admired Tom, but she never really loved him. In the end I believe she would have asked him to let her break it. I believe she was beginning to realize her mistake."

Mrs. Beekman made a gesture of impatience.

"I wish she would realize this mistake. If she marries Barry, she'll have to divorce him before the year's out. Do we want to see our daughter a divorced woman, like your cousin, Kitty Van Ness?"

Mr. Beekman was still scrutinizing the past, as if he had neatly set it out like his cards on the baize-covered table.

"Do you know," he said, "I believe Kitty loved Tom!"

"Yes; but he was far too good for her. He was almost good enough for Muriel. Barry isn't, though. What is he? Nothing but a man about town, an idler, a spendthrift. What does he do? Nothing. He lives at the club, wastes his money on his friends, his pleasure, his wine."

Mr. Beekman's reply to this was sharp and severe.

"You are utterly unjust," he said. "Barry is generous to a fault. That's all. As to the wine, ever since he came back

to us he has not touched a single drop of anything intoxicating. Under Muriel's influence Barry is a different man."

Mrs. Beekman lifted her eyebrows and regarded him with frigid indignation.

"Then you would let them marry?"

He shifted uneasily, and frowned.

"It is not a question of letting them," he said. "They are not boy and girl; they are man and woman. If they decide to marry, they will do so. Barry has candidly told me this. He says there are reasons why he cannot ask Muriel. I suppose he means his tendencies. But, aside from that, he said that if Muriel would have him nothing could stand between them. As politely as possible he implied that no one but Muriel would be consulted. He even said outright: 'If Mrs. Beekman goes too far in her opposition, she may regret it. If I have to, I'll carry Muriel off!'"

Mrs. Beekman's face was pallid with anger.

"As long as there's a drop of blood in my body," she exclaimed, "he sha'n't do that!"

She drifted to the window, and stared out across the avenue. It was a day late in the spring, and the park was like a green oasis in the barren town. But Mrs. Beekman's eyes were unseeing. Long she stood there in a blind, mute rebellion.

At this juncture, as luck would have it, Kitty Van Ness dropped in from her morning stroll, and, always breezily informal with her cousins, appeared unannounced in the library.

As Mr. Beekman rose and greeted her, his wife turned from the window. She bowed, frowning. She was in no mood for pleasantries. To her, Kitty's costume, parasol, and gloves—all of a delicate *écru* shade, in tune with her flaxen hair and the spring morning—instead of conveying a satisfying impression, seemed merely a vague blur.

Kitty felt the strain of the moment.

"I'm afraid I'm intruding," she said artlessly. "Perhaps I'd better go."

Mrs. Beekman was too abstracted even to object to her presence.

"No, Kitty; it's nothing private. What I have to say I would say to all the world." She turned at once to her husband. "I've made up my mind," she

declared harshly. "If you intend to let things go from bad to worse, I don't. I shall take Muriel abroad with me on the earliest possible steamer. I shall take her this very week. I shall not leave Barry Gordon the slightest trace of us—the slightest clue to our whereabouts. If need be, I shall keep Muriel away from him for years!"

Mr. Beekman nodded calmly, without surprise or dissent. His thoughts had been as quick as her words.

"For my part, I've always had faith in Barry," he said. "I believe that if Muriel married him he would never go wrong. He would develop splendidly. If there's any saving power at all in a great love, I see little risk in this match. But do as you say, by all means. Put them to the test by a long separation. If you succeed in breaking it off so easily, well and good. You'll prove their love weak, and I shall be the first to thank you for rescuing them from it."

Mrs. Beekman bowed coldly.

"Then come at once, please, and tell Muriel. At any moment Barry will be here. She's dressing to go out to lunch with him. Before she sees him I wish to tell her my decision."

Mr. Beekman smiled with polite irony.

"By all means do so; but the decision is yours, not mine. So I fear you'll have to shoulder the responsibility alone." He went to the door. "I have an engagement at the club this morning," he said quietly. He bowed to Kitty Van Ness. "If you'll forgive me, Kitty!"

As he left them, Mrs. Beekman drew a deep sigh, and turned to Kitty wearily.

"It seems rude for us both to leave you," she said; "but as you're one of the family you'll understand. I feel it's my duty to tell Muriel without delay. Won't you wait?"

Kitty, swinging her parasol, sauntered to the window.

"Yes, perhaps I will," she said lightly. "Don't bother about me."

Left alone, Kitty stood there many minutes looking out. The park was full of holiday-makers from meaner quarters of the town. Out in the sunshine children were busy with games, and over the clear blue water of the pond toy sailboats gaily voyaged. In the shade of the trees the parents idled the day away, glad of rest.

Kitty kept glancing watchfully down the avenue. Suddenly she turned, crossed the library, and hastened down-stairs.

She met Barry outside in the vestibule, before he had rung. As she greeted him, her brightness was unusually clouded; there was honest, affectionate trouble in her warm blue eyes. She closed the door behind her.

"Barry," she said in a low voice, "if you hope ever to be happy, grasp happiness now!"

A shadow crossed his face, but he was little disturbed. She had urged him similarly many times.

"No, Kitty; even if Muriel's willing, I can't do it. I've often told you why."

"Yes; but that possibility," she replied sadly, "is too remote, I'm afraid, to be considered."

"No, it is not. I tell you I've never been wholly convinced. I've a feeling that even now—"

"A mere feeling," broke in Kitty, "that preys on you and makes you dwell on it. Unfortunately there's nothing to warrant it. The facts are all too clear."

He shook his head.

"Those people can make black look like white."

"But you went there," she persisted uneasily. "You found his drawing-instruments, his clothes, even his grave. You did all you could."

She saw him flinch and bite his lip.

"Yes, that's true—I did! I tried hard to get at the facts. But—I must tell you something. The ungovernable hopes I had seemed so unworthy of me that I drank." He passed a hand wearily across his eyes. "The less said about that search, the better, Kitty. The fact remains that I can't in honor ask her, unless I tell her of my doubts and give her a chance to wait for Tom."

Kitty smiled at him ironically.

"It's queer how you black sheep baa about honor! What's the use of telling her? It will only make her unhappy. Besides, there's nothing to tell, except a lot of vague imaginings."

He shrugged helplessly.

"Vague? Yes, but you're a woman, and should appreciate the disquieting effect of a strong presentiment. I admit my feeling is unreasonable, but it is so

insistent that what do you think I've done? I've actually written to Hicks, asking him to keep in constant touch with affairs in Morocco. If anything suspicious comes to light, he's promised to let me know at once." Barry's eyes narrowed. His voice fell lower. It sounded strained and unnatural. "Suppose that happens, Kitty! Suppose Tom rises from the dead. And suppose her dead love for him rises, too, and she finds herself tied to me." A spasm of pain crossed his face, a tremor ran through him. Then again he shook his head. "No, Kitty, no! You see I can't do it. Muriel's happiness means more to me than anything in life."

Kitty had withheld the needed stab until he had had his say. Now suddenly she delivered it with swift force.

"Barry, I will tell you something. Muriel goes abroad this very week. Her mother has decided to take her away from you. They will stay for years. No address! No clue!" Kitty laughed. "Now how do you feel about it?"

Barry stood stunned. It was hard to believe at first. For two whole years the course of life had run so smooth. He could have lived a long time as he had been living. Muriel's regained companionship had meant so much to him that merely to be with her had seemed to be enough. But now, if they were going to take her away, he would be again alone—utterly alone. Once more the world would turn to a desert, bounded only by the sunrise and the sunset. Once more he would be a vagrant, a moving shadow on the face of it, a ghost lost in the void.

Suddenly Kitty saw the blood rush to his temples, saw the fire of reckless impulse flare in his eyes. Then she knew her stab had told. She gave him her hand in parting.

"What will you do?" she asked.

"I don't know," he replied feverishly. "Kitty, I don't know!"

She pressed his hand.

"Good luck, Barry!" she said wistfully.

Then, with a curt little nod of farewell, she opened her parasol and strolled away from him down the avenue.

Blind with impatience, he rang the bell.

(To be continued)

UNMARRIED BRITISH PEERS

BY F. CUNLIFFE-OWEN

ELIGIBLE BACHELORS WHO HOLD, OR WILL INHERIT, HISTORIC
TITLES AND GREAT ESTATES IN KING EDWARD'S DOMINIONS

PATRIOTIC Congressmen have debated a possible extension of the tariff to prevent the export of American money through the union of Uncle Sam's bountifully dowered daughters with foreign nobles. According to Representative Sabath, of Chicago, not much less than a billion dollars has been carried abroad by American brides in the shape of dowries and settlements; but it is very doubtful whether our lawmakers can do anything to put an end to what are popularly known as "international marriages." No matter how strong may be the public sentiment against these matches, and how frequent the domestic disasters in which so many of them result, the glamour of old-world coronets, and the social prestige which they confer, bid fair to continue to prove as much of a fascination to women on this side of the Atlantic as the beauty of American girls, and incidentally their dollars, are to foreigners of title.

Of all the coronets in the matrimonial market, those which command the greatest amount of favor are the ones bearing the hall-mark of Great Britain. This is due to several reasons, of which the most important, probably, is the fact that American women feel themselves more at home in the British Isles than anywhere else abroad. Again, a British peerage descends only to its possessor's eldest son or nearest heir, while in other countries all the children of a noble are themselves nobles. Hence Russia swarms with princes, Germany with barons, and Italy with counts, whereas in England a title has the enhanced value of rarity. Moreover, British peerages, almost alone of their kind nowadays, confer upon their

holders not only social rank but also certain legal rights and immunities, raising them into an exclusive caste.

It may therefore be of interest to draw attention to a few of the most notable possessors of British titles who are at present unwedded, and therefore free to share their ancestral honors with American belles. I may add that none of those whom I am about to name can be classed as fortune-hunters, since they are either the owners or the heirs of great estates and ample incomes. And yet, no matter how much he may inherit, the dowry of a wealthy bride is almost always an important consideration to an English nobleman. The revenues of even the richest of them are in nearly every case so heavily encumbered with charges of one kind or another in connection with annuities to relatives, improvements of the property, and maintenance of certain costly family institutions, such as racing-stables, that comparatively little money remains at their personal disposal. The fortune brought by a wife is free from liabilities of this kind, and is in consequence specially acceptable.

THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY

Prominent among the number is the Marquis of Anglesey, head of the house of Paget, which has so many American connections. According to popular gossip abroad, the young marquis has been the hero of a royal romance, which came to an end through the refusal of the throne to approve of his suit. He is a son of the late Lord Alexander Paget, brother of the fourth marquis, and came of age a couple of years ago. He is serving as a second lieutenant of the