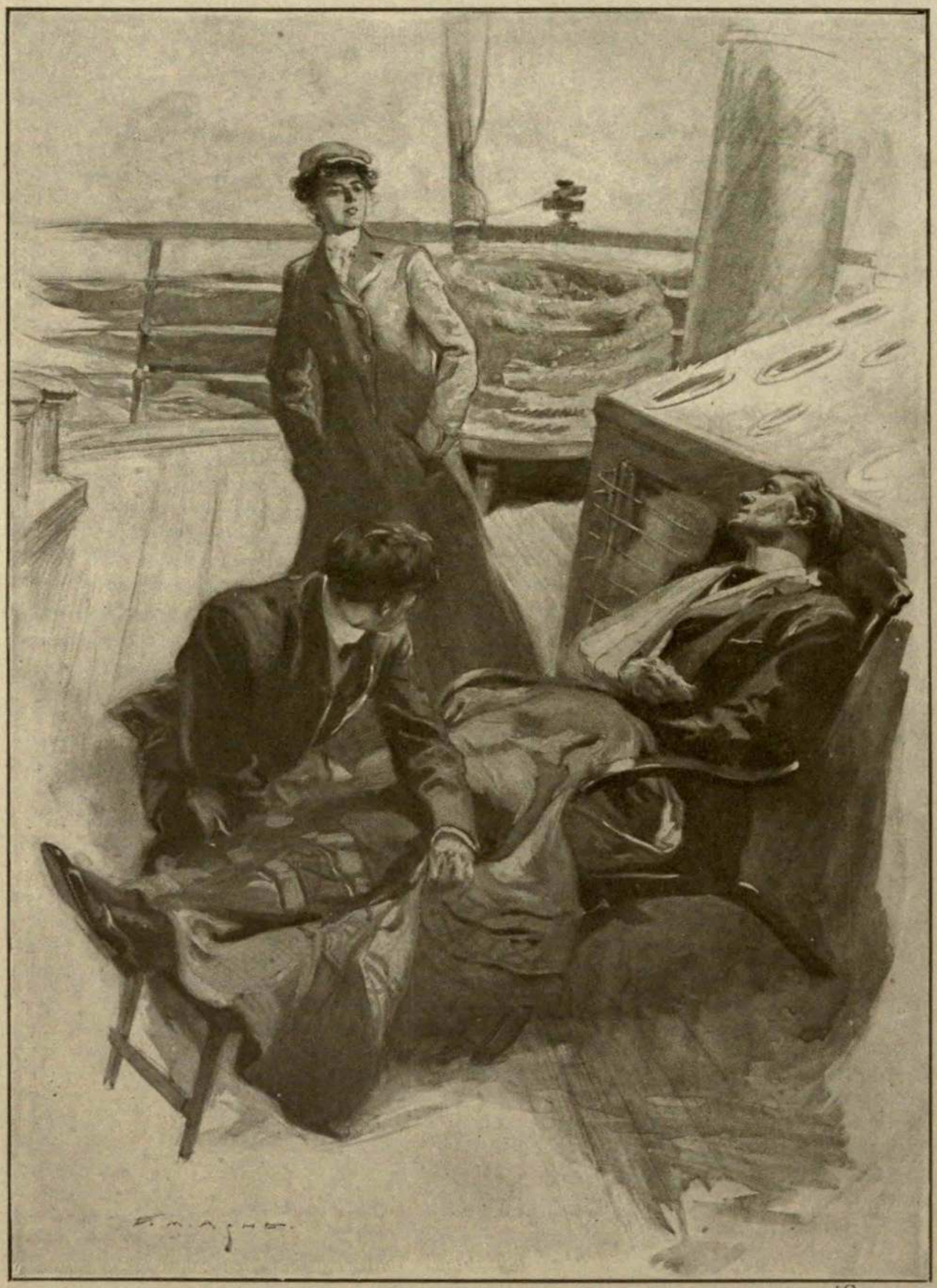


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[See p. 7

"'WERE YOU THERE ALL THE TIME, ANNETTE?' HE ASKED"

A KIDNAPPED COLONY

BY

MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

ILLUSTRATED BY

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PROLOGUE

WHOEVER knows John Lindsay will find no impossibility in this short, suppressed chapter of his history. And no one who does not know the man will think of taking it as anything but pure fiction. Every one has two sides, but Lindsay is an octagon. Uppermost is his charm, which the elevator boy feels, and the lady he takes out to dinner. There is in him a shrewd business ability, and with it a reckless vein which seems out of drawing till you have boxed the compass of his qualities. Add to force and charm a striking physical beauty and a sweetness and

purity of character felt as surely as if he were five instead of thirty-five, and one may perhaps realize how miraculously he fitted into the slip of the kaleidoscope that brought about an extraordinary week.

A KIDNAPPED COLONY

I

THE *Trinidad*, which sailed at five, had left New York Bay behind, and the land of the free was fast evaporating in a red-and-orange sunset. The passengers had mostly gone below to what would prove for many of them their last meal for more than two days; but a solitary exception stood by the rail of the after-deck and looked down pensively at the dark, lashing waves. A tall young Englishman, whose ugly and peculiar features were full of intelligence and attraction, belated for his dinner, rushed from one of the deck cabins, and, seeing the slender figure, stopped short.

"Mrs. Clinton! Aren't you going down to dinner?"

The young woman turned a piquant face towards him, and shook her head slowly.

"Ah, but don't give in like that, you know. You'd much better, really. It's all a question of will, don't you know."

Her eyes flashed. "That's the one speech I won't have, Mr. Ogilvie. It isn't a question of will any more than measles. You don't know anything about it if you say so." She lifted large, gray eyes to him, with a look of appeal that had been the finish of better men. "You don't think I'm sea-sick, do you?" she demanded, pathetically. "I'm trying to believe I'm just—not hungry."

Ogilvie gave in at once. "Right you are. Don't think you're ill, and you won't be. Perhaps you'd better stay up, but let me have a bit of dinner sent you."

Mrs. Clinton made a quick gesture. "Don't say such things. Go along and dine, and then come and make me forget my troubles."

So Ogilvie disappeared down the gangway, with a last admonition to "Be sure you don't get chilled," and Mrs. Clinton, turning her back again, and leaning across the rail, watched the white, dashing wake of the ship.

A passenger, a man of thirty-five or so, with one arm swinging in a great white sling, and followed by a valet, came out from the deck-room farthest aft, and was settled with rugs in a steamer-chair, in a protected corner, and as he stood, steadying himself against the edge of the cabin while the chair was straightened and the rugs spread, that great man the captain, bustling down to his dinner, came upon them, and stopped short, his eyes falling

upon the initials "J. B. L." in large, black letters on the steamer-chair, and then upon the bandaged arm in its conspicuous sling. With a start his beefy hand flew to his cap, and he stood bareheaded and bowing before the stranger, who turned upon him wide, beautiful dark eyes with deep circles beneath them that told of suffering.

"Good-evening, sir," said the captain. "Why, good-evening, sir! This is truly an unexpected pleasure," with increasing volubility and affability. "Fancy, sir, I didn't know you were on board! We understood that your arm was so bad it would prevent our having the pleasure of taking you down this trip, sir. We got word to that effect, sir."

The passenger, with a puzzled expression, stared at him. "The devil you did!" was all he said. But he needed to say nothing else, for the captain's vocabulary was

more than enough for two. He went on in an eager torrent of suavity.

"So glad you're finding yourself comfortable enough to travel, sir. If there's anything we can do for you that's been overlooked, kindly have your man notify me. The trip down should do you a world of good, sir."

The valet was helping his master into his chair, and the captain carefully steadied him on the other side. "There, my man, we mustn't jostle his Excellency's arm," he warned the servant.

The stranger's dark face brightened with a charming smile. "Thanks, captain," he said; "you're very good. But what do you mean by saying you got word about my arm?"

"Oh, didn't you send us word yourself, sir?" asked the captain. "However, it's of no importance now, is it? You're

having dinner on deck, quietly, I see. You've given the steward your orders, sir? Very good. Kindly remember that anything I can do for you is a privilege—the ship is entirely at your service. But I mustn't disturb you longer. Good-evening, your Excellency." And with another impressive sweep of his cap the voluble captain was gone.

Mrs. Clinton, not noticing the two first-comers on the empty deck, had turned at the sound of the officer's big voice and stood a few feet away, a slight, swaying figure, in her long coat, listening as he talked. As his large back disappeared around the corner of the cabin, she tripped forward with a gay little sandpiper walk that was charming in her, and her whole, irregular, fascinating, small face gleamed with excitement.

"Jack!" she said. "Oh, Jack!" and the

man in the chair, turning his head a bit stiffly over the lame arm, looked at her.

"Were you there all the time, Annette?" he asked. "I didn't see you."

"Jack, don't talk!" cried Mrs. Clinton. "Let me talk! There's the most stupendous possibility opening before us. Didn't you understand what the captain"—she stopped suddenly and looked at the impassive valet. "Isn't O'Neill going to see to your dinner?" she asked.

"That's all, O'Neill," said his master. "Yes, dinner at once. You may go now."

Little Mrs. Clinton dropped into another chair, and, her tiny face flushed, her gray eyes burning like coals, began to talk to him. With affectionate amusement he listened a minute—two minutes. Then he started, then laughed and shook his head.

"You can't seriously think I'd do such a thing," he said, "Annette."

The soft, full voice, with the indescribable finish of accent that voices have which speak several languages, went on eagerly. On and on. And the man, listening, laughed and protested, and threw in a gentle word or two of sarcasm first, of interest and amusement afterwards. And there was the steward, shooting across the deck, after the reckless manner of stewards, with an enormous tray. Mrs. Clinton directed him, talked to him, joked with him, so that the real consignee of the dinner had no chance for a word. And as he went off, smiling and purring, she called to him softly.

"Steward!"

He turned, still smiling, at the gangway.

"Will you be good enough to send the Governor's man, O'Neill? Just tell O'Neill that Mrs. Clinton wants him at once." With emphasis on her own name.

"Annette," said the man in the chair, his eyebrows drawn together, his mouth grave, "this won't do. I can't be forced into—"

Annette interrupted him. "Of course not, Jack. Excuse me. I suppose I really shouldn't"—then she interrupted herself. "There's Mr. Ogilvie—oh, good!" And she flew across the deck lightly to the tall figure of the young Englishman just issuing from the doorway.

Rapidly, eagerly, in the plaintive voice that pulled at heart-strings, she talked to him. The young man's peculiar, monkey-like face, with a bright, winter-apple color, and lines marked deeply in a leathery skin, was on a broad grin at once, and after a moment he burst out with a startled shout of laughter.

"By Jove!" he said. And then, "Don't see why not. I could manage it. Not

another boat down for a week. Cable's often out of order. I could arrange that. I've all the papers. Jove! Revenge is sweet, and I owe the old boy one for this deal. Don't see why not!"

A moment later Mrs. Clinton, advancing ceremoniously by the side of the tall Mr. Ogilvie to the man in the steamer-chair, said, "Governor Lindsay, it's curious you've not met before, but I want to present to you your nephew and new secretary, Mr. Theodore Ogilvie."

The man addressed as Governor Lindsay dropped quickly the paper he had been reading, put out a friendly hand to the young Englishman, and looked up at him with the same winning smile which had charmed the captain. "You'll excuse me for sitting still," he said. "It's quite a trick for me to get up and down just now." He glanced at the sling, and then, "You

don't hold me responsible for Mrs. Clinton, I hope, Mr. Ogilvie?"

But at that Mrs. Clinton, never silent for long, took up the tale. "Jack, I'm going to leave you in Mr. Ogilvie's hands, for I see O'Neill, and I have a surgical operation to perform on O'Neill's brain." And she was off.

The conversation between the two men was evidently interesting to both. It was mostly on Ogilvie's side at first, the older man listening, laughing, and shaking his head. But gradually he asked questions and showed a less impersonal concern in the answer to each. The mask of indifference which he wore, and which was betrayed as a mask at every turn by the swift changes of expression in his eyes, dropped at last, and the whole face was alight with the look which a general's might have as he planned a dashing *coup*—

a look of alertness and daring. He threw in rapid sentences, to each of which Ogilvie nodded, before they could be finished, with eager satisfaction.

Then, "Listen," he said, and he put his hand on the younger man's arm and talked for five minutes, in quick, incisive tones. "I think it could be done so," he said. "Of course, most men would call me a fool," he went on, with the air of one thinking aloud. "But there is no one to consider but myself, and I choose to see if I can be equal to a situation of the sort. My Eton schooling is a pull, you see. And it is the most extraordinary combination of circumstances — everything fits. Not once in a century could a bundle of accidents dovetail in this way. By George, I'll do it!" He laid his left hand on the young Englishman's arm. A dare-devil look flamed hotly into his eyes, and then

he laughed the sudden, radiant laugh which made his face unreasonably boyish.

"Jove! the worst fear is that you look too young," growled Teddy Ogilvie through his wrinkled smile.

"O'Neill, my man, has made me up for theatricals a number of times," answered the other with apparent irrelevance. Then he stared reflectively out across the rail to the slowly lifting and falling ocean. "I had a business interest as well, but it was more or less incidental. I have quite a batch of stock in a new company now forming to develop—but it's not worth while going into explanations. I can let business go for a while."

"You're not unlikely to fall into a bit of it, of a sort," said Teddy Ogilvie. "Always more or less business to running a colony. I've been at the diplomatic job since my school-days, don't you know—secretary to

three governors already—so I know something about it. Just now there is a fad on to bother about the future of Bermuda—future of an onion-patch! You'll knock up against one or two of the men the first thing. There's one on board—good chap, too." People were coming up now from dinner in batches of twos and threes. Ogilvie lifted his eyes and glanced searchingly along the deck. "There he is," he said, and nodded towards a stout, commonplace-looking American who stood, with his hands in his pockets, thoughtfully chewing a large cigar.

Lindsay raised fastidious eyebrows.

"Oh yes! He's all of that," Ogilvie responded, promptly. "But he's quite a wonderful chap, give you my word. Down three months last winter, a personality and a power. Charity concert at Government House brought him out. Somebody started him at it, and he made it a success. Nobody

knows why, but he has the knack of managing people. Knows every one—every one likes him. Queer, isn't it? Enormously rich, don't you know. Going to build a system of hotels in California on the Florida plan, they say; rather think he's sizing up Bermuda with the same idea."

Lindsay looked at the unconscious great man curiously. "Well, he may be rich and he may be intelligent," he said, doubtfully, "but he's rather wild and woolly to look at."

Down the deck moved the capitalist, and as he neared the two men Ogilvie heaved up his long length to meet him. The stout man's face broke into a beaming smile of genuine joy, and a voice whose simplicity of friendliness went far to explain the popularity of which Ogilvie had spoken gave greeting.

"Hello, Teddy! Glad to see you! Mighty glad to see you! Lookin' well, my boy!

Prettier than ever," and an echoing slap on the shoulder emphasized his words.

Now if a decidedly vulgar American meets after this manner a well-bred young Englishman, however keen for the funny side of life, the chances are that he will be snubbed. But there was a quality of joyful innocence, of gentle dignity in this man's familiarity that made snubbing him like stealing the milk from a blind kitten.

Hotchkiss, pleased, but unembarrassed as a child or a royal personage, to meet the new Governor on the way to his colony, took the reins of conversation at once in his large hands, and with the skill of a man who can drive a four-in-hand or a tandem he guided the ideas of the party as he wished. Lindsay smiled to himself, the shrewd business instinct of this man of business was so evident from his interest in the new Governor and the new Governor's

theories about Bermuda. The development of the islands, their importance yet inadequacy as a coaling station; the great future that awaited them when the Isthmian Canal should be finished and the tiny continent should be a port of call between it and Europe — in five minutes Hotchkiss had touched on all of this and more, and in ten he had the Governor to himself, interested and surprised by the dashing programme which this vulgar American was sketching in quick, firm outlines for the little colony.

"I have read and thought a little about this," Lindsay said, reflectively.

"Of course you have — of course you have," Hotchkiss assented, heartily. "You wouldn't 'a' been sent down here to administer this colony if you hadn't. Not at your age, anyways. And I'll venture to say that you won't be here a week before you'll see that the cryin' need of this little

cuss of a country, with all its fine future, is locomotion. Here you are." He put a thumb on the arm of Lindsay's chair and a great forefinger a hand-length away. "Town o' Hamilton," he flapped the thumb. "Town o' St. George's," he wiggled the forefinger. "It's fourteen miles between them two, and not a way to travel 'em except by boat or by carriage or by the feet the Lord made you with. Ridiculous — ain't it? If ever there was a place called aloud for a trolley line it's this little Bermuda."

The new Governor turned his boyish face on the talker, and in his dark eyes was a look of keen watchfulness.

The American's persuasive voice went on: "To tell you the facts, Governor, which ain't known to every one yet, there's a scheme afloat for puttin' a trolley line between Hamilton and St. George's. It's only a side issue of a larger scheme—" He

stopped, then smiled gently. "We ain't up to that other yet, however. But the trolley question is about facin' us. The company's organized and the stock's held by good people, and the next step is the legislature down yonder. I'm interested in it, and I'm hopin', Governor, that when you get to your colony and look over the lay of the land you'll think well of the plan, and see it's for the good of the islands, and will help us along a mite. But I ain't goin' to badger you with business right now—anybody can see you've been sufferin' with that arm, too." Hotchkiss's kindly, shrewd face was as gentle as a woman's as he glanced at the new Governor's great white sling and then at the dark shadows under his eyes.

The Governor's response was a little peculiar. "By the Lord Harry!" was what he said, slowly.

There was a light rustling, the brush of

skirts against chairs, and Mrs. Clinton's tiny figure blew, on a gust of fresh salt breeze, around the corner, as sketchy, as crisp, as a picture by Gibson, in the fading light. Hotchkiss smiled up at her with affectionate admiration, and made an awkward effort to rise, but she put a quick little hand on his arm.

"No, nobody is to be polite on shipboard. You mustn't."

Hotchkiss subsided cheerfully. "Thought you told me you were chaperonin' a young lady down this trip, Mrs. Clinton?" he said. "Where do you keep her?"

The little matron gave a startled glance about. "Where is that girl? I haven't seen her once—I forgot about her; the nicest girl in the world, too. Governor Lindsay, have you seen Evelyn Minor?"

"I didn't know there was an Evelyn Minor," said the Governor, indifferently.

Mrs. Clinton's eyes danced in her old-young face. "You may not be as casual when you know her, Governor Lindsay. She's a most attractive person. I'm chaperoning her down to her family, who are in Bermuda, and you see how well I do it. My theory of chaperoning is to let a girl enjoy herself. She is probably having a beautiful time now, all because I'm so thoughtfully letting her alone. I hope she isn't sea-sick. I'll see," and as if a swallow had flown with lifting of light wings the dainty, tan-colored figure disappeared.

"Sweet little lady," remarked Hotchkiss.

"Yes," agreed the Governor, tersely.

"Much admired in the islands last winter," Hotchkiss went on. "I like her because she's always havin' a good time, and because she's so common."

The Governor's head turned sharply.

"Oh, I don't mean any harm, only she ain't too good to be friendly with everybody that comes along, with me or the Governor or the nigger bell-boy at the Hamilton."

"Oh!" said the Governor, and looked up, for the subject of this eulogy was again present. By her side stood an erect young girl, with a cloud of corn-colored hair and a gentle face full of brightness and interest in life.

"She wasn't sea-sick," Mrs. Clinton announced, with satisfaction. "She was in a crack with three men."

The sunshiny face looked slightly annoyed; Lindsay helping himself to Hotchkiss's shoulder, stood on his feet, and the silver tinkle of Mrs. Clinton's tones went on, presenting him.

"Don't try to stand, Governor Lindsay," said Miss Minor, and he thought how pretty a way of speaking it was, a little jog here and

there in such soft tones. "Do sit down—it's dangerous for your arm, the boat is rolling so."

"If you won't go," said the Governor, and there was such heartfelt alarm in the words that sudden laughter caught them all at once.

That evening as Lindsay stood, his lights out and O'Neill gone, at the porthole of the captain's cabin, which had been transferred to the new Governor, he stared away at the dim, rolling stretch of moonlighted ocean with a look in his eyes, if any one had seen it, out of character with the calm majesty suitable to a chief executive, and repeated in a low voice the words that he had spoken so indifferently that afternoon.

"I didn't know there was an Evelyn Minor," said the Governor.

II

THE man who does so many miles a day by pedometer if the skies fall was doing it on the deck of the *Trinidad*. He had to turn so often and dodge so much that the rise and fall of the instrument had not that repose which makes the Vere de Vere-ism of pedometers. Yet the fresh salt air, and the proud consciousness that he could walk while many suffered, kept him good-tempered. His interest in life was keen. There was not much life showing on deck. Those who go down to the sea in ships tell the wayfaring man that the trip to Bermuda is one of the nastiest which the round world has to offer. It is

the English Channel three days long, and when, at the worst, the steward tells you that you are now crossing the Gulf Stream, it seems an insufficient excuse. But to one who is that offensive character, a perfectly good sailor, to one who can puff deadly, sickening cigar-smoke in half-dead faces and gleefully laugh at the green effect, to such a one the voyage is a crown of glory. Such a one was the pedometer man, and to him each pale and suffering human being who had crawled painfully above and lay gasping in the sunshine was a jewel in that crown. It seems a hall-mark of personal worthiness to the well man not to be sick on shipboard. The boat rolled and the walker caught his balance and laughed aloud when he climbed a descending deck and landed with a gratuitous prance by the porthole of the captain's—now the Governor's—cabin. He stopped a moment and leaned against

the wall to get his breath, and voices floated out to him—the Governor had guests. Mrs. Clinton's personality was so distinctive that already all persons still alive on the *Trinidad* knew it, and the pedestrian recognized the accent which said:

"It is the bromide of sodium alone by which I live and have my being on this disgusting ocean."

"Is the Governor having a convention on remedies for sea-sickness?" wondered the man, smilingly, as he took up his zigzag line of march. He little knew that what he had heard was simply a random arrow-shot capriciously from a council-fire of warriors.

Lindsay took his place as centre and leader of the conspiracy, as unconsciously but as earnestly here as in a board meeting, where methods and millions were involved, and guided and pruned the suggestions, advice, plans, which flowed from the too-

fertile brains of the others. "We must remember, in the first place, that there will be a hundred unforeseen chances every day that the whole thing will go to pieces like that." He snapped his fingers. "That is in the game. We must expect it. Our best hope lies in sticking as close to truth as may be in a very large lie, in simplicity, in masterly inactivity. It is going to be exciting every moment, it is going to be a test for nerve and brain; and a small mistake at any point may be the finish. Of course, it is lunacy, but as long as you two are willing, I will do it." There was a light in his eyes which told of a headlong, unreckoning impulsiveness, oddly linked with the force, the clearness, and ability which made his character, in spite of this curious link in the chain, a strong one. A drop of wild blood from some old swashbuckling ancestor surely ran red and rampant in his veins. "Scratch

a Russian and you will find a Tartar." Scratch any high-strung man or woman deeply enough and in the right nerve, and a spark of the original savage, chastened it may be, but burning and hard to govern, will flame from the depths.

Lindsay's voice was full of the gentleness of generations of breeding as it gave forth his intention of breaking through the conventionalities of nations. "I'll play this Governor part for all I'm worth," he announced, "and from what you both tell me there ought to be a chance for a week's engagement, though, as I said, we must be prepared to be caught red-handed at any moment. And then — well, I don't know much about international law, but I don't believe there is any statute under which they can prosecute me for lifting a government. In any case, I am willing to risk it." He turned to the young Englishman with

a sudden thought. "Of course, you understand, Mr. Ogilvie, that the colony won't be a shilling the worse for this. I shall take care that every possible expense is covered. I wouldn't go in if I were not fully able to do that."

"Of course, of course," agreed Teddy Ogilvie. "Glad to foot the bill myself, if necessary. Well worth it if it's a go."

"No, it is understood that's entirely my affair," and Lindsay smiled a firm and friendly smile across the cabin. "You'll have enough to pay in another line. I'm afraid they'll ship you home at once."

"Gad, man," grinned Ogilvie, "didn't I tell you that is what I want? I was secretary for the outgoing Governor, don't you know — slaved a whole term — and it's a beastly shame to coop me up again. My uncle got me put in without consulting me, and, as things are, I couldn't throw it over.

Hate work, don't you know," and Ogilvie looked to the efficient Lindsay, a very tornado of strenuous labor, as to a man who would understand his point of view.

Mrs. Clinton saved the trouble of an answer. "Jack—General Lindsay—Mr. Ogilvie says you have met his uncle."

"I knew him on a hunting-trip in the West five years ago," Lindsay said. "But that's no advantage; rather the other way, for we were pretty good friends; he thought I"—he hesitated—"I did something for him one day. It troubles me to be stealing his berth from under his nose. I didn't place him when I first agreed to this."

"Purely sentimental." Ogilvie shook his head disapprovingly. "Quite sure the old boy would do it himself, if he had the brains. He's game, you know, and he likes a joke; he'll rather enjoy it when he gets used to it. Bless you, man, he'll be the first one to see

you couldn't throw away a situation like this! It's forced on you. Never heard of things fitting so, and you never to lift a hand till it's sprung! The old boy had no business to go off to Arizona shooting just as he was due here; might have known he'd break his bally arm or do something. That wasn't your fault. And you didn't plan to break yours, I imagine? No more did you baptize yourself so that your blooming initials were the same as the Governor's. And wasn't it a fluke, now, that you got them painted a foot long on your chair? You see, besides, there's what might be called a concatenation of circumstances: you've been at Eton, and you talk like one of us when you choose; then the *Orinoco's* broken her shaft, so there will not be a steamer down for a week, and if I can't tamper with the cable I'm not the man I take myself for. I know how to get that

done, I fancy. At the worst, I can wire the old boy to send his messages in cipher, and if I can't read them so much the luckier for him. Then there's the fact that to my almost certain knowledge not a soul in Bermuda has ever seen my uncle — that's a large, fat, juicy point."

"I may make a bad break the first thing," meditated Lindsay. "I've never been a colonial governor before, or any other kind. I don't know the etiquette the least bit."

"Easiest thing in the world," reassured Teddy Ogilvie. "If you don't kick over the traces most outrageous, anything you do will go. As some old codger remarked, 'You are the state.' I'll steer you to the Queen's taste. I can just see you romping in, an easy winner. Bless your soul, man, you're cut out for it! It's wit on a grand scale—it's an international pleasantry. Not once in a century, in a thousand years,

would a chance turn up for such a gorgeous lark. They may do what they want to me, and I'll be satisfied if it goes for only three days." And Teddy Ogilvie, to whom a practical joke was as the breath of his nostrils, grinned from the depths of his being to his thin, blond hair.

"General," struck in Mrs. Clinton's distinctly enunciated tones, "hadn't the Governor of Bermuda better gather a little information as to his past history and family relations? It might be useful for you to know if you're married or not, for instance."

Lindsay looked at Ogilvie. "Am I married?" he asked, anxiously.

"Very much so, my boy. You've four strapping youngsters—all boys. Wait a bit and I'll put down their names and ages. You ought to know about your own people, as Mrs. Clinton says." And while Ogilvie helped himself to the captain's pencil

and paper, Mrs. Clinton bestowed further thoughts on the Governor to be.

"General, you've got to reason with that Iro-Englishman of yours, O'Neill. He's so beautifully frozen on top that nobody would suspect him of not being English, but he'll break loose some day and ruin you if you don't chain him up. As Brer Rabbit said of Brer Wolf, 'He look like he daid, he smell like he daid, but he don't do like he daid.' Last night, when I was chopping holes in O'Neill's mind and sticking this plan into them, what do you think he suggested?" Lindsay knew that no answer was necessary. "He said he thought it would be 'tastier'—that is the word he used—if we should give out that you'd been Viceroy of India, and the Queen had sent you here because you wanted to marry a 'broth of an Injun princess' and killed three of her relations and looted a temple

preparatory to elopement. His theory was that you were too good a thing to waste in prison, so the Queen put you where you could still ornament her empire and do the least harm. Now that's a lurid sketch for you!" and Mrs. Clinton rejoiced in the stupefaction of her audience.

"I'll see to O'Neill!" Lindsay promised himself, aloud.

"Do unto others," advised Mrs. Clinton, promptly switching across the question. "You're not so much better than he makes you out. I don't know where you expect to go when you die, after this burglary, but if you can't play a harp in heaven you may perhaps play a hose in the other place. And you do love to play." She rose and opened the cabin door and peeped out and up the deck.

"Are you waiting for us, Evelyn?" she cried, and then looked at the men in the

cabin. Ogilvie leaned on the back of his chair watching her. Lindsay stared beyond her and took a step towards the doorway.

"Is Miss Minor there?" he asked.

"Not at all. I thought I would see if either of you would be interested if she were. I see." A child who has been successfully naughty would sparkle with mischief as did Annette Clinton.

Lindsay regarded her. "You're quite right. I am interested." He caught the door as it swung back, and the opening framed a bit of deck and the rail, that lifted and fell, now against depths of light-blue sky, now against miles of dark-blue ocean. "May I hold it for you? I think I shall go and find her."

The pedometer man, coming around the corner, jumped as he met a radiant smile from the Governor. On second thoughts he glanced over his shoulder and saw a girl reading in a steamer-chair.

III

HOW, in the sweet, early, semi-tropical morning, the passengers poured on deck at the news that Bermuda was sighted; how the fragrant breeze brightened from moment to moment the haggard faces that had most of them been below for two days; how, as he stood by the captain on the bridge, he saw far away, on the edge of the world, a low, vague mass, which grew rapidly clearer, and took on sharp, white spots and lines; how the sail of the pilot-boat danced across the water, and the black pilot took them inside the tumbling line of foam which is the reef and brought them closer and closer to the little

land where each day is a sunshiny holiday · how tiny islands sprang up on every side—set in the pale-blue jewelry of the water, dark with cedars, specked with glistening white stone houses — as the boat moved slowly up the crooked channel; how glimpses of white roads and red-coated soldiery and hedges of flowers and graceful heads of palm-trees pricked his blood with happiness as the ship crept ever nearer — these are pictures which will be vivid always in the memory of John Lindsay.

If one has Southern blood in his veins, life is only half lived in a Northern climate. The flower of being is ever on guard, half closed, against a sharp wind that may come, and it is only in the warmth of sure sunlight that it opens freely and knows the full, careless joy of living. Lindsay's mother was from Alabama, and as the *Trinidad* drew into Hamilton Harbor on a still, fair

Sunday morning, he felt, in the delight of the balmy atmosphere, that a large half of him was hers, and Southern. The picture was as gay and boldly splashed with color as the drop-curtain of a theatre, and the air of unreality, the sensation of irresponsibility with which the scene inspired him, fitted the last shining link to his armor of adventure. He had been in theatricals many times; what was this but a play with a leading part a little more difficult, a plot a little more daring, a stage-setting surely more exquisite than any he had known? The boyish, hare-brained dare-deviltry, that was so oddly combined in his make-up with clear-headed executive ability, seized him as his spirits rose with the exhilaration of wonderful light and air. He had strained every muscle, every nerve, to win a race; he had worked with every power that was in him, mental and physical, to gain a law-

case; he would put this through in the same way—with his might. It would be a story to tell when he should be ninety, if he could do it. And he would do it. With a firm jaw and shining eyes he looked silently at the sliding shore of the little country he meant to rule.

The new Governor was not expected, for his telegram to the captain had been cabled down, so only the ordinary crowd which meets an arriving steamer waited on the wharf. Yet it was a dazzling picture to eyes fresh from the dull, gray, winter coloring of New York. There were perhaps two hundred people, and everywhere gay parasols waved to and fro, flowery hats moved in and out, white and pink and pale-hued gowns shifted against one another; the strong note of a scarlet or dark-blue coat struck a deep tone here and there, and the woof of the pulsing sunshine wove the brilliant threads

into a pattern of iridescent charm. Lindsay felt a little quiet and a little dazed, and very willing to be stage-managed by Teddy Ogilvie's experienced hands. It had hardly begun to be rumored that the new Governor was on board before that personage found himself dashing, in one of the light, open carriages which are the hacks of Bermuda, up narrow, hilly, white streets, with Ogilvie by his side, and O'Neill, his dreams of glory corked inside his blond thatch of hair, safely stowed by the coachman.

The arrival at Mount Langton, the Government House of Bermuda; the sudden bustle of drowsy servants; the ceremonious deference of the household, and the fear with it that a telltale ignorance of detail might betray him; the consciousness of Ogilvie's accustomed hand steering him quietly through it all, and later the returning confidence in himself as he grew used to

the situation—all these sensations, crowding closely on each other in his first day, were a vague recollection afterwards to Lindsay. His mind was so crossed in every direction by new demands, new responsibilities, new anxieties, that the morning was a mere milky way of thick-strewn new impressions. It was a bit more difficult than he had fancied to walk with dignity in another man's shoes, a bit different from theatricals; his heart was in his throat more than once as he realized in sudden starts the enormity of his impertinence. But he had a good courage and a keen joy in adventure, and his quick tact and winning manner, and the wise man's gift of silence where words are dangerous, carried him through the first breakers, which were the worst.

Eleven o'clock that night found him smoking a cigar with his secretary, in solitude and temporary safety, on the terrace

of Mount Langton. A golden moon rode under wisps of silver clouds in the sky, scents of a garden of flowers blew softly about them on damp, caressing airs, and below the steep, cedar-clothed slope of the hill swept in dim silvery splendor the wide ocean. Far out on the edge of the dip of it an intermittent flash of brightness and a distant noise of water told where the sea was breaking, as it had broken for ages, on the reef. Lindsay held his cigar between his fingers and stared.

"Jove!" he said, in an undertone. "I've seen a good bit of the earth, but I didn't know there was anything as lovely as this on it."

Teddy Ogilvie, with his back to the view, blew two rings of smoke carefully. "Yes. Nice, isn't it? Thought you'd like it," he said. "But you can't make a snapping administration looking at scenery—don't you

understand? Better talk shop a bit. Got any plans?"

At that another side of Lindsay wheeled to the front. His dreamy eyes left the quicksilvered ocean and fastened themselves with a practical gaze on Ogilvie's matter-of-fact face.

"Yes," he said, "several. First, if you consider it correct, I mean to give a reception for the public. And as my executive life is a precarious one, I mean to give it at once. Will it be possible in two days?"

Two days later, half-past three in the afternoon, saw Mount Langton, all happy and charmed, from steward to stable-boy, with his new Excellency, alert and ready for the function. O'Neill, his wild Irish blood glorying in his master's meteoric grandeur, but hungering beneath the impassive face that was his stock in trade for gaudier effects, stole into the expectant

hush of the large, flower-scented drawing-room. There he found a footman of the genuine, frozen, English breed, erect and stolid and stiff as his livery. O'Neill's way was a winning one, and, though the footman was alarmed at confidences so far from the servants' hall, yet in a few moments the Irishman had his ear, and Lindsay, strolling under the windows five minutes later, stopped at the sound of voices, and heard his valet finishing a sentence with an unguarded flourish.

"So ye'll see, a patch o' potaties ain't much to men like us, what has been vice-r'ys of Inja, Holy Mary! if ye plaze," said O'Neill.

O'Neill's soaring Pegasus was winged sharply by his master, and Simmons, the footman, with a stern word of warning as to believing the Irishman, was sent flying to bring Mr. Ogilvie, while the Governor, star-

ing through white curtains that flapped softly in the breeze at palms and roses and hedges and gardens beyond, meditated on the varieties of danger with which he was threatened. O'Neill, his own man, to be making a fool of him, seemed a little more than he ought to expect, but yet it was all in the game, and he must play against that, too, if necessary.

With a ringing step across the hall Ogilvie came in — in boots and riding-breeches. Lindsay looked at him.

"Aren't you a bit late getting dressed?"

"Plenty of time," said Ogilvie, cheerfully. "Bath's all ready; won't take me five minutes to shift. I stopped to lunch at Admiralty House."

"So you telephoned."

Suddenly the fresh-colored, queerly shaped face, with its unseasonable lines, was convulsed with laughter. It spread all over his

big length till it seemed as if the very russet boots were chuckling with fun.

Lindsay spoke a bit impatiently. "If there is anything to tell, Ogilvie, out with it. You really must dress—people will be here in fifteen minutes. What are you laughing about?"

Ogilvie gasped and his eyes were moist. "Don't be wrathy. I've great news. There's one joy in this already that no one can take from us."

"I haven't noticed it," said Lindsay, tersely.

"Ah no, but you will. This morning when I left you, you'll remember you gave me *carte blanche* for any arrangements. 'Do your worst, Teddy,' said you, 'and I'll back you up.'"

"Never on this earth," denied Lindsay, firmly.

"Oh, come now, words to that effect,"

Ogilvie said, soothingly. "At least, that's how I understood you. So at the lunch-table it flashed into my mind about the beer."

"About the beer?" Lindsay looked dazed.

"Yes, man, the beer. Don't you remember? You said at breakfast that you'd like to send one of those lazy war-ships swinging out there"—he nodded towards the window, through which in the distance gleamed a stretch of marvellous blue ocean—"up to New York for a case of beer."

"I said that." Lindsay looked a little bored. "What of it?"

"You acknowledge it, do you? Good. To-morrow morning the *Bellerophon*, by courtesy of the Admiral, sails for New York on important business for the Governor. Sealed orders to the captain to be opened in New York Bay. Arranged by the Governor's secretary. Me!" The gargoyle joy on

Ogilvie's face would have made a hit in a Punch and Judy show.

Lindsay stood looking at him so motionless that Ogilvie heard his slow breath. For thirty seconds he stood as if struck dumb. Finally, "Ogilvie, what are you talking about?" he asked.

The Englishman looked injured. "Supposed you'd jump at it," he complained. "It's a good stroke; first time in history an English man-of-war ever worked the growler."

Slowly over Lindsay's horrified face there seemed to break a compelling wave of laughter. He dropped into a chair, and his hands lay along the arms, his head rested against the back, while, as if afraid to give up to the force of the seizure, he shook and choked back sobs. Ogilvie stood grinning, like a carving in painted wood, and regarded him.

"I see you catch the idea," he said, with satisfaction. "A bit slow, but it's fetched you. You'll notice it's particularly well done, because it's the *Bellerophon*. The *Partridge*, or even the *Drake*, you know—it wouldn't have been as artistic. But the *Bellerophon* to go beer-carrying—that's picturesque."

Suddenly, while the two men stared at each other, a rustle of crisp skirts startled them from the doorway, and in a pink gown, which was written in French and might never be translated into English, with the tap of heels on the hard floor, Mrs. Clinton clicked delicately in. Lindsay's expression changed, and he stood up, serious at once.

"What are you doing here so early?" he demanded, a touch of brusqueness in his voice.

"Well, bless my soul, you're cordial," responded the small woman, in a disen-

gaged, cheerful tone. "I'm on an errand of necessity and mercy, as you'll see. Something awful has happened, or is going to happen," she said, earnestly.

There was a quick word of question.

"Listen," Mrs. Clinton went on, lowering her voice. "There are two little rats of people at the Hamilton who know the real Governor."

"Jove!" exclaimed Ogilvie, but Lindsay only looked at her, his eyebrows drawn into a line, his dark eyes glowing sombrely.

"Two little brother-and-sister rats, old maid and old bachelor, named Bibbe, poor things! I only knew it an hour ago; I was talking to sister under the oleanders. They're keen about coming to the reception this afternoon, but I'm glad to say brother-rat is pretty ill, and I hope he won't be able to lift his head. But sister is coming, and

coming early, and you've got to be ready with your plans."

Lindsay walked to the window, and stared out for a moment at the gravelled driveway that swept downward through the gardens to the great hibiscus hedge, gay with crimson blossoms. When he turned, his face was keen and alert.

"Did you get any details? Where did the Governor know these people? How much do they know about him?" he asked, rapidly.

Mrs. Clinton nodded like a canary vain of its intelligence. "I asked all the questions I dared. You met them two years ago visiting at a country-house in Devonshire, the —the— Oh, have I forgotten that name?" she moaned. "No — it's Southcote, I'm certain. And two of your boys were with you."

Somewhere in the last few sentences Ogil-

vie had dashed away, and the two stood together, Mrs. Clinton's face turned upward to her cousin's, her soul intent on the situation, her eyes watching eagerly his expression, waiting for that decisive cutting of the knot which she had learned to expect from him. After two silent minutes he spoke.

"Where is Miss Minor?" he asked.

There was the roll of wheels on the gravel, Mrs. Clinton melted quickly into the background of furniture, and the pompous Simmons announced:

"Miss Bibbe."

A little woman, withered and gentle, strayed softly in under the massive doorway, and stood looking about her. The Governor took a step forward, and the frozen Simmons heard a low execration, mixed with Teddy Ogilvie's name. But the graciousness of his manner had never been

greater than when he held his hand to greet the new-comer.

"Miss Bibbe! Is it possible that this is my old friend, Miss Bibbe, whom I knew in Devonshire? I hope you remember me as well as I do you."

Thin little Miss Bibbe put out her fingers, then arrested them suddenly as her eyes met the Governor's. But he had not waited, and stood holding the limp little hand a moment longer than necessary, and talking easily.

"I'm afraid you have forgotten all about me—that's the way with women, but men are more faithful, you see."

Miss Bibbe, finally recovering her hand, stared at the straight-featured, handsome Governor, so full of friendliness and gentle interest, in astonishment. Across the stream of kind and reminiscent words her weak little voice managed at length to throw a sentence.

"But—but there's some mistake," she stammered, in embarrassment. "I remember General Lindsay so distinctly, and—and—" (it was difficult to insult this delightful and distinguished gentleman)—"but you are so changed!"

Lindsay laughed a tender, caressing laugh, and his eyes beamed down upon her, those fascinating brown eyes which no woman ever resisted. "Time changes us all, Miss Bibbe, although you look exactly as when I first saw you. But most of us can't stand still in life, and particularly in hot climates."

"But you've gone backwards; but you look ten years younger," staccatoed Miss Bibbe, getting her breath by degrees.

Again that soft, flattering laugh of Lindsay's, as if to a dear child who had fallen into error, made its blurring impression on the edge of her perceptions.

"I take off my hat to you, Miss Bibbe," he said, with a boyish bow and flourish. "I'm afraid you have been to Ireland lately and kissed the Blarney stone. You mustn't spoil me so or I shall be neglecting the colony to talk to you." Then, with gentle seriousness, "Hot climates do agree with me, I know, and I am much thinner. People say that makes me look younger. And now tell me, Miss Bibbe, how are our old friends the Northcotes?"

The faded little woman raised bewildered eyes to interrogate this astonishing, unexpected, but bewitching Governor.

"The who?" she asked, ungrammatical with surprise.

"Why, our Devonshire friends, the Northcotes, with whom you and I were stopping." Lindsay felt a vague uneasiness as he hazarded this onward step. "Why *doesn't* Teddy come?" his very soul was demanding.

"Why don't other people come? I can't do this successfully much longer."

Shrivelled, mild Miss Bibbe fixed him with a look of such blankness that he knew he had slipped somewhere. "Northcotes?" she repeated, and then, "Oh, Southcotes!" and there was a hint of suspicion this time in her meek gaze.

Lindsay, without a second of hesitation, rushed into the breach. "Miss Bibbe! How ridiculous you must think me! Do you know, that was a school-boy trick of mine?—I thought it a joke to twist their name. How absurd that such an old fancy should crop up now to embarrass me with you!" The shot carried; the ghost of doubt was laid.

Miss Bibbe was unaccustomed to that personal way of turning a sentence, and the flattery of it, and the deference, gentleness, almost tenderness of the look which the dark eyes sent with it, made her dizzy.

Of course, it was most natural to confuse Northcote with Southcote; a man like that had greater things to occupy him. And still no one came, and still Teddy Ogilvie was dressing. Miss Bibbe was enjoying every minute, but Lindsay was wondering how many more rocks he could shave without shipwreck. Meanwhile their jagged edges were waiting for him.

"How is that handsome young son of yours?" Miss Bibbe ventured, gently. "I suppose he must be nearly ready for the army by now?"

Lindsay at this felt a cold chill about the heart. He could not risk information about his family. He condensed all the sweetness of his being into a dazzling, mysterious, non-committal smile, and murmured, limply, "Ah yes! the army!" and glanced longingly where Teddy Ogilvie was due to appear. "They never told me I had a son going

into the army," he raged, inwardly. "Now what else will she ask me?" Soon he knew.

"And the other lad, that dear little fellow?—I've forgotten his name, General. What was his name, the second one?"

Lindsay frowned reflectively. "Ah yes! now what was that boy's name?" he said, and then jumped, for Miss Bibbe was laughing merrily.

"Why, General, you are a worse tease than ever; the idea of pretending not to know your own child's name. But there are two others—are there not?—whom I have never seen; I hope they are well?"

Lindsay's teeth shut hard. "I have had to set up two children; I'll be hanged if I adopt any more," he decided. And then aloud: "Miss Bibbe, I am sorry to tell you they are both dead."

"Dead! Oh!" Miss Bibbe's grief and sympathy were in her startled voice.

"Dead," said the Governor, gravely and firmly, and then, in a shout of joy, "Ogilvie! Here is my nephew, Mr. Ogilvie," and in a moment the young man, fresh and immaculate, was presented, and Miss Bibbe had told him that she had often seen him with the late Governor, and he had told her that he had seen her, too; and Miss Bibbe, flushed and excited, was escorted gallantly away to the dining-room by the Governor's secretary. The Governor protested gently, and his last words were many, but carriages were driving up and Miss Bibbe was taken away from her victim in a mist of rapture, sure that two other such attractive men did not live; almost sure, too, which was even more delightful, that she was attractive as well.

IV

HISTORY crowded into the short three hours of the Governor's reception. The dainty cloud of pink frivolity which was Mrs. Clinton's outward semblance was soon the centre of a group among which men were not missing. The tiny woman's clear voice and quick wit, her mixture of finish and audacity, and her charming looks made her a loadstone always. But the piquant personality was in its essence practical, and just now it was "shop" to her to keep her finger on the pulse of the people and watch every heart-beat for signs of the Governor's success or failure. She managed to see almost every

one of importance who came out from the big drawing-room where Lindsay and Ogilvie stood greeting a long line of guests.

"How do you like the new Governor, Sir Francis?" she demanded, with directness, of the Admiral, as he swung smiling through the doorway, his fresh-colored face bright with Lindsay's last word.

The Admiral liked to stop and talk a bit with this pretty American; she had a trick of making him feel that thirty years had rolled from him between her greeting and good-bye. He was apt to forget official dignity in her sunshiny presence, and talk more freely than he did to most people.

"I object to your description of him, Mrs. Clinton," he said. "The man has been on the island two days, and he belongs to us as if he had been here a year. I didn't think of him as a 'new' Governor after I'd known him an hour. Wonderful chap! Takes to

a strange berth like a duck to water; I suppose it's from having done a lot of colonies before; he's had wide experience, you know. Never knew a governorship picked up so easily. Delightful, too, to have such a man as an associate." In one form or another the verdict was always the same. The Chief-justice was a shrivelled and frivolous gentleman of seventy, who loved dancing. Mrs. Clinton appealed to him at once on his weak side.

"Chief-justice, have you made the new Governor promise to come to the dances at the Hamilton?"

The dignitary cackled a kindly cackle and his face was wreathed with wrinkles more complicated than Teddy Ogilvie's own.

"Never fear for the Governor, Mrs. Clinton. He is a most wonderful man, and I doubt not he will administer the colony in the morning, have time in the afternoon

to ride and play golf, and be fresh for dances in the evening."

"You like him, do you?" the plaintive voice went on, questioning.

"Madam," said the Chief-justice, "we are all delighted with him. I have discovered that he is a lawyer of more than common acumen, and I learn on comparison that other men find him equally at home in their specialties. Indeed, I think it quite remarkable that he should be Governor of Bermuda."

"Indeed, I think so, too," cordially assented the young woman, and at once so dazzled the Chief-justice with bright talk that he forgot to inquire into the meaning of her words.

Teddy Ogilvie, in the press of his duties, never lost track of the pale-pink gown, and when the people had mostly come and had been presented to the hero of the day he

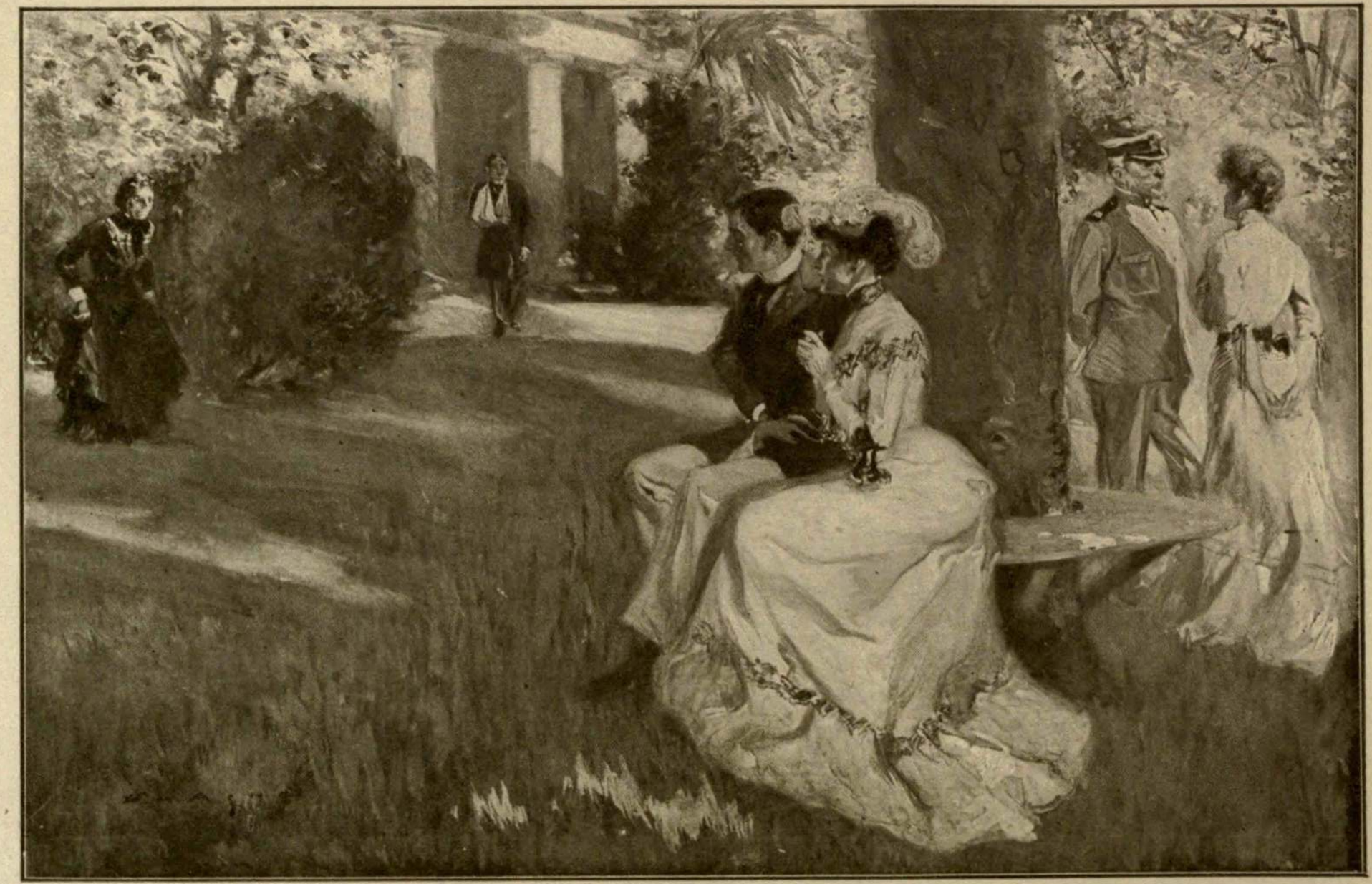
strolled out under the trees and took refreshment for a few minutes in its company.

"Has it gone well?" Mrs. Clinton asked, eagerly. "Is he making a success?"

Ogilvie's ugly smile was beatific. "He's the eighth wonder. Never saw such a chap. They're mad over him, the whole outfit. He's getting up boat-races and horse-races, and making dates for golf-tournaments and tennis matches right and left, with everybody on the island. Yet he's dignified. He's said the right thing to a dozen politicians, and hit off the business of every man who has come near him. I'll bet a hundred he's already the most popular man who ever filled the place."

He and Mrs. Clinton sat on a wooden bench which swept around the base of a big cedar-tree, and the lines of the Paris dress, the long droop of the rosy feather of the picture hat, which rested against the rough

bark, were so satisfactory to him that he did not see anything else. But the American, alert always, and interested in every detail of the gay scene about her, at that moment caught signals of danger. Lindsay, tired of the cares of office, had decided that he had stood at attention in the big drawing-room long enough. Conspicuous with his big, white sling, he was coming across the driveway, where the afternoon shadows lay in long, brown masses on the gravel. His head was thrown back, and his eyes were smiling and shining. They were fixed somewhere beyond the couple on the bench, and Mrs. Clinton, turning, saw that Evelyn Minor stood behind her, talking to the Admiral. But between the two, pattering rapidly over the lawn towards the Governor, was the meek, eager little figure of Miss Bibbe. Lindsay was not to be risked in another encounter,



"PATTERING RAPIDLY OVER THE LAWN WAS THE EAGER LITTLE FIGURE OF MISS BIBBE"

and it did not need higher mathematics to show Annette Clinton that the line of Miss Bibbe and the Governor would coincide before the line of the Governor and Evelyn if something did not happen.

Instantly something did happen. While Ogilvie's eyes were drinking in his picture, behold! the foreground, the soul of it, had flown, and Miss Bibbe, making a straight line, which is the shortest distance between two objects, towards her hero, suddenly found an unwelcome obstacle in the path. Mrs. Clinton, gentle but firm, had claimed her, and in a minute the two were *tête-à-tête* in deep wicker chairs, and the Governor, the fairy prince who had enchanted her gray little life to rose-color, was out of sight. So it was Mrs. Clinton learned that Mr. Titus Pomponius Atticus Bibbe, Miss Bibbe's brother, as exact and firm as his sister was uncertain and undecided—so the

sister proudly represented him — was to drive up late in the afternoon for her, and, if the rheumatism were not too severe, hoped to come in for a moment and meet the Governor.

"Titus will understand at once how it is that the Governor is so changed," Miss Bibbe's gentle little voice announced. "Titus is so exact and so clear. I never was more astonished, Mrs. Clinton, for I assure you he is quite different, quite, from the way I remember him. Even his eyes are another color—what beautiful eyes he has! But, of course, I have made some stupid mistake—I am always doing it, Titus says—for the Governor remembered me at once, and was so kind. I think I have never known any one kinder. A most interesting man!" She glanced, regretfully, where the group of gay dresses had swallowed up Lindsay. Annette wondered how she could get

hold of him and warn him against this new, impending danger. Whatever happened, he must not meet Mr. Bibbe. She had seen the cross-grained, bad-tempered little man, and felt sure he would ask no better solace to his sufferings than to make trouble.

Meantime the Governor was having troubles of his own. A manly dislike of looking backward when his hand was on the plough, a boyish exhilaration in the success of the game, had carried him through the afternoon with flying colors, but now he was impatient. It was irksome to be obliged to talk to fifty people when he wanted to talk to one. Evelyn Minor, with her sunshiny smile, fell so modestly into the background when these impossible Hotchkisses, when these earnest legislators, when these great people of the colony, who had never been off the island, came up. He wanted to catch her hand and hold her, to say, "Please

wait; I want to talk to only you." But he was chained—he might not even look it. Or hardly, for Lindsay's eyes did not obey orders over well, and he did look it a little, and Evelyn was conscious of a thrill at the look which she promptly tried to put down. What nonsense! How vain she must be! The Governor of Bermuda, and, besides, he was a married man. Between propriety and modesty she managed to resist the temptation of remembering that long glance across the legislators and the Hotchkisses. But yet it was a temptation.

"General," said Mr. Hotchkiss, seizing the right moment, "let's you 'n' me leave this social scene for just about five minutes, and go in the house and talk a mite o' business. I won't bother you long, that I'll promise."

Lindsay looked about him. Three young naval officers from the *Crescent* had pos-

session of Evelyn; he really wanted to hear more of the trolley scheme It was an awkward question for him, holding stock as he did, and much stock, in this company, to know what to do. He might not, as an honest man, use his sham governorship, yet he would not injure the scheme, on his own account and on account of others. It was best to let Hotchkiss talk, and so get his bearings. Many people were inside yet, and the Governor was stopped at every step as they went through the great house, and always his ready friendliness and the unconscious charm of his manner left a warmer admirer when he passed on.

"Now, General"—Lindsay's eyes smiled at the picture of Hotchkiss in a spider-like, gilt chair, against the pink damask portières of the little reception-room. But the rosy curtains shielded them from the crowd, and the setting of Hotchkiss did not matter. He

poised, gingerly, on the etherealness of the dainty chair, and put his hands on his fat knees as if to get a good grip—"now, General, I've got just a few words to say to you about this trolley scheme. I make no doubt you've sized up things; we know you're a keen one, sir, for all your pleasant ways. And I'm dead sure you see by now that it's a right good plan. What I want to ask is that if you approve you'll just help us a mite, as you can, easy. A word to three or four of them legislators out there, just a hint, you know—they're all ready—that 'd be all that's needed to make it a go."

Hotchkiss's earnest, genial face regarded him tentatively, and Lindsay shivered. He would have to be extremely careful with his words to "them" legislators. He hoped heartily that the affair would succeed, but he must not lift a finger, even by accident,

to make it. With his eyes on the broad countenance he meditated what he should say to this good soul, but his mind would not concentrate on him or on business. There were voices outside, down the hall. Suddenly, as they came nearer, he caught a tone.

With eyes that were instantly alert, Lindsay stared beyond the figures in the dim light of the corridor at Evelyn Minor's gold hair shining from the half-darkness, framing her face, it seemed to him, like a halo. He did not know what became of Hotchkiss. It is to be supposed that he made some parting remarks, but he did not hear them. What happened, to his knowledge, was that Evelyn spoke in her buoyant voice, with the odd little jolt at every few words.

"We ought to go, too, Mrs. Clinton," she was saying. "We're only asked to a tea, you know, and the moon is up—look there!"

Beyond the French windows of the pink-and-gilt room was a veranda, and beyond that an open space of garden, and between the broad fingers of a great-leafed palm a silver disk laid its calm glory against a delicate sky.

"Oh, is the moon up?" asked the Governor, with sudden interest, as if moons were his particular affair. "Have you it out there? Won't you show it to me, please?"

Ogilvie smiled agedly at Mrs. Clinton as Evelyn's white gown and the swinging shoulders of the Governor went side by side towards the palms and the moonlight. But his words were not of them.

"You look as if this room had been built around you," he remarked. Mrs. Clinton gave a matter-of-fact glance about.

"Pretty room, isn't it?" she said. "Let's go into the other one," and she strolled into the now empty, big drawing-room, drifting

along its length, and finally settling, like a butterfly on a branch, on the arm of a large, green chair. She kicked the trailing skirts from her with a shining boot, and the movement would have been undignified in any one else, but in her it was piquant. Then she looked down and cocked her head anxiously.

"I think I've caught my heel in my skirt and torn it. Stupid, isn't it?"

There was a foam of silk and chiffon and lace in countless ripples about the bottom of the skirt, and she lifted a corner.

"Here it is—see!" and Ogilvie looked with interest at a dangling bit of pink cobweb.

"Give me a pin," she ordered; "I never have one about me." The young man drew out his scarf-pin.

"Not that," and the gray eyes laughed up at him; "that's a scarab, isn't it? Cen-

turies old and hundreds valuable. I'd lose it in five minutes. You'll have to go and get some if there isn't one under the lapel of your coat," and the docile secretary fled with a rush. As she waited, childishly swinging the heels that had done the damage, suddenly Simmons, whose duties had apparently been over for some time, announced out of a blue sky,

"Mr. Bibbe."

Mrs. Clinton, every breath arrested, saw the peppery person whom she had met at the Hamilton Hotel enter the room. One glance back of her showed Evelyn and Lindsay through the long windows. While the sharp eyes of the new-comer snapped about the empty room, she sped towards him.

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Bibbe?" she said, eagerly, and the little man started.

"Madam," he began, with dignity, but, behold! she was shaking hands with him,

which he found not unpleasant, and her cordial voice was tripping on: "I've wanted so much to meet you, Mr. Bibbe; I know some people whom you know, and I've heard so much about you."

Mr. Bibbe was quite willing to spend a moment on this worthy little person who seemed of so appreciative a disposition. "Indeed, madam," he said, with as near an approach to cordiality as he knew, "I am pleased to meet you. And who, may I inquire, are our mutual friends?"

"Oh, never mind about them now." Mrs. Clinton tossed the question aside airily, and Mr. Bibbe, a trifle dazed, put down this jump to the unvarying flightiness of womankind. "I will tell you all about that later," and a dazzling smile took the edge off Mr. Bibbe's temper again. "I want to talk to you now about—about"—frightful mental gymnastics were taking place in the arena

of Mrs. Clinton's brain, and again Ogilvie was the one desire of a heart — "about rheumatism!" She brought it out with a crow of joy. "I'm such a sad sufferer myself," and she laughed gleefully, "and I hear you have it, too. What do you find to be the best remedy?"

Mr. Bibbe cleared his throat for an exhaustive reply. Here he was on his own ground and at his best. But the oration was snatched from his lips.

"I've tried a lot of things. Oh, such lots and lots, some of them very queer ones, you know. Have you ever taken Smith's Celery Compound? Or Jones's Malt Whiskey? That did me some good." And "Will Mr. Ogilvie *never* come back?" she was crying inwardly.

Mr. Bibbe stared at her, astounded, fascinated, yet, from long habit, pugnacious. "Madam, such things are ridiculous, crimi-

nal," he began, and at that moment Evelyn Minor's voice spoke distinctly from the window across the quiet room.

"Oh, Mrs. Clinton, oughtn't we to be going? The Governor is dining out, and it's—"

Mrs. Clinton interrupted her with a laugh as brilliant as a chime of bells. "In five minutes, but not before. Go back to—to that gentleman. I must talk to Mr. Bibbe. I *will* talk to Mr. Bibbe."

Mr. Bibbe's eyes had caught sight of the figure beyond Evelyn's, its white sling showing conspicuously against the dark garden greens. "Pardon me, madam," he said. "That gentleman with his arm in the sling must be the Governor. I am anxious to see him and I am a trifle hurried, as my sister is awaiting me. I will bid you good-day."

He held out his hand with what was for

him cordiality, and Mrs. Clinton took it earnestly, and then, to his surprise, kept it. Mr. Bibbe, to whom a woman's touch was a novelty, felt a curious glow that began in the fingers entrapped and spread sweetness through his sour being.

"But, Mr. Bibbe, just a moment. The Governor— Oh no, that is not the Governor —that is just an American with a broken arm." The pathetic voice flowed on quickly: "But, Mr. Bibbe—just till the Governor comes—there's something I want to tell you so much. You wouldn't go off and leave me, would you? Oh yes, I know! This is it. I wanted to tell you about our trip down. You didn't hear about it? We were—we were shipwrecked!"

Mr. Bibbe's eyes, wide with astonishment, fixed themselves on the fascinating face. He forgot the Governor. This was an extraordinary statement, but then this was no

ordinary woman, he could see that; she had a most interesting way; the small fingers still held his willing hand; he would listen yet a moment and see what she meant. Mrs. Clinton hurried on, clutching shamelessly: "Yes, we were—we were shipwrecked on a desert island, and—"

Mr. Bibbe was forced to interrupt. "Madam! On the way from New York to Bermuda?"

Mrs. Clinton gazed up at him with her soul in her eyes. "Yes, indeed. Wasn't it strange? Nobody knew it was there, and all the scientists say it was likely just upheaved. Just in time to catch us. And we camped under some big trees—you know, what I mean is that there weren't any trees, so, as we had saved some blankets, we stretched them on the skeleton of a—"

Mr. Bibbe was looking a little queer, and she regarded him critically.

"Now, Mr. Bibbe, just wait till I get through before you doubt me. You don't know how it hurts me to have *you* doubt me."

There was an emphasis on "you" and pressure from the hand, and Mr. Bibbe communed with his own heart and was still. But not Mrs. Clinton.

"The most awful part is coming. We almost starved, you know, and the captain ate a sailor."

A horrified exclamation broke from the lips of the audience.

"He did; they ate three sailors altogether; our sufferings were frightful. But I never ate a soul."

"Madam," said Mr. Bibbe, "you are surely exaggerating, you are surely amusing yourself."

But the sweet voice stopped him reproachfully. "Amusing myself—with you!"

And the hypnotized victim was silenced. "Will that man never come? Can I hold him another minute?" Mrs. Clinton was wondering, in an agony. Once again she spurred to the battle, but it was desperate work now.

"A great big tidal wave came. I don't know if it was tidal, but it was enormous, anyway—a hundred feet high. And the only reason it didn't drown us all was that the island was tall—bumpy—I mean mountainous—and we rushed up on the hills, and it didn't. And so we all— Oh, Mr. Ogilvie!"

A messenger from the skies could not have been greeted with as much rapture. "Mr. Ogilvie, let me present you to Mr. Bibbe."

Ogilvie gave an Englishman's brief acknowledgment, but pins were in his hand and on his mind, and no light of appreciation shone in his eyes.

Mrs. Clinton repeated, "Mr. *Bibbe*, Mr. Ogilvie—Miss Bibbe's brother," impressively. With a start, with one look at the surprised Mr. Bibbe, the young man had dashed away down the long room, and out through the French windows. The dazed visitor, staring after him, saw him speak to the American with the broken arm, and immediately the latter had vanished. A curious feeling of uneasiness seized Mr. Bibbe.

"Beg pardon, madam," he said, "but are you quite certain that gentleman is not the Governor? Is it possible that you are misinformed? I am very anxious—"

"Here comes Mr. Ogilvie back again," said Mrs. Clinton, and her manner had changed entirely. She was so careless, so disengaged, that he looked at her in surprise. "Mr. Ogilvie is the Governor's nephew and secretary—he ought to know."

Ogilvie, strolling up, felt his ears grow an

inch with astonishment at the dialogue which followed. Mr. Bibbe, his mind at cross-purposes with what he had heard, took a back lap in the conversation.

"Madam, may I inquire again into your statement as to the case of cannibalism you report. Did you seriously intend your horrible story as to the captain?"

"What?" Mrs. Clinton's eyes looked perplexed. "What captain? Oh!" And she laughed, to Mr. Bibbe's bewilderment. "Mr. Ogilvie, good-night—good-night, Mr. Bibbe —I will surely see you again." And as lightly as a vanishing bit of rainbow cloud she was gone.

On the terrace, before they went upstairs to dress, while the moon rose slowly higher over the sea and the palms crackled in a light wind, Ogilvie gave the Governor a quick *résumé* of the dangers which had been averted from him.

"Mrs. Clinton is your guardian angel," he said. "Quickest-witted person I've ever seen. Jove! She has the brain and executive ability of a Napoleon, the innocence of a child, the charm of a woman, and the sweetness of an angel—I say!" Teddy Ogilvie's sentiments outran his vocabulary.

Lindsay looked with thoughtful eyes far out where under the pale moon the white line of breaking water dashed across the reef into marvellous blueness of Bermuda ocean. "Our girls are that way," he said, with a serious pride. "Put one of them where you will, and she fits the place." A smile lighted his face; with a turn of his graceful head he lifted one hand high, as if it held a glass of champagne.

"Here's to the American woman, Ogilvie," he said. "No family should be without one."

V

THROUGH the leafy tunnel of the Devonshire road—Devonshire, Bermuda — the trap bowled along smoothly. In the mid-heat of the February afternoon it was cool and shady under the cedared way, and the white limestone was dark with waving shadows, cut by creamy dapples of sunlight. Stone walls bordered the way, and over them and in them were gay, green vines and cacti. Suddenly on the left was a precipice faced with verdure —two hundred sheer feet it dropped, and from the hollow below strains of music floated up in snatches. The new Governor of Bermuda leaned from the trap in as-

tonishment, and stared down the descent. He could hardly believe his eyes. Far away in the green depths, between open cedar woods, he saw a reach of velvet lawn; there were tennis nets stretched across it, and girls in pale gowns and men in white duck were playing; he could catch the glimmer of the ball as it shuttled to and fro. People dressed in gay colors were walking about; laughter was wafted up softly; there was music—a military band.

"Ogilvie," he said, grasping his secretary's arm, "is that a real place or am I dreaming? It looks to me like hocus-pocus."

Teddy Ogilvie, his eyes on the tandem leader, grinned. "Real enough," he answered, in a practical tone. "That's where we're going; that's Happy Valley."

And the lovely Shakespearian scene, almost too idyllic to be true in a world where cooking is done, was merely the Tennis Club

of Bermuda. The swift days of the new Governor were filled with a flashing succession of such beautiful, unreal impressions. Bermuda seen from any standpoint is a portfolio of water-colors. Around every turn is a new picture, a new combination of blue-green foliage and long, pale roads, and snowy-roofed, white houses, with everywhere in the background the intense, shimmering, turquoise blue of the coral-bottomed ocean. To the most obscure visitor at the hotels it is a holiday land, where cold and work and responsibility are forgotten; where the world is as lovely and as light-hearted as every man's ideal world should be. To the humblest traveller it is all this; to the new Governor, for whom every spot, every face, put on its brightest smile, it was an earthly paradise. As is a man's way, when the delicate loveliness of land and sea most affected him, he was silent, and stared with

absorbed eyes and never a word to say. But the beauty of the little country, the kindness of the people, went to Lindsay's soul and cut into it keenly when it came to him, as it did constantly, that he was cheating these good friends of his. Yet, after that first step which costs, the path of power was so rapid a toboggan slide for Lindsay that he had little time for reflection. Events rushed past him as the landscape slips by a child on a sled, and the excitement of the rush was the largest part of what he felt. Yet he was, after all, a man and not a child, and a feeling stronger than even that interest of the moment which had all his life possessed him, when once under its sway, was gaining every day a firmer hold. Every day the beauty of these coral islands took more certainly the place of a background, a setting, for the frank and sunshiny face, the light figure of Evelyn Minor.

When he leaned from the trap and gazed down into Happy Valley, it was the glimpse of her white dress which made the place perfect in its loveliness. When he sat at tea-time on the piazza of the picturesque white-limestone Garrison Golf Club, after eighteen close holes played triumphantly out, and looked through the clump of palm-trees across the white thread of the North Shore drive to the theatrical blue water and the reef breaking in jewelled mist between sea and sky, it was odd that the rustle of the wind through the palms had so lonely a sound. It was odder that its moaning turned swiftly to a cheerful quickstep when he caught sight of a white-shirted, trim-skirted girl, with sleeves rolled back over her arms and bare hair blowing, who marched across to the ninth hole, swinging a mid-iron as she went.

When the sham battle was fought up

the same North Shore, and the negroes in scarlet jackets and white blouses and full blue trousers, the startling uniform of the West Indian Zouaves, came stealing by twos and threes through the cedars over the hill, and the troops below manœuvred, and the band played dashing airs, it was disgraceful, Lindsay felt, that the Governor, for whom all this was being done, could not fix his mind on any of it till he had found in the line of carriages which were the audience the one that held Evelyn Minor.

The reins of power, guided by Ogilvie's knowledge and his own wisdom, his quick tact and gift of management of men, lay in his hands as lightly as might be. The Governor was going slow, said the men of affairs of the little colony; he would not make any radical move until he knew his ground; it was better and safer so; they were satisfied with this, as with everything

else about the man. But between the necessary work and the play almost as necessary, the hours of the new Governor were strenuous, and it made him impatient that he must postpone from one to another of these swift-vanishing days what he most wanted to do. More than the game of governing now he wanted to have Evelyn Minor to himself, to win a more solid place in her world, to be with her alone, where an officer from the *Nautilus* or an officer from the barracks was not due any moment to share and spoil his happiness. The only plan he could think of to bring about this perfect state of things was a horseback ride, for his left hand was not the injured one, and he could manage the reins. Lindsay consulted Teddy Ogilvie on all subjects, to his neckties and stockings, but he did not consult him on this, and it was in spite of the secretary, and not with his help, that he

found, after several days, a possible afternoon. Evelyn Minor's eyes showed surprise, but pleasure as well, when he asked her to ride with him.

"Of course," she said. "I shall be delighted. No, not an engagement—and if I had I would throw over every one else for the Governor."

Lindsay looked at her, not quite satisfied. "I don't care about the Governor," he said. "Would you for me?"

And the girl laughed, flushed a little, yet kept her dignity with a non-committal answer. "Haven't you noticed that you are the Governor?"

Far down the wild south shore of Bermuda is Spanish Rock. Three hundred and fifty years ago sailors from an adventurous Spanish ship landed there, on this unknown scrap of land in the Atlantic, the most northern of all coral islands, and they carved

there the initials of their old-world names, and cut in the face of the rock, like good Christians and Catholics, a great cross. There are many churches in Bermuda, and peaceful and saintly are they all, from little old "Devonshire" and quaint St. George's to the cool stateliness of the new cathedral. But none of them is more churchly and more solemn than this most ancient one, where age-old rocks are the flooring, and blue sky is the roof, and black juniper cedars make receding aisles; where winds and water sing the hymns of the choir, and the reef, not a hundred yards away, rolls a deep, organ undertone.

Lindsay and Evelyn tied their horses in the field below and scrambled up the steep hill-side to the rocks where one may still read the old inscription, blacked and vague with age, but yet to be deciphered—"J. B. 1522." The girl threw her sailor hat on the grass,

and the damp breeze blew loose hair about her face, and she drew off her gloves to push it away. Lindsay, watching her, felt a quick thrill as her fingers touched the flushed cheeks. He turned away his eyes, and it seemed to him that there was nothing he could say which he dared to say. And what he wished most to dare was not language. Evelyn, feeling the thunder in the air, felt an urgent need for words, and pounced upon the ones which came first.

"You are a very lazy Governor," she said, regarding the easy figure on the grass.

"I am a very uncomfortable one," Lindsay answered, and moved sidewise. "The rocks are sticking into me." He pulled himself along with what in an untitled person would have been a hitch, or even in an awkward person, but Lindsay's well-knit, hard muscles worked smoothly. He looked up at the girl and laughed like a boy out

of school, delighted to be foolish. "These Bermuda rocks are the best sharpened I've ever met," he said, and then suddenly he harked back. "I'm not lazy. I've administered this colony all the morning, and I have a right to a little happiness after that. I've worked very hard to have this afternoon clear."

There was an uncertain, betraying tone in his voice, and his eyes looked at her with an appealing glance she could not meet. Quickly again she saved herself by an escape into commonplace.

"It is clear, isn't it?" she said, and glanced up critically at the unclouded sky, but her voice shook a little. She caught the tone, and an indignation with herself came over her. What was this feeling into which she was drifting? Not a moment longer would she give up to it. She pulled herself together sharply, and, with a little catch yet

in her gentle tones: "When is your wife coming, Governor?" she asked.

For an instant, under the shock of the words, Lindsay made no effort to control his look; and as the girl met his eyes, filled with the unguarded feeling which had leaped to them and shone from them, her own fell and the world trembled about her. Then, with what seemed a wrench of the universe, the Governor was on his feet and walking about under the cedars, whistling. In a moment he had come back and was down on the grass again and talking calmly as if that electrical second had never been. "Mrs. Clinton tells me you are a fierce American, Miss Minor. This idea of hers about a Washington's birthday party at Mount Langton must appeal to you."

"You are going to do it, then? Good!" Evelyn fell quickly into his every-day manner. "It is fine of you to consent; not

many Englishmen would be so broad-minded."

"You don't think Englishmen as broad-minded as Americans?"

She smiled at him. "Perhaps not all Englishmen. But one — now. And you know I am a patriot only in spots. I am not bigoted. I am exclusively American simply in" — she hesitated — "in one or two ways. What did Mrs. Clinton tell you? Just what I said?" She looked at him a bit embarrassed.

"Just what did you say? Tell me, please."

Evelyn leaned forward. "See the reef," she said. "How close it is here! Isn't it magnificent? And it's a double one. I'd like to watch it in a storm."

"Tell me what you said," Lindsay insisted.

Evelyn lifted her head, and her face was indifferent. "It's foolish to make a point

of nothing. I'll tell you if you wish, Governor Lindsay, but you won't find it interesting. I said—it's so ridiculously personal—I said there were two sorts of men I would never marry, an Englishman or a liar." Lindsay threw up his head quickly, like a high-strung horse that is struck. For a moment he did not speak. Then, "The horses are getting restless," he said. "I think we had better go home."

VI

FEBRUARY 22d. Snowy roads bordered with drifts, gray skies and nipping air and sleigh-bells tinkling—Washington's birthday.

February 22d. Long ways bordered with flowers, white sails against blue of the bay, puffs of warm air that beat fragrance against one—Washington's birthday.

Annette Clinton stood at her window in the Hamilton Hotel, the sunlight pouring gloriously in, and thought of the contrast. It was that way at home, it was this way here. By the possibly limited standard of a dweller on earth, a day could not have been more perfect. The right warmth and

brightness to take people out-of-doors, the right freshness and coolness to make them alert and alive. To-day was the great day of the new administration. For almost a week since the bright Sunday morning of the *Trinidad's* landing it had slipped along the old, well-oiled grooves, steered by Teddy Ogilvie's trained hand, held by Lindsay's strong and bold grip, with the smoothness of a well-fitted machine. Each day of its life was a joyful surprise to the conspirators, yet so simply, so naturally, did events shape themselves to the situation that already the poise on the edge of the precipice began to feel sure to them. Lindsay laughed more than once as he caught himself accepting the honors of his office in good faith. Ogilvie had handled the cablegrams to and from New York with skill and daring, and then suddenly, two days before, the cable had been broken — cut — no one

quite understood—and it was not yet repaired. The *Orinoco*, the *Trinidad's* sistership, was in New York with a broken shaft, and would not be in sailing order for a week, and Ogilvie had managed to detain the *Trinidad* herself in Hamilton harbor, so that she had only just sailed, and would not be due again from America for some time. To all appearances the meteoric government, with almost a week of success, had days yet to run. Its perpetrators, care cast to the Bermuda winds, were enjoying with a rounded and perfect irresponsibility their criminal career.

"If this Washington's birthday celebration only goes through!" Mrs. Clinton adjured the pulsing skies from her window. "Then the world may come to an end! Then we shall have lived!"

It was an extraordinary, a unique day, in the annals of the islands. All the school-

children, by request of the Governor, were given a holiday, in honor of that great Englishman, George Washington, and all were invited to lunch in the grounds of the Government House, and to assist at the raising of a flag on the new flag-staff of Mount Langton. With the far-reaching care of detail, the executive faculty, the genius of work, for which the new Governor was already distinguished, the whole affair had been planned and carried out, and two o'clock found numbers of fresh little faces smiling and numbers of cheerful little voices chattering about white-covered tables spread on the lawn. The Governor had been out and about, talking to them, and each child had an impression that the gay, kind face looked particularly happy because that child was there. The Governor's party were now at luncheon in-doors, but later the public were invited, the flag was to be raised,

and there was to be a speech from the man who had so quickly won all their hearts. As the luncheon-party rose from the table, Mrs. Clinton, to-day a dream of cloudy lavender against which a long rope of amethysts sparkled with delicate emphasis down her slim shoulders — Mrs. Clinton's gowns were always events—drifted lightly against Teddy Ogilvie.

"I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to hurt you. I hope you're not injured," the little woman said, in a breath.

"Come along with me to the terrace. Coffee is to be there. You don't want to see the portrait-gallery," growled Ogilvie, softly.

"I'm not sure. What are they going to do in the portrait-gallery?"

The hunting pink of the secretary's cheeks broke into joyful cracks. "One of Lindsay's extras. Didn't you hear? He told

them that old Lindsay, who was Governor in 1747, was his ancestor, and he's going to show them the likeness. Jove! I don't see how the man dares. But it all goes if he does it—he's the gift of popularity, for sure. Never saw such a chap in all my days!"

Mrs. Clinton, floating along like a sunset fresh from France, by Ogilvie's side, arrived on the still empty terrace. "When one has plenty of power and no principles and no future, one isn't much hampered," was her simple explanation.

'I want to ask you to drop a word to your—to the Governor, about this speech he is to make," the young Englishman said. "He's a bit dotty about it—plans to go it rather strong on the American tack, I'm afraid. Says he's going to make them cheer for George Washington and the red, white, and blue. Won't do to lay it on too

thick, don't you know. It's a good game about Washington's birthday, and our little arrangement as to the flags—that's quite right. Beautiful. But we can't have the Governor lose his popularity. This speech will be reported. He'd best go slow."

Mrs. Clinton's distinguishing characteristic was not absence of opinions of her own. "I don't agree with you," she asserted, and Ogilvie considered how a bunch of sweet-peas or a branch of lilacs could be decided. "He's quite right to make the eagle scream. It's the chance of his life."

"Oh, but you are all wrong," argued Ogilvie. "He'll run the whole thing into danger."

"Danger of what?" demanded the lavender fairy. "The world comes to an end in a few days at best." And then the uncanny, fascinating face smiled up confidently to the six-foot level of his eyes. "We

needn't worry. We can trust him. Have you seen his tact fail? Wait and you'll notice how he will feel, from word to word, just what he ought to say. Here they are. Admiral, did you find the likeness in the old portrait? I don't believe he was the Governor's ancestor at all, you know."

Lindsay, standing over her, laughed easily. "They all agree it was striking—he was a horrible, ugly old chap. Why didn't you come? You mustn't steal away and trifle with my nephew's affections. You American women are dangerous."

"Admiral, may I trifle with your affections? The executive protection isn't over you, is it?"

To Lindsay's nervous mind, rasped and on edge with one idea, his cousin's pretty frivolity, which the Admiral found enchanting, was uninteresting, even irritating. He was carrying off his part to-day better, perhaps, with

a more careless and brilliant touch, that his heart was not in it. Evelyn Minor's words were rankling, and had chosen to-day to rankle with peculiar bitterness. "An Englishman or a liar," she had said. She thought him the first. He knew himself the second. Would she ever believe him an honest man now, a dignified citizen, after this jugglery? Had he, perhaps, thrown away his chance of happiness for a week of theatricals? His plan of the day would have been to send the ninety-and-nine of his guests about their business and to put in the afternoon explaining the situation to one. So there was an undertow of restlessness, carrying him out to a sea of recklessness, beneath the sparkling surface of his manner. But events were marching fast; he must keep his wits about him, and play his rôle, so irksome to-day, with credit. Any moment might bring complications—

for instance, why should Ogilvie, who had been called into the house a moment before, be staring at him with an expression like an agitated punch-bag? The secretary managed to cut out his principal from the chatter of the satellites.

"Lindsay," he began, excitedly—"General, I mean—there's trouble."

Lindsay's eyes, smouldering with other fires, gazed at him impassively.

"I won't go into details, but that damned *Bellerophon's* off St. George's, and my uncle is on board."

The usurping Governor of Bermuda showed his good blood by the quietness with which he took the shock. A spark flashed from deep down in his eyes, but no muscle stirred.

Ogilvie went on in a perturbed, hurried growl. "I ought to have known this would happen—never thought of the old boy's

snapping up the ship in New York. I call it a low turn, to get back at us this way. It looks as if Providence wouldn't have English war-ships sent after beer. Prompt, by Jove! Return trip. But there's a blazing hurry — what are you going to do?"

Lindsay wrinkled his forehead, and Ogilvie watched the wrinkles closely with the hope that something was going on under them. "Ogilvie, tell me if this is a competent lie: find O'Neill, give him this order—he is to intercept the Governor, before landing if possible, after if necessary, and tell him from you that yellow-fever has broken out at Mount Langton, and that he is on no account to come to Hamilton until further news from you. O'Neill is a fool, but he's all we have. How is that? Will it work?"

"It's got to, for a few hours," said Teddy

Ogilvie. "It sounds rattling to me, anyway, and we haven't time to think up another. Anything else?"

"How was your message — by telephone?"

"Yes."

"He hadn't come ashore?"

"No. Wanted a carriage sent."

"He'll wait to hear from you, then. That's all right. You'd better telephone at once that a message is coming, and O'Neill must ride like the devil. I think that will delay the Governor till seven o'clock or so. And after that"—he threw out his hand—"after that the deluge."

Ogilvie wasted a long heart-beat in a lambent grin. "Jove! if you aren't the Governor, you ought to be! I'll bet a hundred no Bermuda chief officer ever thought as quick as that before." And the eyes that were on the Governor opened to see

his nephew, apparently out of a blue sky, suddenly wring his hand.

As the young man disappeared the face of the genial Hotchkiss rose in his place before Lindsay's eyes, and it was something of an effort to pay attention quickly to what he was saying.

"Well, Governor, good-day! Good-day, sir!"

The repartee to that was simple.

"I give you fair warnin', sir, that I'm goin' to attack you in your forts to-morrow, Governor, sir. It's that trolley scheme I'm badgerin' you about, and I'm goin' to badger you again, but only once, I hope. I know you approve of it, and wish it well —I ain't so slow that I haven't gathered that much. And you're right to be cautious —that's all correct, sir, all correct. But to-morrow mornin', bright and early, I'm comin' to you for a mite o' definite support.

Old Hotchkiss is a bore, ain't he, Governor? But that's all—I'm just givin' you fair warnin', sir."

Lindsay put a cordial hand on the man's shoulder. "Old Hotchkiss is a mighty good fellow, and we all know it," he said, heartily, with the gentleness in his manner which the man inspired. "I'll tell you what, Hotchkiss—if the world doesn't come to an end to-day, I'll do what you wish to-morrow; that's the best I can promise you, Hotchkiss; I wish it were better."

"Don't ask any better—couldn't wish any better," smiled Hotchkiss, as innocently pleased as a gentle-souled elephant, and Lindsay turned to greet the venerable Bishop of Bermuda, who, in the dignity of his knee-breeches and episcopal costume, came towards him across the terrace.

The manner of the younger man's deference was, alone, enough to win any

Bishop's good-will, but Lindsay held it on more solid grounds. Mrs. Clinton, a few yards away, was struck by the beauty of the two standing together, the aristocratic old head of the Bishop with its thatch of silver, and his English color, a fine harmony and contrast with Lindsay's close-knit, muscular grace, his bright-brown hair and clear, dark face. With a confidence that everybody wanted her always, she tripped across to them and listened with frank inquisitiveness.

"Oh, did he send you a big check?" she said. "And is he going to help you about those churches? He is a good Governor, isn't he?"

The Bishop, shocked by this American freedom, yet somehow found himself holding a rose-leaf hand in one of his, and patting it with the other. But he turned to the Governor with some impressiveness in his manner.

"The little woman is right, General," he said. "It is a pleasure to me to tell you that we all think so of you—a good Governor. This administration of a few days is already richer in good deeds than many a full term I have known."

"Don't, Bishop," pleaded Lindsay, distressed. "Let me assure you that anything I have done has been done from motives of the purest selfishness."

The Bishop loosened Mrs. Clinton's hand to put one of his affectionately on Lindsay's shoulder. "No," he said—"no, General. Selfishness does not bring happiness to all around, as you have brought it. You're a good man," he said, in his gentle old voice. "You're a good man."

And Lindsay was conscious of a hotness in the crown of his head, as if coals of fire were penetrating. He spoke after a moment. "Bishop," he said, softly, "I've

heard that the world is a looking-glass; if you look into it with kind eyes, you see only kindness. You've given me the best and the worst moment I've had in Bermuda. Thank you for both. Now will you let me leave you in the care of this Star-Spangled Banner, Mrs. Clinton? I see my nephew, and I must speak to him."

Ogilvie, in fact, had been stopped on his way by that man of destiny, Mr. Bibbe, seeking as before, with increasing hunger, his interview with the new Governor. Innocently enough the new Governor walked into the lion's jaws. He had only had a glimpse of Bibbe on the day of the reception, and had forgotten all about him. But Teddy Ogilvie was equal to many emergencies. Lindsay coming up behind the young fellow laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Did you send the message?" he asked,

hardly noticing the little man, whose sharp gaze turned on him.

Ogilvie looked around with a jump. "Be kind enough to let me alone," he said, with emphasis, and Lindsay, after one shock of astonishment, turned and left him.

Mr. Bibbe's fishy eyes gleamed with curiosity. "Beg pardon," said Ogilvie, shortly. "A fellow who has been annoying me for a week. An American, and an impostor, I believe." He gazed off searchingly at the sparkling blue of the afternoon ocean, vivid and theatrical, beyond the tops of dark cedar-trees. "No," he said, regretfully. "No, I don't see General Lindsay anywhere just now."

Then the vigorous planning of a general on the field of battle set to work in his brain. "I can't stand by and nurse this rat all the afternoon," he meditated. Mrs. Clinton is the alternate, but she's three rows deep in

captains and subalterns—can't get at her. There's Hotchkiss—good, useful man—I'll put him in charge."

He glanced down at the ferret face of Mr. Bibbe, turning this way and that, seeking what he might investigate. "Stop here for a bit, will you?" he said. "I've a friend I'd like you to meet," and with a long step he had buttonholed the capitalist. "Do me a favor, will you, Hotchkiss? Queer little character over there." Ogilvie tapped his forehead. "Needs an eye on him. Will you watch him for a while? Has some mad idea about the Governor. Not dangerous, don't you know, but might make a disturbance. Just humor him a bit and don't let him get at the General."

VII

"BEG pardon, what did I understand your name to be?" inquired Mr. Bibbe, suspiciously, when Ogilvie had left him in the hands of his keeper.

"Seems like you didn't understand it to be much of anything," Hotchkiss responded, genially, "but with full trimmin's it's Joshuay Hotchkiss, of Oshkosh. Don't try it if you ain't perfectly sober."

"I am always sober," snapped Mr. Bibbe, haughtily.

"Good boy," and Hotchkiss gave him a staggering slap on the shoulder. "It's a great thing, and don't you forget it. I didn't catch your name, by the way."

Mr. Bibbe controlled his nerves, because he enjoyed talking about this. He cleared his throat. "My name," he began, and tasted the words as they came, "is a somewhat striking one. It has been in our family, we have reason to believe, since the Roman occupation. It is," and he very nearly smiled with satisfaction, "Titus Pomponius Atticus Bibbe."

Hotchkiss, who with all the sterling virtues was not a Vere de Vere, burst into a roar of laughter, and Mr. Bibbe turned scarlet.

"Sir," he sputtered, trembling with rage —"sir, are you aware that you are most insulting?"

Hotchkiss sobered instantly. "No? Am I?" he asked, in dismay. "I'm sorry for that—I am so. Wouldn't insult you for the world, Mr. Bibbe. That name," and his cheeks quivered with laughter again,

"it sorter fell off the Capitol at Washington onto a wood-pile, seemed to me. Struck me wrong, you see. But nobody is responsible for their names, and yours and mine are a queer pair—now, ain't they? Shake hands, man, I'm sorry."

Mr. Bibbe was partly mollified. The overflowing human kindness of Hotchkiss took the edge for the moment off even his acidity. "I am aware that my name is unusual," he said, stiffly but calmly, "and you are probably unacquainted with the English type. You are American, are you not?"

Hotchkiss winked amiably. "You're a keen one. How did you guess that? It's what I am, sure—all wool and a yard wide. This is a great day for Americans," he continued, with a friendly desire to put the conversation on a complimentary basis. "It ain't often the Governor of an English

colony's as broad-minded as this one. Nicest thing a man could have done, to celebrate our Washington's birthday in a British colony. Shows how pleasantly you English can take a whippin'."

Mr. Bibbe felt that never in his life had he been rasped and raked so many times in swift succession, and yet the man had a fascination for him; he could not make up his mind to leave him in dignified silence; he must answer back.

"I don't at all approve of to-day's affair." His head nodded with vicious eagerness, and his words hurried over one another. "I consider it unpatriotic and most uncalled for and undignified in General Lindsay."

Mr. Hotchkiss, whom the new Governor had stirred to a whole-souled loyalty, lost his beaming expression, and put his hands in his trousers pockets. "Mr. Bibbe," he said, impressively, "you're the first man on

this island that has said an unkind word of the Governor. Every livin' soul, so far, has wished him well and spoke him well. It don't seem possible that you can know the man and yet miscall him like that. I guess you can't know him much, anyway."

Mr. Bibbe flew to arms again. "In that point," he said, "you are correct. It is most extraordinary, most ridiculous and irritating, that I, of all men on this island, have not met him. I believe that I am the only man here who is an old acquaintance of his, and yet it seems to be impossible to see him. I came here with no other purpose, and I have been detained, talking about nothing, first by that young man Ogilvie, who should have presented me at once, and then"—he glanced at the American's cordial face, and decency kept him from finishing the sentence. "Where is the Governor? I must go at once and find him."

Hotchkiss suddenly remembered his instructions. "There now, there now," he said, soothingly, and patted Mr. Bibbe's arm with a rocking-chair motion. Mr. Bibbe drew himself up sharply to his five feet four, and shook off the expanse of hand as if it had been a snake.

"Most extraordinary behavior!" he spurted out, in staccato. "Please keep your hands off me, sir."

At that moment the stately Simmons hurried past, and Mr. Bibbe, turning his back sharply to Hotchkiss, the slow-moving, demanded, "My man, where is the Governor?"

Lindsay had been out of sight, but fate, like a mischievous child, brought him at the moment strolling into view, his great white sling making him easy to see at once. Simmons pointed out his master. "His Excellency is there, sir—with the sling." Bibbe turned to Hotchkiss with a gasp.

"That man? It must be a mistake. I have twice been told that the man there, with the injured arm, is an American—an adventurer or impostor, Mr. Ogilvie stated."

Hotchkiss was a bit worried by the excitable methods of his charge, but it did not occur to him that the Governor's identity was to be concealed. "That's the General, all right," he said, cheerfully. "But I guess he's pretty busy right now; I wouldn't bother him yet awhile." And then, in a crooning voice, "Let's you and me go and look at the pretty flowers over there. Come on with Joshuay Hotchkiss."

The peppery Englishman cast a glance of concentrated scorn upon him such as Hotchkiss had never seen before, and without a word started towards Lindsay. But Hotchkiss had undertaken a duty and he meant to see it through.

"No, you don't," he said, firmly, and

caught Mr. Bibbe in a vigorous grasp. "You ain't goin' to worry the Governor this afternoon—not if I know it."

Mr. Bibbe's astonishment and fury were at the point of white heat, where words cannot reach. With a snarl he turned to free himself, and in a moment Hotchkiss was holding him, kicking and squealing, and every one within hearing had turned and was staring in astonishment. Lindsay, with a quiet word right and left, came across quickly to the combatants, and at a look from him the small man was free, and stood panting and shaking, with his eyes fixed on the Governor's face. He was beyond himself with excitement, and that he was making a scene was nothing to him. He shook his finger, tremblingly, in Lindsay's face.

"Who are you?" he demanded, and Lindsay's tones came like a ripple of cool water.

"They call me the Governor," he said, quietly. Mr. Bibbe choked and sputtered before he could find words.

"How dare you?" be began. "My sister told me—I couldn't believe it possible—most unheard-of villany—I shall expose you—how do you dare?" A consecutive sentence at last found its way: "I know General Lindsay well, and you are not General Lindsay," said Mr. Bibbe, and his squeaking voice was so breathless that only the two or three nearest persons could hear him.

Lindsay felt, rather than saw, a tall figure loom at his side, and turned to his secretary.

"Ogilvie," he said, "this gentleman is feeling most unwell. Will you look after him?"

"Come along with me, Mr. Bibbe," said Ogilvie. "Come along—I'll put you in

shape again—too bad, too bad." So much sympathy did the young man throw into his manner that the harassed Mr. Bibbe, a vision of glasses and golden fluids rising before him, gladly followed. They disappeared together up the steps and into the house, and the wave of excitement, which had, after all, extended not far beyond the limits of the people concerned, died away.

It was time that the flag should be raised on the new flag-staff, and a speech was expected from the Governor in honor of that and of to-day's Anglo-American festivities. The larger part of the population of Bermuda in the winter months is from the States, and about the stand which had been put up on the terrace and draped with English and American flags was gathered a pleased and expectant multitude to hear the promised speech of this most popular Governor. Lindsay, whose sensitive make-

up was to-day going through a mood of depression, felt as if heavy artillery could not drag his thoughts from Evelyn Minor and fix them on a speech. It made him physically ill to think of the light touch and quick wit and graciousness which were expected to flow from him in a flood. Moreover, he was nervous from the late encounter.

"One thing is sure. I'll not begin until I know what Ogilvie has done with that fire-cracker," he said to himself, and delayed the arrangements with a serene smile till the secretary's lean figure dashed across the lawn towards where he stood.

"Well?" Lindsay demanded, his eyebrows together.

The light of adventure danced in Teddy Ogilvie's small, gray eyes. "Right," he said, with a snap. "Safe for the present. Locked up in my bath-room. Told Simmons a

lurid tale, and left him on guard duty. Isn't it about time for the speech? I'll see if they're ready with the flag." Right-about he went down the slope, where the new flag-staff rose high and bare against the sky.

"We're awaiting your speech with keen interest, General," said the Admiral's pleasant voice. "It's considered, don't you know, that you're the only man who can play 'God Save the Queen' and 'Yankee Doodle' together, and make music, and we're anxious to hear you."

Lindsay shivered inwardly, but he smiled with appealing deprecation. "You must be gentle with me, Sir Francis," he said. "I'm afraid I shall bungle it very badly. But you people have been so generous to my shortcomings that it gives me a little more confidence. I'll try my best to make it a go, anyway," he said, brightly, and the

Admiral felt something like a glow of fatherly pride in the happy ingenuousness of this charming young Governor.

Teddy Ogilvie, the omnipresent, was back again. "Mrs. Clinton says she's quite ready," he announced.

"Mrs. Clinton?" the Governor demanded, surprised.

"She's to break out the colors. Asked to do it, don't you know, and I thought it suitable. Ours and the American are to be run up together."

Lindsay looked at him a moment in doubt. He disapproved this sudden arrangement in the programme, but, after all, what difference did it make? The world was to come to an end in three hours. Annette might be a trifle conspicuous, but, if she wanted to pull strings, she could do no harm. Suddenly, with a rush, his courage flowed back, and the joy and power of

doing his best caught him. These kind faces which met him so smilingly should have his best efforts; the people should remember this, his last afternoon. He turned and with a swift step went lightly up and stood on the elevated platform in view of the hundreds of people who waited for him, his face bright with pleasure, his head erect, a lock of bronze hair blowing boyishly across his forehead in the light breeze—a gallant and winning picture.

For a second there was a deep stillness, and then suddenly in an irresistible outburst the crowd had gone wild. Men, women, and children were clapping and shouting and stamping like mad. It was some minutes before the smiling Governor could calm them, and then, thanking them with a look and a word, he turned his face towards the empty flag-staff.

"Break out the colors!" he ordered, and

the ring of his voice carried everywhere. Every one felt a thrill of patriotism, of excitement, and all eyes lifted to where two long rolls of cloth were flying up the bare pole. One was three feet above the other, but it struck no one as important until, as they halted, the wind caught the loose ends and shook to the air the two flags, American and British, the British below. It took a breath of time for the significance of the incident to penetrate, and then broke loose a whirlwind of shouts and laughter and cries.

"Down! down!" cried the good Englishmen, and, "Hurrah! hurray!" a certain element of Americans and others called excitedly. "Take it down! Shame! Shame!" and there were many who simply roared with laughter, and some who demanded, loudly, "Send up the other!"

Lindsay, standing helplessly on his ros-

trum and staring at the flapping colors, recognized instantly the work of Mrs. Clinton. With an inward threat of vengeance, he caught the first possible moment and held up his hand for silence, and little by little the stir quieted, and they looked at him, every man and woman and child, with affectionate respect, and waited for his word. It came across the ceasing of the perturbed voices, clear and steady.

"We all like to have those flags side by side," he said, "but the Governor of Bermuda cannot see the English flag below any other." He lifted his hand sharply, and his voice was like a trumpet: "Put the flags side by side!"

In thirty seconds more the episode was closed, and an agitated but good-natured multitude waited and listened again. Suddenly out of the stillness piped a high little voice a few feet below the platform.

"Mother, is that the nice Governor?" it said, with slow distinctness, and the whole excited audience rippled with pleased laughter.

Lindsay, laughing too, looked down at a strapping little white-clad chap of a handful of years, standing on a bench by his blushing English mother.

"Let me have that baby," he said, quickly, and bent down and lifted the boy; and as he stood him up, shy and solemn, on the chair by his side, the people laughed again, and clapped him scatteringly.

Lindsay bent to the rosy face.

"How old are you, my son?"

"Four and a harf old," came the reedy little voice.

"Four and a harf old," the Governor repeated. "It's young to appear in public, but I want you to help me make my speech to-day, because I think so much of Ber-

muda and Bermudans that I'm afraid I can't do it well enough alone." He put his arm about the youngster and went on, standing so. "I have been on the islands a week," he said, "and I have already so much to thank you for that I don't know how to do it. If this administration were to end to-night, I could say truly that never before have I enjoyed a governorship as I have enjoyed this. I'm afraid that I can't show you in deeds the appreciation I feel for the kindness that has met me everywhere, but I want you to know that I feel it very deeply, and that I shall never forget it. When this chap here," he flashed a smile at the little fellow in his arm, "shall be twenty-one, my memory will have faded long ago from this beautiful Bermuda, but if ever any one of you, my friends of to-day, should think of me, I hope it will be, even then, with kindness. The two flags

floating up there," and he turned his face to the high top of the staff, "gave me a thought a moment ago. I wondered if perhaps some day, when this friend of mine," and again he glanced at the boy, "is a man, one flag may not perhaps do for the two countries which they represent."

A startled rustle went through the crowd of listeners, and the boy moved uneasily against Lindsay's arm. Lindsay bent and spoke to him. "Restless, my lad? Go back to your mother, then, and thank you for helping me. Let me shake your manly hand," and the little fist slipped into his grasp. "May you climb high," Lindsay said, impressively, "and when you are at the top may you see one flag waving over Bermuda and America."

There was another surprised stir in the audience, and the Governor gave the child back to hands reached out to receive him.



"THE BOY MOVED UNEASILY AGAINST LINDSAY'S ARM"

He looked down among them with a frank and friendly smile. "I don't mean that Bermuda should be annexed to the United States. Not at all. What I propose is that we Bermudans should finish the good work we have begun and take the United States under our wing."

Instantly the laughter broke out again.

"From what I hear," the easy tones went on, "we have the best part of the land of the free down here every winter—the cream of the country. And so it seemed to me fitting that we cousins, English and American, should join to-day—that the Americans should help to honor a great man born an Englishman, that the Bermudans should help to honor a hero of America." He threw back his head again with a dramatic movement and stared at the floating bunting. "I want the best cheer out of you people that you have ever given in your

lives," he said—"I want you to cheer the colors up there. Not one flag or the other, but the colors that shine in both. The same red is there—it stands for our Saxon blood; the blue is the same for the skies that are our roof and that arch right around the world; and the white is in both for the honor that we both keep clean, English and American together, our heritage and our charge—yesterday, to-day, and forever. Now children, men, and women, forget everything but those colors, and give us the best cheer of your lives—Hurrah!—Hurrah for George Washington and the red, white, and blue!"

And the air of the fragrant afternoon, the tops of the still, dark cedars, trembled with the ring and the swing of the shout of willing voices which rushed to join one another, swayed and lifted by the inspiration of the Governor of Bermuda.

VIII

THE Governor of Bermuda, General John Buchanan Lindsay, behind the best livery horses to be had in St. George's, bowled rapidly past Harrington Sound, past the Devil's Hole, along the North Shore road, and, as he went, reflected. There was a most extraordinary situation of some sort at Government House in Hamilton, and what it was he was burning with eagerness to discover. Filled with indignation and with curiosity, his soul within him was strong to deal with an impostor, an adventurer, an unknown scoundrel who was at this moment sitting in his seat. The horses' heads were set west

against the low line of Ireland Island and the cloudy pinnacles and towers of a jewelled sunset. Far out at the edge of the sea the shifting reef line tied ocean to sky with a seam of opal light. On his left he passed house after house of white coral, set in black cedar clumps, frescoed by tossing palm-trees, and in the softening daylight they were marble palaces, or old Greek temples gleaming through dark foliage.

Even in his disturbance the eyes of the new ruler, eyes clear and searching, but without guile, noted the appealing loveliness of his reef-girdled kingdom. But his mind was ill at ease. Impatient with the long drive of fourteen miles, he went over and over the data in his possession. The newspaper notice of the arrival of the *Bellerophon* in New York; his interview with the captain, and the puzzle of the extraordinary sealed orders which had been opened in

New York Bay; Captain Starwood's story of a governor already in Bermuda, and his own difficulty of convincing the officer of his rights; the quickly decided voyage down; the remarkable report of yellow-fever, with strange embellishments concerning an ex-Viceroy of India, brought by an excited Irishman coming ostensibly from Teddy Ogilvie; finally, his resolution to go at once and see for himself the meaning of this array of circumstances. He had acted upon this promptly, without waiting for escort, and seven o'clock now found him rolling as rapidly as might be, thirsting for knowledge, primed for action, towards the seat of war. There were few vehicles on the long stretch of the North Shore road, but far away on its length against the orange-and-yellow sunset there was a black speck. General Lindsay, moodily impatient, found himself watching it grow from a dark point

to a moving spot, and then resolve itself into a man on horseback.

The rider was coming fast, was within a hundred yards, and suddenly he had pulled in vigorously, and was walking his panting mount towards them. They were abreast, the Governor staring, and the carriage had halted, and the horseman had his hat in his hand.

"This is General Lindsay—the Governor?" he was asking, and there was something familiar about the voice and the man. Both were attractive, and the Governor answered pleasantly in spite of his preoccupation.

"Perhaps you won't remember me, General," the horseman went on, with a winning modesty of manner, "but I hope that you may. My name is Lindsay. I had the pleasure of a hunting-trip with you five years ago in the West—Governor Rock-

feldt's party. You made the record for prairie-chicken—we got a bear together—you killed—"

But the Governor interrupted him. He was delighted. Of course, he remembered Lindsay, one of the best fellows he had ever known, the man who had— His cordial hand reached from the carriage to grasp the other's with a warm grip.

"Glad to see you—glad to see you," he repeated, heartily. "Why, man, you don't suppose I could forget you after you pulled me out of that damned cold river? By no means. You're the last man I expected to see, and I didn't know you for a moment. But one doesn't forget a chap who has saved his life, don't you know. What the devil are you doing in Bermuda?"

That question was an awkward one to answer off-hand. Lindsay was silent for a moment. "I'm riding out to meet you on

purpose to tell you that," he answered, so gravely that the Governor stared. Then the thought of the mystery of Mount Langton, towards which he was hurrying, came to his mind. This intelligent, efficient American would be the very man to know all about it; the meeting was a godsend to his impatience.

"Can't you get rid of your animal and drive back with me?" he asked; and Lindsay, who seldom lacked means to a desired end, and to whom all men were friends, had found a stable and left the horse in willing hands in so short a time that the Governor's nerves hardly felt the strain of waiting.

The lonely and harassed chief executive felt companionship and confidence and support as the carriage started on again with his old acquaintance by his side. Here was a man of so keen and alert a mind that his account of events must be full and accurate,

whom he knew to be trustworthy and reliable, and who, being an American, could have no personal interest in Bermuda affairs. It was balm to his troubled mind that he should have this friend in whom he could trust. He smiled cordially at him again.

"I consider myself lucky to have met you, Lindsay," he said. "I've been delayed in getting here, and I'm most disturbed by extraordinary rumors I've been hearing. What's this about a sham governor in power in the islands? Tell me all you know about it, will you?"

Lindsay turned his head and looked the Governor impressively in the face with a wide gaze.

"That is exactly what I mean to do, General Lindsay," he said, slowly. "My account is going to surprise you extremely, and I'm afraid it will lose me your friend-

ship. But I can do nothing else and ever hold up my head again."

The Governor was staring as if he thought his friend mad.

Lindsay's quiet tones went on. "It is perfectly true that an impostor has been holding your office, unsuspected, for a week past, and it is most difficult and painful for me to tell you that the person — the impostor—is myself."

The Governor of Bermuda felt first a sensation of fright—it is unpleasant to have a lunatic on one's hands—and then he was mildly indignant. Lindsay showed poor taste to joke about this affair.

"I'd be obliged if you would be quite serious," he said, rather shortly.

"I am serious," Lindsay answered, gravely, and then, with no extra words, with few explanations and no excuses, he told the story as it had happened.

It took only a few minutes; the gorgeous yellows in the West were a bit duller, the flashing green and silver of the reef was a touch more solid in its play, yet there were miles between them and Mount Langton when Lindsay's story stopped. The real Governor and the sham Governor bowled along side by side in the carriage for a long minute in entire silence. At length the former spoke in a grave and dignified voice.

"You have put me in a most trying position, Lindsay," he said. Lindsay started as if stung.

"If regrets counted, Governor!" he answered, quickly. "That is the one thing I didn't think about until now. I canvassed all possible consequences to myself, and am willing to face them. But it didn't strike me that you would have any part to play but the conquering hero, when your hour came. I see now that I am guilty towards

you in every way. I can't hope or ask for forgiveness, but I can at least simplify matters a bit. To make a burnt offering of me wholesale is the only way. Make the whole thing public at once—your part has been entirely dignified—there is no reason why you should not. Your administration will begin with éclat for your prompt vigor in getting here and exposing the impostor."

So earnestly did he plan his own downfall that the Governor suddenly laughed. As always, the sincerity and charm of the man's character were winning against every odd. General Lindsay put his hand on the broad shoulder turned towards him.

"Lindsay, you're the devil of a fellow," he said. "I can't help liking you in spite of your rascality." His face became serious and he went on with the weighty manner of a Governor. "But you are wrong—I am

quite sure you are wrong—about taking any definite steps towards exposing the affair. There is bound to be a certain publicity, and people will talk until they get things cleared, or at least setted to their satisfaction. But there is no reason that I should take any notice whatever of late events; it would be most awkward to do so; it is more dignified that I should not. If I could have you prosecuted and punished"—he smiled grimly at the attentive Lindsay—"it would be my duty, doubtless, to do it. But there is no precedent for burglary on so large a scale, and consequently no law. I think nothing whatever can be done to you. We will guard our colonies against kidnapping in the future, however." The Governor's strong and genial face broke into a smile. "To tell the truth, it is such a joke on the British lion as has never before been perpetrated, and I think the only thing to do is to hush

it up. They would laugh at us around the world, if it got out."

Teddy Ogilvie, dancing in an agony of anticipation, heard sounds on the driveway at Mount Langton, and rushed out, dreading everything, prepared for anything—except, perhaps, what he saw. From the open doorways of the great house streamed a flood of lamplight, and as the wheels stopped it illuminated the tired but smiling faces of the Governor of Bermuda and his supplanter seated side by side in an open carriage.

"How do you do, Teddy?" remarked his uncle, calmly, and the astounded secretary gasped for answer. My friend Mr. Lindsay tells me you have been of some assistance to him," the Governor continued, pleasantly. "That's right. Glad you're improving. Always make yourself useful, my boy. I shall try to make you so," and Ogilvie shivered in the cool night air.

An hour later, when the Governor, to the bewilderment of the servants, had taken his place for the first time at the head of his own table, with Mr. Lindsay and his nephew as his guests; when a few necessary explanations and arrangements had been made, and the after-dinner cigar was preaching its sermon of peace and good-will to the three, Teddy Ogilvie suddenly sprang to his feet, knocking his chair over with a crash.

"Don't be volcanic, my lad," advised his uncle, composedly. "What is it?"

"Little Bibbe—he's locked up in my bathroom! I forgot all about him. Shouldn't have thought of him now if I hadn't heard him. Listen."

Far away from up and off somewhere in the large building there was a faint banging noise, now rising insistently, now growing faint and stopping.

"He must have got a hair-brush," said

Ogilvie, reflectively. "His fists never could have lasted."

The Governor looked at Lindsay, and the American told the story in a few words.

"I remember him in Devonshire. Hypochondriac; bad tempered, inquisitive little beast," General Lindsay summed up the prisoner's character. "But it's a scandalous outrage on your part, Teddy. You ought to be arrested. Have him down at once, and I'll see what I can do for you."

In a few minutes the British subject, in all his insulted majesty, was led by the aggressor into the presence of the representative of Britain. He was dishevelled, and at first speechless with anger, and even when words came they were largely inarticulate. His rights certainly had been trampled upon, and Lindsay's kind heart was full of sympathy for the raging little man.

"Sit here, Mr. Bibbe," and he pushed up

a chair; "and, Governor, may I get Mr. Bibbe a glass of wine?"

The small Englishman turned on him, shaking his fist in his face with venom.

"You! you!" he sputtered. "How dare you speak to me, you impostor, you rascal, you low-lived adventurer?" And other terms followed, not pretty to be written. "General Lindsay, do you know who this man is?" he exploded, turning to the Governor.

"Yes," said General Lindsay, standing with his cigar in his fingers, and watching with British impassiveness the scene in progress.

But Mr. Bibbe paid no attention to the cool monosyllable. "Do you know he has stolen your office, usurped your rights, imposed on your people, bamboozled this entire colony for an entire week? He calls himself the Governor—do you know that?"

And with unpleasant, cackling laughter he turned again towards Lindsay. "He—ha! How do you feel about it now? You're caught like a rat, now, eh? What do they call you now—the Governor, eh?" and the vicious finger snapped almost in the American's face.

To Lindsay's gentle mind it was wholly pitiful. He drew away a step quietly. "Mr. Bibbe, try to be calm. You have been badly treated, and I am sorry," he began, but the Governor took the word from him.

"Mr. Bibbe, kindly listen to me a moment," he said, and the force and dignity of his manner awed them all. "You are in a most disagreeable position, and I regret it. But it is your own fault for meddling. It was and is no business of yours to run this colony. I am the Governor of Bermuda, and I intend to do that myself. Mr. Lindsay here, against whom you seem to have a

grievance, is my very good friend and guest. Mr. Ogilvie, my nephew, has been unpardonably rude to you this afternoon, and he and I both regret the circumstance extremely" — he glanced at Teddy for endorsement, and the latter bowed gravely— "but I am obliged to ask you, and to ask it urgently, to keep your own counsel about to-day's events. You will find that you make a serious mistake if you indulge yourself in talking. I think that the Governor has the right to ask so much. Teddy, will you ring for a carriage to take Mr. Bibbe home? I'm afraid he's extremely tired."

There was a little more bubbling and sputtering from the dazed and exhausted Mr. Bibbe, some glacial moments, and then the would-be villain of the plot was bundled, worn out, silenced, but still vicious, into the carriage and tucked in by the secretary.

Ogilvie came back with smiles furrowed

deeply into his face. "Uncle John," he said, and slapped the executive shoulder irreverently in his happiness, "you're a brick! You've got it all ship-shape, I hope and pray and believe. My only grief is that you weren't with us all through; but I suppose that is too much to ask. But you would have enjoyed it—you would, indeed. There's nothing like it in history. The most roaring lark I've ever dreamed—and it went—it was a go. I can hardly believe the luck. I wish you'd seen him," and he laid his hand on Lindsay's shoulder. "He was great—he was a born Governor—it's a howling shame you can't both be governors. But, whatever happens now, I shall have lived. To scoop the oldest jewel in the British crown—a week of it—a volcano at every mouthful. That's what I call living. Uncle John, you would have enjoyed it."

Lindsay gave the Governor no chance to respond to this rhapsody. He got up suddenly. "General Lindsay," he said, in a matter-of-fact voice, "I am sorry to say good-night so early. This has been a strenuous day, but I have something before me yet. I am going to the dance at the Hamilton."

The Governor looked at him silently, a little surprised, and Ogilvie stared in frank astonishment. He had heard nothing of this move. Then, suddenly, as Lindsay's strapping figure swung out through the doorway:

"Oh!" said Ogilvie, reflectively.

IX

AN elderly man, a man of the world, who had seen life, who knew times and manners, sat outside one of the wide windows which led from the ballroom of the Hamilton Hotel to the great piazza, canvas-walled for the dances. Over the crashed floor floated a shifting show of figures; the band from the barracks played a haunting waltz; the spectators who filled the windows and sat back in the shadows all around the square piazza discussed and admired and criticised the dancers. Between the numbers the whole array emptied out into the damp, scented air of the semi-tropical night. The man from many cities

was talking in a carefully gauged undertone to the woman who sat by him, as youth and beauty poured in again at the first strains of the orchestra from such an intermission.

"The most finished, the best-groomed, the most sophisticated person on the floor is, of course, little Mrs. Clinton," he gave judgment. "She is bewitching, fascinating, clever—a French marquise of fifty and a naughty child of five rolled together. But to my mind her friend, the fair girl who is always with her, has more attraction. The gods were good to her as to looks, and she seems to be incarnate sunshine, fresh and buoyant and sensitive, most remarkably unspoiled for a girl of her class—must have been brought up in a convent."

"Miss Minor, you mean. She is coming in now," said the woman to whom he spoke. "See—she is always in white. But she

doesn't look particularly sunshiny, to my mind. I should say she was feeling rather unhappy."

The man adjusted his eye-glass carefully on the bridge of his nose, and stared through it at Evelyn Minor. "The girl is ill," he said, decidedly. "I've never seen her with that look. She ought to go to bed. Ah, you see!" he went on, gratified at his own keenness as Evelyn stopped Mrs. Clinton in the middle of the crowded room. "There's something wrong, you can tell from Mrs. Clinton's concerned manner. Miss Minor is going. She is ill, as I told you." But before the girl had disappeared down the long hallway that leads into the ballroom, the observer had forgotten her. "Why, there's the Governor!" he exclaimed.

Lindsay's quiet figure was framed in one of the windows, and his eyes gazed about, as if searching. He was surrounded in a

moment, and it was ten minutes more before he could draw his cousin aside and speak to her alone.

"Annette," he said, talking fast in the shadowy safety of the piazza corner, "the game is played. The Governor is here—at Mount Langton. No, don't be excited. There will be no sensation. He has been very forgiving and very kind—I couldn't have hoped for such an ending. There is to be no dénouement, no explosion. But it will inevitably get about to-morrow—to-night—no one can tell how soon—as to what has happened. I want to tell Miss Minor before she hears otherwise. I must see her. Where is she?"

Mrs. Clinton controlled with creditable firmness her eagerness to know more. "Didn't you meet her? You must just have missed her. She was still in the hall when I looked up and saw you. She felt

ill and couldn't stand any more of the dance, and she has gone to bed." To Lindsay it seemed that the bottom had dropped out of the world. He gazed at his cousin as if her words were too bad to be true. Then the sweetness and unselfishness of his disposition came to the front.

"It's the best thing if she feels ill," he said. "Thank you, Annette. I'll try to find her in the morning. Would she see me immediately after breakfast?"

One way or another, by force or by luck, things always came this man's way. Mrs. Clinton was touched with a motherly pity at his childlike resignation, and would have offered up Evelyn in fragments, if necessary, to comfort him.

"Go out under the oleanders, Jack," she ordered, "and keep the farthest seat. Evelyn ought to see you, and she shall. I'll have her there in five minutes," and with-

out waiting for an answer she had flown, flashing like a rainbow across the swinging, music-laden ballroom and along the hall to the elevator. Lindsay, avoiding earnestly that fierce light which beats about even a stolen throne, a light which he felt to-night most unbecoming, found his way out into the cool darkness, and, lifting the bench by the oleanders, dragged it where their sweeping shadows were thickest. In the cathedral, three hundred yards away, there was service. The roll of the organ and the voices of the choir floated faintly across the valley between, and the west window, lighted from within, lay against the night like a medallion of figured gold painted on flat darkness. The air was intoxicating with the scent of unseen roses, and as he waited a far-away bugle-call sounded from the fort. Unrealizing, but feeling every influence, Lindsay waited and only knew that he was

lonely and wanted her. If he had glanced up, beyond where the crimson-flowered great Bougainvillea climbs over the arched portico and paints color boldly on the white stone façade of the hotel, he might have seen Evelyn's blond head blossoming from her window. As she had said, she was wretched, and the music and the gayety of the ball were so hateful to her that she could not stay down-stairs. Here in her quiet room she might, at least, have the luxury of giving up to unhappiness. She folded her arms, in their wrinkled, long gloves, on the window-sill, and put her face on them and looked out where the lights trembled on the boats in the bay, and the star-lit sky brooded over the dim hills of Paget parish across the water. She began to talk aloud to herself.

"It is childish to deny it. I have to face it—I love him; Englishman, married

—everything that is impossible. Nothing makes any difference—I love him. I can't help that, but I can help giving up to it. I will get over it—I will. And I never, never will let him know it. He is good—he is different. He would never feel this way to me. It is just friendliness in him, and his way—his beautiful, fascinating way. He would despise me for this. I will die before I will let him know it." She shivered. "That at least I can do—never let him find out. That I promise."

As the whispered words fell from her, with a quick rustling the door opened, and Annette Clinton's hand was on her shoulder.

"Evelyn! I'm glad you're still dressed. Come down at once. Some one is waiting for you under the oleanders. You mustn't keep him. Come."

Evelyn faced her, solemn and tragic.

"What do you mean? Who is it?" she demanded.

Mrs. Clinton hesitated; she was bursting with the news. "The Governor," she said, with an effort. "Something has happened —he wants to see you."

Evelyn, shaking with her own thoughts, reflected a moment. She was afraid to trust herself just yet. "I don't think I can see him," she said. "It can't be anything. To-morrow will do."

Mrs. Clinton had an inspiration. "Evelyn, don't be cold-blooded. He is in trouble and needs you."

Lindsay, his eyes on the front door of the hotel, saw his cousin appear against the light, a silhouette of an extremely *chic* fairy, and behind her the swaying figure of the girl he loved. Annette was talking volubly as they came up to him standing in the shadows to meet them. She



"MRS. CLINTON APPEARED AGAINST THE LIGHT, AND BEHIND HER THE GIRL HE LOVED"

gave a soft little shriek as she made him out.

"You frightened me. What do you think, General? I have a crick in my shoulder-blade," she rippled out, in clear-cut, infantile tones. "Aren't you distressed to hear it? What do you think I had better do? Now don't advise a porous-plaster—it would look so badly with a low dress," and she slipped her scarlet-embroidered sleeve-band and glanced at her shoulder like a naughty cockatoo.

Lindsay did not hear a word she said. He stood breathless, looking at the white, dim figure beside her, the eyes shining at him through the darkness. Mrs. Clinton's voice stopped short in the middle of a sentence, and she tipped her delicate head towards one and the other.

"I think I can do more good somewhere else," she remarked, and with a flutter and

rustle she was gone across the broad stone terrace.

In-doors the band played a dashing two-step, an endless round of dancers floated past the windows; out-doors the two were all alone in the world. Evelyn suddenly knew that her hands were held in a close grip which appeared to be the end and meaning of living, and it seemed that a voice like music was saying words like heaven. Her unwilling conscience stirred drowsily.

"Don't!" she said, as if the word hurt her. "Don't! You mustn't! It's wicked!"

Neither of them remembered just how he told her. He had dreaded it, planned it, for days, and it seemed to take about three words and about two minutes. To Evelyn, half an hour before, the situation had been so complicated that nothing could ever clear it, and, behold! at a sentence, at a touch,

it was simple as breathing and clear as crystal.

Dance after dance went by, and the people poured out-of-doors in intermissions and poured back again as waltz or two-step called them. More than once a couple drifted to the iron bench under the oleanders, and seeing it occupied, smiled and drifted away again. But it was too dark for the sharpest eyes to distinguish who they were, and the lovers did not notice, hardly even saw them. After a while carriages rolled up and the broad terrace was filled with their lamps and horses and movement, in long succession. Group after group came, laughing and talking, out of the glare of the hallway and got in the carriages and were driven away. The dance was over. Evelyn awoke to the fact.

"We must go in. Every one is gone.

What have I been thinking about? What have you been thinking about?"

Lindsay told her, and his words were to the point. "But don't go in for five minutes yet," he pleaded. "It is early. See, there are people under the arches. Some one is walking across the terrace. I hope they are not walking this way." His arm tightened as if to keep her against all comers.

"They are." Evelyn's eyes were the quicker. "It's Mrs. Clinton and Mr. Ogilvie."

"The devil!" was Lindsay's welcoming reflection.

"Do you know how long you young persons have been here?" inquired Mrs. Clinton's voice, with a stern and elderly inflection, from the near distance. "Just two hours and seventeen minutes."

Lindsay laughed. He was very fond of Annette. He thought a lot of Ogilvie.

Every one on earth was good and kind. There was nothing in particular to say, so he laughed again, and in the sound was that claim of his on the friendliness of the world which the world always honored. Ogilvie put his arm around his shoulder.

"By Jove, Lindsay, old boy!" he said, and patted the other man's coat, "I'm sorry our game is up. You're the chief for me, true or false. I believe you could get good work out of me if you would only keep the job. It knocks me out to think of you reduced to the ranks."

Lindsay's hand searched for Ogilvie's in the darkness. "Don't condole with me, Teddy," he said; "I've got all I want on earth," and out of the dimness came a joyful crow as Mrs. Clinton flew at the silent girl.

"Of course, I knew it, but I dassn't say it out loud." Then suddenly the cheerful tone

glided into a dirge. "Poor, poor Evelyn!" she moaned; "she wouldn't marry 'an Englishman or a liar,' and, behold! an imitation Englishman and a monumental liar! Too bad! too bad!"

Evelyn Minor laughed. "Don't you think you'd better save that sympathy? You'll need it more some other time," she said, and there were uncertain catches in her voice, as if it were hard to talk.

But Mrs. Clinton might not be sidetracked. "And poor Jack! poor Jack!" the finished accents went on, as of a wise and cosmopolitan baby. "How are the mighty fallen! A dream of glory, a week of splendor! Love and power on the cards, and to draw only love! To come down to this—to be a governor, and then to finish by being just engaged like any other man! —to an every-day, human girl—the ordi-

nary garden white girl of North America! Only love! Poor, dear Jack!"

Lindsay turned with a quick movement and caught his sweetheart's hand brazenly before them all, and his eyes were misty as he looked at her.

"Only love!" he repeated. "Only everything!"

The week of brilliant madness, of successful impossibility, lay just behind them; through the breakers of almost certain humiliation his boat had ridden in on a wave of undeserved good-fortune; such an experience might never be in his life again; yet the whole dramatic, dashing episode was an incident, blurred already in the dazzling sunlight which outshines all other. "All for love and a world well lost," is an old tale, but not, for that, untrue. Lindsay's four words may have been the result of a theory or of a condition, but it makes a prettier

fairy story to believe it—and there are men and women who believe such things — a lasting condition. It is pleasant to think that another generation will surely, as they repeat the half-credited legend of the American Governor of Bermuda, finish with the gracious sentence by which all proper fairy stories end, "And so they lived happily ever after."

THE END



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