THE MAN WHO ENDED WAR

Hollis Godfrey

The Man Who Ended War

Chapter 1

The Secretary of War ended his statement. " That is all there is to tell, gentlemen, concerning the building of the new transports."
I had closed my notebook and was rising, as Ordway, the private secretary, entered.
" May I give the correspondents that freak letter that came this morning ? " he asked. His chief nodded indulgently and left the room. I opened my notebook expectantly.
" This is a very serious matter, and a great piece of news," Ordway remarked in a mock grandiose manner. " It is a declaration of war against the civilized world in the interests of peace." He threw himself into an oratorical posture and began:

> " To the United States of America and to all other nations — Greeting! "
> " Whereas war has too long devastated the earth and the time has now come for peace, I, the man destined to stop all war, hereby declare unto you that you shall, each and all, disarm; that your troops shall be disbanded, your navies sunk or turned to peaceful ends, your fortifications dismantled. One year from this date will I allow for disarmament and no more. At the end of that time, if no heed has been paid to my injunction, I will destroy, in rapid succession, every battleship in the world. By the happenings of the next two months you shall know that my words are the words of truth.
> " Given under my hand and seal this first of June, 19—
> " Signed —
> " The man who will stop all war."

Ordway ceased and a laughing clamor rose.
" The biggest crank yet." " Where was it mailed ? " " I thought you said you had something really good this time." " Do you suppose he sent it to any other country than the United States ? "
Ordway raised his hand for a hearing and replied to the last question. " The letter was mailed from London, and was sent to other countries. I read the missive to one of the English attaches when it came, and he looked the matter up. This notice has been sent to all the foreign chancelleries, as well as the departments of war and of the navy. It has been done in such a wholesale fashion that I thought you could use it for a column anyway."
" But is it such a fool idea ? " asked Reid, one of the older correspondents. " Couldn't a man build a submarine in which he could run amuck and destroy battleship after battleship, something as old Jules Verne's Captain Nemo did ? "
" Not to-day," said Ordway emphatically. " The new armor of the last years, with its permanent torpedo nets, has stopped all that. The only way you can destroy a modern battleship is by ramming, or by another battleship. The day of the torpedo boat and of the submarine ended almost as it began,"
" Well," said Reid argumentatively, " why couldn't a man have a battleship ? Any one of five hundred men living to-day could afford it."
" No battleship could be built by a private citizen without some nation knowing it and stopping it," said Ordway seriously. " It takes months, reaching into years, to build one. It takes skilled naval constructors, hundreds of workmen and thousands of tons of material that must be bought in the markets of the world."
" Let's see the paper it's written on," I said.
As I held the message, Reid looked over my shoulder and read for a moment. Then, turning, he cried, " Come over

here, boys, and look at this a little more closely. That's old parchment, just like that of some of those papal bulls in the glass cases over in the library."
As he spoke a sudden remembrance flashed across me. " Anybody got a microscope around here ? " I asked quickly.
" There's a reading glass," said Ordway, and opening a drawer he handed one to me. I took the paper to the sunlit window, and began examining it closely with the lens. The rest watched me curiously. At last I shook my head. " No use," I exclaimed. " I thought I had a clue, but it didn't pan out. There's a good story though, without anything more. Here, Ordway," and I handed back the letter.
The other correspondents moved away, seeking fresh fields for copy, but I lingered a moment as John King, my classmate at Columbia and my good friend, stepped forward to bid Ordway goodbye. As I watched his deeply lined, melancholy face and his emaciated form, I wondered if wealth had not come to him too late.
"Good-bye, Ordway," said John. "This is the last you'll see of me. I'm through with the daily grind at six o'clock to-night."
" I'm sorry to hear that in one way, King," said Ordway gravely. " I felt last year when you went abroad that you were running down hill and I expected, when I heard you had come into your uncle's money, that you would pull out. What are you going to do ? "
"Oh ! I shall travel again for a bit," replied John. " There are some things I want to do before I get through with this old earth, if I am to get through."
" You'll be all right," answered Ordway. " I only wish I had your chance. There's my bell now. You see how it is — tied like a slave to the wheels of the chariot, etc. But good luck, anyway, and good-bye."
He gave John a friendly grasp, and as he turned away, threw the massive folded sheet, which he still held, into the waste basket. " I guess we won't file that with the state

documents," he said laughing. " Good-bye, and good luck once more."
We parted and John and I started down the corridor. We had gone but a few steps when exclaiming, " There, I've left my stick," I turned swiftly back, recovered the letter from its place in the waste basket, and emerged with my cane. Silently we walked down the broad avenue until, just before we reached my office, I turned sharply.
" Come in here," I said, dragging John into a cafe. We sat down at one of the small tables. " You used to do the Smithsonian and scientific stories for your paper, didn't you ? " I asked.
John was sitting staring into vacancy. He paid no attention to my question and I repeated it twice before he turned nervously with a shake of the head and asked sharply, " What is it ? "
I repeated the question once more.
" Yes," he said abstractedly.
" Well, who do you know that owns any radium ?"
He thought for a moment and said slowly, "Why, the Smithsonian people have a little, of course, and there's some in half a dozen places in the city."
" But from whom could we get some most easily ? " I inquired.
" Oh ! I know," he answered. " Dorothy Hal-dane has some. She's here in Washington working with part of her brother's radium, and she's with her cousin Mrs. Hartnell."
" Who's Dorothy Haldane ? Any relation to Tom Haldane who was just ahead of us, the chap who went into the Physical Laboratory at Columbia and who's doing private research now ? "
" His sister. She is Barnard A. M., and his research assistant."
" Regular bluestocking," I remarked with some dislike, for the learned research woman never appealed to me.

" Oh, no," said John. " Not at all. She is one of the prettiest, nicest girls I ever knew."
" Any feeling about your remarks, John ? " I said hopefully.
" Of course not," he answered with some irritation. " There'll never be any more feeling. Since Anna's death there can't be. I know you'll like Dorothy, though. What do you want her radium for ? "
" There's just a chance that I may have a scoop, and if you'll take me up there to-night I'll let you in."
" I'll take you up there," said John, " but you can have your scoop to yourself. For the last word of copy I ever write will be in print before we call."
That afternoon came an unexpected Cabinet change. For hours I interviewed, and wrote, telephoned and telegraphed, reaching my room at half after eight, to find John just ready to leave without me. He had written the story of the man who was to stop all war, only to see it killed by more important news. His experience had been that of every man in the secretary's office, a common fate in the crowding rush of newspaper life. I had never seen John more distrait than that night, and we walked up to the Hartnells in utter silence.
I so completely expected, despite John's assurances, to find a stooping, bespectacled student type inside the Hartnells' door, that the girl who rose as I entered gave me a sudden shock of amazement and delight. She was the sunniest, daintiest type of American girl you could meet the country through. Her mobile face was lit with glowing life and interest in the world around. Her fine firm form showed no trace of scholastic life. Her laugh was like rippling water. Her eyes held the fine deep beauty of a summer's night. With her was a dark and clear-cut Southerner who was introduced to me as Richard Regnier. The talk went hither and thither until John broached my search for radium.
" What is your need of radium, Mr. Orrington ? " said Miss Haldane.

I hesitated for a moment and John broke in. " Don't be afraid of Regnier, Jim. He's no newspaper man. He's a reformer like myself. We're co-members of the Tuberculosis League and the Civic League and the Peace Society. Now what's up ? You haven't told me yet."
So urged, I told the story of the morning and brought forth the heavy parchment which I had retrieved from the waste basket. Regnier sat immobile during the whole tale, though Dorothy broke into it with pointed questions a dozen times.
" That's what I want the radium for," I said in ending.
" But what has radium to do with that letter ? " asked John.
" Just this," I replied. " As you may have seen, I held that letter to the light under a reading glass, which acted as a burning glass, for some minutes. I was looking for invisible ink, which could be brought out by heating. I didn't find any, but as I turned away, the paper came for a moment into the shadow and I saw a slight gleam like the glimmer of phosphorescence on water. Now last year I met an old scientist, Von Meyren, who happened to mention that he had found that certain inks which had been used for parchments in olden times held a substance which becomes phosphorescent when exposed to radium. He got a second letter in that way once, from beneath a message one of the Popes sent to a king of France. You see parchment was and is expensive, and hard to get. They used the same piece over and over again, removing the old inks by scraping or dissolving. Somehow the radium brought out the stuff that had been apparently removed. When Reid said ' Papal Bulls ' it gave me an idea. It is barely possible that the man who wrote the letter might have written something on that piece of parchment before and then erased it, I thought I'd try radium on the chance. There may be nothing in it, but it will do no harm, will it. Miss Haldane ? "
" Oh, no," said Miss Haldane. " I have some of my brother's radium right here. I'll bring it down and we'll expose the letter to it."

A moment later she returned, this time with her cousin Mrs. Hartnell. " Now we will darken the room," she said, holding out a small lead case with hinged cover, " and try this wonder worker. But you must not move from your places. If you get in the way of the rays, you are likely to be badly burned."

We were grouped in a semi-circle before a bared table whereon was placed the open letter in a holder, confronted with the leaden casket. I was given the place of honor, directly in front, and Miss Haldane put her chair beside mine. Carefully she opened the hinged door in the front of the radium holder, stepped to the switch, threw off the electric light, and came to sit beside me.

We waited in perfect silence, our eyes bent on the blackness before us. I could hear her regular breathing, I could feel the brush of her skirt as she leaned forward, and I forgot all else, — the noise of the city without, the audience within, both disappeared from my consciousness. There was but a vast rolling ocean of blackness, and she and I, bound by a swiftly tightening chain, were being dragged closer and closer together. Old Von Meyren's pet saying, " Love ! Pah ! What is it but an excess of positive electrons in a certain man, urging him towards the negative electrons in a certain woman ? " kept ringing in my ears, the while I indignantly refuted it. Again and again it persisted, and with it came the thought that the waves from the radium were the chain which bound us.

I had forgotten the letter utterly when suddenly I heard a slight catch in the regular breathing beside me, and a soft warm hand, raised swiftly, brushed mine for a moment as it was raised. The sharp thrill shook me into consciousness. I looked before me, and there, glimmering into light, a single curve came from the darkness, then a straight line, then appeared a large U. One by one letters filled out, whole words appeared, — " United States " first, " July " second, and a single capital " I " next. Word after word appeared.

Half lines filled into sentences. I could hear behind me a quick, almost sobbing breath that half penetrated my mind, but leaning forward close beside was Miss Haldane. At last in a clear low voice she began to read, " I, the man who will stop all war, hereby declare that I will destroy one battleship of the United States during the first week of July, 19—, one battleship of England during the second week of July, 19—, one battleship of France during the third week of July, 19—, one battleship of Germany during the fourth week of July, 19—. I shall follow that destruction by sinking, in regular order, one battleship of each of the other great powers. May the Lord have mercy on the souls of them who suffer for the cause of peace ! "

She stopped and we waited, watching the glowing signal for what seemed hours, for what was minutes. No more appeared, though the brightness of the words of the second message did not dim. At last Miss Haldane rose and with a quick movement turned on the lights and shut the cover. The letter returned to its former appearance. I sat blinking. Regnier still sat immobile. John held his face in his hands. Mrs. Hartnell sat with closed eyes.

" Do you believe it ? " I asked Miss Haldane quickly.

She nodded gravely. " It's what he means to do," she said. " He wrote it that way first, and then erased it and made it general afterwards."

" I don't believe it," said Mrs. Hartnell, sharply. " It's impossible."

" It certainly doesn't seem probable," said John, at last raising his face. Regnier alone did not speak.

For a moment we were silent, each busy with the thoughts the message had roused within him. At last I rose with an effort. " Good-night, Miss Haldane," I said, " I thank you for your help."

" I am very glad you brought the letter to me," she said simply, " I am going back to New York to-morrow so I cannot ask you to call upon me here, but if you are in New

York won't you come and see me and give me any news you may have of this threatening peril? "
" I shall be only too glad to do so," I responded. My heart bounding, I had reached the door when Miss Haldane called after me.
" Oh, Mr. Orrington, would you be willing to let me have the letter ? I should like to show it to my brother. I'll send it to you any time you wish."
" Certainly you may have it," I replied, and I handed her the parchment.
Regnier left the house with John and me. We walked in silence to the corner where Regnier turned off. As we parted, he hesitated for a moment.
" You were strangely right in your surmise, Mr. Orrington," he said slowly. " I am very glad to have been present at so curious an event."
" Queer chap Regnier," said John musingly, as we watched the retreating form. " Clever scientist and good fellow, but queer. I hope he'll never get Dorothy Haldane. She wouldn't be happy with him."
My heart sank like lead. " Do you think there's much chance that he will ? " I queried anxiously.
" To tell the truth," answered John slowly, " I don't know."
We had come by this time to the door of John's hotel. " I'm not going to ask you up to-night. Jim," he said, " I'm utterly fagged out and exhausted. Besides, I must get off early in the morning. So good-night and good-bye both."
He paused and I could see the muscles of his face twitching and his hands nervously clasping. He went on with a rush, " Don't forget me while I'm gone, old man, will you ? Remember our commencement night when we walked up Riverside, and talked of the great future lying before us ? Of all I cared for then, not one remains except yourself. Of all the health and vigor I had then, only a shred is left. I shall not see you for two years anyway. There's nobody left

to write to me. Don't forget me. Drop me a line occasionally, care Barings, will you ? "
With such an intensity of pleading came the last words that I was shaken despite myself. " Write you ? I guess I will," I cried. " Don't you worry about that." We grasped hands and parted.

Chapter 2

" It's no use, Orrington, there's nothing in it," said the managing editor decisively. " We can't publish a fairy story like that. We've got to stick to probabilities, at least. What did the Secretary of War say when you told him ? "
" Oh, he said it was simply the insane freak of a crazy man," I answered glumly enough, for I had set my whole heart on this scoop, and felt more and more convinced that it was true, the more I was rebuffed. I went on with a gleam of hope. " I'd like to have you see radium bring out the second letter, that was underneath the first."
" My dear chap," said the chief, a little impatiently, " I'll take your word for that, and you could use that story very well in another way, but it isn't news. Whole fleets can't be sunk by a single man. It's nonsense." He placed his glasses on his nose with a vigorous gesture, and picked up a fresh bunch of copy.
Without a word, I passed out into the big office where, sitting down at an empty desk by the window, I lighted my pipe and lost myself in thought. Not very pleasant thoughts they were, for I had been rebuffed for my enthusiasm on every side, since I took up the quixotic task of persuading the United States that one of her battleships was in danger. My own chief, the Washington correspondent, the War Department, the President, and now the managing editor of the New York office whither I had been suddenly called — all laughed at my tale. Dorothy Haldane alone had believed. Together we had seen the message grow from the darkness. We were convinced of its truth. From that one meeting had come the feeling that, when Dorothy agreed, the opinion of the rest of the world faded to minor account. Over and over again her name threaded the shuttle of my

thoughts. Dorothy was my last thought as I lay down at night. Dorothy was my first thought with the dawn.
I had an hour to wait before I could reach a man whom I had been told to interview, and I sat back waiting and dreaming. It was Tuesday of the fatal week, the first week in July. Suddenly the door of the chief's office opened, and I heard my name. " Orrington ! Orrington ! " I jumped to my feet and hurried in. The chief was sitting with the receiver to his ear. " Close that door! " he ordered. " Here's Orrington now. Tell him what you told me."
I took the phone at his gesture and listened.
" Orrington ? "
" Yes." (The man on the other end was the head of our Washington office.)
" There may be something in that story of yours. The War Department has just called me up. The Alaska has disappeared somewhere between Newport News and Bar Harbor. They talked with her by wireless yesterday morning, and have been unable to get into communication with her since. She has two sets of wireless on board, and has not been out of close communication for three years. They have sent four revenue cutters out searching the coast, but nothing has been seen. Finally the secretary thought of you and the message from the man who intended to stop all war. Have you found out anything ? "
" No."
" Well, take your orders from New York now. They've asked for you for this. I don't think the other papers have it yet."
I straightened up with a throb of joy and turned to the chief. He looked at me keenly. " Better not write anything till you have something more. The assignment is yours. Go out and find the Alaska or what happened to her. I give you *carte blanche*."
Hardly were the last words out of his mouth before I had jumped for my hat and was hurrying down the stairs with a generous order for expense money in my hand. A moment's

stop at the cashier's, and I was out on the street. Up and down I looked for cab or automobile. I was bound for the water front. For once, there was not even a street car going my way. I started hurriedly on, half running in my speed. As I rushed along, I heard my name, " Mr. Orrington ! " The voice would have called me miles. It was Dorothy Haldane, seated in a big blue motor. Her chauffeur drew up beside me, and she threw open the door.

" Let me take you wherever you are going, and tell me if you have heard more from that letter."

I needed no second invitation, gave the wharf address to the chauffeur, and turned to answer Dorothy. As I told her the news, she leaned forward to the chauffeur.

" Go back to where we left Mr. Haldane's launch," she said, and turned to me. " I've just left Tom at his launch, which was to take him out to the Black Arrow. They were waiting for some provisions at the wharf, and may be there yet. He'll be delighted to take you, and the Black Arrow is one of the swiftest motor yachts in the bay. Will you make your search on her ? If you will, I'll go with you. I only stayed ashore to-day to do some shopping that can wait."

When the gods befriend a man, who is he to say nay ? Through the hot and dirty markets we sped and reached the wharf, just as the Black Arrow's launch was leaving the shore. A clear call and a wave of Dorothy's parasol brought it back, while a bewildered smile passed over Tom Haldane's face as he saw us awaiting him. " Why, Jim ! " he began,

" Don't stop to talk now," said Dorothy. " Take us to the Black Arrow as fast as you can."

In a moment we had cleared the wharves and were passing from the dirt and smells of the city on to the clear waters of the bay. As we went, Dorothy explained the situation to Tom, who fell in with the plan joyously. Once on the slim rakish yacht, he spoke.

" Now, Jim, you're in command. Where are we going ? "

" Right down the coast," I said, " and we'll megaphone every fisherman and yacht. It's the men on the coasters who will know, if any one does."
Swift as her name, the Black Arrow ploughed her way through the summer sea. Pleasantest of all assignments to sit on her deck and watch Dorothy Haldane as she talked and speculated on the problem before us. Could one man have sunk so mighty a battleship ? Was there any possibility that a single man could make war on the world ? Tom came up to us in the midst of the discussion, and stood listening.
" Queer this should come up now," he said. " It was only last winter that someone was talking
about something like this up at our house, one Sunday night. Who was it, Dorothy ? "
A sudden look of alarm flashed across her face. She started to speak and then broke off. " Oh ! I hardly remember."
Tom persisted. " Let's see, there was a crowd of the fellows there, and, queer thing too, John King and Dick Regnier. The same pair that were with you the other night."
" Regnier! " That name shot across me like a bullet. The short, quick, troubled breathing of some one behind me on the night we read the letter ! " Can it be ! " I burst forth.
Dorothy made no pretense of misunderstanding me. " No," she said firmly. " Dick was up to see me last night. It couldn't have been he."
The coast had been rushing by us rapidly as we talked, and now the summer cottages and bathing beaches were giving way to longer stretches of bare sand and wooded inlets. I rose and looked forward.
" We may as well commence here," I said, and we began systematic inquiry. Catboat and sloop tacking out on pleasure bent, tramp steamer ploughing heavily up the coast, — one after another, we came alongside and asked the same questions. " Have you seen a battleship to-day or yesterday ? Have you seen or heard anything unusual ? "

The answers came back in every vein. Brusque denials — ironical inquiries — would-be humorous sallies — courteous rejoinders — one and all had the same word. No battleship seen. Nothing unusual seen or heard. The morning had become noon, ere we were fairly on our quest. The afternoon wore on towards night, as it progressed. As the hours passed, I protested against my hosts giving up their yacht to my service, but quite in vain. They were as firmly resolved to pursue the quest to the end as I was myself.

About five o'clock, when we were some six or seven miles off the coast, came the first success. We hailed a schooner whose lookout replied negatively to our questions. As we passed slowly, we heard a sudden hail, as a gaunt man, the skipper, rushed to the side.

" Lookin' for anything unusual, be ye ? " he shouted. " I've seen one thing, — a catboat takin' on a crazy man out of a knockabout."

" Whereabouts ? " I shouted.

" 'Bout ten miles back, I reckon," came the answer.

He knew no more than that, and the interchange over, I turned to Dorothy.

" Shall we run that clue down ? " I asked.

She nodded decisively. " By all means," she said. " It's the only one we have. Send the Arrow inshore, will you, Tom, on a long slant ? "

Once more the engine took up its racing speed, as the boat bore down on the shore. As we went in, we changed the questions, and asked the few boats we met if they had picked up a man. At last we saw a catboat just sailing out of a little bay, and bore down on it. A man and a boy sat in the stern. As I shouted my question once more, the man jumped up.

" Yes, we picked one up."

" Where is he ? " I shouted.

" At my house, but he's crazy," replied the man.

" Can we get in there with the yacht ? "

" No, but I can take you in," he answered, and it was but a moment's work to lower a boat from the davits. As I stepped to the side, Tom and Dorothy hurried up.
" We're going, too," Tom cried.
The launch bore us rapidly across to the cat-boat, and as we approached, I studied the faces of the man and the boy. They were simple folk, of evidently limited intelligence. Hardly had we come alongside, when I began my questions, and a strange story came in reply. Stripped of its vernacular and repetitions, this was the tale finally dragged from the man and boy, as we sailed towards the shore.
They had started out in the early morning and had fished with some success. In the afternoon, they had seen a knockabout running free before the wind, with all sorts of strange action. The sail widespread, she turned and reared, started and checked, swung and circled. There was no sign of life on board that they could ascertain, and they made up their minds that the boat had either lost its occupants or had been driven offshore with its sail hoisted. On boarding, much to their surprise, they found a man, apparently a solitary fisherman, lying unconscious in the stern sheets. Throwing water over him roused him. He sat up and looked around, but with unseeing eyes. His lips quivered, and in a low whisper he began to speak. " Disappeared, disappeared, disappeared. Nothing real, nothing real." Rising, he started to walk straight ahead, but struck the side and fell. His murmur now changed to a loud moan. " Disappeared, disappeared, disappeared. Nothing real, nothing real." Again he tried to walk, but this time they caught him, bound him, and carried him to shore, to their house, where he went quietly enough to bed, with the unceasing moan. " Disappeared, disappeared, disappeared. Nothing real, nothing real," rising and falling like the waves on the shore.
The story had taken all the way in, and as we rowed towards shore, leaving the catboat and launch at the

mooring where the knockabout lay, the night was swiftly shutting in. A light glimmered in a low house on the bluff.
" That's my house," said the man, as we hastened towards it. A woman with a kindly face met us at the door.
" Wife, these are some folks that are looking for the crazy man," said our friend.
" He's fast asleep," was the answer, " but you can go in and see him, if you want to."
My heart rose. The second step of my quest was in sight.
" Tom," I said quietly, " come along with me. Miss Haldane, will you remain here ? "
Dorothy nodded. Tom and I followed the woman as she passed down a narrow passage. Opening a rude door, she entered. In front of the bed, she stopped short and threw up her hands. " For the land's sake," she cried. " He's gone! "
Gone! The word echoed dismally in my brain.
" Wait till I get a lamp," said the woman, and she pattered nervously out.
By the fading light, we could see the disordered bed, the open window, and an overturned chair. A glimmer of light came down the passage, and the woman hurried back, followed by Dorothy. No more information could be gleaned. Evidently the lost man had risen, dressed completely, and left by the low open window. The woman of the house was in great distress, weeping and rocking. " The poor crazy man, lost in these woods. He was as harmless as anything. I thought he was all right."
Dorothy sat down beside her, and, soothing her, began a series of quiet questions. " How long did you leave him ? "
" An hour or more." She had been doing the supper dishes.
Dorothy turned to the husband.
" What roads are there from here ? "
" Only one for a mile. That goes from the front of the house."

The woman broke in. " If he'd taken that, I'd have seen him. He'd have gone by my window. He must have gone to the shore or the woods."
" There's no use waiting. He's only getting farther away from us," cried Tom. " Let's look around the house."
Our fisher friend had two lanterns and a kerosene light. With these, we began the search. The sand and rock around the house gave no sign of footprints, and we passed out in widening circles, meeting and calling without avail. A half hour's exploration left us just where we started. We had found nothing. Turning back, we met Dorothy at the door.
" I was afraid you would find nothing," she said. " I've just found out that he said one thing beside the sentence which he continually repeated. Once he said, ' The sea, the sea, the awful sea.' I believe he has gone to the shore."
Together, we went in that direction. Tom and the fisherman took one way, Dorothy and I the other. As we hastened on, the light of the lantern threw circles of hazy light on the black water and on the shore. Dorothy, in the depths of thought, walked on a httle in advance, and, despite myself, my thoughts turned from the man I sought and the errand for which I sought him, and I gazed wholly at the round cheek shaded by a flying tress that escaped from the close veil, and at the erect figure, now stooping to look ahead, now rising and passing on in deep thought. The same thrill which had held me the first night came again, that binding call, that tightening chain. I lost myself in a dreamy exhilaration.
Suddenly, Dorothy stopped. " It's no use to go farther."
Obediently I turned, and we retraced our steps. Just below the house, we met Tom and the fisherman, returned from an equally unavailing search. We all four stood gazing out to sea where the Black Arrow lay, her lights the sole gemmed relief of the dark waters, save where her search-light blazed a widening path of changing silver before her.

All at once I saw Dorothy raise her head with a quick breath.
" If he's on the shore, I know how we can find him, no matter what start he has."

Chapter 3

We waited anxiously for her next words. ' The search-light of the Arrow will do it. We can run the launch along the coast twice as fast as a man can walk or run, and play the searchlight of the yacht on the shore as we go."
Though simplicity itself, it was the only plan that promised success, and it took but little time to put it into operation. The fisherman volunteered as pilot, and while Tom went back in the launch to give instructions to the captain, we waited in the darkness of the little bay, holding our lights as beacons. The night, without a single star, but darkly showed the lapping waves and sighing pines which made the background of our tiny, rocky amphitheatre. Tom had not covered half the distance to the yacht, when we heard his hail, and the search-light swung at right angles, limning the launch speeding from the shore in a lane of light. We watched them till they reached the shadow of the side. There was a brief interval before we saw the launch returning down the silvery way, but, as she neared us, to our surprise we saw Tom was not there. In his stead came the first officer, who touched his cap, and said, " Mr. Haldane will stay on the yacht and run the searchlight, and has asked me to run the launch."
It was but the work of a moment to embark, and the boat headed out of the cove towards the north, the side agreed upon with Tom. Up in the prow stood the officer at the wheel, the fisherman pilot beside him. The engineer bent over his small engine in the centre, and in the stern sat Dorothy and I, peering into the space of light on the shore, where played the search-light. Bravely the little launch found her way forward, with the slight chug-chug of her engine the only sound. I could not rid myself of a feeling of