

SERIAL STORY

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"Well," he exclaimed, "this has been very pleasant, but I must run. I have just been over to see Morgan, the caretaker, at the resort village. The poor fellow accidentally shot himself yesterday cleaning his gun or something of that sort, and he has an ugly hole in his arm that will shut him up for a month or worse. He gave me an errand to do for him. He's a conscientious fellow and wished me to wire for him to Mr. Pickering that he'd been hurt, but was attending to his duties. Pickering owns a house at the farther end of the colony and Morgan has charge of it. You know Pickering, of course?"

I looked my clerical neighbor straight in the eye, a trifle coldly, perhaps. I was wondering why Morgan, with whom I had enjoyed a duel in my own cellar only a few hours before, should be reporting his injury to Arthur Pickering.

"I think I have seen Morgan about here," I said.

"Oh, yes! He's a woodsman and a hunter—our Nimrod of the lake."

"A good sort, very likely!"

"I dare say. He has sometimes brought me ducks during the season."

"To be sure! They shoot ducks at night—those Hoosier hunters—so I hear!"

He laughed as he shook himself into his greatcoat.

"That's possible, though unorthodox. But we don't have to look at the gift mallard in the eye."

We laughed together. It was easy to laugh with him.

"By the way, I forgot to get Pickering's address from Morgan. If you happen to have it—"

"With pleasure," I said. "Alexis Building, Broadway, New York."

"Good! That's easy to remember," he said, smiling and turning up his coat collar. "Don't forget me; I'm quartered in a hermit's cell back of the chapel, and I believe we can find many matters of interest to talk about."

"I'm confident of it," I said, glad of the sympathy and cheer that seemed to emanate from his stalwart figure.

I threw on my overcoat and walked to the gate with him and saw him hurry toward the village with long strides.

CHAPTER XII.

I explore a passage.

"Bates!" I found him busy replenishing the candlesticks in the library, and it seemed to me that he was always so polite about with an armful of candles,—there are a good many queer things in this world, but I guess you're one of the queerest. I don't mind telling you that there are times when I was disinclined to a thoroughly bad lot, and as a matter again I question my judgment and don't give you credit for being much more than a doddering fool."

He was standing under a ladder by which the great crystal chandelier and chandelier stood upon me with that patient inquiry that is so appealing in a killed log—in, say, the eyes of an Irish setter, when you accidentally step on his tail.

"Yes, Mr. Glenarm," he replied humbly, who?

"Now, I want you to grasp this idea ordered that I'm going to dig into this old shell The Hop and bottom; I'm going to blow it up with dynamite, if I please; and if you catch you spying on me or reporting as busy doings to my enemies, or engaging in any questionable performances as is whatever, I'll hang you between the chandeliers out there in the school wall—do you understand?"—so that the sweet Sisters of St. Agatha and the dear little school girls and the chaplain and if he will the rest will shudder through all their lives at the very thought of you."

"Certainly, Mr. Glenarm,"—and his moon was the same he would have used great if I had asked him to pass me the matches, and under my breath I congratulated him to the hardest tortures of the fiery pit.

"Now, as to Morgan—"

"What possible business do you suppose he has with Mr. Pickering?" I demanded.

"Why, sir, that's clear enough. Mr. Pickering owns a house up the lake,—he got it through your grandfather. Morgan has the care of it, sir."

"Very plausible, indeed!"—and I cut him off to his work.

After luncheon I went to the end of the corridor, and began to sound the bells. They were as solid as rock, and responded dully to the strokes of the hammer. I sounded them on both sides, retracing my steps to the stairway, becoming more and more impatient at my ill-luck or stupidity. There are every reason why I should know my own house, and yet a stranger and an outlaw ran through it with amazing ease.

After an hour's idle search I returned to the end of the corridor, and then I remembered all my previous soundings, and, chagrined, indulged in language unbecom-

ing a gentleman. Then, in my blind anger, I found what patient search had not disclosed.

I threw the hammer from me in a fit of temper and it struck one of the square blocks in the cement floor which gave forth a hollow sound. I was on my knees in an instant, my fingers searching the cracks, and drawing down close I could feel a current of air, slight but unmistakable, against my face.

The cement square, though exactly like the others in the cellar floor, was evidently only an imitation, with an opening beneath.

The block was fitted into its place with a nicety that certified to the skill of the hand that had adjusted it. I broke a blade of my pocket-knife trying to pry it up, but, in a moment, I succeeded, and found it to be in reality a trap door, hinged to the substantial part of the floor.

A current of cool, fresh air, the same that had surprised me in the night, struck my face as I lay flat and peered into the opening. The lower passage was as black as pitch, and I lighted a lantern I had brought with me, found that wooden steps gave safe conduct below and went down.

I stood erect in the passage and had several inches to spare. It extended both ways, running back under the foundations of the house, and cut squarely under the park before the house and toward the school wall. The air grew steadily fresher, until, after I had gone about two hundred yards, I reached a point where the wind seemed to beat down on me from above. I put up my hands and found two openings about three yards apart, through which the air sucked steadily. I moved out of the current with a chuckle in my throat and a grin on my face. I had passed under the gate in the school wall, and I knew now why the girls

other; now it was an august hymn, now a theme from Wagner, and finally Mendelssohn's spring song won the cold, dark chapel to light and warmth with its exultant notes.

She ceased suddenly with a little sigh and struck her hands together, for the place was cold. As she reached up to put out the lights I stepped forward to the chancel steps.

"Please allow me to do that for you?"

She turned toward me, gathering a cape about her.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she asked, looking about quickly. "I don't remember that you were invited."

"I didn't know I was coming myself," I remarked truthfully, lifting my hand to the lamp.

"That is my opinion of you,—that you're a rather unexpected person. But thank you, very much."

She showed no disposition to prolong the interview, but hurried toward the door, and reached the vestibule before I came up with her.

"You can't go any farther, Mr. Glenarm," she said, and waited as though to make sure I understood. Straight before us through the wood and beyond the school buildings the sunset faded sullenly. Night was following fast upon the gray twilight and already the bolder planets were aflame in the sky. The path led straight ahead beneath the black boughs.

"I might perhaps walk to the dormitory, or whatever you call it," I said.

"Thank you, no! I'm late and haven't time to bother with you. It's against the rules, you know, for us to receive visitors."

She stepped out upon the path.

"But I'm not a caller; I'm just a neighbor! And I owe you several calls, anyhow."

She laughed but did not pause and I followed a pace behind her.



"Oh Yes, I'm Terribly Wicked, Squire Glenarm."

that held it had been built so high,—they were hollow and were the means of sending fresh air into the tunnel.

When I had traveled about twenty yards more I felt a slight vibration accompanied by a muffled roar, and almost immediately came to a rough wooden stair that marked the end of the passage. I had no means of judging directions, but I assumed that I was well within the school park.

I climbed the steps and in a moment stood blinking, my lantern in hand, in a small, floored room. Overhead the tumult and thunder of an organ explained the tremor and roar I had heard below. I was in the crypt of St. Agatha's chapel. The inside of the door by which I had entered was a part of the wainscoting of the room, and the opening was wholly covered with a map of the Holy Land.

It was all very strange and interesting. I looked at my watch and found that it was five o'clock, but I resolved to go into the chapel before going home.

The way up was clear enough, and I was soon in the vestibule. I opened the door, expecting to find a service in progress; but the little church was empty save where, at the right of the chancel, an organist was filling the church with the notes of an exultant march. Cap in hand I stole forward, and sank down in one of the pews.

A lamp over the organ keyboard gave the only light in the chapel, and made an aureole about her head,—about the uncovered head of Olivia Gladys Armstrong! I smiled as I recognized her and smiled, too, as I remembered her name. But the joy she brought to the music, the happiness in her face as she raised it in the minor harmonies, her isolation, marked by the little isle of light against the dark background of the choir,—these things touched and moved me, and I bent forward, my arms upon the pew in front of me, watching and listening with a kind of awed wonder.

There was no pause in the outpouring of the melody. She changed stops and manuals with swift fingers and passed from one composition to another.

"I hope you don't think for a moment that I chased a rabbit on your side of the fence in the hope of meeting you, do you, Mr. Glenarm?"

"Be it far from me! I'm glad I came, though, for I liked your music immensely. I'm in earnest; I think it quite wonderful, Miss Armstrong."

She paid no heed to me.

"And I hope I may promise myself the pleasure of hearing you often."

"You are very kind about my poor music, Mr. Glenarm; but as I'm going away—"

I felt my heart sink a trifle. She was the only amusing person I had met at Glenarm, and the thought of losing her gave a darker note to the bleak landscape.

"That's really too bad! And just when we were getting acquainted! And I was coming to church Sunday to hear you play and to pray for snow, so you'd come over often to chase rabbits!"

"This, I thought, softened her heart. At any rate her tone changed.

"I don't play for services; they're afraid to let me for fear I'd run comic opera tunes into the Tu Deum!"

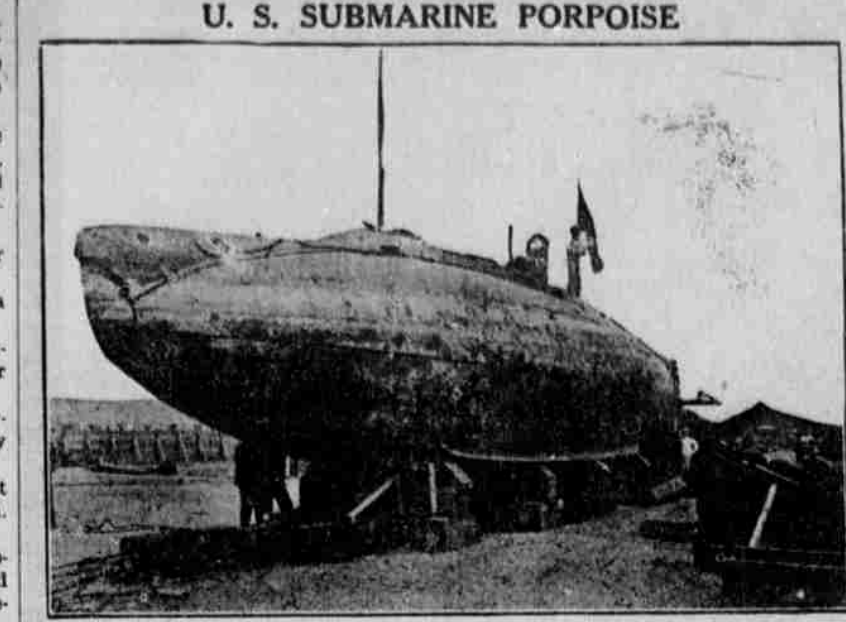
"How shocking!"

"Do you know, Mr. Glenarm,"—her tone became confidential and her pace slackened,—"we call you the squire, at St. Agatha's, and the lord of the manor, and names like that! All the girls are perfectly crazy about you. They'd be wild if they thought I talked with you, clandestinely,—is that the way you pronounce it?"

"Anything you say and any way you say it satisfies me," I replied.

"That's ever so nice of you," she said, mockingly again.

I felt foolish and guilty. She would probably get roundly scolded if the grave sisters learned of her talks with me, and very likely I should win their hearty contempt. But I did not turn back.



U. S. SUBMARINE PORPOISE. This is the latest and most approved type of submarine torpedo boat now being used and experimented with by our navy. It is known as the Holland type, deriving the name from its inventor. Several duplicates of this vessel have been contracted for.

MAKES QUEER WILL.

NEW YORKER WANTS HIS BONES MADE INTO BUTTONS.

Odd Document Also Provides That His Skin Be Used for Pouches and Suitable Parts of Body for Violin Strings.

New York.—Henry E. Sullivan, a prominent member of the Nameclub club at 1233 West One Hundredth street, is a strong utilitarian and firmly believes in wasting nothing that can be put to good use. He has in all seriousness made the following will:

"I, Henry E. Sullivan, being of sound and disposing mind, do hereby make, publish and declare this my last will and testament.

"I do hereby direct the executors of this my will to have made, out of my bones, circular buttons of the dimensions of one-half inch to one inch in diameter.

"I do further direct my said executors to have the skin of my body tanned and made into pouches.

"I do hereby further direct my said executors to have made, out of such parts of my body as may be suitable, strings for the violin, such as are usually designated as 'cat gut' strings.

"And I do hereby further direct my said executors to have said violin strings adjusted to the body of a violin.

"I hereby give, devise and bequeath unto my beloved friend and clubmate, James Hayes, all and singular, the buttons, violin strings and tanned skin made out of my body, as aforesaid, the same to be by him distributed according to his discretion to my intimate friends."

Mr. Sullivan declared in an interview that he was in earnest in the matter of his will and added:

"I am a utilitarian. Every task we undertake, every thought should have for its object some useful purpose. Every stick of wood, every stone, every piece of soap can be utilized. Did each one but train his eyes to see the use to which each object in this world can be put, how much happier the world would be.

"Edison is to-day the greatest utilitarian of them all. I made the will, such as it is, because I saw no reason why there should be such wastefulness, why so much good raw material should be allowed to go for naught.

"My will is perfectly sensible. My

STARVATION KILLS ESKIMOS.

How to Save Tribes in Ungava Is Problem for Canada.

St. John's, N. F.—A problem of annually increasing seriousness for Canada is that of maintaining the Eskimo wards alive in her territory of Ungava.

A peculiarly appalling instance of this has just been reported by Rev. S. M. Stewart, an Anglican missionary from the diocese of Newfoundland, who has been laboring among the heathen natives of Ungava bay for the past four years. His report is that last winter, owing to scarcity of deer, severe weather, and poor hunting otherwise, many of the natives in the territory perished of starvation and in some instances the survivors had to maintain life by feeding on the corpses of the dead.

Their contact with the white man in the shape of whaling crews has inoculated them with all the white man's vices. Prof. A. P. Low of the Canadian exploring expedition of 1903-4 in the steamer Neptune, describes the extinction of a tribe of Eskimos on Southampton island, at the mouth of Hudson bay, in a single winter. They numbered 100 souls and made shift to live with fair success without employing civilized implements of war or chase, as they were isolated from any neighbors. But in 1900 a Scotch whaling firm established a station there and manned it with a party of Eskimos from one of its other posts, who could use a modern repeating rifle successfully. These recklessly slaughtered the musk oxen and the deer of the region for the sake of the hide, which they sold to whaling employers, and as a result the whole of the original tribe perished of starvation during the second

winter, while the others, who were morally responsible for their death, if not legally punishable, survived through the aid of provisions furnished them by their employers. Two years later the whaling station was abandoned again, and now this large island is absolutely unpeopled. The same story is told of other whaling stations.

OLD HISTORY OF CORTAZ. Mexican Government Wants Rare Volume Owned by Americans.

Denver, Col.—One of the most ancient records of American history is a book in Spanish, printed at Brussels in 1684, and entitled "A History of the Conquest of Mexico: Rise and Progress of North America, Known by the Name of New Spain."

In 1884 a priest gave the volume to Carl Wunston, a Colorado mining engineer, and Wunston sold it to Dr. M. O. Murphy, a Kansas man, who has it at the Savoy hotel here, pending its acquisition by the Mexican government, with which he is in communication.

The book is one of the only 12 copies which were printed, the rest being in the hands of royalty in various parts of Europe. One Manuel Lora compiled the contents from notes and a diary of the explorer, Cortez, making it not only the history of "the conquest," but also a sketch of events in America 150 years after its discovery. The printing is on vellum; the binding in pigskin. The book measures 14x12 inches, has 400 pages, and contains a number of ancient pictures, some of which are excellent specimens of old-time engraving.

EXPRESS MESSENGER STAMPEDED BY BOAR

BRUTE BREAKS OUT OF CRATE AND CREATES HAVOC IN THE CAR.

Fort Wayne, Ind.—To be confined in the same car with an angry boar, which had broken out of its slender confinement, was the unpleasant experience of N. B. Richardson, express messenger on the Wabash Continental Limited, east-bound, recently. Richardson's home is in Detroit, and when he was rescued by trainmen here from his perilous position on the top of a big pile of trunks, which he had gained to escape from the frenzy of the boar, he was very weak and could hardly tell what an exciting time he had had.

The boar had been received in a small Illinois town, and was consigned



Perched Himself on the Trunks.

to some place in Ohio. At first the animal did not appear in an ugly mood, but Richardson was suspicious and put the crate containing it in one corner of the car. It soon began to show symptoms of ugliness, and bit at the sides of the crate with great energy. Richardson then placed a large pile of trunks around it, thinking that if it did break out the trunks would serve as an additional barrier. But soon the trunks fell away, and the boar made his appearance with streaks of froth covering his entire body. The animal began to cavort among the trunks and to set Richardson running from it.

The express messenger soon perched himself high upon the trunks which he had piled together, and he staid there until the train reached this city, as his cries for help were drowned by the roaring of the car. His appeals were heard by the station men here, and they would have let the boar escape from the car when they opened the door had not Richardson called to them. It was soon caught and tied, but Richardson refused to accompany it any farther, and it awaited a later train.

The boar is of fine Poland China stock, and weighs 480 pounds. In its career around the car it tore open several trunks and the garments, mostly women's, were strewn over the floor.

CASTAWAY LIVED AS APE. Survivor of Wreck Jumped from Tree to Tree in Forest.

Brussels.—Through the efforts of Baron Grynnsdaal, the Norwegian philanthropist, a man who had lived like an ape for 12 years in the forests of Belgium and France has been returned to his home in Norway. He was the only survivor of the Norwegian bark Mygreaan, which was wrecked in 1895. He had lost his reason from the shock.

When found the man was in the forest of Soignies, where he had lived for some time, and had inspired the population in the neighborhood with fear. Finally it was decided to form a party to capture him. He was seen to be moving along very quickly, jumping from branch to branch. The men tried to seize him, but he got away from them and successfully hid himself in the thicket.

Another attempt—this one successful—was made by a crowd of villagers who surrounded him. His body was covered with short hair. He had flowing, disorderly locks and a long matted beard, resembling an orang utan. When seized he shrieked, but did not reply to the questions put to him. The bread offered him he ate ravenously.

The man was identified by the medal attached to a string around his neck bearing the word "Mygreaan." When he boarded the vessel for Norway the captain addressed him in Norwegian. The man was seized with violent emotion and fainted. When he recovered he was able to answer the captain's questions sensibly, and told how he had lived in the forests for a dozen years.

Pillow Saves Man's Life. Washington, Pa.—Thomas Holder of Green Grove, who was thrown over a 40-foot embankment by a fractious horse, the other day, owes the saving of his life to a feather pillow, which he was taking home to his wife.

Holder's horse scared at an object in the road, throwing him headlong to a rocky ravine; but he failed to loosen his hold on the pillow, which fortunately struck the ground ahead of him.