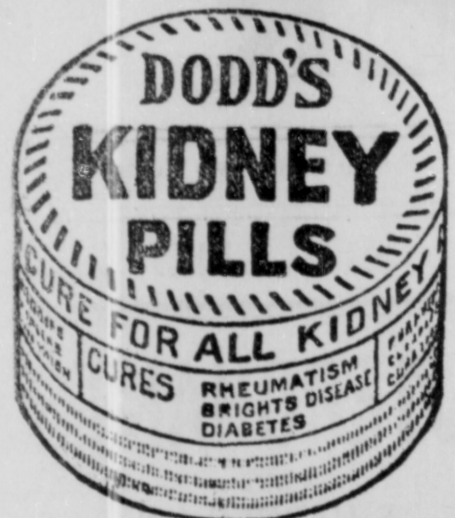


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By order of committee.

THOMAS DRISCOLL,  
222—tu, thur, sat & w Secretary

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# The Necessary Resources.

By Anthony Hope

(Continued.)

try. Selling was going on, not in large blocks, but cautiously, continually, in unending dribbles. Surely on a system and with a purpose? Then came paragraphs in the papers (like whispers behind fans) discussing the state of the government and the country much in the vein which had marked Mrs. Rivers' dissertations. By now the stock was down three points. By pure luck it fell another, in mysterious sympathy with the South African mining market. Next there was a riot in a provincial town in the prince's country, then a minister resigned and made a damaging statement in the chamber. Upon this it seemed no more than natural that attention should be turned to Prince Julian, his habits, his entourage, his visitors. And now there were visitors. Nobles and gentlemen crossed the channel to see him. They came stealthily, yet not so secretly but that there was a paragraph. These great folk had heard the rumors, and hope had revived in their breasts. They talked to Mrs. Rivers. Mrs. Rivers had talked previously to Mr. Byers.

A day later a weekly paper which possessed good and claimed universal information announced that great activity reigned among Prince Julian's party and that his royal highness was considering the desirability of issuing a manifesto. "Certain ulterior steps," the writer continued, "are in contemplation, but of these it would be premature to speak." There was not very much in all this, but it made the friends of the stock rather uncomfortable, and they were no more happy when a leading article in a leading paper demonstrated beyond possibility of cavil that Prince Julian had a fair chance of success, but that, if he regained the throne, he could look to hold it only by seeking glory in an aggressive attitude toward his neighbors. On the appearance of this luminous forecast the poor stock fell two points more. There had been a saucy qui pet of the timid holders.

Then actually came the manifesto, and it was admitted on all hands to be such an excellent manifesto as to amount to an event of importance. Whoever had drawn it up—and this question was never settled—he knew how to lay his fingers on all the weak spots of the existing government, how to touch on the glories of Prince Julian's house, what tone to adopt on vexed questions, how to rouse the enthusiasm of all the discontented. "Given that the prince's party possess the necessary resources," observed the same leading journal, "it cannot be denied that the situation has assumed an aspect of gravity." And the poor stock fell yet a little more, upon which Mr. Shum, who had a liking for taking a profit when he saw it, ventured to ask his partner how long he meant "to keep it up."

"We'll talk about that tomorrow," said Mr. Byers. "I'm going to call in



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Palace Gate this afternoon." He looked very thoughtful as he brushed his hat and sent for a hansom, but as he drove along his brow cleared, and he smiled triumphantly. If the prince's party had not the necessary resources, they could do nothing; if they did nothing, would not the drooping stock lift up her head again? Now, nobody was in a position to solve that problem about the necessary resources so surely or so swiftly as Mr. Byers.

A hundred yards from Prince Julian's house he saw Lady Craigenoch walking along the pavement and got out of his cab to join her. She was full of the visit she had just paid, above all of Ellen Rivers.

"Because she's the whole thing, you know," she said. "The adherents—good gracious, what helpless creatures! I don't wonder the republicans upset them if that's what they're all like. Oh, they're gentlemen, of course, and you're not, Byers (Mr. Byers bowed slightly and smiled acquiescently), but I'd rather have you than a thousand of them. And the prince, poor dear, is hardly better. Always talking of what he'll do when he's there, never thinking how he's going to get there!"

Byers let her run on. She was giving him both instruction and amusement.

"And then he's afraid—oh, not of the bullets or the guillotine, or whatever it is—because he's a gentleman, too, you know. (Or perhaps you don't know! I wonder if you do? Shum doesn't. Perhaps you do.) But he's afraid of losing her. If he goes, she won't go with him. I don't mean as—as she is now, you know. She won't go anyhow, not as his wife even. Well, of course, if he married her he'd wreck the whole thing. But one would hardly expect her to see that—or even to care if he did. She's very odd." Lady Craigenoch paused a moment. "She's fond of him, too," she added. "She's a very queer woman."

"A lady?" asked Mr. Byers, with a touch of satire.

"Oh, yes!" said Lady Craigenoch, scornful that he needed to ask. "But so odd. Well, you've seen her with him—just like a mother with her pet boy! How hard she's worked, to be sure! She told me how she'd got him to sign the what's its name? He almost cried because he'd have to go without her, you know. But she says it's all right now. He won't go back now, because she's given his word. And she's simply triumphant, though she's fond of him and though she won't go with him." Again Lady Craigenoch paused. "People won't call on that woman, you know," she remarked after her pause. Then she added: "Of course that's right, except for a reprobate like me. But still—"

"She's an interesting woman," said Byers in a perfunctory sympathy with his companion's enthusiasm.

Lady Craigenoch cooled down and fixed a cold and penetrating glance on him.

"Yes, and you're an interesting man," she said. "What are you doing, Mr. Byers?"

"Vindicating right divine," he answered.

Lady Craigenoch smiled. "Well, whatever it is," she said, "Shum has promised that I shall stand in." Again she paused. "Only," she resumed, "if you're making a fool of that woman"—She seemed unable to finish the sentence. There had been genuine indignation in



"You'd better let somebody else engineer the thing."

her eyes for a moment; it faded away, but there came a slight flush on her cheek as she added, "But that doesn't matter if it's in the way of business, does it?"

"And Shum has promised that you shall stand in," Byers reminded her gravely.

Lady Craigenoch dug her parasol

into the streak of earth that showed between pavement and curbstone.

"Anyhow I'm glad I called on her," she said. "I'm not much, heaven knows, but I'm a woman to speak to."

"To cry to?" he hazarded.

"How do you know she cried? Think what she'd been through, poor thing! Oh, you won't find her crying!"

"I hope not," said Mr. Byers with a perfect seriousness in his slightly nasal tones, and when they parted he said to himself, "That woman hates having to know me." But there were many people in that position, and he spent much time in increasing the number, so the reflection caused him no pain, but rather a sense of self complacency. When people know you who hate having to know you, you are somebody. The thought passed, and the next moment he found himself being glad that Ellen Rivers had a woman to speak to—or to cry to—even though it were only Lady Craigenoch.

She was not crying when she received Mr. Byers. She was radiant. She told him that her part was done; now he must do his part; then the prince would do his. Thus the great enterprise would be accomplished. That odd pang struck Byers again as he listened. He recollected the beginning of Lady Craigenoch's unfinished sentence. "If you're making a fool of that woman"—That was just what he was doing. He escaped from the thought and gratified his curiosity by turning the talk to Mrs. Rivers herself.

"Accomplished, eh?" said he. "And it's a crown for the prince!"

"Yes, and great influence for you."

"And you'll be—"

"I shall be nothing. I shall go away." She spoke quickly and decisively. The resolution was there, but to dwell on it was dangerous.

"Where to?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Anywhere."

"Back to your people?"

(to be continued)

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