

sons, and yet a Yankee has just carried the whole place by storm.

It can be easily understood that with such a cosmopolitan population, there is an undercurrent of vice and crime rampant.

Thaddeus has shown a remarkable bit of business ability, but he is not a beloved character in Singapore. Those who are not profited by the stupendous deal are angry at him, while the men who sold at a large premium want to kick themselves for not demanding more.

It would be hard to find a friend of the American in the whole place. If the defeated schemers want to institute some sort of revenge upon the American they will be able to discover plenty of available assistants for the business.

Thaddeus has placed his affairs in the hands of the best legal firm in the city, so he cannot be injured financially. The deal has gone through, and for a time he is king of the coffee trade; all the world must pay him tribute.

Hence, if injured at all, it must be with regard to his body or his mind.

Men who are unscrupulous do not hesitate to descend to dishonourable practices. Lord Alect Pemberton is doubly sore, since he has not only been a loser by the clever work of Thaddeus Thorpe, but at the same time has suffered severely at the hands of the Nabob of Singapore, who is of the party.

He sees a chance to kill two birds with one stone, and through the agency of—Eulalia.

Thus, this last night at Singapore may after all turn out to be one of excitement.

The major has been roaming the streets as the afternoon wears away. There are several favourite nooks of his, which he has haunted. One of these is the mosque where the Mohammedans worship. All sorts of religions are tolerated at Singapore, for the nations of the earth meet here, naturally fall into sects, and worship as they are accustomed to at home. The Buddhists, Brahmans, Mohammedans, followers of Zoroaster, Confucius, and the various sects of the islands, all mingle in business, but worship according to their custom.

So Major Max has experienced some pleasure in looking up these strange facts, whenever he can spare time from the business of getting the ship ready for her expedition.

It is just sunset.

The voice of the priest is heard from the little platform of the stately minaret, chanting the *ledas* or call to prayer, and the faithful may be seen in the mosque or on the street, in matters not which, bending their bodies to the earth, and facing nearly west, for in that quarter lies the sacred city of Mecca.

There is at least a solemnity in their worship, no levity being allowed, though Mohammedans drop their piety just as soon as they leave their mosque.

Major Max has always been attracted by such scenes; he has an eye for colours, and the Orientals love to display the most gorgeous tints in their rage and dress.

He turns away from this scene; it is time he made for the hotel. Singapore will soon be in the embrace of night, and it is not the safest place in the world to be wandering in after darkness has set her seal upon the strange city that guards the entrance to the Malacca Straits.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CHASE OF THE PALKO GARRI.

So the soldier quickens his steps, as he has to pass through a number of streets before reaching the broad verandah of the hotel.

The evening is pleasant, as a cooling breeze springs up at sunset, and gives promise of continuing most of the night. While he stalks along the major keeps his eyes about him, and notes many things of interest, which a less observant man would never have seen.

A palko garrri passes him—the lithe driver is beating his horse in the endeavour to make the little beast go faster, running alongside. It is a common sight, and yet Major Max cannot but smile at the spectacle, as he wonders what a sensation it would cause upon Broadway.

Who called him? Surely he heard some one in an indistinct voice say, 'Oh, major!'

He looks all around; no one seems to be paying the slightest attention to him. The garrri rattling down the street; he sees a white hand thrust out from it; perhaps his eyes deceive him, but it seems to beckon. He rubs his eyes, as if to make sure he is not dreaming. When he looks again there is no hand in sight; the garrri

is disappearing in the shadows of evening, and Major Max laughs at himself.

There are madcaps in Singapore who might not object to having a little amusement at the expense of a foreigner; Spanish señoritas eager for a flirtation, Italian maids with eyes full of mischief. Pahaw! some one who knew his name called out on the spur of the moment. What a fool to let his old heart give such a bound. Every girl in Singapore is not Miss Thorpe; and, besides, she is the Nabob's Eulalia.

So he walks on, straight to the square, where much of the city's business is done. The hotel at last.

Major Max heaves a sigh of relief—he has had a busy day—it has been quite warm—he is weary, and anticipates a good dinner. When a man nears fifty the comforts of life are always apt to be appreciated.

For once the soldier loses his dinner. As he steps upon the piazza he sees some one flying toward him, recognises the phenomenal habit of tripping at a certain time, braces himself, and awaits the crisis. Sure enough, Bolinda, with a little hysterical scream, seems to catch her foot upon some obstacle just before reaching him, and in another instant the soldier gallantly has his arms full of crinolines.

'Well done!' he says, deliberately, as he deposits his burden on the verandah.

'Oh, Major Max!' she gasps.

'Another lost letter?' he asks, smiling, as he looks about for the cuffed coolie.

'No, no! Something worse, infinitely worse. I'm afraid it's my sweet mistress that's lost this time!' she wails, hysterically, snatching out a dainty web of a kerchief, and wiping her eyes vigorously.

Major Max straightens up. His levity leaves him; he becomes once more the soldier—alert, stern, with an eye to duty.

'What do you mean?' he demands, seizing her wrist.

'Oh, Major Max, you hurt me!'

'Excuse me; but explain. What has happened to your mistress?' Is she sick—has she been poisoned—did the boat up at sea?

His fierceness alarms the girl; she hardly knows how to answer.

'Here comes dear Phineas—ask him.' 'We are afraid there's something gone wrong with Miss Eulalia,' he exclaimed. 'Her uncle is like a madman, and as for the

nabob, I'm afraid unless he's restrained, he'll clean out the whole hotel.'

'Fools, fools! What good would that do?' Tell me plainly what has happened to Eulalia.'

Phineas realises that he faces a master. 'I'm glad one man keeps his senses. Thank Heaven, there's some hope then. In a word, major, the young lady has disappeared.'

'What?'

'She's been kidnapped.'

The man who hears this astounding intelligence shuts his teeth hard; the muscles of his jaws can be seen to quiver.

'Tell me the particulars, as briefly as you can, for every second may count.'

That is the man of action who speaks. Somehow his manner inspires the secretary.

'Listen, then. She had forgotten some little thing she might want on this ride—aboard—delightful journey to the pirate dens of the Siamese coast. It would not do to wait for morning. She called to Juliet—my Huggins here—to follow and join her at the fountain. This Juliet did, as far as her part was concerned. She reached the fountain—it was almost evening—Eulalia was not there. She waited, not knowing where to go. The doves were feeding before seeking their roosts—the water was gurgling beside her. Several girls and women came and filled their jars; they talked and laughed, but Miss Eulalia was not visible.

'Juliet is brave, but even she became anxious, for there were many rough fellows on the streets of Singapore just at dark. Then she heard a woman cry out; she saw some parties about a carriage, one of those indescribable things they call a garrri. Her name was called—she had a glimpse of a white face—it was that of her mistress. She did not comprehend, yet she ran forward, faithful Juliet, and called aloud for the man to desist.

'The garrri dashed down the street, the horse going at a gallop. It is no unusual sight in Singapore. Juliet ran and shouted, people blocked her way, and she was gradually being left behind. Presently she tripped and fell into the arms of a handsome gentleman, who chanced to be going the other way.'

'Ah!' smiles the major.

'It was an accident,' murmurs Huggins, turning furiously red.

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