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"Karl!" exclaimed Ilse Dumont.

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The Dark Star

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "The Girl Philippa," "Who Goes There" "The Hidden Children," Etc.

WITH FRONTISPIECE
By W. D. STEVENS

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From the dark yard two or three dogs barked at him, then barked again in a different key, voicing an excited welcome; and he opened the picket gate and went up the path surrounded by demonstrative setters and pointers, leaping and wagging about him and making a vast amount of noise on the vine-covered verandah as he opened the door, let himself into the house, and shut them out.

"Hello, dad!" he said, crossing swiftly to where his father sat by the reading lamp.

Their powerful grip lingered. Old Dick Neeland, ruddy, white-haired, straight as a pine, stood up in his old slippers and quilted smoking coat, his brier pipe poised in his left hand.

"Splendid, Jim. I've been thinking about you this evening." He might have added that there were few moments when his son was not in his thoughts.

"Are you all right, dad?"

"Absolutely. You are, too, I see."

They seated themselves.

"Hungry, Jim?"

"No; I dined aboard."

"You didn't telegraph me."

"No; I came at short notice."

"Can't you stay?"

"Dad, I have a drawing-room reserved for the midnight tonight, and I am sailing on the *Volhynia* tomorrow at nine in the morning!"

"God bless me! Why, Jim?"

"Dad, I'll tell you all I know about it."

His father sat with brier pipe suspended and keen blue eyes fixed on his son, while the son told everything he knew about the reason for his flying trip to Paris.

"You see how it is, don't you, dad?" he ended. "The

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