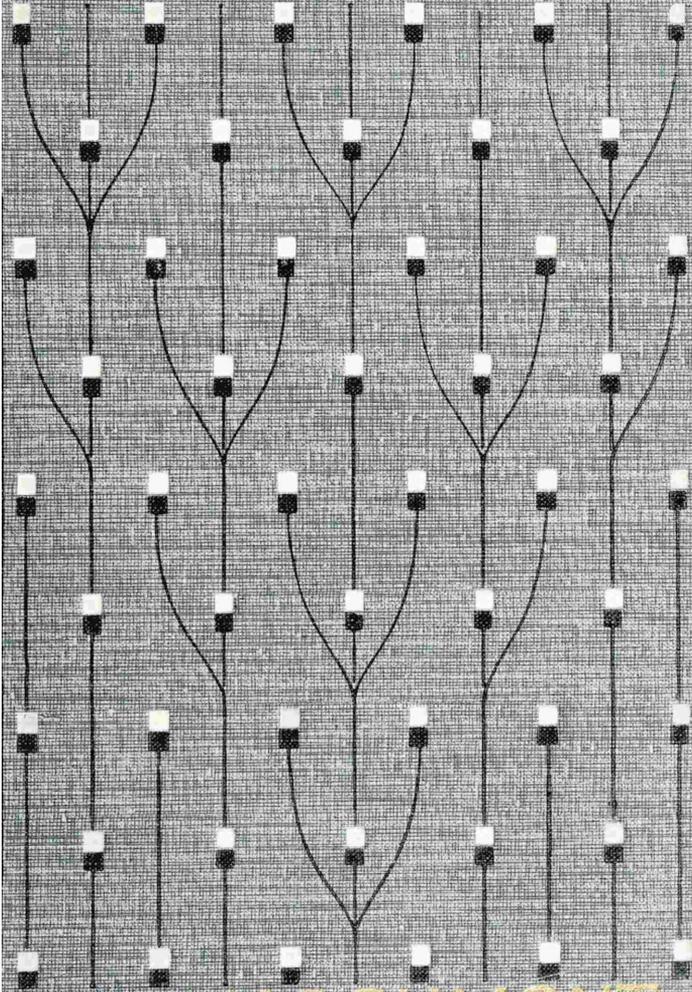


IN THE NAME OF
THE PEOPLE



A. W. MARCHMONT

**IN THE NAME OF
THE PEOPLE**

By

ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

WHEN I WAS CZAR.

The *Court Circular* says:—"There is always something supremely audacious about Mr. Marchmont's books. This, however, I will say, that for a long evening's solid enjoyment 'When I was Czar' would be hard to beat."

The *Nottingham Guardian* says:—"The best story of political intrigue which has been written since 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' with which it compares for the irresistible buoyancy by which it is told and the skill in which expectation is maintained on tiptoe till the last move."

The *Freeman's Journal* says:—"A very brilliant work, every page in it displays the dramatic talent of the author and his capacity for writing smart dialogue."

AN IMPERIAL MARRIAGE.

The *Sporting Life* says:—"Every page is full of incident and bright dialogue. The characters are strongly and vividly drawn, and the development of the whole story shows the author to be a thorough master of his craft."

The *Scotsman* says:—"The action never flags, the romantic element is always paramount, so that the production is bound to appeal successfully to all lovers of spirited fiction."

The *Notts Guardian* says:—"The interest is absorbing and cumulative through every chapter, and yet the tale is never

overloaded with incident. The vigour and reality of the story does not flag to the last page.”

The *Court Journal* says:—“One of those intricate webs of intrigue and incident in the weaving of which the author has no equal.”

BY SNARE OF LOVE.

The *Dundee Courier* says:—“To say that the clever author of ‘When I was Czar’ has eclipsed that stirring romance is to bring one within the sphere of the incredible. But it is true. The present novel is full to overflowing of boundless resource and enterprise, which cannot but rouse even the most blasé of readers.”

The *Daily Mail* says:—“The story is undoubtedly clever. Mr. Marchmont contrives to invest his most improbable episodes with an air of plausibility, and the net result is an exciting and entertaining tale.”

The *Birmingham Post* says:—“Mr. Marchmont creates numerous thrilling situations which are worked out with dramatic power, his description of the interior of a Turkish prison, with all its horrors, being a realistic piece of work.”

IN THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM.

The *Times*:—“Mr. Marchmont’s tales always have plenty of go. He is well up to his standard in this busy and exciting narrative.”

The *Globe*:—"Mr. A. W. Marchmont can always write an exciting story bristling with adventures and hazard, and incidents of all sorts. 'In the Cause of Freedom' furnishes a good example of his talent. Vivid, packed with drama, with action that never flags, this novel ought to appeal successfully to all lovers of romantic and spirited fiction."

The *People's Saturday Journal*:—"It is an admirable example of the type of exciting fiction for which Mr. Marchmont is justly famous, and lacks nothing in the way of plot and incident."

THE QUEEN'S ADVOCATE.

The *Daily News* says:—"Written in a vigorous and lively manner, adventures throng the pages, and the interest is maintained throughout."

The *Belfast Northern Whig* says:—"As one book follows another from Mr. Marchmont's pen we have increased breadth of treatment, more cleverly constructed plots and a closer study of human life and character. His present work affords ample evidence of this."

Madam says:—"A thrilling story, the scene of which takes us to the heart of the terrible Servian tragedy. We are taken through a veritable maze of adventure, even to that dreadful night of the assassination of the Royal couple. A very readable story."

A COURIER OF FORTUNE.

The *Daily Telegraph* says:—"An exciting romance of the 'cloak and rapier.' The fun is fast and furious; plot and counterplot, ambushes and fightings, imprisonment and escapes follow

each other with a rapidity that holds the reader with a taste for adventure in a state of more or less breathless excitement to the close. Mr. Marchmont has a spirited manner in describing adventure, allowing no pause in the doings for overdescription either of his characters or their surroundings.”

The *Bristol Mercury* says:—“A very striking picture of France at a period of absolute social and political insecurity. The author’s characters are drawn with such art as to make each a distinct personality. ‘A Courier of Fortune’ is quite one of the liveliest books we have read.”

BY WIT OF WOMAN.

The *Morning Leader* says:—“A stirring tale of dramatic intensity, and full of movement and exciting adventure. The author has evolved a character worthy to be the wife of Sherlock Holmes. She is the heroine; and what she did not know or could not find out about the Hungarian Patriot Party was not worth knowing.”

The *Standard* says:—“Mr. Marchmont is one of that small band of authors who can always be depended upon for a distinct note, a novel plot, an original outlook. ‘By Wit of Woman’ is marked by all the characteristic signs of Mr. Marchmont’s work.”

THE LITTLE ANARCHIST.

The *Sheffield Telegraph* says:—“The reader once inveigled into starting the first chapter is unable to put the book down until he has turned over the last page.”

Manchester City News says:—"It is no whit behind its predecessors in stirring episode, thrilling situation and dramatic power. The story grips in the first few lines and holds the reader's interest until 'finis' is written."

The *Scotsman* says:—"A romance, brimful of incident and arousing in the reader a healthy interest that carries him along with never a pause—a vigorous story with elements that fascinate. In invention and workmanship the novel shows no falling off from the high standard of Mr. Marchmont's earlier books."

IN THE NAME OF THE PEOPLE



“To whom are you going to give the papers you have just received from M. Dagara?”

CHAPTER I

AN UNPROFITIOUS START

“318, RUA DE PALMA,
“LISBON,
“SEPTEMBER 20, 1907.

“MY DEAR MURIEL,—

“I’m here at last, and the above is my address. The *Stella* dropped her anchor in the Tagus yesterday afternoon, and within half an hour I was at the Visconte de Linto’s house. That will show you I mean my campaign to be vigorous. But the Visconte and his wife are at Coimbra, and Miralda is with them. I should have been off in pursuit of her by the first train; but I managed to find out that they are with friends there and will be back to-morrow for a big reception. As that is just the sort of place I should choose before all others for the meeting with Miralda, I promptly set to work to get an invitation. I have done it all right. I got it through that M. Volheno whom you and Stefan brought on a visit to us at Tapworth, just after I got home from South Africa. Tell Stefan, by the way, that Volheno is quite a big pot and high in the confidence of the Dictator. I told him, of course, that I had come here about the

mining concessions in East Africa; and I shall rub that in to every one. I think his mouth watered a bit at the prospect of getting something for himself; anyway, he was awfully decent and promised me all sorts of a good time here. Among the introductions he mentioned was one to the de Lintos! I kept my face as stiff as a judge's; but I could have shrieked. Imagine a formal introduction to Miralda! 'Mademoiselle Dominguez. Mr. Donnington,' and those eyes of hers wide with astonishment, and her lips struggling to suppress her laughter! I really think I must let him do it, just to see her face at the moment. Anyway, I shall see her to-morrow night. Ye gods! It's over four months since I fell before her beauty as intuitively as a pagan falls before the shrine of the little tin god he worships. I hope no one has got in the way meanwhile; if there is any one—well, I'll do my best to give him a bad time. I'm not here for my health, as the Yanks say; nor for the health of any other fellow. By all of which you will see I am in good spirits, and dead set on winning.

"By the way, I hear that things are in the very devil of a mess in the city; and Volheno told me—unofficially of course—that the streets are positively unsafe after dark. But I was out for a couple of hours last night, renewing my acquaintance with the city, and saw no ripple of trouble. After his warning I shoved a revolver in

my pocket; but a cigar-holder would have been just as much good. I should rather like a scrap with some of the Lisbon ragamuffins.

“I’ve taken a furnished flat here; yacht too awkward to get to and from; and a hotel impossible—too many old women gossips.

“Love to your hub and the kiddies.

“Your affect. brother,
“RALPH.

“PS. Think of it. To-morrow night by this time I shall have met her again. Don’t grin. You married a Spaniard; and for love too. And you’re not ashamed of being beastly happy. R. D.

“PPS. Mind. I hold you to your promise. If there is any real trouble about M. and I need you, you are to come the moment I wire. Be a good pal, and don’t back down. But I think I shall worry through on my own.”

I have given this letter because it explains the circumstances of my presence in Lisbon. A love quest. In the previous March, my sister’s husband, Stefan Madrillo, who is on the staff of the Spanish Embassy in Paris, had introduced me to Miralda Dominguez—the most beautiful girl in Paris as she was generally acknowledged; and although up to that moment I had never cared for any woman, except my sister, and the thought of marriage had never entered my head, the whole perspective of life was changed on the instant.

The one desire that possessed me was to win her love; the one possible prospect which was not utterly barren and empty of everything but wretchedness, was that she would give herself to me for life.

I had one advantage over the crowd of men whom the lodestone of her beauty drew round her. I had lived in her country, spoke her language as readily as my own, and could find many interests in common. Naturally I played that for all it was worth.

From the first moment of meeting I was enslaved by her stately grace, her ravishing smile, her soft, liquid, sympathetic voice, the subtle but ineffable charm of her presence, and the dark lustrous eyes into which I loved to bring the changing lights of surprise, curiosity, interest and pleasure.

I was miserable when away from her; and should have been wholly happy in her presence if it had not been for the despairing sense of unworthiness which plagued and depressed me. She was a goddess to me, and I a mere clod.

For three weeks—three crazily happy and yet crazily miserable weeks for me—this had continued; and then I had been wired for at a moment's notice, owing to my dear father's sudden illness.

I had to leave within an hour of the receipt of the telegram, without a chance of putting the question on which my whole happiness depended, without even a word of personal leave-taking. And for the whole of the four months since that night I had had to remain in England.

During nearly all the time my father lay hovering between life and death. At intervals, uncertain and transitory, he regained consciousness; and at such moments his first question was for me. I could not think of leaving him, of course; and even when the end came, the settlement of the many affairs connected with the large fortune he left delayed me a further two or three weeks.

My sister assured me that, through some friend or other, she had contrived to let Miralda know something of the facts; but this was no more than a cold comfort. When at length I turned the *Stella's* head toward Lisbon, steaming at the top speed of her powerful engines, I felt how feeble such a written explanation, dribbling through two or three hands and watered down in the dribbling process, might appear to Miralda, even assuming that she had given me a second thought as the result of those three weeks in Paris.

But I was in Lisbon at last; and although I could not help realizing that a hundred and fifty obstacles might have had time to grow up between us during the long interval, I gritted my teeth in the resolve to overcome them.

Anyway, the following night would show me how the land lay; and, as anything was better than suspense, I gave a sigh of relief at the thought, and having posted the letter to my sister, set off for another prowl round the city.

I had not been there for several years—before I went out with the Yeomanry for a fling at the Boers—and it interested me to note the changes which had taken place. But I thought much more of Miralda than of any changes and not at all of any

possible trouble in the streets. After a man has had a few moonlight rides reconnoitring kopjes which are likely to be full of Boer snipers, he isn't going to worry himself grey about a few Portuguese rag-and-bobtail with an itch for his purse.

Besides, I felt well able to take care of myself in any street row. I was lithe and strong and in the pink of condition, and knew fairly well "how to stop 'em," as Jem Whiteway, the old boxer, used to say, with a shake of his bullet head when he tried to get through my guard and I landed him.

But my contempt for the dangers of the streets was a little premature. My experiences that night were destined to change my opinion entirely, and to change a good many other things too. Before the night was many hours older, I had every reason to be thankful that I had taken a revolver out with me.

It came about in this way. I was skirting that district of the city which is still frequently called the Mouraria—a nest of little, narrow, tortuous by-ways into which I deemed it prudent not to venture too far—and was going down a steep street toward the river front, when the stillness was broken by the hoarse murmur of many voices. I guessed that some sort of a row was in the making, and hurried on to see the fun. And as I reached a turning a little farther down, I found myself in the thick of it.

A small body of police came tearing round the corner running for their lives with a crowd of men at their heels, whooping and yelling like a pack of hounds in full sight of the fox.

As the police passed, one of them struck a vicious blow at me with a club, and I only just managed to jump back and escape

the blow. I drew into the shelter of a doorway as the mob followed. The street was very narrow and steep at this point, and the police, seeing the advantage it gave them, rallied to make a stand some forty or fifty yards up the hill above me.

The foremost pursuers paused a few moments to let a good number come up; and then they went for the police for all they were worth. The fight was very hot; but discipline told, as it will; and although the police were tremendously outnumbered, they held their ground well enough at first.

Meanwhile the racket kept bringing up reinforcements for the mob, and some of them began to get disagreeably curious about me. Here was a glorious struggle going on against the common foe, and I was standing idly by instead of taking a hand in it.

One or two of them questioned me in a jeering tone, and presently some fool yelled out that I was a spy. From taunts and gibing insults, those near me proceeded to threats, fists and sticks were shaken at me, and matters looked decidedly unpleasant.

I kept on explaining that I was a foreigner; but that was no more than a waste of breath; and I looked about for a chance to get away.

I was very awkwardly placed, however. If I went up the street, I should only run into the thick of the fight with the police; while the constant arrival of freshcomers below me made escape in that direction impossible.

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