PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

Wolfenden followed close behind. The feeling which prompted him to do so was a curious one, but it seemeven at that time a conviction that something unusual was about to happen. The girl stepped lightly across the carpeted way and entered the carriage. Her companion paused in the doorway to hand some silver to the commissionaire, then he, too, leaning upon his stick, stepped across are pavement. His foot was already upon the carriage step, when suddenly what Wolfenden had been vaguely anticipating happened. A dark figure sprang from out of the shadows, and seized him by the throat; something that glittered like a streak of silver in the electric light flashed upwards. The blow would certainly have fallen, but for Wolfenden. He was the only person not wholly unprepared for something of that sort, and he was consequent-ly not paralyzed into inaction as were the others. He was so near, too, at a single step forward enabled him to seize the uplifted arm in a grasp of iron. The man who had grasp of iron. The man who had been attacked was the next to re-cover himself. Raising his stick he struck at his assailant viohe struck at his assailant vio-lently. The blow missed his head, but grazed his temple and fell upon his shoulder. The man, released from Wolfenden's grasp by his convulsive start, went staggering back into the roadway.

There was a rush then to secure him, but it was ten late Weferden better

but it was too late. Wolfenden, half expecting another attack, had not moved from the carriage door, and the commissionaire, though a powerful man, was not swift. Like a cat the man who had made the attack sprang across the resulting that the resulting the statement of the resulting that the resul across the roadway, and into the gar-dens which fringed the Embankment. The commissionaire and a loiterer followed him. Just then Wolfenden felt a soft touch on his shoulder. The girl had opened the carriage door, and was

standing at his side.

"Is anyone hurt!" the asked quickly.

"No one," he answered. "It is all

"No one," he answered. "It is all over. The man has run away."
Mr. Satha stooped down and brushed away some grey ash from the front of his coat. Then he took a match-box from his ticket-pocket, and re-lit the plantity which had been repurpled in cigarette which had been crumpled in his fingers. His hand was perfectly steady. The whole affair had scarcely taken thirty seco.ds.
"It was probably some lunatic," he
remarked motioning to the girl to

resume her place in the carriage "I am exceedingly obliged of you, sir. Lord Wolfenden, I blleve?" he added, raising his ha "But for your intervention the matter might really have been serious. Permit me to offen your yours, young I would be the property of the property mit me to offer you my card. I trust that some day I may have a better opportunity of expressing my thanks. At present you will excuse hurry. I am not of your nation, but I share an antipathy with them—I hate a row!"

He stepped into the carriage with

a farewell bow, and it drove off at once. Wolfenden remained looking af-ter it with his hat in his hand. From the embankment below came the faint sound of hurrying fcotsteps.

CHAPTER III. The Warning of Felix

The coupe brougham, with its flashing lights and noiseless wheels, turned the corner and disappeared. The three young men remained standing together upon the pavement until it together upon the pavement until it was out of sight. As a rule after such a meeting and supper togeth-er, they would have adjourned to the club, smoked a final cigar, and indulged in the inevitable whiskey and apollinaris. Harcutt would have talked scandal and told them stories, Densham would have lapsed into the latest art gossip, and Wolfenden would have supplied the general conversation. To night not one of them proposed any such thing. Curiously equal readiness! As the proper that have supplied the general conversa-tion. To-night not one of them pro-posed any such thing. Curiously enough all three of them exhibited a desire to be alone. They stool to-gether a little awkwardly for a mo-ment.

enough all three of them exhibited a desire to be alone. They stood together a little awkwardly for a moment or two, indulging in general or somewhat strained remarks as to the strange thing which had happened. Then liarcutt muttered something about an engagement, some professional work which must appear in the morning paper, and after a little half-apologetic and wholly unnecessary grumbling as to the exigencies of the journalistic profession, stepped into his night cab, and with a good-bye certainly less hearty than usual, drove off. Densham hailed a stray hansom, and departed also after a fare-som, and departed also after a fare-som, and departed also after a fare-sover himself. The man's earnestness som, and departed also after a well speech, which was almost spiteful. You always were a lucky

"Remember, though," Densham added, leaning over the apron of the cab, "it is not always the man who wins the first trick who scores the game." His cab drove off, and Wolfenden was left alone. He was a little surprised, but on the whole he was glad.

"Those fellows must be very hard hit." he said to himself softly. "I hever knew Densham surly before. You may go home, Dawson," he called out to his coachman, "I shall walk!" Wolfenden started on his way homeward, filled with a curlous sense of ward, filled with a curlous sense of having added richly to his stock of experiences. When he got out on the Embankment the rain had ceased and the stars were shining. Yes! there was no doubt about it. He had obtained what, to his somewhat epicurean turn of mind, was a distinct and subtle luxury. He had acquired a new sensation As he had put it with regard to Harcutt and

put it with regard to Harcutt and Densham, he was hard hit—hit very hard, indeed. For the first time he felt even the memory of a woman thrilling. He had drawn color into a life which was on the eve of becoming memorators on the eve of becoming monotonous. He walked along with buoyant steps and an unwonted lightheartedness. The world isn't half such a bad place when you feel like that!

Suddenly came to an abrupt which he struck me. It was the stick with which he struck me. It was given him stinct it was which led him to ook with more than ordinary curious into the face of the man sho, with the struck me. It was given him by an Inland that and he would not with more than ordinary curious into the face of the man sho, with it he could have a list of the struck me. It was given him by an Inland that and he would not be weight in gold. They have one as a rries in the struck me and he would not be weight in gold.

a soft cap pulled down almost over his eyes, sat in a corner of the seat which he was passing. Perhaps it was the good nature with which he ed to him afterward that he had have led him to listen just then with nave led him to listen just then with amazing generosity to any of the common street tales of trouble or distress. But after that first cur-sory glance he knew at once whom he had found. The opera hat had been thrown away, and other de-tails of his dress were changed, but as to the man himself. Wolfenden never had any doubt.

never had any doubt He knew at once that he was recognized, and sat up, a bright, red mark across his temples, his eyes wild, his lip arembling, eyes wild, his lips crembling, They looked at one another stead-ily. It was Wolfenden who broke the

"Well, you're a nice sort of fellow to ask out to supper!" he remark-ed. "What the mischief were you trying to do?"

trying to do?"
"To keep a vow," the man on the seat replied in a low tone. "I failed as I seem doomed to fall whenever I lift my hand against him! Why do you not summon a policeman? I am waiting. I shall not run away this

Wolfenden hesitated. Then sat down on the seat by the side of the man who had glared at him so fiercely. "Well. I don't know that it's any

business of mine," he said. "The man whom you went for didn't seem to care, so I don't see why I should have a so I should be said. care, so I don't see why I should. How did you manage to escape?" he added, curiously. Felix laughed—a dry, bitter, little

laugh. "Because I did not care whether I "Because I did not care whether was taken or not, I suppose," he answered. "I hid behind some shrubs in the garden yonder, and let them go blundering by me. Afterwards I blundering by me. Afterwards I came out and sat here."
"And what are you going to do

What are you going to do now?"
Feltx raised his eyebrows. His face said as plainly as possible—"What the devil has that got to do with you?"
Wolfenden understood.
"Of course," he said, "it is not my business exactly, and yet you must admit that I am concerned in it. You were my guest when the man came into the restaurant. If it had not been for my asking you there, you see, you might never have met him. Then, too, if it had not been for me, our friend there would have for me, our friend there would hav been a dead man, and you—well, is sounds ugly, but you would doubt less have been a murderer!

"You fool!"

Wolfenden shrugged his shoulders 'Thank you," he said. 'I

quite—"
Felix stopped him. He spread out his hands, and struck the back of the seat solemnly.
"You are a fool, because you saved his life," he said, with slow emphasis. "Listen!" He is no longer a young man, and there have been many who have desired to kill him. But never yet has anyone savedhim from peril, or stretched out to him. om peril, or stretched out to in the time of danger a helping hand, who has not bitterly repented it. So it will be with you! You will live to regret what you have done tonight! You will live to wish, and wish presciously below the wish and

wish passionately, that you had let him die. Before heaven, I say you will live to regret it."

Wolfenden was silent. Was that a chill breeze which had sprung up from the riverside, floating along amidst the grey mists which rode on the bosom of the dark still watere? the bosom of the dark, still waters: He was suddenly cold. The blood the bosom of the dark such was suddenly cold. The blood had ceased to travel so pleasantly through his veins. The earth was

equal readiness! As it happens, that man and I are strangers. I have

wollenden made an effort to re-cover himself. The man's earnestness was terrible, but his language was the language of exaggeration. It was out of keeping with the place and the times. He was probably a Wolfenden laughed without replying.
Wolfenden laughed without replying.
He was thinking that his luck, if luck little mad.
"You excite my curiosity," Wolfenward with a faint smile. "Let me

Remember, though," Densham addleaning over the apron of the cab,

Who is he?"
"That I shall not tell you!
"The lady, then?"
"That I do not know! She is his companion for the time. That is quite sufficient for me Wolfenden was silent for a moment

wolfenden was silent for a moment or two.
"You are not disposed to be communicative, I can see," he remarked. "I presume that I should be alluding to a delicate subject if I asked you why you made that little attempt tonight?"

Edity mailed analysis.

Felix smiled curiously.

There are," he said, "the end tinct and different reasons should take his life. Three, so far as I personally am commerner are others besides me who or not been his only victim, nor is it a new thing for him to stind in peril of his life. But he blars a charmed existence. Did you see his stick?"

Wolfenden nodded. "Yes! It was the stick with

"They say," Wolfenden repeated.

"Who say so?"
Felix shook his head.
"Never mind," he said. "You are
wiser not knowing—and happier. I do not know very much about you, Lord Wolfenden," he added. "We are almost wolfenden," he added. "We are almost is trangers, but I am going to give you the very best advice you ever had from anyone in your life. Avoid that man as you would the pestilence. Go away before he can find you out and offer you thanks. Take a little tour on the Continent; stay away from England for a while. Stay away for ever rather than accept his friendship or have anything to do with him."

"You must admit," Wolfenden said slowly, 'that such sweeping condemnation sounds a little—well, extravagant. I am an ordinary, matter-offact Englishman, leading an ordinary life I am not a politician, a diplomatist, or a gambler! I am not in the least likely to become either of these three. This man could have no object in doing me harm, either now or in the future. I think you said that you knew nothing of the lady?"

new nothing of the lady?"
Felix looked at him keenly.

"The young lady," he repeated. "No, I know nothing of her beyond the fact that she seems to be his companionfor the nonce. That is quite sufficient

for me!"
Wolfenden rose to his feet.
"Thanks," he said; "I only asked you for facts. As to your suggestion—well, you had better not repeat it in

Frix laughed mockingly. "You are so blind and pig-headed, you English people," he said. "I have told you something of the man's charcold you something of the man's char acter. What sort of a girl, do you sup-pose, would be supping with him alone in a public restaurant after mid-night?"

night?"
"I wish you good-night," Wolfenden said, moving away. "I will not listen to another word."
Felix rose up and stood beside him. His face looked very frail and eager in the faint half-light. He laid his hand upon the other's arm.
"Lord Wolfenden," he said, "you are a decent fellow-remember that it is only for your good I speak! The girl—" Wolfenden shook him off.

Wolfenden shook him off. "If you allude either directly or in-directly to that young lady again," he said, calmly, "I shall throw you into the river"

he said, calmly into the river!" Felix shrugged his shoulders. "At least remember," he said, Wolfenden walked away, "that warned you."

Wolfenden walked swiftly home-wards to his room in Half Moon street. His servant admitted him as sual, and took his coat. "I beg your pardon, my lord," he sald, as Wolfenden was turning away

but were you expecting—a—young lady?"

The man coughed discreetly. Wolf-The man coughed discreetly. Wolf-nden looked at him in amazement. "A-what, Selby?" 'A young lady, my lord."

Wolfenden frowned.

"Of course not!" he answered.

"What the mischief do you mean!".

Selby proceeded to explain.

"A young lady arrived here a short time ago, my lord, and asked för you.

Lohnson informed her that you would

Johnson informed her that you would be home shortly, and she decided to watt Johnson, rather imprudently, ad-mitted her, and—she's in the study, my

"A young lady here—at this time of night!" Wolfenden evolution night!" Wolfenden exclaimed, incredu-lously. "Are you mad, Selby?"

lously. "Are you mad, Selby?"
"You were not expecting her, then,
my lord?" Selby said, a little anxiously. "She gave Johnson to understand
that you were."
"You are a couple of silly fools,
bables, both you and Johnson," Wolfenden exclaimed angrily. "Of course I
was not expecting her! Haven't you
been love excepting." been long enough in my service know better than that?"

"I am exceedingly sorry, my lord," Selby said abjectly. "The young lady's appearance misled me. She is quietly dressed, my lord, and if you will permit me to say so, I am sure she is—she is quite a lady. There is probably some mistake!"

mistake!"
Wolfenden crossed the hall towards the study door.
"Wait where you are until I ring, Selby," he said. "I never thought that wou were such a consummate ass!" He opened the study door, and closed it again. Selby waited for the bell, but it did not ring.

CHAPTER IV.

At the Russian Ambassador's. The broughan containing the man who had figured in the "Milan" table list as Mr. Sabin, and his companion, turned into the Strand and proceeded westwards. Close behind it came Har westwards. Toose behind it came introcutt's private cab—only it few yards away followed Densham's hansom. The procession continued in the same order, skirting Trafalgar Square and along

Each in a different manner, the three men were perhaps equally inter-ested in these people, Geoffry Densham was attracted as an artist by the ex-treme and rare beauty of the girl. Wolfenden's interest was at once more sentimental and more personal. Har-cutt's arose party out of emissive cutt's arose partly out of curiosity partly from innate love of adventure Both Densham and Harcutt were ex-ceedingly interested as to their prob-able destination. From it—they would be able to gether come idea as to the be able to gather some idea as to the status and social position of Mr. Sabin status and social position of Mr. Sabin and his companion. Both were perhaps a little surprised when the brougham, which had been making its way into the heart of fashionable London, turned into Belgrave Square, and pulled up before a great, porticoed house, brilliantly lit, and with a crimson drugget and covered way stretched out across the pavement. Harcutt sprang out first, just in time to see the two pass through the open doorway, the man leaning heavily upon his stick, the girl, with her daintily gloved fingers just resting upon his coat-sleeve, walking with that uncommon and graceful self-possession which had so attracted Densham during her passage through the supper-room at the "Milan" a short while ago.

while ago.

Harcutt looked at them, watching them disappear with a frown upon his forehead.

his forehead.

"Rather a sell, isn't it?" said a quiet voice in his ear.

He turned abruptly round. Densham was standing upon the pavement by his side.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed testily. "What are you doing here?"

Densham threw away his clearette.

tily. "What are you doing here: Densham threw away his cigarette and laughed.

"I might return the question, I suppose," he remarked. "We both followed the young lady and her imaginary papa! We were both anxlous to find out where they lived—and we are both sold!"

"Very badly sold," Harcutt admitted. "What do you propose to do now? We can't wait outside here for an lump or two!" Have you any plan?" Harcutt shook his head.

Harcutt shook his head.

"Can't say that I have."

They were both silent for a moment. Densham was smiling softly to himself. Watching him. Harcutt became quite assured that he had decided what to do.

"Let us consider the matter together," he suggested, diplomatically. "We ought to be able to hit upon something."

Densham shook his head doubtfully.

"No," he said; "I don't think that we can run this thing in double harness. You see our interests are materially opposed."

Harcutt did not see it in the same light. light.
"Pooh! We can travel together by

"Pooh! We can travel together by the same road," he protested. "The time to part company has not come yet. Wolfenden has got a bit ahead of us to-night. After all, though, you and I may pull level, if we help one another. You have a plan I can another. You have a plan, I can see! What is it?"

Densham was silent for a moment.
"You know whose house this is?

he asked.

Harcutt nodded.

"Of course! It's the Russian Ambassador's!"

Densham drew a square card from his pocket, and held it out under the gas-light. From it, it appeared that the Princess Lobenski desired the honor of his company at any time that evening between twelve and two.

"A card for to-night, by Jove!"

Harcutt exclaimed.

Densham nodded and replaced it in

Densham nodded and replaced it in is pocket. You see, Harcutt," he said, "I am "You see, Harcutt," he said, "I am bound to 'take an advantage over you. I only got this eard by an accident, and I certainly io not know the Princess well enough to present you. I shall be compelled to leave you here. All that I can promise is, that if I discover anything interesting I will let you know about it to-morrow. Good-night."

while to you know about it to-morrow. Good-night.'
Harcutt watched him disappear through the open door, and then walked a little way along the pavement, swearing softly to himself. His first idea was to wait about until they came out and then follow them again. By that means he would at least be sure of their address. He would have gained something for his time and trouble. He lit a cigarette and walked slowly to the corner of the street. Then he turned back and retraced his steen, As he neared the retraced his steps. As he neared retraced his steps. As he neared the crimson strip of drugget, one of the servants drew respectfully aside, as though expecting him to enter. The man's action was like an inspiration to him. He glenced down the vista of covered see a cover of the covered see a covered to him. He glonced down the vista of covered roof. A crowd of people were making their way up the broad staircase, and amongst them Densham. After all, why not? He laughed softly to himself and hesitated no longer. He threw away his cigarette and walked boldly in. He was doing a thing for which he well knew that he deserved to be licked. At the same time, he had made up his mind to go through with it, and he was not the man to fall through nerwousness or want of savoir faire.

(To be continued.)

MAY CHOOSE THEIR TONGUE

Belgium Has a Choice Between French and Flemish Languages. The question whether Flemish of The question whether Flemish or French shall be the prevailing lan-guage in Belgium is a matter that is regarded quite soriously there. It cannot be agreed, even in Bel-gium, whether or not Flemish is a

anguage of the leading authorities, Some of the leading authorities, among whom are prominent Flemings declare that Flemish is nothing but a corrupt form of Dutch, addalect spoken in Flanders, just as the torgue of Yorkshire is an English dialect or any pato's a corruption of the language of the country where it is spoken. The theory that Flemish is a corruption of Dutch is consistent with the history of the country and its records

history of the country and its people and, above all, its literature.

The grammar of the Flemish language is the Dutch grammar, the dictionary is the Dutch dictionary, and yet the radioal Flemish faction has been clamping in The Secret and

yet the radical Flemish faction has been clamoring in the Senate and Chamber for years to have Flemish made the official language of Belgium, when not one-half of the inhabitants of the country understand it.

At present all laws, official rules, regulations and decrees are printed in both languages, and in court a Fleming can insist on being heard in Flemish if he so desires.

Three languages, or rather one language and two dialects, namely,

guage and two dialects, namely, French, Flemish and Walloon, are

French, Flemish and Walloon, are spoken in Bolgium. Flemish is confined to the north of the country, including all Flanders; Walloon prevails in the south, while French is the official and commercial language and the language of efficie among all the well-educated classes and is spoken throughout the country generally.

the purest French is to be heard at Liege. In fact, the French spoken there is far superior to that of Paris, and anyone who has resided in the two cities will recognize this fact at

There is no doubt that the lan-guage of Flanders was formerly, identical with the Dutch, but that after the separation of Flanders-un til now the Flemings, no longer be ing accustomed to pure Dutch, wish to raise the dignity of their dialect by calling it a language.

Holland has a literature of its own.

There are Dutch poets, novelists and

historians, whose works have been translated into nearly every Euro

translated into nearly every European tongue.

Flanders, until fifty years ago, had neither poet, novelist nor historian, and it was only as recently as 1837 that Hendrik Conscience began to write for the people of Flanders. He wrote well and was talented, though he wrote in the Flanker torrare. he wrote in the Flemish tongue. order that the people might read, for the Dutch of Flanders had become so corrupt that the Flemings were unable to read their mother tongue and so had no literature for themselves.
Others followed in the wake of Con-

science, but even now the Flemings can boast of but few litterateurs of merit and can show but a very small library of Flemish works.—Philadelphia Press.

Men are So Tantalizing.

"Harriet, I'm going to give you a oyful surprise Christmas day."
"Oh, Henry! A new seal coat?"
"No, Harriett; I'm going to church with you."—Indianabols. Journal. with you."-India

****************** A HALF DOZEN GOOD STORIES.

***** There is one story (according to M. A. P.) which Mr. Sims Reeves was very fond of telling. It concerns a early engagement at Glasgow, which had been arranged throagn a metropolitan agency. One of the items was "Hail, Emiling Morn," and Mr. Reeves was naturally set down for the solo portion. The chorus consists of an echo, and the London agent as-sured the soloist that a satisfactory sured the soloist that a satisfactory choir had been engaged. The whole matter was arranged very hurriedly, and Mr. Reeves was at first disinclined to accept, as his other engagements precluded him from reaching Glasgow in time for a rehearsal with the choir. "Don't worry about that, my dear sir," said the agent that, my dear sir," said the "you will find the choir no feet." Mr. Reeves was fect.' Mr. Reeves was perforce obliged to make the best of the bargain, and he journeyed to Glas-gow, hoping averything gow, hoping everything would turn out well. The concert was a success. and all went merry as a marriage bell until "Hail, Smiling Morn," was in course of performance. When the soloist came to the lines demanding an echo, he delivered them in his best manner-"At whose bright pre best manner—"At whose bright presence, Darkness flies away." What was his horror to hear Echo repeating his words in the broadest Doric "Fleees awa'," Yet Sims Reeves averred that not a soul in the audience smiled or saw anything in-congruous. He put the case to a baillie afterwards, who assured him, "That's just nothing at all. You were wrong a little in your pronunciation, and the echo was correct. fou see, it was a Scottish echo."

"Why is it ?" she asked "that when you are playing whist against papa you make so many blunders? You never seem to make mistakes when

"Well, not exactly that, Miss Rock-ingham," he answered. "You see, I ound out some time ago that you father likes to win, and I want him to have a kindly feeling for me. I hope to-to have a favor to ask of him one of these days, and—"

He hesitated. She looked up into

got around her, and she whispered:
"Oh, Edward, how did you ever guess that you had any reason "What are your financial pros-

his face, and then, somehow, his arm

pects?" demanded the old gentleman.
"I will not deceive you, sir," replied the honest young man. "I think they are reasonably good. "I would be glad if you were more explicit.'

Certainly. If you will accept me as a son-in-law you will readily un-derstand that my future is assured. If you do not, your daughter has promised to elope with me, and we feel that we may reasonably expect

feel that we may reasonably expect your forgiveness. Altogether, I think I may safely say that the outlook is quite promising."
"It seems to me young man," returned the old gentleman thoughtfully, "as if you thought you had a mortgage on my fortune."
"That's how it seems to me, too," answered the honest young man.

Netta was a little girl who lived in a foundling asylum, a place where homeless children without relatives are cared for. A visitor who often came to the foundling had taken a great fancy to Netta. It was the birthday of Muriel, the lady's little girl, and permission was asked for Netta to take tea with Muriel. Netta to take tea with Muriel.

As it was Muriel's birthday Netta
wished to be very nice to her. At
the same time Netta felt she had
an advantage over Muriel, for it was
not every one who lived in a foundling hospital.

"You were born, Muriel?" she
asked.

Muriel nodded and smiled Up went Netta's head a little higher. "It is so common to be born," she said. "I was founded!"

This is told of a minister in England, who is said to have had an irritable temper—The churchyard was surrounded by a low parapet. irritable temper—The churchyard was surrounded by a low parapet wall with a snarp-ridged coping, to walk along which required nice balancing of the body and was one of the favorite feats of the neighboring boys. The practice greatly amnoyed the minister, and one day, while reading the burial service at the gravesude his over consetts. while reading the burial service at the graveside, his eye caught a chimneysweep walking on the wall. This caused the eccentric chaplain by abruptly giving an order to the beadle to make the following interpo-lation in the solemn words of the funeral service—"And I heard a voice from beaven caying-knock that black raseal off the wall ?

Among the curlosities of the law

h the releaving, reported by the Rochester Post-Express— At a term of the Circuit Court in one of the up-river counties no. long oue of the up-river contries ho. long ego, a horse case was on trial, and a well known "horseman" was cahed as a witness, "well, sir, you-caw this horse?" 'Sald the defendant's coansel.

"Yes, sir; i—"
"What did you do?" "I jest opened less mouth to find out how cal ne was, an' I says to him, says I, 'Old feller, I guess you're

"Stop!" cried the opposing counsel. "Stop!" eried the opposing country of the art of the ar witness and the horse who plaintiff was not present." The objection was sustained.

CAN YOU SING IT?

"God Save the Queen" as it Sounds in

Chinese. Professor Salmone contributes the following to the London Post— In 1897 I devised and edited a small publication entitled "The Imperial Souvenir," this being the Translation of third verse of the National Anthem, metrically rendered into fifty of the most important ed into fifty of the most important language's spoken in the queen's Empire. In the case of Oriental languages the verse was likewise presented in Roman characters, so that every subject of her halpsty is thereby enabled to sing, with heart and voice, "God Save the Queen" in the fifty languages referred to. It was naturally a hugg task to obtain the translations of so many bastern languages. so many Eastern Innguages, but I eventually succeeded. Chinese, however, proved a most formidable. None of the Chinese scholars and my colleagues at the various colleges felt capable of undertaking so difficult a task, owing to the great diver-gence of the Chinese language from anything Western as regards exwestern as regards exidiom and metre. At last applied to His Excellency

I applied to His Excelency Sir Chili-chen Lofengluh, and asked him to be good enough to recommend to me some one at the legation who would be able to undertake the work. In reply I received the fol-lowing letter— "49 Portland Place, Aug. 25, 1897. "Dear Professor Salmone In con-"Dear Professor Salmone,—In conformity with the request contained in your note of the 21st inst., I in your note of the 21st inst., I have the pleasure to enclose to you

have the pleasure to enclose to you the caligraphic copy of my transla-tion of the third verse of the Brit-lish National Anthem.

"I beg to call your attention to the fact that the Chinese version is also in rhyme; and in the same metre as the English original, and the cali-graphic copy is made in strict ac-cordance with the directions enclosed in your note. I have the honor to be. in your note. I have the honor to be yours faithfully,

To say the least, it was a graceful act on His Excellency's part undertake the translation of undertake the translation of "God Save the Queen." If a few such men as Sir Chihchen had the supreme direction of affairs in China to-day that country could have vied with the best state in Europe.

I subjoin the transliteration of Sir Chihchen's rendering of the verse in question. It has been tested and pronounced accurate by some of the best musicians in Europe, as well as by

musicians in Europe, as well as by the leading scholars of Chinèse in Europe and America—one and all pro-nounce it as a most excellent render-ing and a masterly performance. It was indoubtedly a courtly and friend ly tribute to the good feeling exist-ent between two of the greatest em-plres of the Eastern and Western

"Chi shan pi yu yu kiang Shan Ts'ang chiang fu fang cha**ng** Wan Shon au chiang Yung shih Shen Jeu yu yu Shon fa pao pang yu wu Ko kung sung teh wei yang Tien yu Chun Chu."

Unjudicial, But Human. Not many weeks ago, says the Sydney Bulletin, two Australian judges—one of Supreme, the other of the minor Bench—settled a little difference of opinion on a question of honor in the good old-fashioned way with bare fists. Preliminaries were with bare fists. Preliminaries were fixed up in a few minutes at a fashionable club, and the legal luminaries retired with their seconds to a well-known private boxing hall, where they vigorously pounded one another for fifteen minutes. The minor Judge eventually established his claim to precedence—probably for the first time in Australian history—by a knock-out blow under

tory—by a knock-out blow under the Supreme Court jaw. Daniel Macalcese, member of the British House of Commons for the North Monaghan division, is dead.

DR. CHASE MAKES FRIENDS OF HOSTS OF WOMEN.

By Curing Their Peculiar IIIs Dr. Chase's Nerve Food a Surprising Restorative for Pale, Weak, Nervous Women.

As a result of much confinement within doors, and the consequent lack of fresh air and healthful exercise, most women not only lose much in figure and complexion, but also suffer more or less from serious bodily derangements as the result of thin, watery blood and exhausted nervous system.

More than nine-tenths of the cases of diseases peculiar to women are directly due to a weakened condition of the nerves, and can be cured thoroghly and permanently by taking mild outdoor exercise, breathing plenty of pure, fresh air, and using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to form new blood and revitalize the depleted nervous system.

Weak, Nervous Women.

nerves, I would take shaking spells, and a dizzy, swimming feeling would come over me. Night after night I would nowled as though it would burst. At last I had to keep to my bed, and though me. I have now takes five boxes of 0r. Chase's Nerve Food, and it has done me more good than I ever believed a medicine could do. Words fall to express my gratitude for the wonderful cure brought about by this treatment."

Mrs. Margaret Iron, Tower Hill, N. B., writes—

"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a world of good. I was so weak that Leaving the treatment of the property of property of property of pure, fresh air, and using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a world of good. I was so weak that Leaving the treatment of the property of property of property of property of pure, fresh air, and using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a world of good. I was so weak that the property of property of

blood and revitalize the depleted nervous system.

It takes time to build up the system anew, to fill the shrivelled arterles with new, rich blood, restore the wasted nerve cells, and renew the activities of the bodily organs, but the persistent use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Fool I have been completely restored, I can walk a mile without any inconvolumence. Though 76 years old, and quite fleshy, I do my own housework, and considerable sewing, knitting, and reading hesides. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the activities of the bodily organs, but they have been completely restored, I can walk a mile without any inconvolument. To years old, and quite fleshy, I do my own housework, and considerable sewing, knitting, and reading hesides. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the me a world of good. I was