

# A Visit in the Night;

OR, A SERVICE TO THE STATE

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd)

With the master key, however, it was the work of only a few seconds. The key was turned, the lever depressed, and then, with a slight pull, the heavy door swung forward. This done, it was seen that the interior was full to overflowing.

"Come, Belton," he said, "get these things out as quickly as possible and lay them on the floor. We can carry only away a certain portion of the plunder, so let us make sure that that portion is the best."

A few moments later the entire cabin was strewn with salvers, goblets, bowls, ewers, gold and silver dishes, plates, cups, knives, forks, and almost every example of the goldsmith's art. In his choice Carne was not guided by what was handsome or most delicate in workmanship or shape. Weight was his only standard. Silver he discarded altogether, for it was less than on account. In something under ten minutes he had made his selection, and the stout canvas bags they had brought with them for that purpose were full to their utmost holding capacity.

"We can carry no more," said Carne to his faithful retainer, as they made the mouth of the last bag secure. "Pick up yours and let us get back to the Emperor's stateroom."

Having locked the door of the cabin, they returned to the place whence they had started. There they found the unfortunate steward lying on the settee. Placing the bags he carried upon the ground, Carne crossed to him, and before doing anything else, carefully examined the bonds with which he was secured.

Having done this, he went to the stern windows, and, throwing one open, stepped into the gallery outside. Fortunately for what he intended to do, it was still raining heavily, and in consequence the night was as dark as the most consummate conspirator could have desired. Returning to the room, he bade Belton help him carry the bags into the gallery, and, when this had been done, made fast the swivel-hooks to the rings in the mouth of each.

"Take up your bags as quietly as possible," he said, "and lower them one by one into the water, but take care that they don't get entangled in the propeller. When you've done that, slip the rings at the other end of the lines through your belt, and buckle the latter tightly."

Belton did as he was ordered, and in a few moments the six bags were lying at the bottom of the sea. "Now off with these wigs and things, and say when you're ready for a swim."

Their disguises having been discarded and thrown overboard, Carne and Belton clambered over the rails of the gallery and lowered themselves until their feet touched the water. Next moment they had both let go, and were swimming the direction of Carne's own yacht.

Much exhausted, they reached the yacht's stern and clutched at the rope ladder which Carne had himself placed there before he had set out on the evening's excursion. In less time than it takes to tell, he had mounted it and gained the deck, followed by his faithful servant. They presented a sorry spectacle as they stood side by side at the taffrail, the water dripping from their clothes and pattering upon the deck.

**INDIGESTION**  
Dyspepsia Means Slow Starvation.

By the testimony of actual cures—by the words of those who have proved the merit of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, you can satisfy yourself that indigestion and dyspepsia are curable.

"Thank goodness we are here at last," said Carne, as soon as he had recovered his breath sufficiently to speak. "Now slip off your belt, and hang it over this cleat with mine."

Belton did as he was directed, and then followed his master to the saloon companion ladder. Once below, they changed their clothes as quickly as possible, and having donned mackintoshes, returned to the deck, where it was still raining hard.

"Now," said Carne, "for the last and most important part of our evening's work. Let us hope the lines will prove equal to the demands we are about to make upon them."

As he said this, he took one of the belts from the cleat upon which he had placed it, and having detached a line, began to pull it in. Belton following his example with another. Their hopes that they would prove equal to the confidence placed in them proved well founded, for, in something less than a quarter of an hour, the six bags, containing the Emperor of Westphalia's magnificent gold plate, were lying upon the deck, ready to be carried below and stowed away in the secret place in which Carne had arranged to hide his treasure.

"Now, Belton," said Carne, as he pushed the panel back into its place, and pressed the secret spring that locked it, "I hope you're satisfied with what we have done. We've made a splendid haul, and you shall have your share of it. In the meantime, just get me to bed as quickly as you can, for I'm dead tired. When you've done so, be off to your own. Tomorrow morning you will have to go up to town to arrange with the bank authorities about my account."

Belton did as he was ordered and half-an-hour later his master was safely in bed and asleep. It was late next morning when he awoke. He had scarcely breakfasted before the Earl of Amberley and Lord Orpington made their appearance over the side. To carry out the part he had arranged to play, he received them seated in his deck chair, his swaddled-up right foot reclining on a cushion before him. On seeing his guests, he made as if he would rise, but they begged him to remain seated.

"I hope your ankle is better this morning," said Lord Orpington politely, as he took a chair beside his friend.

"Much better, thank you," Carne replied. "It was not nearly so serious as I feared. I hope to be able to hobble about a little this afternoon. And now tell me the news, if there is any."

"Do you mean to say that you have not heard the great news?" asked Lord Amberley, in a tone of astonishment.

"I have heard nothing," Carne replied. "Remember, I have not been ashore this morning, and I have been so busy engaged with the preparations for my departure to-morrow that I have not had time to look at my papers. Pray what is the news of which you speak with such bated breath?"

"Listen, and I'll tell you," Lord Orpington answered, and he related the events of the previous night, Carne's face, in the meantime, showing great astonishment.

bound and gagged upon the sofa, and all that was most valuable of the gold plate missing."

"What an extraordinary story!" "And now, having told you the news with which the place is ringing, we must be off about our business," said Orpington. "Is it quite certain that you are going to leave us to-morrow?"

"Quite, I am sorry to say," answered Carne. "I am going to ask as many of my friends as possible to do me the honor of luncheon with me at one o'clock, and at five I shall weigh anchor and bid England good-bye. I shall have the pleasure of your company, I hope."

"I shall have much pleasure," said Orpington.

"And I also," replied Amberley. "Then good-bye for the present. It's just possible I may see you again during the afternoon."

The luncheon next day was as brilliant a social gathering as the most fastidious in such matters could have desired. Every one then in Cowes who had any claim to distinction was present, and several had undertaken the journey from town in order to say farewell to one who had made himself so popular during his brief stay in England. When Carne rose to reply to the toast of his health, proposed by the Prime Minister, it was observable that he was genuinely moved, as, indeed, were most of his hearers.

For the remainder of the afternoon his yacht's deck was crowded with his friends, all of whom expressed the hope that it might not be very long before he was amongst them once more.

To these kind speeches Carne invariably offered a smiling reply.

"I also trust it will not be long," he answered. "I have enjoyed my visit immensely, and you may be sure I shall never forget it as long as I live."

An hour later the anchor was weighed, and his yacht was steaming out of the harbor amid the scene of intense enthusiasm. As the Prime Minister had that afternoon informed him, in the public interest, the excitement of his departure was dividing the honors of the burglary of the Emperor of Westphalia's gold plate.

Carne stood beside his captain on the bridge, watching the little fleet of yachts until his eyes could no longer distinguish them. Then he turned to Belton, who had just joined him, and, placing his hand upon his shoulder, said:

"So much for our life in England, Belton, my friend. It has been glorious fun, and no one can deny that from a business point of view it has been eminently satisfactory. You, at least, should have no regrets."

their bodies was quite nude, but the head was covered with a conical red fez or taboosh, into which was struck an eagle's feather."

In one place he says of Senegalese tirailleurs.

"A battalion of Amazons attacked them and gave them a very rough time indeed, but the tirailleurs stood their ground until reinforced by some marine infantry. Any one inclined to sympathize with the Amazons on account of their sex and look upon the combat between them and our men as unequal may take it from me that their sympathy would be misplaced."

"These young women were far and away the best men in the Dahomeyan army, and woman to man were quite a match for any of us. They were armed with Spencer repeating carbines and made much better use of them than the men made of their rifles; and for work at close quarters they had a small, heavy backed chopping sword or knife, very much like a South American machete, with which they did great execution. They fought like unchained demons, and if driven into a corner did not disdain the use of their teeth and nails."

It was in this same campaign that the following incident occurred.

A Dahomeyan warrior was killed while in the act of levelling his gun from behind a cotton tree at Capt. Batreau of the Legion at point blank range, and as he fell his rifle clattered down at the officer's feet. Capt. Batreau, seeing that it was an old Chassepot, picked it up out of curiosity, and suddenly became very much interested in it. He examined it very carefully, and then exclaimed with a gasp of astonishment:

"Well, this is something like a miracle! Here is the very rifle I used in 1870 during the war with Germany! See that hole in the butt? That was made by a Prussian bullet that gun from among a million by that mark alone; but here's my number stamped on it as well, which is evidence enough for anybody. Who would have thought it possible that I could pick up in Africa, as a Captain, a rifle that I used in France, as a sergeant, twenty-two years ago? It is incredible!"

Aside from the interest of the narrative, the book is valuable as conveying a notion of the personnel and power of the Foreign Legion.

To the explanation of these things Mr Martyn gives a good many pages, and makes comparisons between the Legion and the various divisions of the British Army, with which he was intimate. His final estimate of the Legion's value he sums up in these words:

"Frankly, I think it is the finest fighting force the world has ever seen. Its value to France is not, however, to be measured by its value as a fighting force. The prestige of the Legion is so great with the ordinary French soldier that it occupies much the same position in the French army of to-day as the famous Old Guard occupied in the army of Napoleon, and the presence of a battalion of the Legion among a force of ordinary French troops will convince every soldier in that force that he is on the winning side."

**THE OLD SONGS.**  
Will the Ballads of To-day Live to Get Into That Class?

"Do you know what I wonder sometimes?" said the middle aged man. "I wonder if any of the songs of the present day will live in the minds of the young people who sing them now to arouse pleasant recollections in their fifty years from now."

## Fashion Hints

BLACK VELVET TAM.

The black velvet Tam O'Shanter is a late shape, or rather an old one revived, with some differences. In these later ones there is a close fitting band about the head, completely covering it except for the fringe over the forehead, and on the left side this is a full inch wider than on the right. As a rule, far covers this band, or if that is too heavy several rows of fringe of the narrowest width are put over the velvet, the last row serving as an edge, which hangs over the hair.

The crowns are perfectly flat, the present style of hairdressing shows nothing on the top of the head, and whatever hair there is tucked snugly away under the crown at the back. Of trimming there is scarcely any worth mentioning, for it generally consists of a feather, an aigrette, or some sort of an ornament pushed into the crown at the left side and standing erect, or falling over the band below, as the case may be. All these Tam O'Shanter are large, much more so than those formerly worn, and they are becoming looking, quite like halos surrounding the hair and face.

Another popular shape for black hats is the toque, which, although not new, is never old, and which, of course, is out in a new form and with different trimmings. There are several styles in these hats, for the toque family is a large one, and although they may have the same general form they differ in some essentials. There is one that is almost an exact reproduction of a policeman's helmet, and another that resembles the turban of an eastern potentate, being folded about the head many times and practically without trimming. In this last shape there are always to be seen some really stunning hat-pins, which serve the double purpose of ornaments and for keeping the hat in place. Occasionally, also, rows of fringe are wound about these hats, this fringe usually being in some contrasting color, but not too marked a one.

## HELMET TOQUES.

The helmet toques are extremely chic, and they are also the smallest of any being worn. Generally the crown is of some fur, preferably seal skin, and the narrow brim of folds of velvet and the trimming, which should be high, is of osprey feathers, or some kind of made plumes. Stiff wings, flowers, bows, and rosettes are for the moment out of fashion, and in their place are all the soft, wavy effects in feathers, ostrich plumes, wings, and ornaments made of chenille or fringe, and a plentiful supply of flowers made of the largest woods and in enormous sizes.

Hats naturally suggest hair, and the mode of dressing it, and as before stated, the fashion this year is for the picturesque, even if it is worn most simply. The real Parisian is doing her hair in a manner that would make the average woman despair of ever accomplishing anything that remotely resembles it.

It is waved, but slightly, is drawn about the head and over the ears in broad flat strands, one over the other, without any apparent beginning or end. Its greatest size is at the back, just beneath the crown of the head, and here the hair swirls round and round, and yet lies flat and quite in place.

One is strongly tempted to believe that the entire structure is arranged on the dressing table and carefully adjusted to the head, with due regard to its shape and outline, but there is no question but when finished it is flattering, and because it is the mode, it is chic.

## ONE CONSOLATION.

"Elmer, my boy," said the fond mother, "don't you think you have eaten enough of that chicken salad?"

"Well, mamma," replied Elmer, as he helped himself to another dishful, "if I get sick you'll know what's the matter with me, anyway."

## SAME OLD THING.

Munny (the village banker) — "What do you suppose the young fellows in ancient Rome did to pass the time?"

Phunny (the village philosopher) — "Oh, I don't know. I suppose they used to hang around and talk about what a punk town Rome was."

## COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA

Cowan's seems to hit the right spot. It is a great food for husky young athletes; satisfies the appetite; easy to digest; and delicious.



DO YOU USE COWAN'S COCOA?

## HEALTH

CAMPHOR FOR PNEUMONIA.

It is a well demonstrated fact that when one has fasted for several days, reducing his weight below the standard and eliminating the waste matter in the system, which supports all disease, says a noted specialist, it is impossible to contract a cold. Therefore, the germ is not the cause of colds, although specific germs (with certain other conditions) differentiate cold, typhoid, pneumonia and other diseases. If the system is overloaded with waste matter, produced by wrong diet, bad mental conditions and defective elimination, resulting from defective action of the skin, kidneys, lungs, liver, bad diet, insufficient exercise, bad mental conditions—all interrelated—"cold," typhoid, pneumonia, or other disease, is established when vitality is lowered beyond the point of successful resistance, but the essential fundamental cause of germ diseases is defective nutrition, with lowered resistance and certain other contributory factors.

## THE TERMS.

"I bought this armchair on the instalment plan."  
"Easy terms?"  
"Rather! A dollar down and a dollar whenever the collector can catch me."

"You told him to diet himself," said the young doctor's wife. "Yes," replied the doctor. "I told him to eat only the very plainest food, and very little of that."  
"Do you think that will help him?"  
"It will help him to pay my bill."

If a man thinks he knows it all, he can't help feeling sorry for the misguided individual who undertakes to convince him that he doesn't.

Lord Mayor of London as a title was first bestowed in 1354 by Edward III.

Man may be made of dust—but he always wants a little more.

Never send a friend on a fool's errand. Go yourself.

Light hearts are often closely associated with light heads.

## Dr. de Van's Female Pills

A reliable French regulator; never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at 50c a box, or three for \$1.00. Mailed to any address. The Scofield Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont. Or at Richard's Drug Store.

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE  
**PATENTS**  
TRADE MARKS DESIGNS  
COPYRIGHTS &c.  
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HARRINGTON PATENT AGENCY, 375 Broadway, New York City.  
**Scientific American.**  
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms for Canada, \$4.50 a year, postage prepaid. Sold by all news-dealers.  
**MUNN & Co.** 361 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 25 F St., Washington, D. C.

Out the Old in the New  
ut the false in the true  
e Best of  
912  
You.  
**J. Lipton**  
**n the Farm**  
nt in early years. He not only b  
utation with his banker of being a  
t should he require financial assist  
**Total Assets \$50,000,000**  
**ERS BANK**  
Aylmer,  
**FRIENDS WE EXT**  
**WISHES FOR**  
**Prosperou**  
**Year**  
**Allen**  
**ARDWARE**  
**ERS**  
Rubbers, we have a  
e we sell at the  
rices  
ckle.....\$1.75 to \$2  
ckels.....\$2  
.....\$2  
.....\$4  
.....50c, 60c  
.....\$3  
.....\$1  
**March, this store w**  
**rday.**  
**ATTON**  
**ALITY**  
**L**  
perty with "Uncerta  
Coal" at the followi  
.....\$7.4  
.....\$7.4  
**er ton less**  
and clean, a trial will  
**for wheat delivered**  
**LETT**  
**MAN**  
lairn's.