POOR DOCUMENT

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THE POWERS AND MAXINE

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CHAPTER IX.

Maxine Gives Back the Diamonds.

I tried to answer the question, to decide something; but my brain felt dead. "I can't think now. I must trust to luck—trust to luck," I said to myself, desperately, as Marianne dressed me. "By and bye I'll think it all out."

But after that my part gave me no more time to think. I was not Maxine de Renzie, but Princess Helene of Hungaria, whose tragic fate was even more sure and swift that miserable Maxine's. When Princess Helene had died in her lover's arms, however, (died as Maxine had not deserved to die) and I was able to pick up the tangled thread of my own life where I'd laid them down, the questions were still crying out for answer, and must somehow be decided at once.

First, there was Raoul to be put off and got out of the way—Raoul, my best beloved, whose help and protection I needed so much, yet must forego, and hurt him instead.

The stage-door keeper had orders to let him "come behind," and so he was already waiting at the door of my little boudoir by the time Helene had died, the curtain had gone down, and Maxine de Renzie had been able to leave the stage.

As we went together into the room, he caught both my hands, crushing them tightly in his, and kissing them over and over again. But his face was pale and sad, and a new fear sprang up in my heart, like a sudden live flame among red ashes.

"What is it, Raoul?—why do you look like that?" I asked; while inside my head another question sounded like a shriek. "What if some word had come to him in the theatre—about the treaty?"

Then I could have cried as a child cries, with the snapping of the tension, when he answered: "It was only that terrible last scene, darling. I've seen you die in other parts. But it never affected me like this. Perhaps it's because you didn't belong to me in those days. Or is it that you were more realistic in your acting to-night than ever before? Anyway, it was awful—so horribly real. It was all I could do to sit still and not jump out of the box to save you. Prince Cyril was a poor chap not to thwart the villain. I should have killed him in the third act, and then Helene might have been rapidly married, instead of dying."

"I believe you would have killed him," I said.

"I know I should. It's a mistake not to be jealous. I admit that I'm jealous. But such jealousy is a compliment to a woman, my dearest, not an insult."

"How you feel things!" I exclaimed. "Even a play on the stage——"

"If the woman I love is the heroine."

"Will you ever be blase like the rest of the men I know?" I laughed, though I could have sobbed.

"Never, I think. It isn't in me. Do you despise me for my enthusiasm?"

"I only love you the more," I said, wondering every instant, in a kind of horrid undertone, how I was to get him away.

"I admit I wasn't made for diplomacy," he went on. "I wish I had money enough to get out of it and take you off the stage, away into some beautiful, peaceful world, where we need think of nothing but our love for each other, and the good we might do others because of our love, and to keep our world beautiful. Would you go with me?"

"Ah, if I could!" I sighed. "If I could go with you to-morrow, away into that beautiful, peaceful world. But—who knows? meanwhile——"

"Meanwhile, you don't mean to send me away from you?" he pleaded, in a coaxing way he has, which is part of his charm, and makes him seem like a boy. "You don't know what it is, after that scene of your death on the stage, where I couldn't get to you—where another man was your lover—to touch you again, alive and warm, your own adorable, vivid self. You will let me go home with you, in your carriage, anyhow as far as the house, and kiss you good night there, even if you're so tired you must drive me out then?"

I would have given all my success of that night, and more, to say "yes." But instead I had to stumble into excuses. I had to argue that we mustn't be seen leaving the theatre together—yet, until everyone knew that we were engaged. As for letting him come to me at home, if he knew how my head ached, he wouldn't ask it. I almost broke down as I said this; and poor Raoul was so sorry for me that he immediately offered to leave me at once.

"It's a great sacrifice, though, to give up what I've been looking forward to for days," he said, "and to let you go from me to-night of all nights."

"Why to-night of all nights?" I asked quickly, my coward conscience frightening me again.

"Only because I love you more than ever, and—it's a stupid feeling, of course, I suppose all the fault of that last scene in the play—yet I feel as if——. But no, I don't want to say it."

"You must say it," I cried.

"Well, if only to hear you contradict me, then. I feel as if I were in danger of losing you. It's just a feeling—a weight on my heart. Nothing more. Rather womanish, isn't it?"

"Not womanish, but foolish," I said. "Shake off the feeling, as one wakes up from a bad dream. Think of to-morrow. Meeting then will be all the sweeter." As I spoke, it was as if a voice echoed mine saying different words mockingly. "If there be any meeting—to-morrow, or ever."

I shut my ears to the voice, and went on quickly. Before we say good-bye, I've something to show you—something you'll like very much. Wait here till I get it from the next room."

Marianne was tidying my dressing-room for the night, bustling here and there, a dear old, comfortable, dependable thing. She was delighted with my success, which she knew all about, of course; but she was not in the least excited, because she had loyally expected me to succeed, and would have thought the sky must be about to fall if I had failed. She was as placid as she was on other, less important nights, far more placid than she would have been if she had known that she was guarding not only my jewellry, but a famous diamond necklace, worth at least five hundred thousand francs.

There it was, under the lowest tray of my jewel box. I had felt perfectly safe in leaving it there, for I knew that nothing on earth—short of a bomb explosion—could tempt the good creature out of my dressing-room in my absence, and that even if a bomb did explode, she would try to be blown out with my jewel box clutched in her hands.

Saying nothing to Marianne, who was brushing a little stage dust off my third act dress, with my back to her, I took out tray after tray from the box (which always came with us to the theatre and went away again in my carriage) until the electric light over the dressing table set the diamonds on fire.

Really, I said to myself, they were wonderful stones. I had no idea how magnificent they were. Not that there were a great many of them. The necklace was composed of a single row of diamonds, with six flat tassels depending from it. But the smallest stones at the back, where the clasp came were as large as my little finger nail, and the largest were almost the size of a filbert. All were of perfect colour and fire, extraordinarily deep and faultlessly shaped, as well as flawless. Besides, the necklace had a history which would have made it interesting even if it hadn't been intrinsically of half its value.

With the first thrill of pleasure I had felt since I knew that the treaty had disappeared, I lifted the beautiful diamonds from the box, and slipped them into a small embroidered bag of pink and silver brocade which lay on the table. It was a foolish but pretty little bag, which a friend had made and sent to me at the theatre a few nights ago, and was intended to carry a purse and handkerchief. But I had never used it yet. Now it seemed a convenient receptacle for the necklace, and I suddenly planned out my way of giving it to Raoul.

At first, earlier in the evening, I had meant to put the diamonds in his hands and say, "See what I have for you!" But now, I had changed my mind, because he must be induced to go away as quietly as possible—quite, quite away from the theatre, so that there would be no danger of his seeing Count Godensky at the stage door. I was sorry that Raoul was jealous, because, as he said, his jealousy was a compliment to me; and it is possible only for a cold man never to be jealous of a woman in my profession, who lives in the eyes of the world. But I did not want him to be jealous of the Russian; and he would be horribly jealous, if he thought that he had the least cause.

If I showed him the diamonds now, he would want to stop and talk. He would ask me questions which I would rather not answer until I'd seen Ivor Dundas again, and knew better what to say—whether truth or fiction. Still, I wished Raoul to have the necklace to-night, because it would mean all the difference to him between constant, gnawing anxiety, and the joy of deliverance. Let him have a happy night, even though I was sending him away, even though I did not know what to-morrow might bring, either for him or for me.

I tied the gold cords of the bag in two hard knots, and went out with it to Raoul in the next room.

"This holds something precious," I said smiling at him, and making a mystery. "You'll value the something, I know—partly for itself, partly because I—because I've been at a lot of trouble to get it for you. When you see it, you'll be more resigned not to see me—just for to-night. But you're to write me a letter, please, and describe accurately every one of your sensations on opening the bag. Also, you may say in your letter a few kind things about me, if you like. And I want it to come to me when I first wake up to-morrow morning. So go now, dearest, and have the sensations, and write about them. I shall be thinking of you every minute, asleep or awake."

"Why mayn't I look now?" asked Raoul, taking the soft mass of pink and silver from me, in the nice, clumsy way a big man has of handling a woman's things.

"Because—just because. But perhaps you'll guess why, by and bye," I said. Then I held up my face to be kissed, and he bundled the small bag away in an inside pocket of his coat, as carelessly as if it held nothing but a handkerchief and a pair of gloves.

"Be careful!" I couldn't help exclaiming. But I don't think he heard, for he had me in his arms and was kissing me as if he knew the fear in my heart—the fear that it might be for the last time.

CHAPTER X.

Maxine Drives With the Enemy.

When Raoul was gone, I made Marianne hurry me out of the cloth-of-gold and filmy tissue in which the unfortunate Princess Helene had died, and into the black gown in which the almost equally unfortunate Maxine had come to the theatre. I did not even stop to take off my make-up, for though the play was an unusually short one, and all the actors and actresses had followed my example of prompt readiness for all four acts, it lacked twenty minutes of twelve when I was dressed. I had to see Count Godensky, get rid of him somehow, and still be in time to keep my appointment with Ivor Dundas, for which I knew he would strain every nerve not to be late.

My electric carriage would be at the stage door, and my plan was to speak to Godensky if he were waiting, if possible to learn in a moment or two whether he had really found out the truth, and then act accordingly. But if I could avoid it, I meant, in any case, to put off a long conversation until later.

I had drawn my veil down before walking out of the theatre, yet Godensky knew me at once, and came forward. Evidently he had been watching the door.

"Good-evening," he said. "A hundred congratulations." He put out his hand, and I had to give him mine, for my chauffeur and the stage-door keeper (to say nothing of Marianne, who followed me closely), and several stage-carpenters, with other employes of the theatre, were within seeing and hearing distance. I wanted no gossip, though that was exactly what might please Count Godensky.

"I got your note," I answered, in Russian, though he had spoken in French. What is it you want to see me about?"

"Something that can't be told in a moment," he said. "Something of great importance."

"I'm very tired," I sighed. "Can't it wait until to-morrow?" I tried to "draw" him, and to a certain extent, I succeeded.

"You wouldn't ask that question, if you knew what—I know," he replied.

Was it a bluff, or did he know—not merely suspect—something?

"I don't understand you," I said quietly, though my lips were dry.

"Shall I mention the word—document?" he hinted. "Really, I'm sure you won't regret it if you let me drive home with you, mademoiselle."

"I can't do that," I answered. "And I can't take you into my carriage here. But I'll stop for you, and wait at the corner, rue Eugene Beauharnais. Then you can go with me until I think it best for you to get out."

"Very well," he agreed. "But send your maid home in a cab; I can not talk before her."

"Yes, you can. She knows no language except French—and a little English. She always drives home with me."

This was true. But if I had been talking to Raoul, I would, perhaps have given the dear old woman her first experience of being sent off by herself. In that case, she would not have minded, for she likes Raoul, admires him as a "dream of a young man," and already suspected what I hadn't yet told her—that we were engaged. But with Count Godensky forced upon me as a companion, I would not for any consideration have parted with Marianne.

Three or four minutes after starting, I was giving instructions to my chauffeur where to stop, and almost immediately afterwards Godensky appeared. He got in and took the place at my left, Marianne, silent, but doubtless astonished, facing us on the little front seat.

"Now," I exclaimed. "Please begin quickly."

"Don't force me to be too abrupt," he said. "I would spare you if I could. You speak as if you grudged me every moment with you. Yet I am here because I love you."

"Oh, please, monsieur!" I broke in. "You know I've told you that is useless."

But everything is changed since then. Perhaps now, even your mind will be changed. That happens with women sometimes. I want to warn you of a great danger that threatens you, Maxine. Perhaps, late at it is, I could save you from it if you'd let me."

"Save me from what?" I asked temporising. "You're very mysterious, Count Godensky. And I'm Mademoiselle de Renzie except to my intimate friends."

"I am your friend, always. Maybe you will even permit me to speak of myself as your 'intimate friend' when I have done what I hope to do for you in—in the matter of a certain document which has disappeared."

I was quivering all over. But I had not lost hope yet; I think that some women, feeling as I did, would have fainted. But it would have been better for me to die and be out of my troubles for ever, than to let myself faint and show Godensky that he had struck home.

"Be quiet. Be cool. Be brave now, if never again," I said to myself. And my voice sounded perfectly natural as I exclaimed: "Oh, the 'document' again. The one you spoke about when we first met to-night. You rouse my curiosity. But I don't in the least know what you mean."

The loss of it is known," he said.

"Ah, it's a lost document?"

"As you will be lost, Maxine, if you don't come to me for the help I'm only too glad to give—on conditions. Let me tell you what they are."

"Wouldn't it be more to the point if you told me what the document is, and how it concerns me?" I parried him, determined to bring him to bay.

"Aren't you evading the point far more than I? The document—which you and I can both see as plainly before our eyes at this instant as though it were in—let us say your hands, or—du Laurier's if he were here—that document is far too important even to name within hearing of other ears."

"Marianne's? But I told you, she can't understand a word of Russian."

"One can't be sure. We can never tell, in these days, who may not be—a spy."

There was a stab for me! But I would not give him the satisfaction of showing that it hurt. He wanted to confuse me, to put me off my guard; but he should not.

"They say, one judges others by oneself," I laughed. "Count Godensky," if you throw out such lurid hints about my poor, fat Marianne, I shall begin to wonder if it's not you who are the spy!"

"Since you trust your woman so implicitly, then," he went on, "I'll tell you what you want to know. The document I speak of is the one you took out of the Foreign Office the other day, when you called on your—friend, Raoul du Laurier."

"Dear me!" I exclaimed. "You say you want to be my friend, yet you seem to think I am a kleptomaniac. I can't imagine what I should want with any dry old document out of the Foreign Office, can you?"

"Yes. I can imagine," said Godensky drily.

"Pray tell me then. Also what document it was. For, joking apart, this is rather a serious accusation."

"If I make any accusation, it's less against you than du Laurier."

"Oh, you make an accusation against him. Why do you make it to me?"

"As a warning."

"Or because you don't dare make it to anyone else."

"Dare! I haven't accused him so far, because to do so, would brand your name with his."

"Ah!" I said. "You are very considerate."

"I don't pretend to be considerate—except of myself. I've waited, and held my hand until now, because I wanted to see you before doing a thing which would mean certain ruin for du Laurier. I love you as much as I ever did; even more, because, in common with most men, I value what I find hard to get. To-night, I ask you again to marry me. Give me a different answer from that you gave me before, and I'll be silent about what I know.

"What you know of the document you mentioned?" I asked, my heart drumming an echo of its beating, in my ears.

"Yes."

"But—I thought you said that its loss was already discovered?" (Oh, I was keeping myself well under control, though a mistake now would surely cost me more than I dared count!)

For half a second he was taken aback, at a loss what answer to make. Half a second—no more; yet that hardly perceptible hesitation told me what I had been playing with him to find out.

"Discovered by me," he explained. "That is, by me and one person over whom I have such an influence that he will use his knowledge, or—forget it, according to my advice."

"There is no such person," I said to myself. But I didn't say it aloud. Quickly, I named over in my mind such men in the French Foreign Office as were in a position to discover the disappearance of any document under Raoul du Laurier's charge. There were several who might have done so, some above Raoul in authority, some below; but I was certain that not one of them was an intimate friend of Count Godensky's. If he had suspected anything the day he met me coming out of the Foreign Office, he might, of course, have hinted his suspicions to one of those men (though all along I'd believed him too shrewd to risk the consequences, the ridicule and humiliation of a mistake): but if he had spoken, it would be beyond his power to prevent matters from taking their own course, independent of my decisions and his actions.

I believed now that what I had hoped was true. He was "bluffing." He wanted me to flounder into some admission, and to make him a promise in order to save the man I loved. I was only a woman, he'd argued, no doubt—an emotional woman, already wrought up to a high pitch of nervous excitement. Perhaps he had expected to have easy work with me. And I don't think that my silence after his last words discouraged him. He imagined me writhing at the alternative of giving up Raoul or seeing him ruined, and he believed that he knew me well enough to be sure what I would do in the end.

"Well?" he said at last, quite gently.

My eyes had been bent on my lap, but I glanced suddenly up at him, and saw his face in the light of the street lamps as we passed. Count Godensky is not more mephistophelian in type than any other dark, thin man with a hook nose, keen eyes, heavy browed; a prominent chin and a sharply waxed, military moustache trained to point upward slightly at the ends. But to my fancy he looked absolutely devilish at that moment. Still, I was less afraid of him than I had been since the day I stole the treaty.

"Well," I said slowly, "I think it's time that you left me now."

"That's your answer? You can't mean it."

"I do mean it, just as much as I meant to refuse you the three other times that you did me the same honour. You asked me to hear what you had to say to-night, and I have heard it; so there's no reason why I shouldn't press the electric bell for my chauffeur to stop, and——"

"Do you know that you're pronouncing du Laurier's doom, to say nothing of your own?"

"No. I don't know it."

"Then I haven't made myself clear enough."

"That's true. You haven't made yourself clear enough."

"In what detail have I failed? Because——"

"In the detail of the document. I've told you I know nothing about it. You've told me you know everything. Yet——"

"So I do."

"Prove that by saying what it is—to satisfy my curiosity."

"I've explained why I can't do that—here."

"Then why should you stay here longer, since that is the point, to my mind. You understood before you came into my carriage, that I had no intention of letting you go all the way home with me."

Count Godensky suddenly laughed. And the laugh frightened me—frightened me horribly, just as I had begun to have confidence is myself, and feel that I had got the best of the game.

CHAPTER XI.

Maxine Opens the Gate for a Man.

"You are afraid that du Laurier may find out," he said. "But he knows already."

"That I expected to have the privilege of going to your house with you."

All that I had gained seemed worthless. Those quiet, sneering words of his almost crushed me. On the load I had struggled to bear without falling, they laid one feather too much.

My voice broke. "You—devil!" I cried at him. "You dared to tell Raoul that?"

Opposite, on her narrow little seat, Marianne stirred uneasily. Till now, our tones had been quiet, and she could not understand one word we said. She is the soul of discretion and a triumph of good training in her walk of life; but she loves me more than she loves any other creature on earth, and now she could see and hear that the man had driven me to the brink of hysterics. She would have liked to tear his face with her nails, or choke him, I think. If I had given her the word, I believe she would have tried with all her strength—which is not small—and a very good will, to kill him. I was dimly conscious of what her restlessness meant, and vaguely comforted too, by the thought of her supreme loyalty. But I forgot Marianne when Godensky answered my question.

"Yes, I told him. It was the truth. And I've always understood that you make a great point of never doing anything which you considered in the last risque. So why should I suppose you would rather du Laurier didn't know? You might already have mentioned it to him."

"He wouldn't believe you!" I exclaimed, desperately. And my only hope was that I might be right.

"As a matter of fact, he didn't seem to at first, so I at once understood that you hadn't spoken of our appointment. But it was too late to atone for my carlessness, and I did the next best thing: justified my veractiy. I suggested that, if he didn't take my word for it, he might stand where he could see us speaking together at the stage door, and——"

"Ah, I am glad of that!" I cut in. "Then he saw that we didn't drive away together."

"You jump at conclusions, just like less clever women. I hardly thought you'd receive me into your carriage at the theatre, so I took the precaution of warning du Laurier that he needn't expect to see that. You would suggest a place for me to meet you, I said. When I knew it, I would inform him if he chose to wait about somewhere for a few minutes."

"Raoul du Laurier would scorn to spy upon me!" I broke out.

"How hard you are on spies. And how little knowledge of human nature you have, after all, if you don't understand that a man suddenly out of his head with jealousy, will do things of which he'd be incapable when he was sane."

The argument silenced me. I knew—I had known for a long time—that jealousy could rouse a demon in Raoul. And only to-night he had reminded me that he was a "jealous brute." I remembered what answer he had made when I asked him what he would do if I deceived him. He said that he would kill me, and kill himself after. As he spoke, the blood had streamed up to his forehead, and streamed back again, leaving him deadly pale. A flash like steel had shot out of his eyes—the dear eyes, that are not cold. It was true, as this cruel wretch reminded me, Raoul would do things under the torture of jealousy, that he would cut off his hand sooner than do when his own sweet, poet-nature was in ascendancy.

"As a proof of what I say," Godensky went on, "du Laurier did wait, did hear from me the place where you were to stop and pick me up. And if it wouldn't be the worst of form to bet, I'd bet that he found some way of getting there in time to see that I had told the truth."

"You coward!" I stammered.

"On the contrary, a brave man. I've heard that du Laurier is a fine shot, and that very few men in Paris can touch him with the foils. So you see——"

"You want to frighten me!" I exclaimed.

"You misjudge me in every way."

My only answer was to tell Marianne to press the button which gives the signal for my chauffeur to stop. Instantly the electric carriage slowed down, then came to a standstill. My man opened the door and Count Godensky submitted to my will. Nevertheless, he was far from being in a submissive mood, as I did not need to be reminded by the tone of his voice as he said "au revoir."

Nothing could have been more polite than the words of his way of speaking them, as he stood in the street with his hat in his hand. But to me they meant a threat, and as a threat they were intended.

My talk with Godensky at the stage door, my pause to pick him up, and my second pause to set him down, had all taken time, of which I had had little enough at starting, if I were to meet Ivor Dundas when he arrrved. It was two or three minutes after midnight, or so my watch said, when we drew up before the gate of my high-walled garden in the quiet rue d'Hollande.

A little while ago I had been ready to seize upon almost any expedient for keeping Raoul away from my house to-night, but now, after what I had just heard from Godensky, I prayed to see him waiting for me.

Nobody (except Ivor, concerning whom I'd given orders) would be let in so late at night, during my absence, not even Raoul himself; so if he had come to reproach me, or break with me, he would have to stand outside the locked gate till I appeared. I looked for him longingly, but he was not there. There was, to be sure a motor brougham in the street, for a wonder (usually the rue d'Hollande is as empty as a desert, after eleven o'clock), but a girl's face peered out at me from the window—an impish, curiously abnormal little face it was—extinguishing the spark of hope that sprang to life as I caught sight of the carriage.

It was standing before the closed gate of a house almost opposite mine, and the girl seemed somewhat interested in me; but I was not at all interested in her, and I hated being stared at as if I were something in a museum.

The gate is always kept locked at night, when I'm at the theatre; but Marianne has the key, and we let ourselves in when we come, for only old Henri sits up, and he is growing a little deaf. A moment, and we were inside, the chauffeur spinning away to the garage.

Usually, I am newly delighted every night with my quaint old house and its small, but pretty garden, to which it seems delightful to come home after hours of hard work at the theatre. But to-night, though a cheerful light shone out from between the drawn curtains of the salon, the place looked inexpressibly dreary, even forbidding to me. I felt that I hated the house, though I had chosen it after a long search for peacefulness and privacy. How gloomy, how dead, was the street beyond the high wall, with all its windows closed like the eyes of corpses. There was a moist, depressing smell of earth after long-continued rains, in the garden. No wonder the place had ben let at a bargain, for a long term! There had been a murder in it once, and it had stood empty for twelve or thirteen of the fifteen years since the almost forgotten tragedy. I had been the tenant for two years now—before I became a "star," with a theatre of my own in Paris. I had had no fear of the ghost said to haunt the house. Indeed, I remembered thinking, and saying, that the story only made the place more interesting. But now I said to myself that I wished I had never spoken so lightly. Perhaps the ghost had brought me bad luck. I felt as if the murder must have happened on just such a still, brooding, damp night as this. Maybe it was the anniversary, if I only knew.

I went in-doors, Maxine following. Henri, very thin, very precise, withered like a winter apple, had fallen into a doze in the hall, where he had sat, hoping to hear the stopping of my carriage. He rose up, bowing and blinking, just as he had done often before, and would often again—if life were to go on for me in the old way. He regretted not having heard mademoiselle. Would mademoiselle take supper?

No, mademoiselle would not take supper. She wanted nothing, and Henri must go to bed. "I thank medemoiselle. When I have closed the house."

"But I don't want the house closed," I said. "I shall sit up for awhile. It's hot—close and stuffy. I may want the windows open."

"The visitor mademoiselle expected did not arrive. Perhaps——"

"If he comes, Marianne or I will let him in. But he may not come, now it is so late."

When Henri had gone, I told Marianne that she might go, too. I did not want her to wait. If the person I had expected should call, it was a very old friend; in fact, Mr. Ivor Dundas, whom Marianne must remember in London. He was to call—if he did call—only on a matter of business, which would take but a few minutes to get through, and possibly he would not even come into the house. If the gate-bell rang, I would answer it myself, and speak with Mr. Dundas, perhaps in the garden. Then I would let him out and come straight upstairs. Marianne might go to bed if she liked.

"I do not like, unless mademoiselle particularly desires me to do so," said she. "I do not rest well when I have not been allowed to undress mademoiselle."

"Sit up then, in your own room, and wait there for me till I ring for you," I replied. "I shan't be late, whether Mr. Dundas comes or doesn't come."

"Supposing the gate-bell should ring, and mademoiselle should go, yet it should not be the monsieur she expects, but another person whom she would not wish to admit?"

I knew of what she was thinking, and of whom.

"There's no fear of that. No fear of any kind," I answered.

She took off my cloak, and went upstairs reluctantly, carrying my jewel box.

I walked into the drawing-room, which was lighted, and looked very bright and charming, with its many flowers and framed photographs, and the delightful Louis Quinze furniture, which I had so enjoyed picking up here and there at antique shops or at private sales.

I flung myself on the sofa, but I could not rest. In a moment I was up again, moving about, looking at the clock, comparing it with my watch, wondering what could have happened to make Ivor fail in keeping his promise to be prompt on the hour of twelve.

Of course, a hundred harmless things might have kept him, but I thought only of the worst, and was working myself up to a frenzy when at last I heard the gate-bell. I had been in the house no more than twelve or fourteen minutes, but it seemed an hour, and I gave a sob of relief as I rushed out, down the garden path, to let my visitor in.

(To be continued)

Died from a Chill

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BISHOP OF NOVA SCOTIA SPEAKS ON MISSIONS

Rev. Dr. Worrell Heard in Trinity School Room—Archdeacon Newnham Also a Speaker.

A missionary meeting was held Tuesday evening in Trinity church school house in connection with the synod meetings here and was largely attended and able and eloquent addresses were delivered by Rt. Rev. Dr. Worrell, Bishop of Nova Scotia, and Ven. Archdeacon Newnham. The bishop coadjutor presided. After a short opening service Bishop Richardson, in introducing the Bishop of Nova Scotia, spoke of the pleasure it gave him to once more have the opportunity of attending a meeting in Trinity school house and especially when the subject to be discussed was missions. It also gave him a great deal of pleasure to introduce the Bishop of Nova Scotia.

Dr. Worrell, on rising to deliver his address, said in addition to the pleasure of meeting them he had anticipated that when he left a foggy atmosphere not many hundred miles away, he would enjoy the bright blue sky in St. John, but alas he had found that Halifax and St. John were much alike as to weather. (Laughter.) He must congratulate them, however, on the excellent address of their bishop at the synod meeting, on the business like methods in which their synod was conducted, on the condition of their finances, but most of all on their coadjutor bishop. (Applause.)

After referring to the similarity of the work in the dioceses of Nova Scotia and Fredericton his lordship went on to speak of the great missionary enterprise throughout the world today being regarded by a few people as on a par with modern restlessness. But by means of that very restlessness he considered they were only now moving out to grasp the full mission of Christianity, which was the great purpose of man on earth. They should not nurse their knowledge but give the whole world the truth.

His lordship then touched upon the results which should follow the Anglo Saxon power of colonization. It should not be simply personal advantage, he said, or desire for gain but to spread the great truth of God to the ends of the earth. Glancing at the various lands where England had paved the way, he spoke of the changes for the good of humanity which had taken place. Uganda and the strides made there, not only in religion but in civilization, were referred to, and the change brought about by the teaching of missionaries of the Church of England in Japan was touched upon.

In Canada.

In Canada, their common heritage, his lordship said they had a great responsibility. It was often asserted that the west was growing up at the expense of the east, but was that so? If their young people remained at home it would be their duty to provide religious advantages and why not when their sons and daughters went to the prairie lands or the far Yukon? The responsibility remained the same.

He did not consider the building up of the west was spoiling the east. They had broad acres in the west but they could never take from them their magnificent sea board which made them the great basis on the Atlantic for trade with the nations on the other side. The maritime provinces were the great elevators of the west. They had the wharves to which the nations of the world must come, which would tend more and more to lead to their prosperity. The maritime provinces commanded the transportation situation of the country and the time was coming when the east would be as busy as any part could be. They must strengthen themselves and make the church strong until the day of prosperity came.

Turning to the subject of mission work in the diocese of Nova Scotia, his lordship said the conditions were much the same, he believed, as in New Brunswick. He spoke of his experience in visiting missionary parishes along the shores of the province and of the losses the church had sustained for want of means to minister to the outlying districts. He gave instances of other denominations stepping in and taking up religious work the church neglected. He did not blame the people or the godly men who had gone to them. He thanked God for the great things which had been done and which their own church had neglected to do.

The bishop also spoke of the mining centres in Cape Breton, which he compared to the Northwest in the rapid growth of population, and of the needs which had to be met there. These, he said, were instances of the great growth coming all over the maritime provinces.

In New Brunswick the missionary cause seemed to have taken hold. One great help was the strong arm of the woman's auxiliary. In Nova Scotia since the organization had come into existence, it had also been the means of stirring up the true principles of missions. In conclusion his lordship expressed his thanks for the kind welcome accorded him and wished his hearers God speed in the great work they had undertaken and were carrying on so well and so nobly.

Archdeacon Newnham.

After a hymn had been sung an interesting address was delivered by Archdeacon Newnham, of St. Stephen. He spoke of missionary work as the life of the church, and congratulated those present on the excellent attendance. To carry on the work, he said, interest, prayers and money were alike necessary. All members of the church were missionaries, for the work of Christ was mission work. He referred to missions in distant lands as appearing more attractive but urged the need of work in the diocese as equally essential. It might not be so interesting, but it was mission work nevertheless.

Taking up the subject of mission parishes in the diocese, the archdeacon said there were between thirty and forty which must be classed under that head, the remainder were self-supporting, and, by reason in many cases of their endowments, able to give more freely to outside work.

After quoting figures to show the financial assistance given to mission parishes, the archdeacon read several letters from clergymen in outlying districts who, at his request, had furnished him with an itinerary of their weekly work. In one case in the north of the province the rector had been absent four Sundays in eighteen years. His district covered 100 miles, and involved driving in one instance fifty-four miles to conduct services. His stipend was $700 a year.

In another instance the parish comprised a whole county, and a week's work covered 250 miles. This was in Albert county. Money and men, the archdeacon said, were greatly needed. Devoted men were laboring year after year in hope of no earthly reward, and he urged his hearers to remember that it would be at their doors if they neglected the parishes in their own province.

In conclusion, the archdeacon quoted some stirring lines from Church Work on the subject of missions holding the first place in Christian life and work.

At the close of the meeting Bishop Richardson announced that the special synod service would be held in Trinity church this evening, and expressed the hope that there would not be a seat vacant. He also tendered the thanks of the meeting to the speakers for the excellent addresses.

The proceedings closed with a hymn and the benediction.

Those at the Synod.

The following clergy and lay delegates were in attendance at the meetings of the synod Tuesday:

Clergy—Right Rev. Bishop Richardson, Archdeacon Forsyth, Archdeacon Newnham, Rev. Canon Montgomery, Rev. Canon Hoyt, Rev. Canon Cowie, Rev. Canon Hanington, Revs. T. W. Street, W. LeB. McKiel, H. S. Wainwright, Dr. Campbell, W. B. Armstrong, R. Mathers, C. F. Wiggins, J. E. Flewelling, J. W. Millidge, Dr. W. O. Raymond, W. B. Sisam, W. J. Wilkinson, W. H. Sampson, H. F. E. Whally, J. Spencer, J. C. Rivington-Jones, A. W. Daniel, A. F. B. Burt, C. A. S. Warneford, E. B. Hooper, R. Coleman, S. Neales, A. B. Murray, A. W. Teed, C. H. Fullerton, J. R. Hopkins, A. W. Smithers, E. A. Hall, G. A. Kuhring, W. B. Belliss, R. P. McKim, E. M. Skagen, C. E. Maimann, G. F. Scovil, H. I. Lynds, J. E. Hand, H. H. Gillies, C. R. Quinn, R. A. Armstrong, J. A. Winnfield, M. M. A. Shewen, H. G. Allder, C. W. Nicholls, J. W. B. Stewart.

Laity—W. J. Cornfield, Joseph H. Mosher, Carleton; Sheriff Sterling, A. R. Wetmore, Cathedral; F. E. Neale, Chatham; John Barberie, Dalhousie; Mr. Justice Hanington, Dorchester; G. O. Dickson Otty, Fred Giggey, Hampton; M. E. Gilbert, Maugerville; R. Lee, McAdam; W. E. Hunter, Moncton; Chas. E. Dixon, Norton; W. B. Wallace, J. K. Scammell, Portland; J. S. Armstrong, Rothesay; C. H. Smith, F. J. G. Knowlton, Dr. J. H. Scammell, Hurd Peters, W. M. Jarvis, A. H. Hanington, J. Roy Campbell, G. Sydney Smith, St. John; Col. H. M. Campbell, Studholm; Arthur DeBow, Lewis H. Reid, Upham; E. R. W. Ingraham, Chas. J. Coster, Carleton; G. N. A. Burnham, Wakefield; Adolphus Hoyte, Westfield; A. J. B. Raymond, Woodstock; J. H. A. L. Fairweather, treasurer, St. John.

DRY DOCK TO SERVE ONE MORE ELECTION?

Recorder Skinner Sounds the Aldermen on Behalf of the Minister of Public Works.

During the last two or three days Recorder Skinner has been discussing with the aldermen a new turn in dry dock developments. He has introduced the subject to individual aldermen by saying that the minister of public works had asked him to ascertain what members of the council thought of the suggestion that the city should transfer to the dominion government the dry dock site which, under present arrangements, is to become the property of the Imperial Dry Dock Company.

The plan, it appears, is for the dominion government to take the matter out of the hands of the dry dock company, and construct the dock as a national work. At least, this is the scheme upon which Dr. Pugsley requested the recorder to secure the opinion of the aldermen.

Some of the members of the council are understood to be favorable to any plan which will involve the expenditure of public money in St. John, or which would give the city a dry dock. Others are said to have baulked at the proposal on the ground that it looked too much like the timely revival of the famous dry dock project for election purposes. They recall that the dock has already done yeoman service in two or three elections.

The aldermen assume that the next step in the matter will be for the recorder to report to the minister of public works how he considers the council will take the suggestion.

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