

THE STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B. FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1907.

SEVEN

## SOPHY OF KRAVONIA,

A Novel, by Anthony Hope  
Author of "Prisoner of Zenda," "The Intrusions  
Peggy," Etc.

(Continued.)

"And the fraud I am—de Gruche!" She caught his hand tightly. Never before had it occurred to her to defend or to excuse the transparent fiction. "I know stars fall," he said, with his pretty gravity, not too grave. "I wish that they may rise to their own height again—and I rise with them."

The sun sank behind the horizon. A gentle afterglow of salmon-pink rested over the palace and city; the forest turned to a frame of smoky, brownish black. Casimir waved a hand towards it and laughed merrily.

"Before we were, it was—after we are it shall be! I sound as old as Scripture! It has seen old masters—and great mistresses! Saving the properties weren't you Montepan or Pompadour?"

"De la Valliere!" she laughed. "Or Maintenon?"

"For good or evil, neither! Do I hurt you?"

"No; you make me think, though," answered Sophy. "Why?"

"The nigged—at virtue or at vice. You don't nigger! Neither do Montepan nor Pompadour!"

"And so I am to be—Marquise de—?"

"Higher, higher!" he laughed. "Madame la Marquise!"

"It is war, then—soon you think?"

She turned to him with a sudden tension.

He pointed a Frenchman's eloquent forefinger to the dark mass of the chateau, whose chimneys rose now like gloomy interrogation-marks to an unresponsive, darkened sky. "He is there now—the Emperor! Perhaps he walks in his garden by the round pond—thinking, dreaming, balancing."

"Throwing balls in the air, as conjurers do?"

"Yes, my star."

"He'll miss the first?"

"He'll seek applause by the second. And the second, I think, would be war."

"And you would—?"

"To what other end do I love the Lady of the Red Star—alas! can't see it—save to bring her glory?"

"That's French, said Sophy, with a laugh. "Wouldn't you rather stay with me and be happy?"

"You speak to me?" he cried, springing to his feet. "Not you!"

"No, no," she answered. "I have no fear. What is it, Casimir, that drives us on?"

"Drive us on! You! You, too?"

"It's not a woman's part, is it?"

He caught her round the waist, and she allowed his clasp. But she grew grave, yet smiled again, as if at Fontainebleau—a fine evening at Fontainebleau! she murmured, in the low clearness which marked her voice.

"Mightn't it be?"

"With war? And with what drives us on?"

He sighed, and his high puzzled her. "Oh, well," she cried, "at least you know I'm Sophy Gruch, and my father was as mean as the man who opens your lodge-gate."

The sky had gone a blue-black. A single star solemnly announced the coming night.

"And his daughter high as the hopes that beckon me to my career!"

"You're a wonderful way of talking," smiled Sophy Gruch—simple Essex in contact with Paris at that instant.

"You'll be my wife, Sophy?"

"I don't think Lady Meg will keep me long. Pharoas is working hard—Marie Zerkovitch declares, I should bring you a dot of two thousand five hundred francs!"

"Do you love me?"

The old question rang clear in the still air. Who has not heard it of women—or uttered it of men? Often so easy, sometimes so hard. When all is right save one thing—or when all is wrong save one thing—then it is hard to answer, and may have been hard to ask. With Casimir there was no doubt, save the doubt of the answer. Sophy stood poised on a hesitation. The present seemed perfect. Only an unknown future cried to her through the falling night.

"I'll win glory for you," he cried. "The Emperor will fight!"

"You're no Emperor's man!" she mocked.

"Yes, while he means France. I'm for anybody who means France." For a moment she smiled. "Or for anybody who means a wreath, a medal, a toy to bring home to her fatherland," Sophy confessed.

It was not the word. Casimir felt from his exaltation. "It's not love, that of yours," said he.

"No—I don't know. You might make it love. Oh, how I talk beyond my rights!"

"Beyond your rights? Impossible! May I go on trying?"

He saw Sophy's smile dimly through the gloom. From it he glanced to the dying gleam of the white houses dropped among the trees, to the dull mass of the ancient home of history and kings. But back he came to the living, elusive, half-seen smile.

"He raised his hat from his head and stooped to kiss her hand."

"No word nor could," said he—"in the warmth of life or the cold hour of death!"

"No, no—if you die, it's gloriously!" The hour carried her away. "Casimir, I wish I were sure!"

The spirit of his race filled his reply: "You want to be dull?"

"No—I—I want you to kiss my cheek."

"May I salute the star?"

"But it's no promise!"

"It's better!"

"My dear, I—I'm very fond of you."

"That's all!"

"Enough for tonight! What's he thinking of down there?"

"The Emperor? I'm not sure he's there, really. Somebody said he had started for St. Cloud this morning."

"Fretful he's there!"

"Then of anything except how many men die for what he wants."

"Or of how many women weep?"

Her reply set a new light to his passion. "You'd weep?" he cried.

"Oh, I suppose!" The answer was half a laugh, half a sob.

"But not too much! No more than the slightest dimness to the glowing star!"

Sophy laughed in a tremulous key; her body shook. She laid her hands in his. No more, no more. Surely Marie and the student are bored! Isn't it supper-time? Oh, Casimir, if I were worthy, if I were sure! What's ahead of us? Must we go back? Tonight, up here, it all seems so simple! Does he mean war? He down there? And you'll fight! She looked at him for an instant. He was close to her. She thrust him away from her. "Don't fight thinking of me," she said.

"How often?" he asked.

"She tossed her head impatiently. "I don't know—but Pharoas makes me afraid. He—he says that things I love die."

The young soldier laughed. "That leaves him pretty safe," said he.

She put her arm through his, and they walked down. It had been a night to be forgotten only when all is. Yet she wept from him unpledged, tossed in her bed, asking, "Shall I?" and answered, "I'll decide tomorrow!"

But tomorrow was not at the Calvary nor the seducing sweetness of the silent trees. When she rose, he was gone—and the student, too, Marie Zerkovitch, inquisitively friendly, hung a fly for news.

"He's a fine gentleman as Lord Dunstanbury!" cried Sophy Gruch.

"As who?" asked Marie.

Sophy smiled over her smoking coffee. "As the man who first saw me," she said. "But, oh, I'm puzzled!"

Marie Zerkovitch bit her roll.

"Armand was charming," she observed.

"The student was Armand. He, too, let it be recorded, had made a little love, yet in all seemingly ardor. So ends this glimpse of the happy days."

III.

THE NOTE—AND NO REASONS.

That feverish month of July—telling climax to the scorching, arid summer of 1870—had run full half its course. Madness had stricken the rulers of France; to avoid danger they rushed on destruction. Gay madness spread through the veins of Paris. Perverse always, Lady Meg Duddington chose this moment for coming back to her senses—or at least for abandoning them. A particular form of insanity to which she had devoted the last five years.

One afternoon she called her valet, and said, "You're a pair of quacks, and I've been an old fool," she said composedly, sitting straight up in her high-backed chair. She flung a couple of thousand-franc notes across the table. "You can go," she ended, with contemptuous brevity.

Temper broke out. "She has done this, the malign one!" Pharoas was wiser; he had not done badly out of Lady Meg, and mad as she was, she was apt to be recurrent. His farewell was gentle, his exit not ungraceful; yet he, too, prayed her to beware of a certain Frenchman.

"You don't know what your talking about!" Lady Meg jerked out, and pointed with her finger to the door. "Go we went out, and to avoid any trouble we left Paris the same day. But this man here would not give me any of the money, though I had told him he had, one more." So injured Madame Mantis told Monsieur le President at Lille.

Early on the morning of Sunday, the 15th, having received word through Lady Meg's maid that her presence was not commanded in the Rue de Grondelle, Sophy slipped round to the Rue du Bac and broke in on Marie Zerkovitch, radiant with her great news and inquiring her friend to celebrate it by a day in the country.

"It means that dear old Lady Meg will be what she used to be to me!" she cried. "We shall go back to England, I expect, and—I wonder what that will be like!"

Her face suddenly grew thoughtful. Back to England! How would that suit Sophie de Gruche? And what about the period of her long, sweet indecision was threatened with a forced conclusion.

Marie Zerkovitch was preoccupied against her friend's joy and her friend's perplexity. Great as the war, she said, certainly war; today the Senate went to St. Cloud to see the Emperor. Zerkovitch had started thither already, on the track of news. The news in the near future would certainly be war, and Zerkovitch would follow the armies, still on the track of news.

"He went before, in the war of 'sixty-six," she said, her lips trembled, and he all but died of fever; that kills the correspondents just as much as the soldiers. Ah, it's so dangerous, Sophie, so terrible to be left behind alone. I don't know what I shall do! My husband wants me to go home. He doesn't believe the French will win, and he fears trouble for those who stay here." She looked at last at Sophy's clouded face. "Ah, and you, Casimir, will be at the front?"

"Yes, Casimir will be at the front," said Sophy, a ring of excitement hardly suppressed in her voice.

"If he should be killed!" murmured Marie, throwing her arms out in a gesture of lamentation.

"You bird of ill omen. He'll come back covered with glory."

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## Try one of these 5c. Dinners

of Clark's Pork and Beans. Because there is more strength and energy in the grade of Beans that Clark uses than prime Canadian Beef even. And that is why

## Clark's Pork and Beans

is the most economical as well as the best food for the worker and for growing children. But to make that energy and strength your own the beans must be properly cooked, and here is just where Clark's Pork and Beans excel, "just done to a turn" with a piece of fine farmed pork—ready to eat.

And into every 5c. tin put ample of this strength giving appetizing combination for a good dinner for one grown man.

Now, Clark's Pork and Beans are the best of their kind, therefore insist on getting them. Refuse all substitutes. Substitutes pay a larger profit to the dealer, cost less to make and therefore cannot be so good.

Make your dealer supply you with Clark's Pork and Beans every time.

Clark's Other Good Things to Eat.  
Canned Beef, Sliced Smoked Beef, Veal Loaf, Lunch Tongue, Roast Beef, Ready Lunch Beef, Potted Meats, Ham Loaf, Beef Loaf.

WM. CLARK, Mfr. - - - MONTREAL.



## BURGLAR SURPRISED BY SERGT. BAXTER

Was Trying to Get in Window of McElwaine's Grocery—Fled, Pursued by Sergt. and Escaped

A bold attempt was made last night to burglarize the grocery store of Wm. L. McElwaine at the corner of Westminster and Sydney streets, and was frustrated by the action of Sergt. Baxter, who, coming along Leinster street by St. Malachy's school, saw a man in the rear of the McElwaine's, whom he took to be the proprietor himself closing his shop for the night. The spot was fairly within the electric line of King square, and the burglar, who was a large black man, belonging to the shop brushing affectionately against him. On coming a little nearer, however, Sergt. Baxter saw that the man was standing at the window and he was apparently trying to break it open. Sergt. Baxter, not being in pursuit, but the intruder, who seemed about twenty years of age and wore a small cap, fled down the south side of King square, and the officer lost sight of him. Disappearing about the Dufferin Hotel, the officer lost sight of him. Disappearing about the Dufferin Hotel, the officer lost sight of him. Disappearing about the Dufferin Hotel, the officer lost sight of him.

## ONE PERSON KILLED; TEN BADLY HURT IN TRAIN WRECK

NORTH STONINGTON, Conn., Aug. 1.—One person was killed and ten were badly hurt in the head-on collision of a freight and passenger car on the Norwich and Western Electric Railway line near here today.

The dead, Lucius, George, Worcester, Mass., motorman of the passenger car, instantly killed.

The wreck occurred on a curve at Avery's Crossing, four miles north of this village. Both cars were of the large and heavy type and were running at high speed, the freight being on its way from Norwich to Western and the passenger car, with a score or more of people aboard from Western to Norwich.

According to the superintendent of the road, the accident was directly due to the disregard, on the part of Motorman Lucius and Conductor Taylor of the passenger car, of their orders to wait at a siding for the freight car to pass.

The cars came together with a terrible crash, the passenger car being split almost into kindling wood and the freight car badly wrecked. Nearly half of the passengers were badly hurt and scarcely any escaped without slight bruises, cuts or shocks. The majority of the injured were taken to the hospital, some of whom were released later. It is expected that all will recover, though the names of William Gardner, Motorman Murphy and Conductor Taylor are on the dangerous list.

## ARE NO PROSPECTS FOR SETTLEMENT

Moncton Exhibition Association Will Fight George L. Harris—Arrested in Sydney

MONCTON, N. B., Aug. 1.—M. G. Teed, K. C., of St. John has, it is understood, been retained by the Exhibition Association an associate with D. J. Welch in connection with the equity proceedings which George L. Harris has instituted for the purpose of restraining the directors from the alleged illegal disposition of treasury stock of the company. Mr. Harris has retained J. Douglas Hazen, leader of the legal profession, as associate counsel with Welch and McLean of St. John. There are no prospects of a settlement and the suit will probably come down for hearing before Judge Barker at an early date.

The laying of the heavier grade of rails on the I. C. R. division between Paines Junction and Point du Chene was started today. Sixty-pound rails will be laid in place of fifty-eight pounders, now in use.

I. C. R. Special Agent Williams today received word of the arrest in Cape Breton of a man named William Young, who was concerned in the robbery at Sydney Mines station, a couple of months ago. The station was broken into in the day time and \$75 taken. The suspicious party left the country. Wm. Young returned recently and was arrested by Officer McPherson.

## PREPARING FOR EARL GREY'S VISIT

Rockwood Park Will Have Great Display of Fireworks

Great preparations are to be made at Rockwood Park for the elaborate display of fireworks to be given on the evening of August 13, when Earl Grey will visit the popular amusement resort. The pyrotechnic display on that occasion will be far in advance of anything of the kind attempted in St. John for some time.

Tonight there will be a display of fireworks and a new programme of graphophone selections on the big Columbia machine. Crowell Fish will give his bicyclist act on the shoot-the-chutes, and all the attractions will be in full swing. Take a car to the corner of Stanley and Winter street or a backboard from King Square to Cascade walk in the park. A fish dinner will be served at the pavilion from 5 to 8 o'clock.

NEW ENGLAND UNIVERSALISTS

## EMPEROR OF IRELAND MAKES SPLENDID RUN

All Records Broken—Lord Strathcona and His Daughter on Board

RIMOUSKY, Aug. 1.—There arrived here today on the Empress of Ireland, Lord Strathcona and the Hon. Mrs. Howard, His Excellency Taat, Wu Tu Lin, the Canadian Bishop, Lord Vindan, Baron and Baroness L. De Breton, Lord and Lady Hindlip, Baron Du Guerne, Hon. W. W. Vivian and other notable passengers. The Empress of Ireland, two weeks ago by over four hours. She had on board 1,539 passengers, 1,344 of whom were for points in Canada, and 215 for the United States. And 71 for overseas, 1,523 sacks of overseas mail and 1,034 sacks of Canadian mail. This trip concludes the first year's control of the overseas mail via Canadian Pacific route, which during that period has not once been behind the schedule time of delivery, which speaks well for the reliability of the Canadian Pacific service.

## MONCTON LADIES IN ACCIDENT AT SACKVILLE

SACKVILLE, N. B., Aug. 1.—A serious accident occurred about 6 o'clock tonight, when a team driven by John Ford, was run into by a runaway horse owned by Charles McKinnis. The impact was frightful and the noise was heard for a considerable distance. The team driven by Ford contained Mrs. Irving, Mrs. McKinnis and baby of Moncton, and Harry, son of J. W. McDonald, owner of the horse. A shaft of the carriage of the runaway team struck the breast of the other horse, making a big hole, through which the blood gushed forth. The horse was probably die. No one was hurt, but the McDonald boy was almost in hysterics.

RHEUMATISM

MUNYON'S 3X CURES

"I will recommend your remedy to all."

"Think of a remedy that relieves sharp, shooting pains in any part of the body in from one to three hours and effects a permanent cure in a few days."

"It purifies the blood, it neutralizes the acid and takes all inflammation and aches away. Have you a lame or aching back, rheumatism or sciatica?"

"Have you stiff or swollen joints, no matter how chronic? Ask your druggist for Munyon's Rheumatism Cure and see how quickly you will be cured."

"If you have any kidney or bladder trouble get Munyon's Special Kidney Cure. Money refunded if it fails. Munyon's Rheumatism Cure makes weak men strong and restores lost power."

General Agents for Canada.

## PORT ANCHOR WOULD HAVE SAVED SCHOONER WANDRIAN

Evidence of Mate Crossley in Inquiry Into Cause of Vessel's Grounding Directly Contradicts That of Captain, Who Said Both Anchors Fouled—Much Interest in What the Second Mate Will Say.

Considerable interest is being taken, particularly by shipping people in the inquiry now going on before Captain James J. Lilley, acting wreck commissioner of the Marine and Fisheries Department, into the cause of the stranding of the schooner Wandrian, at Little River, Me., on the 27th of December last. Hon. H. A. McKeown is representing the owners, the N. S. Lumber Co., in the matter, while P. B. Taylor is appearing on behalf of the underwriters, the vessel having been insured.

Captain Card's evidence yesterday was to the effect that both the starboard and port anchors became fouled when an attempt was being made to lower them, while the mate swore that no attempt was made to lower the port anchor at all, which, if put down, he said, would have undoubtedly saved the vessel from going on the rocks.

This morning the second mate will give evidence, and there is much speculation as to whether he will corroborate Captain Card or Mate Crossley, whose stories are in sharp contrast.

The investigation began yesterday morning.

Capt. E. A. Card, who was in charge of the vessel at the time of the disaster, was the first witness. Capt. Card stated he sailed from Walton, N. S., for New York, Dec. 1st, with a cargo of laths and plank. The vessel sought shelter at Digby and Beaver Harbor, the wind S. E. After leaving Beaver Harbor the weather looked like a storm, and on Dec. 24 the vessel was driven into Little River, Me. The wind was about east, blowing strong, with spitting snow. Anchor was dropped about 4 p. m. At seven o'clock it began to snow. The Wandrian remained in Little River until the 27th, the captain not deeming it safe to go out. In fact, he was not in the opinion of the captain it looked like a storm. The vessel was ashore during the day, while the crew remained aboard the whole time. A start was made from Little River on the morning of the 28th, but the vessel was hoisted. There was a light breeze blowing from the N. W., and everything looked favorable for a clear run out. About fifteen or twenty minutes after getting under way, the wind backed and dropped to calm. A strong current commenced to set down from the western passage and caught the vessel which was going out the eastern passage, she was between the island and the mainland. The vessel was carrying her towards the shore. Capt. Card gave orders to drop the starboard anchor, but the ring bolt of the glut of the windlass broke, and the anchor fouled. Five minutes later an attempt was made to drop the port anchor, but it caught on the vessel's rail.

Attempts were made to get the anchor clear, but before this was accomplished the vessel had drifted ashore, touching ground on her starboard side and keel. Capt. Card told how he and crew put out a kedge and tried to pull the schooner off with the assistance of the engine on board. He also explained the attempts made to pull out the glut of the windlass by means of a fishplate tackle. Capt. Card was at the wheel when the vessel went ashore, and while there was no special lookout all hands were on deck. The vessel was running about three knots at the time, and she went sideways on the rocks.

The vessel, he said, was pulled off the rocks by the U. S. revenue cutter Woodbury.

Capt. Card was cross-examined by Capt. Taylor with reference to the damage the schooner received and the details of the disaster. Capt. Card stated in reply to one question that the vessel was only a cable's length from the shore.

At the afternoon session of the inquiry Capt. Card's testimony was concluded and Norman Crossley, the mate, was examined. His evidence differed very materially from that of the captain, and produced somewhat of a sensation.

He said that after they had weighed the starboard anchor and attempted to come out through the passage the wind did not die down, and the tide was stronger than they thought, driving the vessel on the rocks. He attempted to lower the starboard anchor, but the captain's orders, but it was fouled, and he reported this to the captain, who was at the wheel.

He then asked the captain if he would let down the port anchor. The captain told him to lower the starboard anchor, but before they had completed their work the vessel was on the rocks.

No effort, he said, was made to let go the starboard anchor. When he asked the captain if he would do so he received no reply.

"The anchor had been lowered it would have brought the vessel up and saved her," was the startling statement made by the witness.

Crossley's testimony was supported by the witness added that he had attempted to lower the starboard anchor, but that instructions from the captain, but gave no explanation of why he did not attempt to lower the port anchor as well.

He maintained in contradiction to the Captain's testimony that no effort was made to lower the port anchor, and that the Captain had given no instructions to that effect. He said that no damage was done to the port side of the vessel during the grounding, as she went on from the starboard side.

After the mate's evidence had been finished, adjournment was taken until this morning when the second mate will testify.

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