#



Songs of Praise

Can't get wife to use any other soap, says SURPRISE is the best.

Chas. C. Hughes.

would narmy get a steamer off from

this or any other port under 24 hours,

and that would be a fatal loss of

"Can I go in the tug?" I still stuck

"Quite impossible," replied the sec-

retary. "They have no proper accom-

modation, and you would have to pass

the night in utter discomfort on the

"I should not be afraid of that. But

some one who knows Mr. Wood and

everything else must accompany the

"My officer, Swete Thornhill, knows

"Yes, but not the others, or the

"Send the Yankee then. He will be

quite equal to the emergency. Can

"Easily. He is on the telephone. Be-

Then we left Lloyds, having given

carte blanche as regards expenditure,

and with full assurance that all proper arrangements would be made.

Later Mr. Snuyzer answered my sum-

mons, and was pleased to express his approval when he heard what I had

"I don't admire another night out of

bed," he said grumblingly, "but it is in

a good cause. There's sense in the

plan and it may succeed. The chase

was mere idiocy. You could never

have caught up the yacht. Besides,

I can be back in London on Saturday

"Yes?" I asked, rather indifferently.

"Yes truly. Sunday I sail from

Southampton by the Great River line's

steamer Chattahoochee for New York."

son-have you found out anything?"

"What! Why is this? What rea-

"Here is a preliminary list of passen-

gers by the Chattahoochee. Run your

eye over the names. See? Duke and

"You are indeed wonderful, Mr.

Snuyzer," and in sheer admiration I

"But that isn't all. Have you gone

My eyes swam, my head turned

round, I felt giddy and faint, for there

"I was pretty right, you see, miss. I

see all their cards as though they were

on the table. The right man held up,

identification to make a clean sweep

of all they can acquire. It's time some

one should go over. Perhaps it will

be Mr. Wood himself. If I can pick

him out of that hooker and bring him

on shore, I shall put it to him that he

had better cross the pond right away

to protect his own interests. That

would be far the best. But some one

"Mr. Snuyzer," I said, with a sud-

den, irresistible impulse, "if you do not

return on Friday night, I will go over

Directly we sat down to lunch I

"I am going to New York on Sun-

The words had no meaning for he

at first. I had to repeat the statemen

"Of course I cannot go alone,"

wretched Captain Wood, of course?

Dear, dear, how I wish you had never

settled it that way. I don't know what

to think of him; whether we ought to

as I am sure he has in me. It is for

his sake I am going, and, mother-for-

give me-whatever you say or do,

She could say nothing, and to close

the matter I struck while the iron was

hot and secured our passage that very

afternoon, paying the deposit. Mr. Snuyzer's name was also down on the

list of passengers, which was a com-

fort to me, for I saw that he was con

fident of success in his present mission

If he intercepted the yacht and rescued

Willie, we need not start, mother and

I, and I would gladly forfeit the depos-

you; suppose he has run away?"

at the end of all, was the name of-

Duchess of Tierra Sagrada

right down the list? Well?"

"Captain William Wood!"

gave him my hand.

must go."

upon her.

myself."

to New York."

broke it to mother.

day," I said very quietly.

at latest, which is most important."

meaning of the whole thing."

sides, I know his address.'

to my point.

open deck."

tug," I argued.

him, doesn't he?"

you get hold of him?"

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of the urinary deposits a ropy sedi-ment will often be found, and sometimes particles of albumen, and color be of a thin milkish hue, again changing to a dark, torpid appearance. There are men who die of this difficul-ty ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of seminal weakness. The doctors will guarantee a perfect cure is all such cases, and healthy restora-

tion of the genito-urinary organs.

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#############

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

####### it. What Wille would do there was

IGHT, 1900, BY R. F. FENNO & CO.

But the days passed, Friday, then Saturday, without one word of news. How I got through the time I can hardly say. Mother saw that I was wretched and, thinking I was fussing and fretting over our rash expedition, tried timidly-sweet mother!-to get me to give it up.

But I was only the more determined to go. The day wore on. I was hoping against hope, and in my own secret heart I was becoming terribly frightened, almost out of my wits, but I fought hard against that. I knew that if I gave way one little bit I should break down utterly.

> CHAPTER VIII. THE S. S. CHATTAHOOCHEE.

I never felt so deserted and forlorn as when I stood on the platform at Waterloo on the Sunday morning waiting for the special train for Southampton. There was a great mob of people crowding and clamoring around passengers and their friends to see them off-all strangers to me, many of them talking an uncouth, unintelligible language. The porters were too much overpowered with luggage to attend to me, and I had Roy to look after.

He was very fractious, dragging at his chain, yelping in short, angry snaps, with fierce shows of teeth, and keeping every one at a distance. I cannot say what I should have done but for the kindness of a man, a gentleman who spoke with a strong Yankee twang and who found us seats. He persuaded the guard to allow Roy to remain in the carriage with us, and the dog was for the moment good. I don't know why I burdened myself with him, but I clung to him feebly, desperately, for no other reason than that he was Willie's, the only real living link left me

with my dear missing friend. This new acquaintance was a youth, little more, in a straw hat and a light check suit; he wore no gloves and had a diamond ring on one finger and a great diamond brooch in his slipknot tie. He was not handsome, far from it-freekled face, red hair and ferrety eyes-and yet there were kindliness, ood feeling, chivalry in his face, tha many a better born gentleman might

"Guess you're new to this kind of thing." he said affably as we started. 'Never been across before?" Mother frowned at me from her corner as though to check this forward stranger, but I was so sure he meant

have envied him.

well and so grateful to him for his kindness that I smiled and let him "You see, there are a lot of big toads in this puddle, and outsiders are left a the wrong paraded with full papers of long way behind. Quite a number of

swells on board the train-dukes and duchesses, young millionaires, that Crossus British captain." My heart bounded at the names he mentioned, for I knew that he was referring to the conspirators, and I asked him, rather nervously, if he knew

any of these people by sight. I dared not tell him, of course, how deeply they interested me. "Why, certainly; the whole hypothec. There's the Duchess of Tierra Sagrada. The title is Spanish, not much, I take it, like their castles. But she's an amazing fine woman, tall and handsome. Reckon that's won her her

duke. She was on the boards oncesome Boston variety show. The duke's like a bit of dried root and black as sarsaparilla." more than once, when at last it dawned "And this millionaire?" "Wood. You have heard of him. Is that so? The young English captain

continued, in the same matter of fact voice, "at least, I'd rather not; so you who got all the McFaught millions. I will have to come with me. Now, needn't show him you; guess you know darling," I went on, "don't be disagreehim by sight?" able. It is a matter of the utmost im How was I to answer this most embarrassing question? Was it put quite portance. I must go. I cannot help anocently? Had this man any suspicion? I looked into his little pale "It is something to do with that

blue eyes, but they never faltered, and I replied that, like the rest of the world, I had heard the story. "He's no great shakes, you'll say, not for a British officer. Don't fit his

trust him. Suppose he is deceiving fortune quite. It's a good deal to live up to. "Mother, you must not hint at such a thing. I have unbounded faith in him.

When the train ran into Southampton and we left it for the wharf where lay the little tender that was to convey us to the big liner, Mr. Rossiter (my new friend's name) showed us the people he had named. We were crowded now into a narrow space, and sat almost in each other's pockets. It was easy to make out every one, and I soon learned all I wanted to know.

First, there was the arch impostor, the villain who was masquerading as my dear Willie Wood. I saw a short, thickset, vulgar looking man, very much overdressed, smoking a long cigar, holding his head high, as though arrogance and hauteur were in his part. He was not alone; his two companions, the only persons to whom he spoke, were the Duke and Duchess of Tierra Sagrada, as my friend whisper-

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my eyes, my heart beating tumultuously. If I only knew what they did! They had been with Willie-were the last to see him, probably, in the Victoria dock.

The man, a small man, thin, twisted, snakelike, and venomous, was no doubt the ringleader, one of the prime movers in the plot. As I looked at his dark, sallow face, heavy, brooding, with dull, savage, bloodshot eyes, I trembled to think I might have to measure strength with him-that I, a weak, helpless woman, might be called upon to unmask him, and bring him to account. What chance should I have alone against these unscrupulous, murderous, coldly deliberate villains?

I got some little comfort, however, from my examination of the woman. Duchess or no duchess, accomplice and confederate or hapless tool, willing or constrained, I knew that within her poor means she had been kind to Willie, and would have helped him if she could. She was not wholly bad, I felt sure. A handsome woman, undoubtedly; very tall, with a fine figure and a beautiful face, although with a sad, worn, anxious expression-the face of one who had known some trouble. Was she vexed, harassed, tortured perchance, by a past that was irrevocable, at present hateful and intolerable, which she was powerless to mend? There could be but little sympathy between her and her husband. They hardly spoke to each other; when they did, the man seemed to snarl, and if she answered at all, it was only in sullen monosyllables. When the false Willie Wood addressed her, which he did from time to time with an air of easy familiarity, she disdained to reply at all. It was clear the conspirators were not a happy family. While I sat looking intently at these

people and engrossed with very serious thoughts, I was disturbed by Fanshawe, my maid, who came up and said, in a very fretful, disappointed

"Please, Miss Frida, I'm worrited to death with this tiresome dog. What-ever made you bring him is more than I can say. I can do nothing with him." Roy had been pretty good till now, and when we got on board the tender I handed him over to Fanshawe. He had followed her very obediently from the train to the quayside, but when once embarked had shown the most unaccountable restlessness. He began questing about the deck, dragging Fanshawe after him, for he had great strength and, besides, he growled so threateningly that she was forced to give in to him. When I took him in hand he displayed the same restlessness. At last, in despair, she appealed

I again took the leash out of her hand and tried to pacify him. As a rule I could manage him. He had taken to me long before, in the early days of our acquaintance, and now, since Willie was gone, he transferred his affection, as I hoped, to me. But now I had lost all control over him. He would not keep quiet, still much less crouch down at my feec. He dis dained to obey. I tried all ways with him-spoke to him softly and sweetly, scolded him and cuffed him, but all to no purpose. He stood away from me at the longest distance his chain would allow, as if we were utter stranger

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