

THE GRAFIN

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truth about the last Russian attempt to blow up Berlin, because the Kaiser doubted very much if the nihilists had anything to do with it, and if his suspicions proved true that the czar was the instigator of it, he would declare war at once. You know how out of us he is? Caprivi gave me - "What in the name of heaven are you talking about?" I exclaimed, astonishment had kept me dumb up to this. "There are no such things as Prussian spies, and there never was any attempt to blow up Berlin. And," I added smiling, "the czar would be the last man in the world to meddle of his own accord with dynamite. You are remaining, my dear Grafina."

"That is always the way," she said sadly, "they would not believe me in there either, when I told them who I was."

"But," I said, "granted that there was a plot, and that the czar was party to it, why should you, above all others, be chosen for so delicate a mission?"

You read in the papers some time ago of a French officer who was disgraced because he sold some secrets to our Government?" she asked, by way of an answer.

I replied that I had. "Well," she said, "it was through letters of mine which he had in his possession that he was discovered."

"The first thing Caprivi did, when he came into the office, was to send me to Paris. I called on him the day before I started for orders. He laughed heartily at the idea, and said, as he shook his head, 'My orders, dear Grafina, are: that you spend a pleasant three months in Paris, and break as many of those French records' hearts as you have time for; but, above all things, avoid politics. With your admirers be all heart; and, when you return, the Kaiser and myself will expect much entertainment from the narration of your love affairs.'"

"Well, that unlucky French officer fell madly in love with me, told me all he knew, and even gave me some military plans to look at, which I faithfully returned next day, after copying them."

"I left Paris then, and when I got to Berlin, wrote confessions which I had done, enclosing a cheque from Caprivi at the same time. The cashing of that cheque at the bank roused suspicions; he was watched; my letters were intercepted, and after his arrest, others were found in his desk."

"Poor fellow, his disgrace was unmerited, for he loved his France, and would not betray her intentionally for the world; but political secrets should not be entrusted to young men likely to fall in love."

have solved the mystery in a day or two. I asked the Grafina one afternoon if she would come and sit by the now deceased Alster, and finish her story. She agreed, and we both sat listening to the church bells ringing across the lake, calling the people who did not believe in the next world to come and pray, that they might be allowed to stay a little longer to prepare for it. All were invited, but few came. For some did not believe in prayer. Others who were afraid of the air in the churches. So the churches remained empty, and the bells continued to ring their invitations sweetly across the lake, while I sat and listened dreamily to them, and to the Grafina, as she continued her extraordinary tale.

"You will oblige me, Fraulein von Steingatz," said the Kaiser to me. The Grafina began by finding out if that heavy skulking czar had a ything to do with the Berlin outrage. For if he had I swear by my ancestors I will plant the Prussian Eagle before the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg. "As it is, he continued in a gloomy voice, "My conscience isn't easy about those Siberian captives. What would you think Caprivi," he said, raising his voice of a crusade to liberate those prisoners?"

"Just at present, your Majesty, we have so much to do with Socialists and Catholics, besides the new Army Bill, and these changes in the school law your Majesty contemplated introducing, will all take time—much time," Caprivi answered in a soft voice. "What I wish must be done," said the Kaiser. "Certainly, your Majesty," Caprivi replied, looking low, and at the same time winking at me. You can go now, Guadighe Fraulein, the Kaiser said, "and when you have discovered anything come to me with your news first." As Caprivi wished me a safe journey he winked again. I knew what he meant, so kept a blank face, and called again in the evening. I was not surprised when he said to me, "Don't tell Wilhelm a word if you find out anything, for we have more than enough to do with all our internal arrangements at sixes and sevens, and France always on the watch!"

"You may trust me," I replied. "Don't talk politics," were his last words. "Just then a boy passed whistling, hestopped guiltily as I looked him, started at the cheerful sound, but the Grafina continued her story calmly."

"I won't bother you with an account of my journey to Petersburg," she went on, "or enter into an account of my reception by the Czar and Czarina, though I must say the latter was very still, that was, perhaps, because the Czar was attentive to me."

The first fortnight of my stay in the northern capital, was pleasant but uneventful. At the end of a month, however, I had two proposals—one from the Danish Ambassador; but still I had found out nothing. At last I said to the Archduke, who was most persistent, and wouldn't take 'no' for an answer.

"Tell me," I said, "Apropos of Berlin. Were you with the Czar the other day when he went there in?" The Archduke grew pale as death. "And you profess to love me," I exclaimed scornfully, "and still kept that secret from me!" "Hush for Heaven's sake," he whispered, "who told you?" (he didn't know I was only guessing) I smiled sarcastically.

"It was only a lark, just a lark!" he continued, still looking very frightened. "A pretty lark for an Emperor," I exclaimed. "If you breathe a word of this you will be sent to Siberia," he said. "I leave for Berlin in the morning," I replied, looking calmly at him. He seized my hand, and once asked me to marry him. I refused, and confessed at the same time that I had a lover in Berlin whom I loved beyond anything on earth.

"You will never see him again," he hissed, giving me a malignant look as he left the room. "That evening, as I was on my knees in my room packing, a knock came to my door. I called out 'come in!' thinking it was a servant. What was my surprise, therefore, to see the Czar. I recognised him at once, though he was much disguised. 'Take a seat your Majesty!' I said. 'I see you know me,' he answered grimly. 'I bow.' 'I wish to say good-bye to you before you start,' he said, 'and to tell you I have deputed the Archduke Ferdinandovich to see you safe beyond our frontier.' 'Your Majesty is very kind!' I answered, 'but an escort in the case of an insignificant person like myself, is altogether unnecessary!'

"A lady with your face can never be insignificant!" he said, gallantly. "Remember me to the Kaiser when you get to Berlin!" and without an other word he left the room. He has not the suavity of our Kaiser. "I suppose not!" I said, seeing I was expected to say something. "Well!" she continued, "the next morning a well appointed droschke was sent by the Archduke to take me to the station. When I was about half an hour in the vehicle I looked out to see if we near the station. But we were in a part of the city I never was in before. I tried to explain to the man, he was going wrong, but could not think of a word of Russian, though I had a fair knowledge of it, but for the moment it had completely left me. I screamed in German and French; but it was no use, he did not even stop to hear what I was saying, but continued to drive, in mad Russian fashion. Wasn't it strange my having forgotten Russian so completely?"

"Very," I assented, thinking everything about her more than strange. On we dashed until at length we reached the open country. "It was a terrible situation! Alone in Russia, entirely at the mercy of this driver, who had probably orders to murder me. As this thought flashed into my mind I determined to throw myself out of the droschke. I tried to turn the handle, but it was locked. It is all over, I thought."

All at once I remembered my pocket pistol, which I always carry with me. Here it is!" she said, showing it to me, "and this little dagger," pulling a small dangerous looking weapon from the fold of her dress. "So I determined to shoot the driver" (thus she said quite calmly as she replaced the dagger). "I opened the window gently and fired, but through some mischance the bullet only grazed his head and, glancing off, passed through one of the horse's ears. The animal plunged madly. I had another bullet but was afraid to use it. Anyway, we would both probably be killed now, for the horse was under no control."

Suddenly John threw the reins down and jumped off. I looked out and oh, horror! Right in front of me the road ended in a diseased horse vainly attempting to burst it open. It was a moment of supreme agony of mind, looked in, not a chance for my life, while the infuriated animal flew on like the wind. On and we were nearing the mines now. Another minute and it will be all over. In a second it flashed in me that I would soon know the great secret. The next I leant out of the window, and taking the best aim I could, fired at the horse's head. It was my last chance and a small one. I had only one bullet, but my hand was steady—great danger always has that effect on me. We were almost on the edge when I fired. If he plunged forward even in his death struggles, it was all over. I pulled the trigger, gave one look into the dark abyss—and closed my eyes."

I opened them again instantly, as the droschke turned over, and I found myself standing on my head; but we were still, the bullet had pierced the horse's brain, causing instant death. If he had struggled at all we were over, as it was the poor creature's head hung over the yawning pit."

My life for the present was spared, but if I could not get out of my prison, and find shelter somewhere before night, it was only to make a supper for the wolves. It was just the place for them. I thought dimly. Just then a horse galloped up to where I was, a key turned in the lock of the droschke, the door flew open, and I tumbled out into the arms of the Archduke Ferdinandovich. He told me he had been waiting for me at an appointed place of hours, until at last becoming anxious, he had ridden on in front, and ordered the carriage to follow! He discovered my John on the road side, bleeding from the wound in his head, and almost senseless with fright."

"No wonder the Czar thinks you dangerous, and wishes to ship you off to Siberia!" he observed. "To Siberia!" I cried aghast. "Oh! rather death a thousand times than that." "There is a way out of it," he said. "How?" I asked, eagerly. "By marrying me," he replied. "I slunk back. There was something most repulsive in that man's coarse, red face and wicked eyes. However, I tried to be brave, 'I am a German subject,' I said, 'and the Kaiser will certainly avenge my death!'" "That for the Kaiser," he replied, snapping his fingers. "Will you marry me, or go to Siberia?" I will marry you, I said, but on condition I get six months' reprieve!" He smiled, grimly. "So that is how you look at it," he smiled, grimly. "I suppose I had a peculiar expression on my face, for he asked abruptly, 'Have you any more bullets about you?' and satisfied himself by searching my pockets. 'You are a regular shot devil!' he said, but I like something to tame! What do you propose doing?" I asked, turning my head away for the cruel look in his eyes frightened me. 'I will hide you in my castle on the shore of Lake Bule!' he replied, 'unless you prefer the embraces of the wolves to my attentions,' he added with a fiendish laugh."

When we arrived at the Castle I was shown to my apartments by an elderly Russian woman. I only gave one glance round my luxurious prison, then throwing myself on the bed fell fast asleep. "I cannot remember any more now," the Grafina exclaimed, getting up off the seat. "My head is like a squeezed sponge." On our way back to the pension we met a solitary Vierlander. "Buy some flowers, Fraulein," she asked, holding up her basket. "No one will buy flowers now," I replied. "Buy some for the dead," she urged. I shook my head.

That night the heat was so intense that there was no chance of sleep, so the Grafina came and sat in my room, and, looking out over the moonlit, peaceful, Alster, continued her story. "When I awoke in the morning, she went on, I thought over the situation, and came to the conclusion I had better be civil to the Archduke. I made as pretty a toilette as I could, and descended. The Archduke congratulated me on my appearance, and said, with

smiling smile he was glad I look lung so sensibly. Three months passed slowly by, he presenting me with his attentions, and I keeping him to his promise of a six months' engagement, until one evening, catching the roughly by the arm, he dragged me into the library. 'Marry us now, standing by the table. The old priest began to mutter to some words over us in spite of protestation. I began to scream, but the Archduke put his hand on my mouth, and hissed, 'Peace, fool, or I'll murder you.' He had the words hardly said when there was a loud knock at the door, and someone shouted, 'Open in the name of the Czar!' 'By Heavens!' we are both undone! the Archduke cried, his face blanching with terror. 'I have it,' the priest said hastily, flinging off the loose gown his wore. 'Get into this,' he whispered. I did as I was told, and he pulled the cover well over my head. 'Go out now, and lift your hands thus (showing me) in blessing on the messenger of the Czar, but keep your face covered!' I trembled like an aspen as I lifted my hands before the powerful wicked Duke Olo, who, however took no notice of my salutation. How my heart beat, as I swiftly passed by the company of soldiers stationed outside. I arrived safely at a little wood, where the priest soon met me. 'The archduke is searching the castle,' he said, 'and will probably remain there until morning. Take my horse; he is as swift as lightning; you have come here's start of them. When you go to St. Petersburg leave my horse at —, and take the train for Moscow. They will never suspect you of being there.' I thanked my kind deliverer, and without wasting a moment jumped to the saddle. What a journey that was, a regular ride for life. I rested some hours at V. Then on again. I caught the express for Moscow, where I only remained twenty-four hours, as I knew there was no safety for me on Russian soil. Arrived at Berlin, I went straight to the Kaiser, for I was burning with revenge. In the ante room I had the misfortune to meet Caprivi. 'What, back! my dear Grafina?' he exclaimed, seizing both my hands affectionately.

"I must have revenge, Count," I said. "Of course," he replied, "but as the Kaiser isn't visible just now you might as well sit down and tell me all about your adventures." So I did. "Wilhelm will declare war at once," said Caprivi, when he had heard all. "Rest assured of that! And as it is getting late, and you are very tired, you had better come home with me. My carriage is here," I consented, and closing my eyes sank back on the luxurious cushions of the carriage. "woke up as it rumbled into a paved courtyard. 'Where in the world am we?' I asked as Caprivi handed me out. 'Come in, and you will see,' he said laughing. 'This is the lady I he served to a severe looking female, who opened the door for us."

"You won't tell the Kaiser your adventures as soon as you thought, Caprivi said, making me a mocking bow. Then the door closed behind him, and I was—in prison. I was a month there before an opportunity of escape offered. Hearing the cholera was here, I knew Caprivi would never look for me in Hamburg, and Dismarck would protect me anyway." I made no remark as she ended. The day was approaching on which the Grafina was to be married. When her wedding dress came home I made her put it on, and come down stairs in it, which was not, of course, the proper thing to do, but she looked so lovely in it, and besides I wanted to convince the Pole that she really was going to be married. I shall never forget his face as he looked at her, and blamed myself afterwards for having induced her to show herself dressed thus; but if we could only all see before us what a lot of things we would leave undone."

Sedan day came at last. There were no festivities in Hamburg, of course, nor in Germany for that matter. In the morning Frau Muller shook her head over the wedding that was to be. She was losing one of her best boarders in Mr. Moutjoy, and, as she said, "I was marrying a Poly-tender over the surface of the nave and came and asked me to take charge of the key of his writing table. 'Please take it,' he said, 'and don't ask questions.' So I took the key without a word, thinking everyone was getting queer."

It was a great shock to us all when the news came in the afternoon that the poor fellow had gone across to Winteruden and shot himself. "The Lord be praised and thanked!" Frau Muller exclaimed in her consternation, "that he so much education had as not to take his life in his house. He was always a gentleman, but it is very sad!" "Poor Frau Muller! What with the cholera and weddings, and deaths, her house would soon be empty. We searched the unfortunate young man's papers, but there was no clue to embarrassments of any kind. It was another mystery."

The Grafina declared, it was love for herself made him do it. I couldn't help telling her it was a bad omen—a death before a wedding; but she only laughed heartlessly. That evening I went to the flower shop and ordered wreath for the poor Pole, to be sent along with the

DANGERS of SPRING

Children die in the spring. Hotches bloom in the spring. Boys break out in the spring. Women weaken in the spring. Men lose energy in the spring. Pimples protrude in the spring. Old people suffer in the spring. Malaria is deadly in the spring. La Grippe spreads in the spring. Doctors' bills grow in the spring. Undertakers thrive in the spring. All diseases germinate in the spring. Scott's Sarsaparilla sells in the spring.

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basket of flowers, which was to be my wedding present to the Grafina. "Both at the same time Fraulein!" the woman in the shop asked in surprise. "Why not?" I asked cynically. "First a wedding and then a funeral." "Ah!" she said, "funerals are plenty enough these sad days."

I retired early that night, and lay awake thinking of the poor Pole. He had been very kind and attentive to me before the Grafina came—I had not received much attention in my life—and now he was dead. I was aroused from these bitter thoughts by the sound of most unearthly singing. At first I thought it supernatural, but after a few seconds I recognized the Grafina's voice. I jumped up angry and indignant that she should behave in such a way. "Was the tragedy which, according to herself she was the cause of, a fitting thing to sing over?" I said to myself as I flung on my dressing gown, and full of wrath, without knocking, threw her door wide open (she never locked it). She was standing in the middle of the room, the moon shining full on her, cutting her beautiful wedding dress to shreds with the gleaming stiletto she always wore. As I heard the beautiful silk tear, I screamed loudly. Mr. Moutjoy appeared instantly ready dressed; he could not go to bed, he said, thinking of the Pole. The whole house was roused, and the secret was out at last. The poor Grafina was mad. In the morning the unfortunate creature was removed to the lunatic asylum. We heard afterwards that she had escaped from an asylum in Berlin, where she was allowed a great deal of liberty, as for months together she would be quite sensible, except for imagining she was a noted political character. She used to read the papers every day and imagine herself always playing a part in the affairs of Europe."

A YOUNG LADY'S RESCUE.

CONFINED TO HIS ROOM FOR MORE THAN A YEAR.

An Intense Sufferer Through Pain in the Muscles of His Legs and Arms—Reduced Almost to a Living Skeleton.

Mr. T. W. Beckwith is the proprietor of the Royal Hotel, Wiltville, the most important hostelry in the town, and is a man well known and esteemed throughout the county. He is a bright and intelligent man, 38 years of age, and has been known in Wiltville, that Freddie underwent a very severe illness, though perhaps the cause to which he owes his recovery is not so generally known, and a statement of the case may be the means of helping some other sufferer. On the 20th of December, 1893, Freddie was taken ill and confined to his room and his bed until March, 1894. Two different physicians were called during his long illness. One said he had la grippe and the other that his trouble was rheumatic fever. He was troubled

Johnny Jaggons: "Come on, boys! let's break the windows. Ma's going to move."

Guest, whom the waiter has brought an extremely dirty bill of fare: By Jove, that's an excellent idea—samples of the different dishes glued on to the menu.

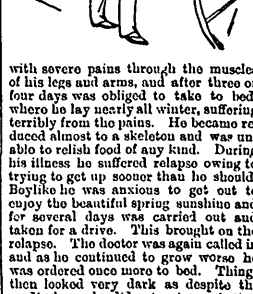
Clerk: I can't sell this silk hat at all. As soon as I tell people the price they say it is not worth it. Shop-walkers! Well, we've got to rid of it somehow. Mark it up half a crown more and put it on the bargain counter.

Teacher: Now, children, here is the word "intention." What does it mean? Intention is that faculty of the human mind which enables a person to distinguish at a glance a patent medicine advertisement from a news article.

Mr. T. W. Beckwith is the proprietor of the Royal Hotel, Wiltville, the most important hostelry in the town, and is a man well known and esteemed throughout the county. He is a bright and intelligent man, 38 years of age, and has been known in Wiltville, that Freddie underwent a very severe illness, though perhaps the cause to which he owes his recovery is not so generally known, and a statement of the case may be the means of helping some other sufferer. On the 20th of December, 1893, Freddie was taken ill and confined to his room and his bed until March, 1894. Two different physicians were called during his long illness. One said he had la grippe and the other that his trouble was rheumatic fever. He was troubled

with severe pains through the muscles of his legs and arms, and after three or four days was obliged to take to bed, where he lay nearly all winter, suffering terribly from the pains. He became reduced almost to a skeleton and was unable to relish food of any kind. During his illness he suffered relapse owing to trying to get up to see his school. Boylike he was anxious to get out to enjoy the beautiful spring sunshine and for several days was carried out and taken for a drive. This brought on the relapse. The doctor was again called in and as he continued to grow worse he was ordered once more to bed. Things then looked very dark as despite the medical care he did not get any better. At last his father decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Soon after beginning their use Freddie began to feel better. His appetite began to return and the pains were less severe. As he continued to use of the Pink Pills he regained health and strength rapidly, and in about a month was apparently as well as ever, the only remaining symptom of his trying illness being a slight pain in the leg, which did not disappear for several months. It is over one and a half years ago since Freddie took his last pill, and in that time he has not had a recurrence of the attack. There is no doubt that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured him, and both the boy and his parents speak highly in their praise.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the medical marvel of the age. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed. They are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail, from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutions against which the public is cautioned.



PRIEST AND PARISHIONER.

Miss Maggie Melody, of Hamilton, had Dr. Agnew's Celebrated Catarrh Powder, on Recommendation of Her Father, Hinchey, and Found it a Grand Remedy for Inflammation.

Having himself been benefited by the use of Dr. Agnew's Celebrated Catarrh Powder, Rev. Father Hinchey, of St. Joseph's Church, Hamilton, Ont., followed the counsel of the good book, and carried the good news to others. One of his parishioners, Miss Maggie Melody, had been a sufferer from inflammation of the bladder, and her father, Father Hinchey, knew how much good this remedy had done in case of cold in the head with himself, and recommended it to her. She had been a sufferer from influenza, and found it a grand remedy. In fact it gave me relief almost at once. I can with pleasure heartily recommend it to all who are suffering from this malady. One short pill of the breath through the blow, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Celebrated Catarrh Powder, diffuses the powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. 50 cents.