

A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

"The golf very likely," Wolfenden said. "He is a magnificent player." Hercut frowned. "If I thought so," he said, "I should consider my journey here a wasted one. But I can't. He is in the midst of delicate and important negotiations—I know as much as that. He would not come down here as a time to play golf. It is an absurd idea."

She looked down at his deformity, and, woman-like, she shivered. "It is no better, then?" she murmured, with eyes turned seaward. "It is absolutely incurable," he declared.

She changed the subject abruptly. "The last I heard of you," she said, "was that you were in China. You were planning great things there. Ten years, I was told, Europe was to be at your mercy!"

"I have never told you anything that was not the truth," he said. "I will not begin now. I might as well say that I was here by chance, for change of air, or for the golf. Neither of these things would have been spoken of a year ago. I am here because I am in the midst of a great struggle. It is only a mile or two from Deringham Hall."

"What do you want of me?" she asked hoarsely. "He looked at her in mild reproach, a good-humored smile at the corner of his lips; but his eyes were full of good humor or some curious, somewhat reflection of the working of his secret thoughts? When he spoke, the man of her age and the prince had a reputation of knowing. It was easy to believe it."

How long the woman might have lingered there it is hard to say, for evidently the spot possessed a peculiar fascination for her, and she had given herself up to a rare fit of abstraction. "The only conversation we had, in which she showed any interest at all, was concerning my own people. By the bye, that reminds me; I told him of an incident which occurred at Deringham Hall last night, and he was certainly interested and curious. I happened to look at him at an unexpected moment, and his appearance astonished me. I have never seen him look so keen about anything before."

"Will you tell me the incident at once, please?" Hercut begged eagerly. "It may contain the very clue for which I am hunting. Any thing which interests Mr. Sabin interests me."

"There is no secrecy about the matter," Wolfenden said. "I will tell you all about it. You may perhaps have heard that my father has been in very poor health ever since the great Solet disaster. It unfortunately affected his brain to a certain extent, and he has been the victim of delusions ever since. The most serious of these is, that he has been commissioned by the government to prepare, upon a gigantic scale, a plan and description of our coast defenses and navy. He has a secretary and typist, and works ten hours a day, but from their report and my own observations, I am afraid the only result is an absolute unintelligible chaos."

"You need have no fear," he interrupted calmly; "it is a very little thing. Do you think that Lord Deringham would know me again after so many years?" "My husband?"

"I am always alone," she answered. "But come to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXIII. Mr. Sabin Explains. Mr. Sabin and his niece had finished their dinner and were lingering a little over an unusually luxuriant dessert. Wolfenden had sent some musical grapes and peaches from the forcing houses at Deringham Hall—scarcely a match, and certainly not excellent. Mr. Sabin looked across at Helene as they were placed upon the table, with a significant smile.

"No less a person," he answered, with a shade of mockery in his tone. "I am beginning to find my guardianship no security after all! Do you know, I never occurred to me, when we concluded our little arrangement, that I might have to exercise my authority against so ardent a suitor. You would not have found his lordship hard to get the most of? I am afraid, but for my opportune arrival."

"To-night? Is he coming here?" Mr. Sabin asked calmly. "Yes, I thought you would be surprised. But then you need not see me. I am here to-night—rather an awkward moment, by the bye—and asked him to dine with us."

"You are going to give me the letters?" "I am going to give them to you," he said. "With the destruction of this little packet falls away the last link which held together the usual delicacies, conscious perhaps that her servants, although their heads were studiously averted, had witnessed with surprise this unexpected meeting."

"You certainly startled me," she said. "I had imagined that this was the most desolate part of all unfrequented spots; it is here I come when I want to feel absolutely alone. I did not dream of meeting another fellow creature—least of all people in the world, perhaps, you?"

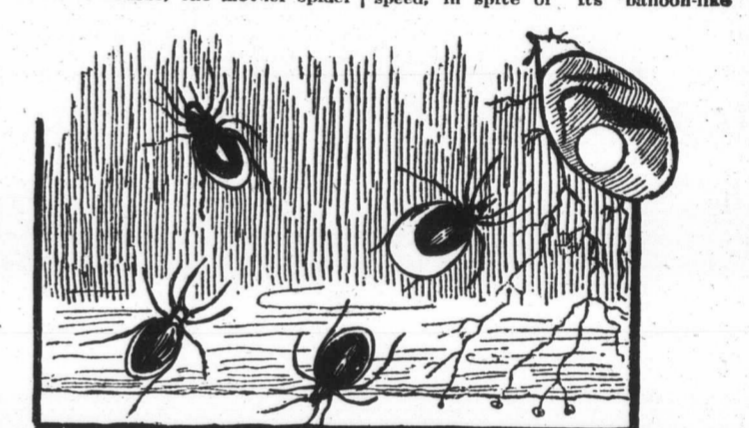
CEYLON AND INDIA TEA, GREEN OR BLACK, IS ECONOMICAL TEA.

Its greater strength combined with its absolute purity make it the best tea on the market. If your grocer does not keep it he will get it rather than lose your trade.

ASK FOR IT. A free sample of delicious SALADA Tea sent on receipt of postal mentioning which you drink—Black, Mixed or Green Tea. Address 'SALADA,' Toronto or Montreal.

THE WATER SPIDER AND ITS HABITS.

It seems strange that a certain kind of spider is capable of forming a bubble, taking it down through the water and discharging it into its nest, so that the eggs and later on, the young, are kept dry and given air. Yet this is what the water spider does. Although this spider lives in land, where it needs plenty of air to breathe, it is really hatched under the water, and spends a great deal of its time there beneath the surface. Its body is covered with hairs which hold the air like drops of water; and when the body is charged with these air particles, the spider dives down under the surface, forming a bubble which it holds between the hind legs and carries with it. It is only in this manner that it can furnish air for the interior of its nest, keeping it dry until the eggs are hatched.



NEST BUILDING AND BUBBLE TRANSFORMATION.

builds her nest. This is placed some distance down in the water, and is a sort of cell spun in the shape of an egg, having an opening on the under side. When this is completed, she rises to the surface, and there charges her body thoroughly with air. Then once more she dives under the surface, the water forming a bubble which gradually swells out from the body. This she skillfully holds between her furry hind legs, firmly, and yet gently, so that it

burden. The best way to watch the water spider is to place one in a vessel full of water, and containing some water plants. There he will quickly spin his web, and if fed on flies and bugs, lead its aquatic existence. The eggs of this spider are laid in a cocoon, shaped something like the top of a round dish. It generally contains a hundred or more eggs, each one of which is separated from the other.

MOHAMMED AND HIS RELIGION.

Talcoat Williams' Lecture on the Founder of Islam. An interesting address on Mohammed was given by Talcoat Williams in Philadelphia. He said: "A sense of inspiration, probably sincere, possibly accompanied by epilepsy, undoubtedly associated with cataleptic trances, came to him in his 40th year. The founders of all religions but one have reached this age before beginning to preach their new faith. A period of fasting and prayer in the annual obligatory on all Moslems, was accompanied by the first of his revelations upon the unity, the all-knowledge and the absolute power of God, in whom alone human weakness and ignorance could rest and find strength for every need. For ten years after this inspiration he led the life of a neurotic, anxious, persecuted, and hunted man. He was an exhorter and ethical teacher."

SALUTING DAYS.

Same Changes Will be Made in the List Now. For many years, even before the reign of Queen Victoria, it was the custom of the bombardier to the coronation at Windsor to fire royal salutes on royal birthdays and royal anniversaries. The list of the days on which this form of celebration is to be carried out has just been revised by the King, and includes "Victoria Day." Salutes, for the present, will be fired in the Long Walk of the Great Park, as follows: March 10—Wedding day of the King. March 18—Birthday of Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll). April 14—Birthday of Princess Henry of Battenberg. May 1—Birthday of the Duke of Cornwall and York. May 25—Birthday of her late Majesty Queen Victoria. May 25—Birthday of Princess Christian. May 26—Birthday of the Duchess of Cornwall and York. June 3—Birthday of the Duke of Cornwall and York. June 20—Accession of her late Majesty Queen Victoria. June 23—Birthday of Prince Edward of York. July 6—Wedding day of the Duke of Cornwall and York. Nov. 6—Birthday of the King. Nov. 21—Birthday of the Empress Frederick. Dec. 1—Birthday of the Queen.

Signs of Insanity.

Fribley—Mrs. Fairplay isn't exactly right, is she? Slightly deranged mentally I should say! Gibbey—Nonsense! What makes you think so? Fribley—I heard her admit that another woman looked well in a bonnet. Gibbey—So she wants to marry you, eh? Fribley—demanded her father. "Do you know anything about his means?" Gibbey—All I know is that he means to marry you, replied the girl.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, containing the words 'THIS' and 'MAY' repeated vertically.