A PLOT FOR EMPIRE. A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST ERITAIN.

tesquely out of place. The coachman. with powdered hair and the dark blue Deringham livery sat perfectly motionless, his head bent a little for-ward, and his eyes fixed upon his horses ears. The footman by her side stood with folded arms and ex-pression as worden as though he were "The golf very likely," Wolfenden

said. "He is a magnificent player." Hercutt frowned.

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 ne-gotiations—I know as much as that. He would not come down here at such a time to play golf. It is an absurd

"I really don't see how else you can explain it," Wolfenden remarked; "the greatest men have had their hobbies, you know. I need not re-mind you of Nero's fiddle, or Drake's

'Quite unnecessary," Harcutt de-"Youte unnecessary," Harcutt de-flared briskly. "Frankly, I don't be-lieve in Mr. Sabin's golf. There is somebody or something down here connected with his schemes; the golf is a subterfuge. He plays well be-cause he does everything well." "It will tax your ingenuity," Wol-fenden said, "to connect his visit here with entribute in the charge of melici

with anything in the shape of politi-cal schemes." "My ingenuity accepts the task, at

any rate," Harcutt said. "I am go-ing to find out all about it, and you must help me. It will be for both our interest." interest 'l am afraid," Wolfenden answered,

"that you are on a wild goose chase. Still, I am quite willing to help you can. Well, to begin," Harcutt said;

"you have been with har some time to-day. Did he ask you any questions about the locality? Did he show cur-iosity in any of the residents?" Wolfenden shook his head. "Absolutely pone" he appropried

"Absolutely none," he answered. "The only conversation we had, in which he showed any interest at all, was concerning my own people. By the bye, that reminds me ! I told him of an incident which conversed at Dar. f an incident which occurred at Deringham Hall last night, and he was certainly interested and curious. I chanced to look at. him at an unex-pected moment, and his appearance asotnished me. I have never seen him look so keen about anything before

Will you tell me the incident at once, please?" Harcutt begred engerly. "It may contain the very clue for which I am humting. Any-thing which interests Mr. Sabin inonce. terests me.

"There is no secrecy about the matter," Wolfenden said. "I will tell you all about it. You may per-haps have heard that my father has been in very poor health ever since the great Solent disaster. It since the great Solent 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 gi-gantic scale, a plan and description of our coast defences and navy. He has a secretary and typist, and works ten hours a day; but from their report and my own observa-tions. I am afraid the only result is an absolute unintelligible chaos. Still, of course, we have to take him seriously, and be thankful that it is no worse. Now the incident it is no worse. Now the incident which I told Mr. Sabin was this. Last night a man called and intro-duced himself as Dr. Wilmot, the duced himself as Dr. Wilmot, the great mind specialist. He represent-ed that he had been staying in the neighborhood, and was on friendly terms with the local medthe individual of the investigation of such cases which consisted, briefly, of a careful scrutiny of any work done by the patient. He brought a letter from Dr. Whilett, and said that if we would procure him

side stood with folded arms and ex-pression as wooden as though he were waiting upon a Bond street pave-ment. Both were weary and both would have liked to vary the mono-tony by a little conversation; but only a few yards away the woman was standing whose curious taste had led her to visit such a spot. Her arms were hancing listlessly by

was standing whose curious taste had led her to visit such a spot. Her arms were hanging listlessly by her side, her whole expression, al-though her face was upturned toward the sky, was one of intense dejection. Something about her attitude be-spoke a keen and intimate sympathy with the desolation of her surround-ings. The woman was unhappy; the light in her dark eyes was inimitably sad. Her cheeks were pale and a lit-tle wan. Yet Lady Deringham was very handsome—as handsome as a woman approaching middle age could hope to be. Her figure was still slim and elegant, the streaks of gray in her raven black hair were few and far between. She might have lived hand in hand with sorrow, but it had

and in hand with sorrow, but it had hand in hand with sorrow, but it had cone very little to age her. Only a few years ago, in the crowded ball-room of a palace, a prince had de-clared her to be the handsomest wo-man of her age, and the prince had the reputation of knowing. It was easy to believe it. How long the woman might have

say, for ingered there it is hard to

lingered there it is hard to say, for evidently the spot possessed a pecu-liar fascination for her, and she had given herself up to a rare fit of ab-straction. But some sound-was it the low wailing of that seagull, or the more distant cry of a hawk, motionless in mid-air and scarcely visible against the cloudy sky, which caused her to turn her head inland? And then she saw that the solitude was no longer unbroken. A dark object had rounded the sandy little headland, and was coming steadily towards her. She looked at it with a momentary inter-est, her skirt raised in her hand, al-ready a few steps back on her return

est, her skirt raised in her hand, al-ready a few steps back on her return to the waiting carriage. Was it a man? It was something human, at any rate, although its progression was slow and ungraceful, and marked with a peculiar but uniform action. She stood perfectly still, a motionless figure against the background of wan, cloud-shadowed sea and gathering

grant it! cloud-shadowed sea and gathering twilight, her eyes rivetted upon this strange thing, her lips slightly parted, her cheeks as pale as death. Gradually it came nearer and nearer. Her skirt dropped from her nerveless fingers, her eves. a moment before dull with an dropped from her nerveless fingers, her eyes, a moment before dull, with an infinite and pitful emptiness, were lit now with a new light. She was not alone, nor was she unprotected, yet the woman was suffering from a spasm of terror—one could scarcely imagine any sight revolting enough to call up that expression of acute and trembling fear, which had suddenly transformed her appearance. It was as though the level sands had yielded up their dead—the shipwrecked mar-iners of generations—and they all, with white, sad faces and wailing voices, were closing in around her. Yet

have always thought of you kindly; you have suffered terribly for my sake, and your silence was magnifi-cent. I have never forgotten it." His face clouded over, her impulsive words had been after all ill chosen, she had touched a sore point! There was something in these memories dis-tasteful to him. They recalled the one time in his life when he had been worsted by another man. His cynic-ism returned. with white, sad faces and wailing voices, were closing in around her. Yet it was hard to account for a terror so abject. There was certainly nothing in the figure, now close at hand, which seemed capable of inspiring it. It was a man with a club foot— nothing more nor less. In fact, it was Mr. Sabin ! There was nothing about his appearance, save that ungainly movement caused by his deformity, in any way singular or threatening. He came steadily nearcr, and the woman who awaited him trembled. Perhaps his expression was a trifle sardonic. "I am afraid," he said, "that the "I am afraid," he said, "that the years, which have made so little change in your appearance, have made you a sentimentalist. I can assure you that these old memories seldom trouble me." Then, with a lightning-like intui-tion, almost akin to inspiration, he saw that be hed made mede meters. came steadily nearer, and the woman who awaited him trembled. Perhaps his expression was a trifle sardonic, owing chiefly to the extreme pallor of his skin, and the black flannel clothes with invisible stripe, which he had been wearing for golf. Yet when he lifted his soft felt hat from his head and bowed with an ease and ef-fect palpably acquired in other coun-tries, his appearance was far from un-pleasant. He stood there bare-headed in the twilight, a strangely winning smile upon his dark face, and his head courteously bent. "The most delightful of unexpected meetings," he murmured. "I am afraid that I have come upon you like an apparition, dear Lady Deringham! I must have startled you! Yes, I can see by your face that I did; I am so sorry. Doubtless you did not know until yes-terday that I was in England." Then, with a lightning-like intui-tion, almost akin to inspiration, he saw that he had made a mistake. His best hold upon the woman had been through that mixture of sentiment and pity, which something in their conversation had reawakened in her. He was destroying it ruthlessly, and of his accord. What folly! "Bah! I am lying," he said softly; "why should I? Between you and me, Constance, there should be nothing but truth. Wo at least should be sin-cere, one to the other. You are right. "You want to make of kimit cere, one to the other. You are right, I have brought you something which should have been yours long ago." She looked at him with wondering eyes. 'You are going to give me the let

She looked down at his deformity, tor," she said, "It will make me very happy. You would not ask me, I know, unless-unless-"" nd, woman-like, she shivered. "It is no better, then ?" she mur-nured, will eyes turned seaward. "It is absolutely incurable," he deunless—unless—" "You need have no fear," he in-terrupted calmly; "it is a very lit-tle thing. Do you think that Lord Deringmam would know me again af-"My husband ?"

clared. 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. In ten years, I was told, Europe was to be at your mere " "Yes!" She looked at him in something like amazement. Before she could ask the question which was framing itself up-on her lips, however, they were both aware of a distant sound, rapidly drawing nearer-the thunder of a horse's hoofs upon the soft sand. Look-ing up they both recognized the rider at the same instant. "It is your son." Mr. Sabin said quickly; "you need not mind. Leave me to explain. Tell me when I can find you at home alone?" "Yes! ten years, I was told, Europe was to be at your mercy!" "I left Fekin five years ago," he said. "China is a land of Cabals. She may yet be the greatest country in the world. I, for one, believe in her destiny, but it will be in the genera-tions to come. I have no patience to labor for another to reap the harvest. Then, too, a craving for just one draught of civilization brought me westward again. Mongolian habits are interesting, but a little trying." "And what," she asked, looking at him steadily, "has brought you to Der-ingham, of all places upon this earth?" He smiled, and with his stick traced a quaint pattern in the sand. "I have never told your another

lared

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find you at home alone?" "I am always alone," she answer-ed. "But come to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXIII. Mr. Sabin Explains.

He smiled, and with his stick traced a quaint pattern in the sand. "I have never told you anything that was not the truth." he said; "I will not begin now. I might have told you that I was here by chance, for change of air, or for the golf. Neither of these things would have been true. I am here because Deringham village is only a mile or two from Deringham Hall." Mr. Sabin and his niece had finished their dinner and were lingering a little over an unusually luxurious des-sert. Wolfenden had sent some mussert. Wolfenden had sent some mus-catel grapes and peaches from the forcing houses at Deringham Hall-such peaches as Covent Garden could such peaches as Covent Garden could Deringham Hall." She drew a little closer to him. The jingling of harness as her horses toss-ed their heads impatiently reminded her of the close proximity of the ser-vants.

such peaches as Covent Garden could scarcely match, and certainly not ex-cel. Mr. Sabin looked across at Helene as they were placed upon the table, with a significant smile. "An Englishman," he remarked, pouring himself out a glass of bur-gundy and drawing the cigarettes to wards him, "never knows when he is beaten. As a national trait it is mag-nificent, in private life it is a little awkward." Helene had been sitting through the menl, still and statuesque in her "What do you want of me?" she sked hoarsely. He looked at her in mild reproach,

a good-humored smile at 'the corner of his lips; yet, after all, was it good humor or some curious out-ward reflection of the working of his secret thoughts? When he spoke, the Helene had been sitting through the meal, still and statuesque in her black dinner gown, a little more pale than usual, and very silent. At Mr; Sabin's remark she looked up quickly. "Are you alluding to Lord Wolfen-den?" she asked. Alr. Sabin lit his cigarette, and nodded through the mist of blue smake. "Want of you? You talk as though I were a blackmaller, or something equally obnoxious. Is that quite fair, Constance 2"

smoke.

Constance?" Is that quite fair, She evaded the reproach; perhaps she was not conscious of it. It was the truth she wanted. "You had some end in coming here," she persisted. "What is it? I can-not conceive anything in the world "To no less a person," he answered, with a shade of mockery in his tone. "I am beginning to find my guardian-ship no sinecure after all! Do you she persisted. "What is it? I can-not conceive anything in the world you have to gain by coming to see "me. We have left the world and so-clety; we live buried. Whatever fresh schemes you may be planning, there is no way in which we could help you. You are ray er, stronger, more powerful than we. I can think," she added, "of only one thing which may have brought you." ship no sinecure after all! Do you know, it 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 have found his lordship hard to get rid of this morning. I am afraid, but for my opportune arrival

"And that?" he asked, deliberately. She looked at him with a certain tremulous wistfulness in her eyes, and with softening face. "It may be," she said, "that as you grow older you have grown kinder; "By no means," she answered, ' Lord "By no means," she arswered, "Lord Wolfenden is a gentleman, and he was not more persistent than he had a right to be." "Perhaps," Mr. Sabin remarked, "you would have been better pleased H. I had not come?"

grow older you have grown kinder; you may have thought of my great desire, and you were always gener-ous, Victor, you may have come to grant it, If. I had not come?" "I am quite sure of it," she ad-mitted; "but then it is so like you to arrive just at a crisis! Do you know, I can't help fancying that there is something theatrical about your comings and goings! You appear—and one looks for a curtain and a tab-beaux. Where could you have The slightest possible change pass-ed over his face as his Christian name slipped from her lips. The firm lines slipped from her lips. The firm lines about his mouth certainly relaxed, his about his mouth certainly relaxed, his dark eyes gleamed for a moment with a kindlier light. Perhaps at that min-ute for both of them came a sudden lifting of the curtain, a lingering backward glance into the world of their youth, passionate, beautiful, se-ductive. There were memories there which still seemed set to music-mem. ories which network the approx leaux. Where could you have dropped from this morning ?" "From Cromer, in a donkey-cart," he answered, smiling. "I got as far as Peterborough last night, and came on here by the first train. There was Dothing yory mole descention, but

reterborough last night, and came of here by the first train. There was nothing very melo-dramatic about that, surely!" "It does not sound so, ccrtainly. Your playing golf with Lord Wolfen-den afterwards was commonplace enough!" orles which pierced even the armor of his equanimity. Her eyes filled with tears as she looked at him. With a quick costure choled at him. With of his equanimity. Here eyes filled with tears as she looked at him. With a quick gesture she laid her hand upon his. "Belleve me, Victor," she said, "I have always thought of you kindly; you have suffered terribly for my sake, and your silence was mariti

den afterwards was commonplace enough !" "I found Lord Wolfenden very in-teresting," Mr. Sabin said, thought-fully. "He told me a good deal which was important for me to know. I am hoping that to night he will tell me more." "To night! Is he coming here ?" Mr. Sabin assented caimly. "Yes. I though you would be sur-prised. But then you need not see him, you know. I met him riding upon the sands this afternoon-nt rather and asked him to dine with us." "He refused, of course ?"

"He refused, of course ?" "Only the dinner; presu

"Only the dinner; presumably he doubted our cook, for he asked to be allowed to come down afterwards. He will be here soon " "Why did you ask him?" Mr. Sabin looked keenly across the

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THE WATER SPIDER

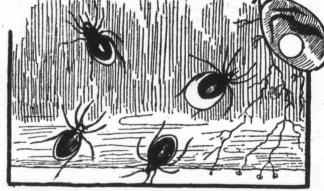
AND ITS HABITS.

kind of spider is capable of forming a bubble, taking it down through

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 sur-face. Its body is covered with hair, which holds the air like drops of the spider dives down under the sur-face, forming a bubble which it holds between the hind legs and carthe spider dives down under the sur-face, forming a bubble which it holds between the hind legs and carnoids between the hind legs and car-ries with it. It is only in this man-ner that it can furnish air for the interior of its nest, keeping it dry until the eggs are hatched. First, of course, the mother spider

It seems strange that 'a certain | wont break and escape. to the nest, she discharges the bub-ble in it. This, of course, crowds out some of the water, leaving the top filled with air. As the nest is

In it. The reason of this is, that the air particles that cling to its hair, keep off the water, and pre-vent it from soaking through the skin. Another strange thing about it is, that it can swim with great speed, in spite of its



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 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 The rises to the surface, and there charges her body thoroughly with air. Then once more she dives un-der 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

She sank into a chair and looked "But it is impossible," she cried. "There are all the ties of relation-

ship, and a common stock. They are sister countries."

sister countries.". "Don't you know," he said, "that it is the like which irritates and re-pels the like. It is this relationship which has been at the root of the great jealousy, which seems to have spread all through Germany. I need not go into all the causes of it with

you now; sufficient it is to say that all the recent successes of England have been at Germany's expense. There has been a storm brewing for long; to day, to mortow, in a week, Surely within a month it will break it

of all religions but one have reach-ed this age before beginning to

MOHAMMED AND HIS RELIGION. Talcott Williams' Lecture on the

An interesting address on Mohammed was given by Talcott Williams in Philadelphia. He said :

"A sense of inspiration, probably sincere, possibly accompanied epilepsy, undoubtedly associated with cataleptic trances, came to him in his 40th year. The founders

Founder of Islam,

sight of my father's most recent manuacripts, he would give us an opinion on the case. We never had the slightest suspicion as to the truth of his statements, and I took him with me to the Admiral's study. However, while we were there and he was rattling through the manuscripte we the manuscripts, up comes Dr. Whitlett, the local man, in hot haste, The letter was a forgery, and the man an impostor. He escaped through the window and got clean away. That is the story as I told it to Mr. Sabin. What do you make ... it?" it ?

Harcutt stood up, and laid his hand upon the other's shoulder. "Well, I've got my clue, that's all," he declared; "the thing's as

plain as sunlight!"

Wolfenden rose also to his feet. "I must be a fool," he said, "fo

Wolfenuen La fool," he saw, "I must be a fool," he saw, I certainly can't see it." Harcutt lowered his voice. "Look here, Wolfenden," he said, "I have no doubt that you are right. "I have no doubt that you are right, and that your father's work is of and that your father's work is of sahin does no value; sure of or one thing-Mr. Sabin does not think so!"

"I don't see what Mr. Sabin has got to do with it," Wolfenden said. Hacrutt laughed. "Well, I will tell you one thing,"

he said; he said; "it is the contents of your father's study which has brought Mr. Sabin to Deringham."

CHAPTER XXII.

From the Beginning.

A woman stood in the beginning. A woman stood in the midst of a salt wilderness, gazing seaward. Around her was a long stretch of wet sand and of seaweed-stained rocks, rising from little pools of wa-ter left by the tide; and beyond, the marshy country was broken only by marshy country was broken only by that line of low cliffs, from which the little tufts of grass sprouted that line of low cliffs, from which the little tufts of grass sprouted feebly. The waves which rolled al-most to her feet were barely rip-ples, breaking with scarcely a visible effort upon the molst sand. Above, the sky was gray and threatening ; only a few minutes before a cloud of white mist had drifted in from the sea and settled softly upon the land in the form of rain. The whole out-look was typical of intense desola-tion. The only sound breaking the si-lence, almost curious; y devoid of all physical and animal noises, was the soft washing of the sand at her feet, and every new and then the jingling and every now and then the jugging of allver harness as the horses of her carriage, drawn up on the road above, tossed their hends and fidget-ed. The carriage itself seemed gro-

must have startled you! Yes, I can see by your face that I dld; I am so sorry. Doubtless you did not know until yes-terday that I was in England." Lady Deringtham was slowly recov-ering herself. She was white still, even to the lips, and there was a strange, sick pain at her heart. Yet she an-swered him with something of her usual deliberateness, conscious perhaps that her servants, although their heads were studiously averted, had yet witnessed with surprise this un-expected meeting. "You certainly startled me," she said; "I had imagined that this was the most desolate part of all unfre-quented 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 ?" "I," he answered,smiling gently, "was perhaps the better prepared. A few minutes ago, from the cliffs yonder, I saw you carifage drawn up here, and I saw you alight. I wanted to speak with you, so I lost no time in scram-bling down on to the sands. You have changed marvellously little, Lady Der-ingham !" "And you," she said, "only in name.

1 on are going to give me the let-ters ?" "I am going to give them to you," he said. "With the destruction of this little packet falls away the last link which held us together." He had taken a little bundle of let-ters, tied with a faded ribbon, from his pocket, and held them out to her. Even in that sait-odorous air the perfume of strange scents seemed to creep out from those closely written sheets as they fluttered in the breeze. Lady Deringham clasped the packet with both hands and her eyes were very bright and very soft. "It is not so, Victor," she mur-mured. "There is a new and a stronger link between us now, the link of my

"It is not so, victor, she had, mured. "There is a new and a stronger link between us now, the link of my everlasting gratitude. Ah! you were always generous, always quixotic! Some day I felt sure that you would to this."

"When I left Europe," he said, "you "When I left Europe," he said, "you would have had them, but there was no trusted messenger whom I could spare. Yet if I had never returned they were so bestowed that they would have come into your hands with perfect safety. Even now, Con-stance, will you think me very weak when I say that I part with them with regret? They have been with me through many dangers and many strange happenings." "You are, she whispered, "the old Victor again! Thank God that I have had this one glimpse of you! I am ashamed to think how terrified I have been."

ingham "And you," she said, "only in name, You are the Mr. Sabin with whom my son was playing golf yesterday morning?"

"I am Mr. Sabin," he answered. "Your son did me a good service a week or two back. He is a very fine young fellow; I congratulate you." "And your niece," Lady Dering-ham asked; "who is she? My son spoke to me of hcr last night." Mr. Sabin smilled faintly. "Ah! Madame," he said, "there have been so many neorde later where have "Yo

loud of "Ah! Madame," he said, "there have been asking me that question, yet to same answer. She is my name at present." "Is she your daughter ?" He shook his head saily. "I have never been married," he said, with an indefinable mournfulness in his flexible tones. "I have had neither fidget-wife, nor child, nor friend. It is well

"Well, not altogether for the sake

"Well, not altogether for the sake of his company, 1 must confess," he ceplied. "He has been useful to me, and he is in the position to be a great deal more so." The girl rose up. She came over and stood before him. Mr. Sabin knew at once that something unusual was go-ing to happen. "You want to make of him," she said. In a low intense toors "

said, in a low, intense tone, "what you make of everyone-a tool! Un-derstand that I will not have it!" wondering "Helene !

The single word, and the glance which flashed from his eyes was expressive, but the girl did not fal-

"Oh ! I am weary of it," she cried,

ter. "Oh! I am weary of it," she cried, with a little passionate outburst. "I am sick to death of it all! You will never succeed in what **wea** are planning. One might sconer expect a miracle. I shall go back to Vienna. I am tired of masquerading. I have had more than enough of it." Mr. Sabin's expression did not alter one iota; he spoke as soothingly as one would speak to a child. "I am afraid," helsaid,quietly,"that it must be dull for you. Perhaps I ought to have taken yon more into my confidence; very well, I will do so now. Listen : You say that I shall never succeed. On the contrary, I am on the point of success : the walt-ing for both of us is nearly over." The prospect startled, but did not seem altogether to enrapture her. She wanted to hear more. "I received this despatch from Lon-don this morning." he said. "Baron Knigenstein has left for Berlin to gain the Emperor's consent to an agreement which we have already ratified. The affair is as good as set. tied.; it is a matter now of a few days only." "Germany !" she exclaimed, incredu-lously, "I thought it was to be Bus.

"Germany!" she exclaimed, incredu-lously, "I thought it was to be Russia. "So," he answered, "did I. I have

have had this one glimpse of you! I am ashamed to think how terrified I have been." She held out her hand impulsively. He took it in his, and, with a glance at her servants, let it fall almost immediately. "Constance," he said, "I am going away now. I have accomplished what I came for. But first, would you care to do me a small service? It is only a trifle." A thrill of the old mistrustful fear shook her heart. Half ashamed of her-self she stilled it at once, and strove to answer him calmly, "If there is anything within my power which I can do for you, Yic

onth, it will break. "You may be right," she said; "but who of all the Frenchwomen I know would care to reckon themselves the debtors of Germany?" under

(To be Continued.) 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 corporation 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 availed to be carried out has just been re-vised by the King, and includes "Vic-toria Day." Salutes, for the present, will be fired in the Long Walk of Windsor Great Park, as follows: March 10-Wedding day of the King.

King. March 18-Birthday of Princes Louise (Duchess of Argyll). Appil 14-Birthday of Princess Henry of Battenberg.

May 1-Birthday of the Duke of onnaught. May 24-Birthday of her late Ma

jesty Queen Victoria. May 25–Birthday of Princess Chris

tian. 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 Ma

June 23-Birthday of Prince Edward

of York. July 6-Wedding day of the Duke

of Cornwall and York. Nov. 9-Birthday of the King. Nov. 21-Birthday of the Em rederick

Frederick. Dec. 1-Birthday of the Queen. June 28, the anniversary of the Queen's coronation has been struck off, and after 1902 the anniversary of the Queen's accession throne will also be omitted. to th

Signs of Insanity.

Fribley-Mrs. Fairplay isn't exactly right, is she? Slightly deranged mentally I should say? Gibley-Nonsense! What makes you

think sof Fribley-I heard her admit that an-

other woman looked well in a bon-

"So he wants to marry you, ch ?" demanded her father. "Do you know anything about his means?" "All I know is that he means to marry me," replied the girl. marry me,"

preach their new faith. A period of fasting and prayer in the annual fast of 40 days, which he made ob-ligatory on all Moslems, was ac-companied by the first of his reve-lations upon the unity, the all-knowledge and the absolute power of God, in whom alone human weak-ness and ignorance could rest and ness and ignorance could rest and find strength for every trial and find strength for every trial and knowledge for every need. For ten years after this inspiration he led the life of a neurotic, anxious, per-secuted and taunted poet, preacher, exhorter and ethical teacher. "Threatened with death, he field (622) dt-52 to Medina, and 100,-000,000 of his followers reckop every date from this enoch. For ten

(622) At-52 to Medina, and 100,-000,000 of his followers reckom every date from this epoch. For ten years more he was the Oriental ruler of the Arab type, merciless save when policy required mercy; of high physical courage, not without treachery; adding to his harem as fancy prompted him; the king, chief, politician, law-giver, poet, orator and priest. His utterances through 23 years, half those of the inspired and rejected seer and half the ac-cepted and ambitious ruler, consti-tute the Koran, his monument. "But the strength of his faith lios in its acceptance of the 'religion of

"But the strength of his faith lies in its acceptance of the 'religion of Abraham,' Semitic monotheism, in truth a development, but at all stages held up as the primitive ideal of the race, joined to the best moral type of his environment and uncompromising trust in the divine will, Its weakness lay in the ab-sence of a personal link between hu-manity and the divine, a compre-hension of reciprocal rights or an ethical creed based on a highly de-veloped society. The absence of ar-rested development, in which, with some high and holty spirits, the great mass have decided that it is easier to say prayers five times a day than to be good."

Mad Cat in Omnibus.

The experience which befel the oc-cupants of an omnibus in the Place de a Republique recently was a distinctly exciting one, writes a Paris corre-spondent of the London Express. spondent of the London Express. A fried-potato dealer having acci-dentally spilled some boiling oil on a cat which had got in the way, the animal in its agony dashed into the passengers, tearing them and their clothing, lacerating the cushions and yelling madly all the time. When the occupants had stamped-ed from the vehicle a "sergent de ville" entered, and after an excising duel, put the poor animal out cf its misery with a blow from his sword.