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(continued from last week)  
The woman showed her first sign of  
weakness. She began to shake. There  
was a curious look of fear in her eyes.  
"I don't leave this place, Sir Evers-  
ton," she cried. "I must stay here!"  
"Why?" he demanded.  
"Lady Dominey couldn't do with-  
out me," she answered sullenly.  
"What?" he replied, "Is far too de-  
ciduous. Personally, from a surgical  
point of view, I believe that you have  
encouraged in her that ridiculous su-  
perstition about the ghost of your son.  
I also believe that you have kept alive  
in her that spirit of unreasonable  
hatred which she has felt towards me."  
"Unreasonable, you call it?" the  
woman almost shouted. "You who  
came home to her with the blood on  
your hands of the man whom, if only  
you had kept away, she might one  
day have loved? Unreasonable, you  
call it?"  
"I have finished what I had to say,"  
Mrs. Unthank declared. "I am com-  
pelled by important business to  
leave here for two or three  
days. On my return I shall embark  
upon the charges with which I have  
acquainted you in the meantime," he  
added, watching a curious change in  
the woman's expression. "I have  
written this morning to Doctor Har-  
rison, asking him to come up this  
afternoon and to keep Lady Dominey  
under his personal observation until  
my return."

She stood quite still, looking at  
him. Then she came a little nearer  
and leaned forward, as though study-  
ing his face.  
"Eleven years," she murmured, "do  
change many men, but I never knew a  
man made out of a weakling."  
"I have nothing more to say to you,"  
Dominey replied, "except to let  
you know that I am coming to see my  
wife in the space of a few minutes."  
The motor-horn was already sound-  
ing below when Dominey was admit-  
ted to his wife's apartment. She was  
dressed in a loose gown of a warm  
crimson colour, and she had the air of  
one awaiting his arrival expectantly.  
The passion of hatred seemed to have  
passed from her pale face and from the  
depths of her strangely soft eyes.  
She held out her hands towards him.  
Her brows were a little puckered. The  
disappointment of a child lurked in  
her manner.  
"You are going away?" she mur-  
mured.  
"In a very few moments," he told  
her. "I have been waiting to see you  
for an hour."  
She made a grimace.  
"It was Mrs. Unthank. I think that  
she hid my things on purpose. I was  
so anxious to see you."  
"I want to talk to you about Mrs.  
Unthank," he said. "Should you be  
very unhappy if I sent her away and  
found some one younger and kinder  
to be your companion?"  
The idea seemed to be outside the  
bounds of her comprehension.

There were times during their  
rapid journey when Seaman, study-  
ing his companion, became thoughtful.  
Dominey seemed, indeed, to have passed  
beyond the boundaries of any or-  
dinary existence, to have become like a  
man immersed in the toils of a past  
so absorbing that he moved as though  
in a dream, speaking only when  
necessary and comporting himself gen-  
erally like one to whom all external  
events had lost significance. As they  
emerged from the final stage of their  
travels, Seaman leaned forward in his  
seat in the somberly upholstered  
carriage compartment.  
"Your home-coming seems to de-  
press you, Von Ragastein," he said.  
"It was not my intention," Dominey  
replied, "to set foot in Germany again  
for many years."  
"The past still bites eh?"  
"Always."  
The train sped on through long  
chains of vineyard-covered hills, out-  
into forests of pine, in the midst of  
which were great cleared spaces,  
where, notwithstanding the closely  
drawn windows, the resinous odour  
of the firs seemed to pervade the  
entire compartment. Presently  
they reached the speed. Seaman glanced  
at his watch and rose.  
"Prepare yourself, my friend," he  
said. "We descend in a few minutes."  
Dominey glanced out of the window.  
"But where are we?" he enquired.  
"Within five minutes of our destina-  
tion."  
"But there is not a house in sight,"  
Dominey remarked wonderingly.  
"You will be received on board His  
Majesty's private train," Seaman an-  
nounced. "The Kaiser, with his staff,  
making one of his military tours. We  
are honoured by being permitted to  
travel back with him as far as the  
Belgian frontier."  
They had come to a standstill now.  
A bearded and uniformed official threw  
open the door of their compartment,  
and they stepped on to the narrow  
wooden platform of a small station  
which seemed to have been recently  
built of fresh pine planks. The train  
immediately they had alighted, passed  
on. Their journey was over.  
A brief conversation was carried  
on between Seaman and the official,  
during which Dominey took curious  
note of his surroundings. Around the  
station, half hidden in some places by  
the trees and shrubs, was drawn a  
complete cordon of soldiers, who seem-  
ed to have been recently disembarked  
from a military train which stood upon a  
siding. In the middle of it was a soli-  
tary saloon carriage, painted black,  
with much gold ornamentation, and  
having emblazoned upon the central  
panel the royal arms of Germany.  
Seaman, when he had finished his con-  
versation, took Dominey by the arm  
and led him across the line towards it.  
An officer received them at the steps  
and bowed punctiliously to Dominey,  
at whom he gazed with much interest.  
"His Majesty will receive you at  
once," he announced. "Follow me."  
They boarded the train and passed  
along a richly carpeted corridor. Their  
guide paused and pointed to a small  
retiring-room, where several men  
were waiting.

"Here Seaman will find friends  
of mine," he said. "His Imperial Majesty  
will receive him for a few minutes  
later. The Baron von Ragastein will  
come with me."  
Dominey was ushered now into the  
main saloon. His guide motioned him  
to remain near the entrance, and, at  
last, after a few minutes, stood  
at the salute before a seated figure  
who was bending over a map, which a

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stern-faced man in the uniform of a  
general had unrolled before him. The  
Kaiser glanced up at the sound of  
footsteps and whispered something in  
the general's ear. The latter clicked  
his heels together and retired. The  
Kaiser beckoned Dominey to advance.  
"The Baron von Ragastein, your  
Majesty," the young officer murmured.  
Dominey stood at attention for a  
moment and bowed a little awkwardly.  
The Kaiser smiled.  
"It pleases me," he said, "to see a  
German officer ill at ease without his  
uniform. Count, you will leave us.  
Baron von Ragastein, be seated."  
"Sir Eversdom Dominey, at your ser-  
vice, Majesty," Dominey replied, as  
he took the chair to which his august  
host pointed.

"Through in all things, I see," the  
latter observed. "Sit there and be at  
your ease. Good reports have reached  
me of your work in Africa."  
"I did my best to execute your Ma-  
jesty's will," Dominey ventured.  
"You did so well," the Kaiser pro-  
nounced, "that my counsellors were  
unanimous in advising your with-  
drawal to what will shortly become  
the great centre of interest. From the  
moment of receiving our commands  
you appear to have displayed initia-  
tive. I gather that your personation  
of this English baronet has been suc-  
cessfully carried through."  
"Up to the present, your Majesty."  
"Important though your work in  
Africa was," the Kaiser continued,  
your present task is a far greater  
one. I wish to depend on you for these  
few minutes without reserve. First,  
though, drink a toast with me."  
From a mahogany stand at his  
elbow, the Kaiser drew out a long-  
necked bottle of Moselle, filled two  
very beautiful glasses, passed one to  
his companion and raised the other.  
"To the Fatherland!" he said.  
"To the Fatherland!" Dominey re-  
peated.

They set down their glasses, empty.  
The Kaiser threw back the grey mili-  
tary cloak which he was wearing, dis-  
playing a breast of magnificent and  
coronation. His fingers still toyed with  
the stem of his wineglass. He seemed  
for a moment to lose himself in  
thought. His hand and somewhat cruel  
mouth was tightly closed; there was a  
slight frown upon his forehead. He  
was sitting upright, taking no ad-  
vantage of the cushioned back of his  
easy-chair, his eyes a little screwed  
up, the frown deepening. For quite  
five minutes there was complete silence.  
One might have gathered that,  
turning aside from great matters, he  
had been devoting himself entirely to  
the scheme in which Dominey was  
concerned.  
"Von Ragastein," he said at last,  
"I have sent for you to have a few  
words concerning your habitation in  
England. I wish you to receive your  
impressions of your mission from my  
own lips."  
"Your Majesty does me great  
honour," Dominey murmured.  
"I wish you to consider yourself,"  
the Kaiser pronounced, "as entirely re-  
moved from the limits, the authority  
and the duties of my espionage sys-  
tem. From you I look for other things.  
I desire you to enter into the spirit of  
your assumed position. As a typical  
English country gentleman I desire  
you to study the labour question, the  
Irish question, the progress of this  
National Service scheme, and other  
social movements of which you will  
receive notice in due time. I desire a  
list compiled of those writers who, in  
the Reviews, or by means of fiction,  
are encouraging the suspicion which  
I am inclined to fancy England has  
begun to entertain towards the  
Fatherland. These things are all on  
the fringe of your real mission. That,  
I believe, of admirable friend Seaman  
has already confided to you. It is  
to seek the friendship, if possible the  
intimacy, of Prince Ternloff."  
The Kaiser paused, and once more  
his eyes wandered to the landscape  
which rolled away from the plate-  
glass windows of the car. They were  
certainly not the eyes of a dreamer,  
and yet in those moments they seem-  
ed filled with brooding pictures.

"The Prince has already received me  
graciously," Dominey confided.  
"Ternloff is the dove of peace," the  
Kaiser pronounced. "He carries the  
olive in his mouth. My statesmen  
and counsellors would have sent  
him to London an ambassador with  
sterner qualities. I preferred not.  
Ternloff is the man to gull fools, be-  
cause he is a fool himself. He is a fit  
ambassador for a country which has

not the wit to arm itself on land as  
well as by sea, when it sees a nation,  
mightier, more cultured, more splen-  
didly led than its own, creeping closer  
every day."  
"The English appear to put their  
whole trust in their navy, your Ma-  
jesty," Dominey observed tentatively.  
The eyes of his companion flashed.  
His lips curled contemptuously.  
"Fools!" he exclaimed. "Of what  
use will their navy be when my sword  
is once drawn, when I hold the coast  
towns of Calais and Boulogne, when  
I cannot command the Straits of Dover?  
The days of insular nations are passed  
as surely as the days of Eng-  
land's arrogant supremacy upon the  
sea."

The Kaiser refilled his glass and  
Dominey's.  
"In some months' time, Von Ragas-  
tein," he continued, "you will under-  
stand why you have been enjoined to  
become the friend and companion of  
Ternloff. You will understand your  
mission a little more clearly than you  
do now. Its exact nature waits upon  
developments. You can at all times  
trust Seaman."

Dominey bowed and remained silent.  
His companion continued after another  
brief spell of silent brooding.  
"Von Ragastein," he said, "my de-  
gree of banishment against you was  
a just one. The morals of my people  
are as sacred to me as my oath to win  
for them a mightier empire. You first  
of all betrayed the wife of one of the  
most influential noblemen of a State  
allied to my own, and then, in the duel  
that followed, you slew him."  
"It was an accident, your Majesty,"  
Dominey pleaded. "I had no intention  
of even wounding the Prince."  
The Kaiser frowned. All manner of  
excuses were loathsome to him.  
"The accident should have happened  
the other way," he rejoined sharply.  
"I should have lost a valuable ser-  
vant, but it was your life which was  
forfeited, and not his. Still, they tell  
me that your work in Africa was well  
and thoroughly done. I give you this  
one great chance of rehabilitation. If  
your work in England commends it-  
self to me, the sentence of exile shall  
be rescinded."  
"Your Majesty is too good," Domi-  
ney murmured. "The work, for its own  
sake, will command my every effort,  
even without the hope of reward."  
"That," the Kaiser said, "is well  
spoken. It is the spirit, I believe, with  
which every son of my Empire regards  
the future. I think that they, too,  
more especially those who surround  
my person, have felt something of  
that divine message which has come  
me. For many years I have, for the  
sake of my people, willed peace. Now  
that the time draws near when

(Continued on page eight)

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medicine. I was working at the factory  
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good. I was told to take a rest, but was  
unable to, and kept on getting worse.  
I was troubled mostly with my periods.  
I would sometimes pass three months,  
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two weeks, and I would have such pains  
at times in my right side that I could hardly  
walk. I am only 19 years of age and  
weigh 118 pounds now, and before taking  
the Vegetable Compound I was only  
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Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-  
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