

"DELAH."

Concluded.

"Well, Inspector Sahib, what new?"

"I have had the woman watched, Sahib. She has kept within doors for two days; but half-an-hour ago a beggar approached her and delivered a message; and now—even now—she has left her house, veiled, riding upon a pony, and goes towards the city gate. She goes slowly, as if she waited for the night or for men to join her. Very slowly, Sahib; easy to be kept in sight, as is being done, or to be overtaken."

"Yes, and the beggar?"

"He has been arrested. There is much dust upon him; he has travelled fast and far."

"Bahut accha, very good. It is all quite satisfactory. Now, Inspector Sahib, send a constable with me to search the woman's room, whence I go now; and do you despatch twenty sowars by a circuitous route, to tarry for orders under the city wall; also an orderly to wait for my message at the end of the lane. What instructions has the spy?"

"To keep the woman in sight, to report her direction as he passes the thana, police station, and to give swift warning if she quickens her pace."

Macintyre and the policeman crossed the lane on foot, and dived through the gaping crowd into an alley that ran behind the shops. They pushed their way past the litter of the kennel, and found a rickety stairway that climbed to the upper floor against the outer wall. Macintyre ran up it, creaked along the balcony, pushed aside a curtain quickly, and advanced with boldness. It was the woman's room; a glance into the street below assured him of the fact; and the overhanging story projected so far above the shops that it seemed almost as if he could touch the Government Offices by leaning well over the balcony. The room was empty, and there was no tell-tale relic to reward his acuteness; only a star, a native bed, a couple of clay water-jars, and a medley of discarded finery and broken trinkets. A woman's shoe lay beside the bed. The room was very hot, and smelt of musk.

Macintyre turned everything over and searched for evidence. There was nothing to tell that the cast-off garments were stolen goods, or that the twisted bangles and scattered beads were the proceeds of Hira Singh's dacoity. The bubble of the street droned through the window; the reek of hot bodies and greasy sweetmeats fought with the musk. It was all so did and unprofitable.

He turned to go—and then stopped in amazement at the sound of a voice in his ears. For the second time he thought somebody was in the balcony, and was speaking into the room. A glance showed him that there was no one there, and he stood petrified, rooted to the spot by his astonishment; for the voice—and it rang with hollow distinctness—was that of his office peon, addressing, in the curt accents of authority, some lesser light. He looked at the constable, whose gaping mouth and round eyes showed his bewilderment. The voice continued to rumble in their ears.

"Are, son of a pig! Would you leave the Superintendent Sahib's room unswept? There are three-four scraps of paper lying even now upon the matting. Sweep!" The sound of a blow followed.

"It—it is a spirit!" gasped the policeman.

"By George! no. It's the leakage!"

Macintyre's face crimsoned with excitement; he poked his head through the window, twisted his neck, and looked up into the bulging eave. He tapped the woodwork and listened, and his eyes travelled from the reeded windows of the offices to the balcony roof and back again.

"A perfect sounding-board!" His knuckles called out a hollow knock. "A voice, either in my room or the collector's, would be thrown upon it and rebound into the lady's ears with the greatest facility. No wonder Hira Singh's friend preferred her bazaar lodgings to better quarters! Well, there should be no more conjecture. It is all plain-sailing now."

"The sahib understands?" said the policeman in awe-struck tones.

"Yes, I understand. There is the explanation, Ji."—and Macintyre gave a brief lecture on acoustics. "Go now, swiftly, and give this hint to the orderly for the Collector Sahib." He scribbled a note upon a leaf of his pocket-book. "Keep a still tongue in your head, as befits a policeman, and tell my peon, when you see him, that he has no authority to beat the sweeper lag."

The policeman scuttled away with a grin, and Macintyre followed him down the staircase. He went over to the courthouse, put a flask and a roll of bandages into his pocket, buckled on a Sam Browne belt, and inspected the chambers of his revolver. Then he sat upon the veranda steps to watch the evening sky flush to rose

and gold and blood-colour, and to wait the coming of fresh horseflesh and Mr. Faulkner.

PART II.

The spy threw himself down in the sand of the roadside and waited. In appearance he was a half-naked, dust-powdered, ryot, overcome with heat and exhaustion after a day's work at the water-wheel; in reality he was a tough and rising young policeman, keen and cautious, with a full knowledge of the responsibility of his task. But that was over now; he had done his work; and all that remained was for him to watch for the sahibs and their party, and to trust that some comrade would give him the tail of a horse to help him to the finish. The night had shut down upon the hot earth; in the glimmer of starlight the road could be seen dwindling to right and left, and the groves of mangoes that dotted the plain loomed large and vague. Clumps of coarse grass studded the sandy stretch; here and there a cultivator's patch was marked by its clumsy well machinery, and by the machan, bed platform, in the forks of a tree on which its owner would keep watch by night when crops were high. The cry of a quail and the yelp of pariahs at some distant village were all the sounds that broke the close, heat-laden silence.

Half-an-hour passed. The spy laid his ear to the ground, listened, sat up, and finally sprang to his feet as a blur upon the road began to take shape, and he could hear the clink of bridles and the pad of hoofs. He stood to attention, and Faulkner and Macintyre grew out of the dusk, and reined in. Behind them a many-headed mass paused too, in a scuffle of dust.

"Ah, here's our man, said Macintyre softly. 'What khabbar, policeman?'"

"Great news, Huzur. Hira Singh and his men are making merry in Kandua village, not a mile from here. The sentries are but blind men, for I crawled through them to the walls of the village, and I saw. The woman is there also."

"You followed her?"

"I followed, Huzur, when she left the gates of the city, where she was joined by two of the robbers—they are bold men—and rode away very quickly into the country. I took a pony from the thana, and I rode too, following far behind and riding always under cover, Faulkner. 'Why would have thought it would be a long way to go, Huzur; but, lo! it is not so. They are close at hand.'"

"Doubled in his tracks. The impudence of the brute! And we were thinking he was in Trevor's district!" said Faulkner. "No wonder he had thought of looking for him in the scene of his last robbery? Go on, policeman."

"If the Heaven-born will come now, and those behind also, gently," said the policeman, "I will lead them. There could be no better time, for they are drunk, and over-bold."

"Take my stirrup," said Macintyre. He turned in his saddle and lifted his hand, and men and leaders jingled forward.

"What is the plan of campaign?" said Faulkner. "There's no sounding-board here, thank Heaven!"

"My idea is to ride within a quarter of a mile of the village, then to dismount the men, and let them surround the place, the inspector leading them upon the farther side. I go ahead with you and get as near to the huts as possible. The sentries must be surprised in silence, if it can be done. Then, when I give the signal, or the alarm is started, we close in, and you and I and such men as are near us make for the headquarter staff. It's Hira Singh I want; the others can catch the rest of the gang if they like—each man to pick his spot before he attacks, and work straight for it."

Faulkner nodded his approval, and the cavalcade trotted on in silence. The signs of cultivation at the roadside grew more frequent, and presently, low upon the horizon, a spark of fire glimmered in a setting of huddled shadows.

Macintyre drew rein and dropped his voice. "Kandua," he said. He turned to the men and addressed them briefly, and at the close of the exhortation the troop dropped from their saddles, and hobbled each his own horse with halter-ropes. Then they spread out by the road into the fields, the stealthy figures creeping farther and farther apart until they faded into the dusk, and only two luckless constables remained to keep eyes upon the horses. The two in authority stalked cautiously from the track, and over the arid patches and the water-channels, their faces turned to the glitter of flame.

The village grew plain to see. They could hear now the hum of voices, the thud of a tom-tom, and occasionally a drunken shout that beat through the night towards them. A red glow glinted between the walls of the huts, and the spy, who had been stealing in Macintyre's foot-steps, crouched to his elbow and touched his sleeve. He pointed in one direction.

"There is the house in which I saw Hira Singh," he said.

Macintyre looked, and saw the outline of a hut blocking the starlight some fifty yards away. It had a win-

dow, from which there spread a cone of light, and between the window and their goal an unsuspecting dacoit lolled upon his rifle, with his face toward the earth. The spy looked at him, and made a significant gesture with his hands. Macintyre nodded; and the next instant the man had dropped upon his belly, and was advancing like a snake through the waving crops.

Faulkner caught his breath, his attention riveted by the unconscious figure. The crawling policeman had been swallowed up in the growth, and the sentry continued to nod above his folded arms. A minute passed, and the watchers saw something rise behind him to the robber's level. There was a muffled clatter of the falling rifle, a groan that was stifled as soon as it was uttered, and the dacoit blundered to the ground with ten iron fingers gagging him.

Macintyre did not speak; he waved only to the line and ran forward with stooping shoulders and with hardly a glance at the two men on the ground. The policeman was still clutching, twisting, and heaving silently above his handiwork. Faulkner felt a shudder of repulsion, but it was no time for scruples; he pressed on too, and hoped, doubtfully, that the man might survive the rough handling.

They pulled up under the very walls of the village; and so complete was the surprise that not even an exclamation of alarm was heard, and not a sentinel escaped to shout or fire. The dacoits continued to riot and drink in noise and fancied security. Macintyre and Faulkner crept to the window and looked in, so near that they could have almost touched the inner wall. The light came from a chitrang, native lamp, which was smoking and stinking on the floor. Beyond it, reclining at his ease in the doorway, a large-bearded giant, clear-skinned, light-eyed, and swarthy, sprawled upon a string bedstead, a hookah at his lips; and beside him, the light flickering upon her beauty and her disguise, squatted Myra Pereira, arch-plottor and renegade, with his hand upon her shoulder.

"So thou hast outwitted them again! Well, it is easily done, for the pigs have little brains and no speed," the dacoit yawned. "To-morrow we go to harry the soul of Grigson Sahib, and loot that fat teshildar of his."

"I am tired of playing eavesdropper," said the woman, with a shrug. "When are we to go to Delhi and show how rich we are? Here one hoards. I wish to spend."

"And I to rob," chuckled Hira Singh. "When, my pearl? Oh, when fighting loses its savour. When

He stopped, and leapt off the bed with a clutch at his knife. The woman sprang to her feet and dashed a veil upon the lamp. She was too late. There was no time to scream, to fly, to put the knife to ribs. The doorway was choked with men, and Macintyre's arms were round the struggling robber.

A tumult of fighting arose from the village. The place had become an inferno of wounded men, of bitter enemies, of groans and blows and exploding rifles. The dacoits had been thoroughly surprised, but they knew how to fight at odds. Their first instinct was to rally round their leader; and therefore it was that Faulkner, hurrying in to complete the capture, found himself furiously assaulted, instead, and fell to battering at his assailant's face in the frenzied struggle for life and liberty.

Macintyre and Hira Singh away and struggled and dashed each other from one side to the other of the hut into which they had tumbled. The dacoit's knife-hand was held to his side by the grip that had pinioned it at the first onslaught; but Macintyre was a light-weight, and Hira Singh tossed him to and fro as a terrier tosses a rat, spitting with rage and his inability to shake himself free. The woman watched with a primitive curiosity; she exhibited no feminine alarm, and she followed the progress of the fight from the darkest corner of the hut, unwilling or careless of the chances of escape.

Weight told. Bit by bit Macintyre lost his vantage-ground; inch by inch his enemy captured his position, and reversed it. He slipped at last, gasping and clutching as he was driven downwards, and in the next breath he was hurled and panned to the ground, and Hira Singh, above him, was wrenching the knife free for the thrust of victory.

He twisted his wrist, once, twice, and tore it out of Macintyre's fingers. The knife swung and then the woman sprang upon him and snatched it from his hand. It spun through the window of the hut; and Hira Singh's unwitting pause swept the tide of fortune again to Macintyre. He raised himself and caught the dacoit once more about the body, and they rolled across the floor. A minute later Faulkner and the inspector, panting from their own perils, dashed in, and found them thus; and Hira Singh succumbed to the superior numbers.

Macintyre and Faulkner sat down upon the string bed, while the remnants of the fight ebbed and died about the village, and the policemen began to struggle in with their pris-

oners. The inspector knotted and re-knotted Hira Singh's bonds, and a couple of constables mounted guard over him and the woman.

The dacoit did not speak for a long time. When he did his voice was hoarse with rage and exertion, and the tiger-look he flashed at Myra Pereira made the onlookers think her well served by the turn affairs had taken.

"I have thee to thank for this," he said. "I shall not forget."

"Perhaps not, seeing that thou hast but short time before thee for remembrance," she said. She stared at him with indifference and she scowled and dropped his eyes. Something in his attitude, and in the woman's cold-blooded fickleness made a stir of pity in Faulkner's breast for the downfall of the man.

"Is he not your lover? Why did you do it?" he asked in English.

"Oh, he was a savage; I was tired of him," she answered carelessly. "He would have killed the tall young man, and I like him; he is very good to look upon. If it had been a little ape like you, now, he might have struck and welcome."

"Oh," said Faulkner, dryly. "I see. You evidently pride yourself upon your candour, Macintyre, do you hear? To your other laurels you must add the triumph of your beautiful appearance. It counts for much, you see, in the untutored nether world. We have cause to be grateful for the lady's favour. Not that something is not due to your quick wits also; I have you to thank for the jubilation in which I shall indulge when I communicate the news to Trevor and Grigson. There will be much jealousy; I doubt that if you have captured one adversary you have raised up two more."

He spoke in his usual whimsical way; but Macintyre looked into his face and saw something that warmed his heart. He, too, was sufficiently thankful for the caprice that had saved his life, and he leaned back against the doorway and surveyed his prisoner with satisfaction and relief. He measured Hira Singh with a foe's appreciation; though he twinged, momentarily, like Faulkner, at the sight of even a rasal suffering the bitterness of desertion and defeat. Myra Pereira had turned her back upon the lost cause, and was trying to coquette with the adamant inspector.

Macintyre folded his arms, and pictured the little mother in Scotland, receiving the news of his success. The tingling exultation of the victor was stirring in his veins.

NEW CURE FOR CANCER.

Tuberculous Also, It Is Said, Shows Beneficial Results From the Use of Kalagua.

A new specific for tuberculosis and cancer has, it appears, just been discovered says a Paris despatch. It is true that scarcely a week passes without some such discovery being reported. Nevertheless, as nothing ought to be rejected "a priori," we think it right to point out to our readers a medicine which its promoters claim to be a cure for these two terrible diseases.

The plant in question is called kalagua, and grows in South America. M. Ch. Patin, a Belgian Consul, who is a botanist and an explorer, is said to have used kalagua with success in the treatment of bovine tuberculosis, and Dr. Alberto Restrepo has obtained excellent results from its use on his own person.

Dr. Stubbart of the Loomis Sanatorium, at Liberty, N. Y., and Dr. Wechtold, another American physician, claim to have effected cures of patients, whose recovery was despaired of.

Lastly, the Belgian doctors, Yseno, Popelin, Hendericks and Coremans, announce that kalagua has, to some extent at least, realized the expectations they had formed of it.

Kalagua is not poisonous. It stimulates nutrition and increases the weight.

It is not for us to pass an opinion on kalagua, but from the fact that it appears to stimulate nutrition and increase the weight, it certainly merits attention and enquiry.

RECIPES FOR MARRIED HAPPINESS.

For the Husband.—Take of remembrance of the mistakes of female education one drachm; of patient love one hundred ounces; from business habits scrape all late hours; and wash off all false pride of man's lordship. Let misunderstandings simmer, but never boil over, and carefully throw away the scum and froth till the whole is quite clear; sweeten with agreeable conversation and sympathy, and garnish with tender regard for home interests. Some professional home interests stand unwavering in a spout of ambition, but it is apt to produce fermentation, and is often found to be pernicious. N. B. No secrets should on any account be introduced into the above.

For the Wife.—Take of punctuality, cleanliness and cheerfulness as much as you can secure; add a strong belief in good motives when anything offends, and let the ambition to make tart replies stand till it is quite cool. Flavor strongly with unwavering love and truth, and having grilled the tongue upon the fire of patience, serve up with a smile, without sauce. Ready forgiveness is the most graceful ornament, and is sure to be appreciated. N. B. If the weather be rather stormy, silence is a valuable addition, and will be found to be reliable.

Fashion's Review

It may be true that artistic dressing, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, but it is also important to remember that variety in dress is an equally necessary element in summer. Fashion prescribes varied and distinctive costumes for widely differing functions, and falling short of the requirements at any given point is the one thing the fashionable summer girl tries to avoid. Whether she is decked out in filmy, beruffled gauze or an abbreviated bathing suit, she is the center around which summer life flutters, and must be up to date in the kind, style and number of her gowns in order to play her part on the stage where ceremony and befitting raiment reign supreme. To accomplish this involves no end of bother, vexation of spirit, and waste of nervous energy, but it is one of the exigencies of her station in life. The day when two or three simple evening gowns, and two or three severe tailor-made costumes, with a masculine sailor hat, would suffice for a summer outfit has passed, and feminine needs have blossomed out with all the accumulated extravagance of years.

Masculine effects in woman's dress are not sought after so much as they were a few years ago. They are simply one very limited phase of dressing for special occasions, and not at all a leading feature. Exclusively feminine things are the rule, and even the sailor hat most approved by fashion is quite elaborately trimmed. There may be a degree of self-reliance, a semblance of physical endurance, expressed in the semi-masculine modes, but it is the more dainty, womanly dress which charms the eye. The

The combination of black velvet ribbon, bon, gold braid, and blue buckles on linen and pique gowns, is a most effective decoration which gives a very distinguished air to a simple dress. The pointed effects given to the front of the bodice suggest paniers more directly than any other feature of the season's fashions, and there are some very convincing evidences that they will materialize later on, but not on the old-time lines exactly.

The varied modifications of the Japanese sash are an interesting element of dress, just at the moment. One example is carried out in a white foulard, patterned lightly with pastel blue. The belt is of white silk mousseline draped high all around the waist, the bodice blousing a little over this, carried down to a point in front and finished with a butterfly bow, and long ends at the back. Three rows of narrow black velvet ribbon striping this sort of belt just at the waist lines makes a very effective finish. Black satin is used as a piping around the lower edge, ending in a bow and long ends at the back. This feature is brought out very prettily on a pale blue linen gown, the corselet belt being made of folds of the linen.

Plain gray muslins are very popular this season, and so is any combination of black and white which can produce a gray effect. In one pretty model of gray muslin the upper skirt is tucked closely all around, and finished from a little below the knee down, with shaped ruffles, edged with very narrow ecru lace, of the heavier kind which has a little picot finish. The bolero rounding up in front over a tucked gray muslin bodice, is of ecru lace fastened with a knot of silver cloth. A band of white satin embroidered in soft pastel col-



Ladies' Waist.—Size 36 requires 33-4 yards of 21 inch, 3 yards of 32 inch, or 2 yards of 42 inch material, or as shown, 5-8 yards of 42 inch, with 2-1-8 yards of allover, 1 yard of silk muslin, 2-1-8 yards of band trimming, 1-1-2 yards of lace and 4 yards of ribbon velvet. The design is more effective in a combination of materials, although one material can be used throughout. Silk, veilings, barege, organdie and silk muslin are suitable fabrics for the purpose.

value of this quality seems to be fully appreciated this season in all the ways which can be wrought out with sheer, soft, clinging materials, the most elaborate handwork, beautiful laces and embroideries.

The elegance and extravagance displayed in dress is unbounded, and yet there seems to be a tendency toward more simple effects, as shown among some of the latest models, especially those which are carried out in foulard silks, organdies, silk mousselines, batiste and mercerized mull. For example, a gown of pink mousseline, has no trimming save platings of itself, except a deep yoke and upper sleeve of transparent lace, and a rosette bow, with long ends of black velvet. The lower portion of the bodice is draped around in mysterious folds which round up to the centre of the back, where the material falls in full Watteau effect to the end of the train. The rosette with very long ends finishes this point, and the platings edge the skirt.

Other features, one of them the touch of black in our gowns and hats, which were tentatively brought out in the early spring, assert themselves with more definite lines on the latest gowns. A very pronounced feature is the wide belt rounding down to a decided point in front. This effect is accomplished with the narrower belt as well by fitting the bodice well down in a rounded point and outlining it with the belt and with variously arranged sashes. Wide Empire belts of black appear on some of the daintiest muslin gowns, and rosettes of black and scarf effects of all kinds and colors are conspicuous among new costumes.

ors is the finish around the bolero. The prettiest muslin gowns, and especially the very simple ones with no decoration, are made over a taffeta silk lining; yet there is no end of this gowns made up over mull and sheer domet, which are quite as pretty. The soft French taffeta is the correct kind of silk, as it is thin and fine and does not rustle too much. A novelty in a white organdie gown is striped all over with black velvet ribbon a quarter of an inch wide. A wide girde of black silk and rosettes of black tulle, as the finish. Some of the thin gowns with a narrow tablier front show the panier effect made by catching back the gathered skirt at either side just below the hips, and fastening it with rosette bows of some sort.

A charming visiting costume consists of foulard in a delicate blue tone mingled with a white floral design. This had the skirt portion tucked round the hips, the tucks being shorter on the sides than in the front and back, the base finishing in a full-shaped flounce, headed by a double ruche of white mousseline de soie, held by a band of narrow pale-blue velvet. The bodice portion had the material draped gracefully across beneath the gold embroidered guipure yoke edged diagonally with folds of white mousseline, full-looped bows of blue velvet appearing near the right arm, and on the left at the waist line. The long sleeves of material were tucked across the top, finishing at the hand with flaring cuffs, outlined at the top with a band and bow of blue velvet. The dainty hat surmounting this beautiful costume was composed of pale-blue chiffon, trimmed with a profusion of pale-blue ostrich tips, with a bunch of white paradise feathers. Among the most charming of summer milieus is the hat made entirely of flowers and foliage, sometimes trimmed with draperies of lace and tulle.

ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Irate Father, of pretty girl—What! Is it possible you are here again after the treatment you received last night!

Young Man—Yes, sir. When you kicked me downstairs and set the dog on me, the animal tore a large piece from my trousers.

Irate Father—Well, isn't that enough. What more do you want? Young Man—If it isn't too much

trouble, sir, I would like that piece of cloth.

HIT THE TRUTH ACCIDENTALLY.

Mrs. Young—Bridget, there was a terrible racket in the kitchen last night. If I hear it again I shall have to call on a policeman to stop it!

Bridget—Och, mum; th' was two of 'em.

VIEN

Too late for last week.

Miss Grace Pace has after being at Avon Miss Ethel Outman to spend a few weeks Mrs. J. Baxter, of St. Mr. and Mrs. L. the funeral of his wife on Sunday. A left the house.

Mr. Benner left for Corinth, as his son typhoid fever.

A bus load of you Aylmer enjoyed their park on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N were the guests of Miss Balcom, over Sunday.

Miss Flo. Marlatt Sunday accompanied Miss Blanche Nellis.

We were very sorry death of Mrs. Marty near Mt. Salem. She her loss a husband-children.

Mr. Glass and his wonderful musician the town hall on M Their violin music a playing, recitations, fine.

Seventeen Year!

"I had a bad cough to writes Mrs. Sam'l Ham Tenn. "No doctor, or I until one year ago I King's New Discovery which I did more medicines I ever used, cure for stubborn Cough Throat and Lung trouble Consumption, Pneumonia, Asthma, Hay Fever and \$1.00. Guaranteed at J. E. Richards' drug

She—We have a very He—Yes! Comedian or

Soldiers in

Ex-Sergeant William 10th Royal Grenadiers, "It is impossible for me of Dr. Chase's Ointment other itching skin diseases. Many of our in camp and receive Members of the Canadian 1000 boxes of Dr. Chase then to South Africa to of campaigning life.

"Oh, yes, indeed! hath already achieved d so!" "Why, by many ends meet.

He is a W

All who see Mr. C. I kee, Iowa, as he is a vigorous, without an hardly believe he is the short time ago, had to sit up by cushions, suffering, aching back, in agony if all caused by chronic k no medicine helped till Bitters and was whole. Nervousness, Loss of troubles. Only 50c at J store.

MOUNT S

Miss E. Tinknell Mrs. J. Marshall for Mrs. McLennan at spent a few days last end.

Mr. Thomas McGil poorly.

Mrs. E. Murray, visiting at her paren O. Rockey.

The Sabbath school intend to hold their well on Aug. 15th.

being sent out to di the circuit and a cof extended to everyon

The band of this p music at the ice crea view on Monday night

Mrs. John Huffman of St. Johns, visited this week.

Mrs. W. White holidaying with her Hamley.

Important to

The manufacturers of compelled to spend hundreds of dollars to familiarize signature of Chas. H. been necessitated by counterfeiting the C. This counterfeiting is against the proprietors persons should be C. Castoria bears the signature of Fletcher, if they would their children. Particular, ought to on Castoria advertisement appearing in this paper that the wrapper of eve Castoria bears the face Chas. H. Fletcher, and it has been manufacturer over thirty years.—Phi