

A ROYAL WARD

By Percy J. Brebner, author of "Princess Maritza," "Vayenne," etc.

CHAPTER XXI
The Banquet Is Served.

Finley Baxter had gone out upon his own business this morning. Possibly the news of Leizig necessitated a certain amount of work on behalf of his country, and he was quickly lost in the crowd. Had anyone set out to do his footstep, he would certainly have lost all trace of him, for Baxter was an adept in the art of escaping notice, or he would hardly have retained his freedom as he had done. Some time later, however, he suddenly turned into Pall Mall, and made his way to the house of Lady Betty Walmisley. He paused thoughtfully before the door for a moment and then knocked. Some little time elapsed before his summons was attended to, and the fact caused Baxter to alter his manner a little. It was a rule of his to take the circumstances of the moment as a guide.

"I thought you had all gone to the show yonder," he said to the servant, looking his head in the direction of Whitehall.

"Not all of us."

"I guess the mistress wouldn't think it needful to take her maid, eh?"

"Mary Rowarth is within, if that is what you mean."

"My word! you're smart in London," Baxter answered. "Where I come from they would have had to ask a whole lot of questions before they got at my meaning. Yes, it's Mary I want to see. I'm a relation of hers from the country. Do you think she'll come to me?"

"I should say she'll be glad to know she has a respectable relation," said the servant. "No offence; but Mary Rowarth is a mystery to this household."

"Fancy that. There was no mystery about her where I come from; but then, she's been in London some time, and it's a mighty wicked place is London, so I've heard."

"Oh, that's what it is—say," said the man, with a superior air of knowledge. "I might show you a few of the sights some day, and we could have a talk about Mary, for she pleases me. She's the kind of woman that appeals to me; but one has to be careful."

"She's making some fine friends, is Mary," Baxter answered. "She'll think me a very ordinary sort of fellow after knowing you."

"You're well enough," returned the servant, with condescension. "Come in. Who shall I say wants to see her?"

"Just say a cousin from the country. She's evidently become such a fine person that I shall be sure to see her if she knew who it was."

Baxter waited in a small room at the end of the hall, and for once in his life, was a little nervous. He was at a loss to know what to say to Mary. He tried to imagine what she would say in her surprise at his presence there, and he thought about the room, framing answers to meet a variety of possibilities. As is so usual in such cases, it would Mary entered the room, and seeing who her visitor was, closed the door carefully before she spoke.

"What is the matter?" she asked, eagerly.

"Nothing."

"Why have you come then? You evidently did not want the servants, the other servants, to know who you were."

"Well, I guess I wasn't thinking so much of that when I knocked at the door as of your possible refusal to see me, if you knew who it was."

"I should certainly have seen you, because I know my mistress trusts you," said Mary.

"And, like mistress, like maid, trusts the saying. So you trust me, too?"

"Up to a point, Mr. Baxter."

"Well, as long as that point does not limit your trust too narrowly, I won't complain," he answered. "A woman's a fool to trust any man too easily, and that's a fact. I came here to—to see you, for one thing, and to talk about Lady Betty, for another; but chiefly to—"

"To talk of my mistress," said Mary.

"If that reason pleases you best, why—yes. Two days after you came with Lady Betty to my lodging Mr. Dubuison fought a duel with a man whom he imagined had spoken evilly of your mistress."

"And he was—"

"No," returned Baxter, "he was not killed. No damage was done at all, and I don't pretend to understand the business. Mr. Dubuison appears to have found a friend in his opponent, but he has not given me much explanation. The night before the duel, however, he wrote a letter, which was to be given to Lady Betty if anything happened to him. Of course, I gave the letter back, but I do not fancy Lady Betty would mind knowing that it was written."

In the Spring Those Little Soldiers

In your blood are as weak as your blood is impure. They are the millions of white blood corpuscles, whose duty is to protect the red blood corpuscles and bodily tissues from disease germs, to which you are more exposed at this season than at any other. Make them strong by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla—the medicine that purifies the blood as no other medicine does. Do this without delay.

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Begin taking Hood's Sarsaparilla today. 100 Doses One Dollar.

"I don't quite understand your meaning, Mr. Baxter."

"No? Well, I take it they are in love, and neither of them has the courage to say so. In the delicate way I suggest we help them out of the difficulty."

"And you took the trouble to come here on such a very foolish errand?" said Mary.

"Am I on my honor to answer that question?" Baxter asked.

"Then I frankly admit it was an excuse, for coming. I wanted to see you."

Mary attempted to look angry. "The fault lies with you, not with me," Baxter went on. "Fate has brought us into the affairs of Lady Betty and Mr. Dubuison by a train of circumstances hardly equalled by the imagination of a ballad-monger. I reckon fate had some cause for such behavior."

"Indeed, Mr. Baxter, I fail to see why you should think so."

"And it's no wonder," he answered, "for I'm talking all round the business instead of coming to the point. The point is this: When I saw you I immediately realized that I was in love."

"Do you realize that I am already married?" said Mary.

"It's difficult, but I have overcome the difficulty. I acknowledge the existence of Jacob Pinfold; but you have too much sense to look upon him any longer as a husband."

"He is my husband, and there is an end of the matter."

"Pardon me, not the end, Jacob is well on in years, and a great sinner; you're certain to be a widow some day, and I'm merely applying for the position of consoler."

"I ought to be angry, but you are so stupid that I can only laugh," she answered. "I think you had better be going."

"Mary Pinfold, listen to me," said Baxter solemnly. "You are going to be my wife. At present it is impossible to say when, because, under the delicate circumstances, I can hardly undertake to remove the obstacle; but you are going to be Mrs. Finley Baxter, that's certain."

"This is love-making extraordinary," said Mary.

"Naturally, since the circumstances are peculiar."

"And would you like my answer now?"

"It might add to the peculiarity of the affair."

"That would be a pity," said Mary. "But so determined a gentleman as you are deserves to pay the penalty of his—his crime."

"Crime!" exclaimed Baxter. "It seems so to me," she returned; "but I will come to your level. I think one husband is one too many, and I shall be delighted with my present freedom that I am not anxious to make a further experiment, thank you," and she turned to him.

"Your gracefulness is copied from Mr. Dubuison," she retorted.

"Both good models to follow," he answered imperturbably. "They are in love with each other, and I draw the most pleasant conclusions from the fact. That is why I do not greatly fear my rival."

"Rival! What rival?"

"Ah, then already I have more than one."

"You are rather insulting," she said. "So, I thought, was he. Command me, and he shall be chastised as he deserves."

"I do not know whom you mean."

"The word, Mistress Mary, and he shall be incapable of opening any door for weeks to come. I had hard work to keep my hands from him as it was, the impudent scoundrel! There will be others like him, and—"

"And one other is known to me already—is that what you would say?"

Mary's hand was on the handle of the door and Baxter's hand was close to her. There was an angry little flush in her face, but she found it difficult to be angry when she looked at this man. Whatever his faults were, he was genuine. She could not doubt that.

"I would not have you say so," he returned; "and, moreover, you do not mean it."

"Perhaps not. There are degrees of impudence," and then she laughed.

"You may call upon me to punish the impudence at any time, whatever the degree; I shall punish myself by thinking constantly of your cruelty to me."

She opened the door, effectually putting an end to the conversation, and a few minutes later Baxter was walking slowly down Pall Mall, trying to decide

whether his interview had been a propitious or not.

As he approached the top of Whitehall, Baxter was rather astonished at the excitement which prevailed. The procession had evidently passed, but the crowds were still excited and expectant.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "The prince has just been shot at," was the answer.

"By a French spy," volunteered another man.

"He missed!" said a third. "And has got away!" shouted another.

Baxter quickened his pace. His thoughts flew to Dubuison, whom he had left alone in the inn, and, led expecting that he would go out. Could this be some further villainy against him? Baxter stopped again to ask questions of others. That the would-be assassin was a French spy was a persistent rumor, that for the moment he had escaped seemed equally certain; but the soldiers were after him and his companions. Then Baxter went quickly, but cautiously, to the house by the river, and found the lodgings there empty.

Rumor, that easy liar, for once told little more than the truth. As the procession started again a dozen soldiers were detached from it, and led by Evertsen, started in pursuit of the fugitive. Dubuison could not be seen, but Evertsen's keen eyes had noted some of the men who were about him. They were doubtless in the conspiracy, and through them he would be able to discover the traitor. The sudden and complete disappearance of Dubuison, which these men had intended to prevent, and the fact that the assassin's escape had proved abortive, confused them, and caused them to act in a suspicious manner. One or two withdrew cautiously, but several of them acted together, making for the side street down which Dubuison had passed a few moments before. And Evertsen saw them. The denseness of the crowd impeded the soldiers' movements for a little while; but the fugitives got little start, and although they soon saw the wisdom of separating, they seemed to have only one idea as to the best place of safety.

"Let them think they are escaping," said Evertsen to his men; "they will lead us to our quarry."

To Be Continued.

Advertiser Office

OPEN EVERY NIGHT

For the convenience of those interested in the European trip contest The Advertiser business office will be open every evening until 9 o'clock.

Those desiring information in regard to this popular trip contest can receive all particulars by calling at The Advertiser office any day or evening.

Astronomers of note are inclined to the theory that the eighth satellite of Jupiter, discovered last winter, is the missing Loxell comet, last seen in 1779, close to the planet.

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Muslin, nainsook, embro, batiste, or silk may be used for this model, with lace or edging for trimming. The gown may be made with high or square neck finish, and bishop or cut sleeves. The front and back portions may be gathered or tucked at the neck edges. The pattern is cut in six sizes—32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches, bust measure. It requires 5½ yards of 36-inch material for the 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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Street Address

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Measurement: Bust Waist

Age (if child's or misses' pattern)....

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PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER.

WIFE BEATING IS BECOMING COMMON

Police Magistrate Love Strongly Favors the Lash.

"These wife-beating cases are becoming altogether too common," said Magistrate Love yesterday to The Advertiser, after he had listened for more than two hours to the evidence in two cases which came before him.

"There have been more cases of this kind lately than we have had in a long time. Personally, I am in favor of the most stringent measures, and hope that the bill which is coming up in the house, and which will provide for the lash for wife-beaters, will carry. The lives that some of these unfortunate women live with brutes of husbands are terrible. These men abuse them and terrify them as well, and use their little children dreadfully. There are a good many more cases come to my notice than any one has any idea of, and I have very frequently had private audiences with men against whom complaint has been made by their wives, and have given them plainly to understand that if they continued such a course, I would have them punished as severely as possible."

"I would certainly favor the lash for some of the cases I came up here," said Chief Williams. "The only way to touch a brute is by physical pain. You can have these fellows up in court every day and lecture them as severely as you like, and they will go right on and do the same thing again. If they were to get the lash once or twice they would not forget it, and wife-beating would soon become a comparatively rare thing."

Birch Rods.

"I would favor the use of birch rods for punishing juveniles. It would be a most effective measure. I have known juveniles come up in court here and get off with a severe lecture from the magistrate or myself, and in a few minutes they would be outside, perched on a barrel or box, giving an imitation of what was done to them, and the centre of an admiring group of youngsters. In England some time ago the birching system was tried with every success. In a short time juvenile crime decreased sixty per cent, and I am certain the same results would follow here."

TROUBLE OVER A LOCAL CONTRACT

Plaintiffs Secured Judgment Against Wm. J. Thompson.

In the first division court yesterday sitting under Judge Macbeth, Messrs. Calhoun & McLean entered action for \$60 for breach of contract.

Minard's Liniment Company, Limited: Gentlemen.—My daughter, 13 years old, was thrown from a sleigh and injured her elbow so badly that it remained stiff and very painful for three years. Four bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT completely cured her, and she has not been troubled for two years. Yours truly, J. B. LIVESQUE.

St. Joseph, P. Q., Aug. 19, 1900.

CONDITION STILL PUZZLES

Doctors Worried Over the Case of James Rosenberg.

The condition of James Rosenberg, who was injured at McCormick's some weeks ago by a heavy box falling on him, shows no improvement whatever. Mr. Rosenberg is still partially paralyzed, and, in addition, for several days, his eyesight has been affected.

His condition is puzzling to the physicians in attendance, and a number of X-ray photographs have been taken in an effort to discover what is the cause of the paralysis, but so far without success.

The condition of Capt. Abel remains very serious, and it will be several days before he will be out of danger. His complications may arise from the internal injuries which he sustained.

Farmers in the United States annually lose \$500,000,000 through insect pests.

YUSSUF FAILS.

Duluth, March 5.—Yussuf Mahmoud, the Bulgarian wrestler, in his match with Fred Beall, in this city last night, failed to throw the latter after an hour. Mahmoud agreed to throw Beall twice inside of an hour. Neither man made a very brilliant showing in the bout.

As a health restorative a French medical expert recommends a ten or fifteen days' diet of fruit alone, twice a year.

REBUILDING FURNITURE SALE

PLEASE READ THIS:

Our building is coming down rapidly, too rapidly to suit us. We can't sell out our stock as fast as thirty men can tear down the walls surrounding it. We can't stop the work. We can't store \$20,000 worth of Furniture in another building. We must sell it somehow. Every day we keep our stock it gets more dust and dirt on it and more jamming up. By the end of this week we have to give up half of our building to the workmen. We're desperate. We've cut our prices down so small that every person who comes in says the same thing: "In all their life they never saw or heard of such bargains."

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—Extension Tables
—Morris Chairs
—Desks
—Secretaries
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These are the greatest bargains we have ever offered.

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London's Largest Housefurnishers

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