PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

At the cloak-room the multitude of men inspired him with new confidence. There were some, a very fair sprinkling, whom he knew, and who greeted him indifferently, without appearing in any way to regard his presence as a thing out of the common. He walked up the staircase, one of a nine come, but as they passed through the ante-room to where in through the ante-room to where in the distance Prince and Princess Lo-benski were standing to receive their guests, Harcutt adroltly disengeged himself—he affected to pause for a moment or two to speak to an ac-quaintance. When, he was left alone he turned sharp to the right and en-tered the main dancing salon.

ered the main dancing salon. He was quite safe now, and his spirits began to rise. Yonder was Den its began to rise. Yonder was Densham, looking very bored, dancing with a garl in yellow. So far, at least, he had gained no advantage. He looked everywhere in vain, however, for a man with a club foot and the girl in white and diamonds. They must be in one of the inner rooms. He began to make a little tour.

Two of the ante-chambers he explored without result, in the third.

plored without result. In the third, plored without result, in the third, two men were standing near the entrance, talking. Harcutt almost held his breath as he came to an abrupt stop within a yard or two of them. One was the man for whom he had been looking, the other—Harcutt seemed to find his face perfectly familiar, but for the moment he could miliar, but for the moment he could not identify him. He was tall, with white hair and moustache. His coat whate hair and moustache. His coat was covered with foreign orders and he wore English Court dress. His hands were clasped behind his back, he was talking an a low, clear tone, stooping a little, with eyes steadfastfixed upon his companion. Mr. Sawas leaning a little forward, with both hands resting on his stick. Harboth hands resting on his stick. Har-cutt was struck at once with the sin-gular inimobility of his face. He did not appear either interested or amused or acquiescent. He was sim-ply listening. A few words from the other man game to Harcourt's cars as he lingered there on the other side of the curtain.

'If it were money-a question of monetary recompens—the secret service purse of my country opens easily, and it is well filled. If it were anything loss simple, the proposal could but be made. I am taking the thing, you understand, at your own compu-tation of its worth. I am taking it for granted that it carries with it the power you claim for it. Assuming these things, I am prepared to treat with you. I am going on leave very shortly, and I could myself conduct the negotiation."

Harcutt would have moved away, but he was absolutely powerless. Naturally, and from his journalistic instincts, he was one of the most curious of men. He had recognized the speaker. The interview was pregnant with possibilities. Who was this Mr. Sabia that so great a man should talk with him so earnestly? He was looking up now, he was going to speak. What was he going to say? Har-What was he going to say? cutt held his breath. The idea moving away never occurred to him

now.
"Yet," Mr. Sabin said, slowly, "your country should be a low bidder. The importance of such a thing to you must be less than to France, less than to her great ally. Your relations here are close and friendly. Nature and destiny seemed to have made you al s. As yet there has been no rift— sign of a rift."
"You are right," the other man

answered slowly; "and yet who can tell what lies before us? In less than a dozen years, the face of all Europe may be changed. The policy of a great may be changed. The policy of a great nation is, to all appearance, a stead-fast thing. On the face of it, it continues the same, age after age. Yet if a change is to come, it comes from within. It develops slowly. It grows from within, outwards, very slowly, then a secret thing. Do you follow. like a secret thing. Do you follow

me?"
"I think—perhaps I do," Mr. Sabin admitted deliberately.
The Ambassador's voice dropped almost to a whisper, and but for its singularly penetrating quality Harcutt would have heard no more. As it was, he had almost to hold his breath, and all his nerves quivered with the towice of lightening.

inspired organs purposely mislead.

Outside to all the world there seems to be nothing brewing: yet, when the storm bursts, one sees that the storm tursus, one sees that the has been long in gathering—that years of careful study and thought have been given to that hidden triumph of diplomacy. All has been locked in the breasts of a few. The thing is full-fledged when it is latched the state of the st upon the world. It has grown strong in darkness. You understand me?"

rkness. Coll understand is; I think that I understand Mr. Sabin said, his plercing eyes inow from the ground and fixed the other many force. upon the other man's face. "You have given me food for serious thought. I shall do nothing further till I have talked with you

again."

Harcutt suddenly and swiftly withdrew. He had stayed as long as he drew. He had stayed as long as he dared. At any moment his presence might have been detected, and he ould have been involved in a situawhich even the nerve and effrontery acquired during the practice of his profession could not have rendered endurable. He found a seat in an adjoining room, and sat quite still, thinking. His brain was in a still, thinking. His brain was in a whirl. He had almost forgotten the special object of his quest. He felt like a conspirator. The fascination of the unknown was upon him. Their first instinct concerning these people had been a true one. They these people had been a true one. They were indeed no ordinary people. He must follow them up—he must know more about them. Once more he thought over what he had heard. It was mysterious, but it was interesting. It might mean anything. The man with Mr. Sabin he had recognized the moment he spoke. It was Baron von Knigenstein, the German Amblassador. Those were strange words of his. He pondered them over again. The journalistic fever was upon him. He was no longer in love. He had overheard a few words of a discussion of tremendous import. If only he could follow this thing through, then farewell to so these people had been a true one. They

import. If thing through th, then farewell to society par His reputation would be

of champagne. Then he walked back to the main saloon. Standing with his back to the wall, and halfwith his back to the wall, and halfhidden by a tall palm tree, was Densham. He was alone. His arms were
folded, and he was looking out upon
the dancers with a gloomy frown.
Harcutt stepped softly up to him.
"Well, how are you getting on, old
chap?" he whispered in his ear.
Densham started and looked at Harcutt in blank surprise. cutt in blank surprise.

excuse me, how on "Why-how the earth did you get in?" he exclaimed Harcutt smiled in a mysterious man

ner.
Oh! we journalists are trained to overcome small difficulties," he said airily. "It wasn't a very hard task. airily. "It wasn't a very hard task. The Morning is a very good passport. Getting in was easy enough. Where is—she?"

Densham moved his head in the direction of the broad space at the lead of the stairs, where the Ambassador.

of the stairs, where the Ambassador and his wife had received their guests. "She is under the special wing of the Princess. She is up at that end of the room somewhere with a lot of

bensham, the artist, she was irresistible. He drew Harcutt right back amongst the shadows.

"She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my life," he said deliberately. "Titian never conceived anything more exquisite. She is a woman to paint and to worship! "What are you going to do now?" Harcutt asked drily. "You can rave about her in your studio, if you like." "I am going to find out where she lives, if I have to follow her home on foot! It will be something to know

"Two of us," Harcutt protested. t is too obvious."
"I can't help that," Densham re-

plied. "I do not sleep until I have found out." Harcutt looked dublows.

"Look here," he said, "we need not both go. I will leave it to you on one condition." "Well?" You must let me know to-morrow what you discover."
Densham hesitated.

"Agreed," he decided. "There they go! Good-night. I will call at your rooms, or send a note, to-mor-Densham jumped into his cab and

Densham jumped into his cab and drove away. Harcutt looked after them thoughtfully.

"The girl is very lovely," he said to himself, as he stood on the pavement waiting for his carriage; "but I do not think that she is for you, Densham, or for me! On the whole, I am more interested in the man!"

The Dilemma of Wolfenden. Wolfenden was evidently absolutely unprepared to see the girl whom he found occupying his own particular easy chair in his study. The light was only a dim one, and as she did not nove or turn round at his entrance, he did not recognize her until he was standing on the hearthrug by her side. Then he started with a little exclam-

"Miss Merton! Why, what on earth He stopped in the middle of his ques-tion and looked intently at her. Her head was thrown back amongst the cushions of the chair, and she was fast asleep. Her hat was a little crushed, and a little curl of fair hair had escaped and was hanging down over her forchead. There were undoubtedly tear stains upon her pretty face. Her plain, blue facket was half undone, and the gloves which she had taken off lay in her lap. Wolfenden's anger subsided at once. Yo wonder Selly, had been at once. No wonder Selby had been perplexed. But Selby's perplexity was

perplexed. But Selby's perplexity was nothing to his own.

She woke up suddenly and saw him standing there, traces of his amazement still lingering on his face. She looked at him, half-frightened, half-wistfully. The color came and went in her state that the state of the state her cheeks—her eyes grew soft with tears. He felt himself a brute. Surely it was not possible that she could be acting! He spoke to her more kindly than he had intended.

than he had intended.

"What on earth has brought you up to town—and here—at this time of night? Is anything wrong at Deringham? She sat up in the chair and looked at him with quivering lips.
"N-no, nothing particular; only I have left."

nave left."
"You have left!"
"Yes: I have been turned away,"
she added, piteously.
He looked at her blankly.
"Turned away! Why, what for? Do
you mean to say that you have left
for good?"

for good?"
She nodded, and communed to dry her eyes with a little like handker-chief. her eyes with a little lee handkerth mean anything.
Ir. Sabin he had rectent he spoke. It was
genstein, the Gertor. Those were
of his. He pondered
in. The journalistic
im. He was no longer
at overheard a few
assion of tremendous
he could follow this
then farewell to so
ing and playing at
reputation would be
if a glass

her gloves from the table.
"I think I will go away," she said.
"I was very stupid to come; please
forget it and—Good-bye."
He caught her by the wrist as she

passed.
"Nonsense," he exclaimed, "you mustn't go like this."
She looked steaddastly away from him and tried to withdraw her arm.
"You are warm."

"You are angry with me for com-ng," she said. "I am very, very sorry; will go away. Please, don't stop

me."
He held her wrist firmly,
"Miss Merton!"
"Miss Merton!"
"She repeated his
words reproachfully, lifting her eyes
suddenly to his, that he might see
the tears gathering there. Wolfenden
began to feel exceedingly uncomfortable.

"Well, Blanche, then," he said, slowly. "Is that better?"
"She answered nothing, but looked at him again. Her hand remained in his. She suffered him to lead her back

ly. "You can't wonder that I am surprised Perhaps you don't know that I is a little late—after midnight, in fact Where should you go to if you ran away like that? Do you know anyong in London?"

anyone in London?"
"I—don't think so," she admitted.
"Well, do be reasonable then. First of all tell me all about it."
She nodded, and began at once, now and then lifting her eyes to his, mostly, gazing fixedly, at the gloves. mostly gazing fixedly at the gloves which she was smoothing carefully which she was smoothing carefully out upon her knee.

"I think," she said, "that Lord Der-ingham is not well What

the Princess. She is up at that end of the room somewhere with a lot of old frumps."

"Have you asked for an introduction?"

Bensham nodded.
"Yes, I asked young Lobenski. It is no good. He does not know who she is; but she does not dance, and is not allowed to make acquaintances. That is what it comes to, anyway. It was not a personal matter at all. Lobenski did not even mention my name to his mother. He simply said a friend. The Princess replied that she was very sorry, but there was some difficulty. The young lady's guardian did not wish her to make acquaintance for the present."

"Her guardian! He's not her father, the rine!"
"No! It was either her guardian or her rine! [I am not sure which. By Jove! There they go! They're off."
"No! It was either her guardian or her rine! [I am not sure which. By Jove! There they go! They're off."
"They both hurried to the cloaks of the present of the princes replied that send the street in time to see the people in whom they were so interested coming down the stairs towards them, of ing down the stairs towards them, of the grant of the proposition of the propo

expectedly, and has sat for hours watching me in a most unpleasant manner. I have not been allowed to leave the house, and all my letters have been looked over; it has been perfectly howeld? perfectly horrid."

perfectly horrid."
"I am very sorry." Wolfenden said.
"Of course you knew though that it
was going to be rather difficult to
please my father, dtin't you? The
doctors differ a little as to his precise mental condition, but we are all
aware that he is at any rate a trifle She smiled a little bitterly.

"Oh! I am not complaining," she said. "I should have stood it somehow for the sake of the money; but I haven't told you everything yet. The worst part, so far as I am concerned, is to come." cerned, is to come. "I am very sorry," he said; "please

go on."

"This morning your father came very early into the study and found a sheet of carbon paper in my desk and two copies of one page of the work I was doing. As a matter of fact I had never used it before, but I wanted to try it for practice. There was no harm in it. I should have destroyed the second sheet in a minute or two, and in any case it was so badly done that it was absolutely worthless. But directly Lord Deringham saw it he went quite white, and I thought he was going to have a fit. I can't tell you all he said. He was brutal. The end of it was that was brutal. The end of it was that my boxes were all turned out, and my desk and everything belonging to me searched as though I were a housemald suspected of theft, and all the time I was kept locked up. When they had finished I was told to put my hat on and go. I—I had nowhere to go to, for Muriel—you remember I told you about my rister—went to America last week. I hadn't the least idea what to do—and so—I—you were the only person who had ever been kind to me," she concluded, suddenly leaning over towards him, a little sob in her throat, and her eyes swimming with tears. with tears.

There are certain situations in life There are certain situations in life when an honest man is at an obvious disadvantage. Wolfenden felt awkward and desperately ill at ease. He evaded the embrace which her movement and eyes had palpably invited, and compromised matters by taking her hands and holding them tightly in his. Even then he felt far from comfortable. comfortable.

comfortable.

"But my mother," he exclaimed.

"Lady Deringham surely took your part?"

She shook her head vigorously.

"Lady Deringham did nothing of the sort," she replied. "Do you remember last time when you were down, you took me for a walk once or twice and you talked to me in the evenings, and—but perhaps you have forgotten. Have you?"

She was looking at him so eagerly she was looking at him so eagerly that there was only one answer possible for him. He hastened to make it. There was a certain lack of enthusiasm in his avowal, however, which brought a look of reproach into her face. She sighed and looked away into the fire

the fire.
"Well," she continued, "Lady Deringham has never been the same since then to me. It didn't matter while you were there, but after you left it was very wretched. I wrote to you, but you never answered my letter." He was very well aware of it. He had never asked her to write, and her note had seemed to him a trifle too ingenuous. He had never meant to an-

"I so seldom-write letters," he said.
"I thought, too, that it must have been your fancy. My mother is generally considered a very good-hearted

She laughed bitterly.

"Oh, one does not fancy those things," she said. "Lady Deringham has been coldly civil to me ever since, and nothing more. This morning she seemed absolutely pleased to have an excuse dissolutely pleased to have an excuse for sending me away. She knows quite well, of course, that Lord Deringham is—not himself; but she took everything he said for gospel, and turned me out of the house. There, now you know everything. Perhaps after all it was idiotic to come to you, that scratches over your grave."

Well, I'm only a girl, and girls are idiots; I haven't a friend in the world, and if I were alone I should die of loneliness in a week. You won't send me away? You are not angry with

me?"
She made a movement towards him, but he held her hands tightly. For the first time he began to see his way before him. A certain ingenuousness in her speech and in that little half-forgotten note—an ingenuousness, by the gotten note—an ingenuousness, by the bye, of which he had some doubts— was his salvation. He would accept it as absolutely genuine. She was a child e to him, because he had

who had come to him, because he had been kind to her.

"Of course I am not 'angry with you," he said, quite emphatically. "I am very glad indeed that you came. It is only right that I should help you when my people seem to have treated you so wretchedly. Let me think for a moment."

oment."
She watched him very anxiously, nd moved a little closer to him.
"Tell me," she murmured, "what are

"Tell me," she murmured, "what are you thinking about?"

"I have it," he answered, standing suddenly up and touching the bell. "It is an excellent idea."

"What is it?" she asked quickly.

He did not appear to hear her question. Selby was standing upon the threshold, Wolfenden spoke to him.

"Selby, are your wife's rooms still vacant?"

Selby believed that they were.

Selby believed that they were "That's all right then Put on your hat and coat at once. I want you to take this young lady round there."

"Very good, my lord."
"Her luggage has been

glance, as she leaned back amongst the cushions, was a tender one; her lips were quivering, and her little fingers more than returned his pressure. But Wolfenden walked back to his study with all the pleasurable feelings of a man who has extricat-ed himself with tact from an awk-ward situation.

"The frankness," he remarked to

himself, as he litt a pipe and stretched himself out for a final smoke, "was a trifle, just a trifle, overdone. She gave the whole show away with that last glance. I should like very much to know what it all means."

it all means."
(To be continued.) BURYING A GIANT.

This Man Measured in LifeNine Feet

in Girth. There was buried at the Uplands emetery, Smethwich, on Sunday, Robert Dudfield. The circumstances of e funeral are unique. Dudfield, when he died, was 54 years of age, and he weighed 32 stone. Although his height was normal, he measured eight or nine feet round the body, and three feet around the calf of each leg. His he died, was 54 years of age, and home was at Smethwick, and for many years he had been a drayman in the employ of Mitchell's and But-ler's, Limited, brewers. He belonged to a notable family, for his two sisters are said to weigh 60 stone between them, while Dudfield's twin brother, who is still living, is said to be even heavier than deceased was The brothers were on very affectionate terms, and until a year or so ago had lived under the same roof. The funeral arrangements were beset with difficulties. In the first place set with difficulties. In the first place it was necessary that the shell to enclose the remains should be the strongest possible, and the undertaker spent nearly two days in searching for suitable timber. When completed the coffin measured 6 feet 3 inches in length, 3 feet wide and 21 inches deep lit was lived with lead and are deep. It was lined with lead, and encircled with strong bands of iron. Not a hearse within a radius of some miles could be found sufficiently broad to admit so huge a coffin, and as a last resort it was decided to utilize a brower's dray for the purpose. It was quive impossible to take the coffin out of the house by the doorway, and the lower portion of the woodwork of a bay window and two large panes of glass were removed. A platform was then erected from the house to the street. On the dray being brought up in front of the house, circled with strong bands of iron. Not house to the street. On the dray being brought up in front of the house, the coffin containing the remains was let down on rollers on to it. The proceedings were watched by a large crowd, which at one time was so great that a length of the wall in front of the row of houses, owing to front of the row of houses, owing to the pressure, gave way, and a woman in the panic which ensued was car-ried bodily through a pane of glass into the room of the next door house. However, no one was injured. The proceedings at the grave passed off without mishap—Weston, Eng., Mer-

THE GIRL IN LOVE.

By JEAN BLEW TT, in the Christian Guardian

thought to the subject in haud, we say, God might have made a oetter human creature than a good woman, but He never did. Find her where you will, in business life, in the professions, in the home, at lowly or at lotty task, and of this you may rest assured, she is making the atmosphere about her healthler and higher. The world is better because of her presence in it.

Somebody is always standing up and sternly inquiring whether I believe in woman's rights or not. I do; of course I do. I believe she has the unquestionable right to be as learned

of course I do. I believe she has the unquestionable right to be as learned and wise and sweet and good as she wants to be, and I am glad the crusty old professors who wanted her kept out of colleges and universities had to throw the doors wide open to her. I believe she has the right to look just as beautiful as nature will allow, and the right to choose her walk in life. These are God-given rights. The rights which men give or withhold—generally the latter—may be weighty, but they are not to be named in the same breath with the ones enumerated.

ones enumerated.
She has the right to love and to to draw back shudder expect love in return, and there is no more interesting time in her life than when she comes to a day and a place of choosing whether she will ish ideas in regard to reforming raise. than when she comes to a day and a place of choosing whether she will follow out the old ambitious plan of making a name and place for herself, or merge her identity with that of another; whether she will go on with the career marked out, the career leading to wonderful visits of success and aggrandizement, or marry the caree mount and humble, proud that

and aggrandizement, or marry the man she loves.

She is wise enough to know that a she is wise enough to know that a home and a husband are lifework encurh for one woman. It is not given to many to do two things at once, and do then well. She cannot attempt both poetry and housekeening, for, if the small her energies on the perfecting of her rhyme, the spider will soin his web in unexpected places, and the dust cather to every hand: and should she essay to paint, there the dish-washing to be done—either pictures or the pots must suffer, is very well for the man—fortunate 'ellow !- to sing-

And so I say, with pride untold, And love beyond degree, This woman with the heart of gold, She just keeps house for me-

For me—
9 just keeps house for me!" But if there is something the woman has to give up, semething worth while, it costs to make the decision.

In nine cases out of ten love winsa good thing, too, if the love be but real enough. The home-life may seem prosake alongside the "career," but she finds it full of golden opportunities as she goes along. It is the most soulsatisfying life of the seventh of t But if there is something the wo a girl to be proud of, it makes of a selfish person a perfect marvel of generosity, the dull one grows brilliant. It slips all unawares into the bosom of a staid old back helor of forty, bosom of a staid old bach for of forty, and no sconer is it there then back from among the milestones of the past youth comes skipping to keep it company, and instead of the grave, middle-aged man, we have a youth a big, hendsome boy, with eyes which see far more of the beauty of God's world than ever before, and more—a thousand times more—in the one woman than any one else has ever seen, or will ever see. It takes possession of a plain little woman, ever seen, or will ever see. It takes possession of a plain little woman, kindles a glow, sends a thrill, pats of flush on her cheeks, a wonderful light in her dark eyes, and develops light in her dark eyes, and develops or graces. Plain! No woman in the land of the living.

under the power of a first love is As a sweetheart, a girl is at her best—I wish I could say her wisest, but the truth is, she is often very foolish. In making choice of a pro fession she generally consults peo-ple of experience, but in this far more important matter she follows her own sweet will. She may be throwing herself away, but to try to convince her of the fact is a vain task, and a thankless one. One of the saddest sights is a good woman squandering all her wealth of affection on one quite unworthy of affection on one quite unworthy her, a man vicious and evil to the

ore.
The goody-goody story book, with was a rise to £958,090.

Someone has said "God might have made a better berry than the atrawberry, but He never did," or words to that effect, and applying this thought to the subject in hand, we say, God might have made a better han a good woman, luman creature than a good woman, appeals to a certain lova subtle kind of vanity most women. But no take can be made. Low miracles, but love cannot to man who is a wreck morally and sically, and make of him a fit band for a pure-minded woman. is powerful, but it has its limitions. It cannot efface a past cannot put aside effect. Even vine love cannot.

"The heart of the eternal is a worderfully kind but it.

wonderfully kind, but it forgive, it cannot put

part of heaven, directed in any ch by the will—but he she owes to the son once proud and humble, proud that

anything so sweet and good should be his very own, humble because, "The man who truly loves a maid 'Knows only two things more, no less—
Her matchless worth, his own unworthiness."

She that teacheth a man humility doeth well; she that keepeth him humble, blessed is she.

A VERY GREAT AGE.

A North Carolinian Who is About 128

To live to the age of 128 years is an achievement. To thus survive and at the same time retain all one's faculties, with the exception of sight, is marvellous. Yet this is the record of Noah Raby, an inmate of the record of narvellous. Yet this is the record of Noah Raby, an inmate of the poorhouse, of Piscataway township, near Plainfield, N. J. Not far behind, in point of years, is Mrs. Nancy Hollifield, of Ellenboro', N. C., who had reached the age of 117.

active.

He has a remarkably clear intellect, and his mind is retentive on nearly all subjects. The most noticeable thing about the told man is his slight frame. He is quite thin, weighing less than a hundred pounds.

Mr. Raby is said to be the oldest man n America, if not in the world. He has been for thirty years an inmate of the New Jersey Institution, is contented with his lot, smokes and drinks, plain little woman, whenever he feels so inclined, dwells sends a thrill, puts with interest upon the one affair of cheeks, a wonderful the heart to which he confesses, and

Election ... penses in Great Britain The Northern Whig says that it is estimated that the recent general election in Great Britain will mean an expenditure of over £750,000. Before the passing of the Corrupt Practices Act in 1883 the costs were much heavier, and, comparing 1880 with 1895, the difference is just upon £1,600,000, the expenses of upon £1,600.000, the expenses of candidates, including returning officers' charges, in the former election being £1,736,000, and in the latter £775,333. In 1885 they were still very heavy, the total being £1,0.6,000, but in 1886 the figure had been valued to £62,000. In 1892 there. educed to £624,000. In 1892 there

DR. CHASE PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

By Thoroughly Curing Coughs and Colds Before They Reach the Lungs—Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine Has an Enormous Sale.

pentine Has on Enormous Sale.

There would be no use for sanitarimproceedings at the grave passed off
without mishap—Weston, Eng., Mercury.

Luggage on English Railways.
All the English railway companies
have now arranged to allow an extraweight of luggage accompanying passengers to be taken free of charge.
The free weight of luggage will in
fure be—For each first-class passenger, 150 pounds, 100 pounds, and
for each
secand-class
passenger, 120 pounds, and for each
third-class passenger, 120 pounds, and
for ouch
third-class passenger, 100 pounds, and
for pounds, respectively.

Mr. Goodley—Alas: Our
Spoute has gone to that
bourne
the Roy of 120 pounds, 100 pounds and
for pounds, respectively.

Mr. Hardart—Yes, thank goodness,
Mr. Hardart—Ye