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Josephus?"

White Czar."

Baron Popoff now."

"Why so, old man?"

though it may appear to you. rernaps

there is something rotten in the state

of Denmark, and England may awaken

"Well." remarks Sandy, solemnly, when his friend comes to this pause,

significant in itself, "unless what, friend

"The conspriacy is nipped in the bud.

a subject of the queen, Joe!" grunts

"Under such eireumstances you would

have seen your duty clearly; at the

time you fought that duel with the

baron, your sword could and would

have nipped this Russian conspiracy in

the bud, by ending the baron on the banks of the Nile. If his body were

resting in one of those ancient tombs among the hills of Mokkatam Popoff

would not be able to arouse the people

of this benighted country to rise against

their British masters and throw off the

yoke of England in order to assume

one much more galling-that of the

Mynheer Joe thoughtfully rubs the

end of his nose, as though by that opera-

tion he might arouse his thinking facul-

ties. Then he turns with a smile upon

his friend "I begin to see you were right, my dear boy. That mistake may cause me

no end of trouble, and yet semething held my hand when I had the chance

to finish the baron. It is beyond me to

explain the feeling that came over me.

I only know it existed. You've seen

just such periods in your own life, when

power controlled your actions. Let

concerns us both, since you appear to

be in the same ship as myself. In ten

hours the Russian has formed a plan

of action to bring about our destruction.

He says this as coolly as though ask-

ing for fire on account of a neglected

can be detected in his voice. One would not imagine that he refers to their

lives being in jeopardy through this

As for Sandy, he shows that he can

take the matter just as coolly. Even if

the enemy be near, advancing on the

double-quick, so to speak, that is no reason a man of nerve should be cat-

"Ah! Couple of foolish flies, eh?

The bloated old spider has managed to

spin a web around us while we've been

"Something in that strain, you'll find,

friend Sandy. I haven't been quite

able to make it out myself yet; but,

all the same, it's as plain as the nose

has been working while we were play

ing, and in that way has stolen a march

have some particulars."

on us nicely. Listen now, and you shall

Mynheer Joe casts a glance, around,

as though he would use at least all or-

dinary caution. Then he gives the eager

war correspondent the benefit of his

Sandy's manner is something of

thermometer, indicating his feelings

When the story grows warm, he rest-

lessly fingers his cigar, twirling it be

tween his thumb and finger. As a quiet portion of the recitables reached, he puffs unconcernedly at the weed or

else idly flips the ashes from the end.

Joe. Sandy is much of the nature of a

sponge. He greedily sucks in all he

can reach, but means to give it ou

agains upon the least pressure. That is his business in life—to take and give.

retaining nothing. If what issues from

his pen is garbed in a new dress, so

that it can hardly be recognized as the

same impression that he received, that

is the nature of things and only to be

expected; for Sandy himself is the won-

derful machine that grasps the rough

material, and with its magic breath

It can be readily set down, therefore,

that the active little newspaper man is

a good listener. His memory is aston-

ishingly tenatious for one so accus-

tomed to making notes, and he will not forget a word of what has been said.

It is a thrilling narrative Joe gives him, and would even be so were it any

other than themselves thus placed in

danger. At the same time, Joe makes no rhetorical flourishes in his narrative,

but gives it in a plain, every-day style,

such as appears to be a part of his

Perhaps their unique surroundings

have something to do with lending the

story color and making it appear more

romantic. This is clearly possible, be-

cause the bright costumes, the strange

language, the bizarre contents of the

shelf-like shops where the proprietors sit cross-legged, smoking calmly and

awaiting the advent of customers. All

these things, seen and heard under the numerous colored lights that make

Bhendy Bazar Road seem like a glimpse of fairyland, must have their ef-

fect upon the sensitive herves, and cause one to look upon the affair in quite anther humor than might be the

case were it all done under the garish light of day and amid other less power-

ful surroundings.
What the full text of Mynheer Joe's

narrative may be does not concern us just at present. In good time its na-

nature.

transforms it into the daintiest of fab

All the while he imbibes the facti which fall from the lips of Mynheer

late interview with faithful Kassee.

on your face that this shrewd old chap

tled and lose his presence of mind.

taking in the sights of Bombay.

that the trick, Joe?" he remarks.

cigar; not the least trace of emotion

We are in the web!"

plot of the baron's.

that go. What I want to tell you now

sions, or I'm no prophet, unless-

After this moes a variety of shop-, from silversmith's down to the dunce's, or tailor's. Our fr'ends tak n in. an! will never in all nke hood forget it. ights their eyes rest upon. The crowd such a good-natired one and most delightful of all, does not push and surge as crowds generally do. In their walk the two friends do not it member having touched but one man who stumbled against them and then rushed away as if filled with alarm. Sandy, recognizing an old game of the thieves in London and Pacis, at once looks to see if his watch is all right, and upon finding it so is relieved.
"Well," remarks Mynhee Joe, at last,
"the hour is late." Have you seen

nough for one night, old fellow?" Sandy nods. "My head is crammed full of ideas which I faust put into some shape be fore I sleep. This has been a reve about I never before saw such life as old Bombay presents. Think of the rough sketches I've arrendy drawn -the weird Towers of Silence, that

that magnificent statue out or the avenue-the Parsee broker-what's his name?"

wonderful burial place of the Brahmius

"Jamsetjee Jecjeebhoy," smiles Joe.
"Drops from your tonghe like oil, old fellow. I must practice on these names. About the sketches: I have the harbor. the strange coasting craft you pointed out, a patamar with its two masts, the small rakish manche and the long, narrow felucca with its lateen sails. Besides, I've got glimpses of mosques, that lovely idol and an array of such things, to say nothing of the ideas now in my head which, roughly drawn, will fill pages in the note books. Yes, I'm in clover, Joe, and I-"

Mynheer Joe has left his side, which fact causes the voluble Sandy to turn around. He discovers his companion talking earnestly with a Hindoo, and, looking more closely, recognizes Kassee, whose brown face is very serious, and whose whole manner proclaims that there is trouble brooding in the air for the Americans in Bombay.

CHAPTER XIX.

Sandy chances to be a wise little fellow, and evinces no surprise at the state of affairs. He guesses instinct vely that Kassee has made a discovery of some importance, and is now com municating the result of his work to the master he loves so well.

Somehow it seems quite natural that they should get into a tangle, that mystery should crop up around them. They the human mind could hardly imagine without a positive experience. The very air of India seems to breathe of mystery, as though it were impregnated

He watches Mynheer Joe and the Hindoo with considerable curiosity, while keeping an eye upon the crowd near by, as if seeking to discover whether any one else is interested in them. Joe now appears to be questioning his faithful servitor, as though he has heard it all and knows that it is serious. At the same time he does not exhibit alarm, for his experience has been great in the past, and he knows how to preserve his mental equilibrium in the face of the most astounding difficulties.

"Ten to one it's all on account of that miserable Russian. I expected to hear from him again. What in the deuce is the sly rascal up to now?" mutters the correspondent, as he twirls his cigar between finger and thumb and keeps his eyes fastened upon his friend.

He sees Joe look around him, though seeking the danger of which he has been warned. Then their eyes meet. The traveller cannot help but note the eager look upon the face of Sandy. He smiles and beckons to him.

This, of course, means that he is to be in it and as the correspondent usually manages, by hook or crook, to get there, he feels satisfied that matters are shaping themselves all right. It uits him to meet difficulties as they fly. Sandy was never known to turn his back on the foe.

With his curiosity aroused to a most intense pitch, the correspondent, therefore, advances to the fray. He casts a keen glazee at reface of Mynheer Joe, but that worthy, shows little of the emotions that may lie deeply hidden

under the calm exterior.

Thus Sandy draws up alongside of his friend and awaits the communication that is to decide a momentous epoch in their lives; nor is it long in forth-

"Well, the beron has been at work, Sandy," remarks Joe, with a peculiar "I knew he would not be long in Bombay without attempting some manner of evil against us, particularly my self, for whom he entertains no great , you understand."

andy nods his head in that vigorous, than words.

"Kassee fortunately I had his eyes open and been able to d scover what is going on. Only for that we might have been taken unawares, and serious consequences have resulted."

Sandy pricks up his ears, and his itching hand makes a movement in the direction of the pocket where he keeps his note book, as though this may be some news that concerns the general public; but he remembers in time, and fo bears. With a smile at his action,

the traveller continues:
"He has had men in sympathy with him right here under the noses of the British officials in Bombay, strange during the time of the Spanish inquis tion ever de-vised an agony

so intense, so persistent, so long enduring, so nerve - har-rowing as that which is suf-fered day after day by the women whose distinctly feminine organism is deranged

There or diseased. are three most trying times in every wom-an's life; 1st—when rirlhood blossoms into womanhood; 2d 2 when motherhood

ome day to find a wonderful uprising is achieved; 3d — when the capacity for motherhood ceases in the heart of her rich Indian posses (the change of life.)

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Me - too - medicines are preparations without standing or success. They are the substitutes sold as "just as good." Having no record of their own, when Dr. Pierce's cures are referred to they cry me-too, me-too, like the cuckoo in a Swiss clock Dou't accept me-too medicines for "Favorite Prescription."

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gerboit fails upon our friends.

Sandy feels that the signat on is grave and realizes his position in the matter. Before he can give an expression to his feelings, however, the traveller steps on his foot. It is no accident, but an intentional dig that carries a warning with it, and quick to heed these things the little man bubbles out with a laugh, that causes the last of the serious look to fly from his face.

"Capital joke, that of yours, Joe. Ah, you sly dog, always working in your little pun! It's a beastly shame to impose on an unsophisticated Yankee like myself. Never mind. I'll have my eye-teeth cut if I remain long in such disreputable company, I warrant you."
While thus delivering himself Sandy is custing his eyes around in the hope

of discovering the cause of Joe's sudden new departure. What enemy has approached near enough to give the wary explorer alarm? The first discovery Sandy makes is

that Kassee, faithful Kassee, no longer stands near the elbows of his master. but has vanished as completely as though the earth has opened and swallowed him. Of course, it is not a very difficult task for a native to mingle in the crowd and lose himself, but a white man would have much more trouble, as he must be one among dozens, and his identity can be detected

Io be Continued.

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Don't forget, in the face of praise, that our enemies outnumber your friends. There is a good deal said about "forver" by lovers, meaning, probably, some time next week.

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