

In The Fog

BY
Richard Harding Davis.

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"I was walking in front of a lighted safe, and I felt so sick and miserable that I stopped for a pick-me-up. Then I considered that if I took one drink I would probably, in my present state of mind, not want to stop under twenty, and I decided I had better leave it alone. But my nerves were jumping like a frightened rabbit, and I felt I must have something to quiet them, or I would go crazy. I reached for my cigarette-case, but a cigarette seemed hardly adequate, so I put



"I THREW EVERYTHING IN THE DRESSING CASE OUT ON THE FLOOR."

it back again and took out this cigar-case, in which I keep only the strongest and blackest cigars. I opened it and stuck in my fingers, but instead of a cigar they touched on a thin leather envelope. My heart stood perfectly still. I did not dare to look, but I dug my finger nails into the leather and I felt layers of thin paper, then a layer of cotton, and then they scratched on the facets of the Czarina's diamonds!

"I stumbled as though I had been hit in the face, and fell back into one of the chairs on the sidewalk. I tore off the wrappings and spread out the diamonds on the cafe table; I could not believe they were real. I twisted the necklace between my fingers and crushed it between my palms and tossed it up in the air. I believe I almost kissed it. The women in the cafe stood up on the chairs to see better, and laughed and screamed, and the people crowded so close around me that the waiters had to form a bodyguard. The proprietor thought there was a fight, and called for the police. I was so happy I didn't care. I laughed, too, and gave the proprietor a five pound note and told him to stand every one a drink. Then I tumbled into a chair and allowed off to my friend the Chief of Police. I felt very sorry for him. He had been so happy at the chance I gave him, and he was sure to be disappointed when he learned I had sent him off on a false alarm.

"But now that I had found the necklace, I did not want him to find the woman. Indeed, I was most anxious that she should get clear away, for if she were caught the truth would come out, and I was likely to get a sharp reprimand, and sure to be laughed at.

"I could see now how it had happened. In my haste to hide the diamonds when the woman was hustled into the carriage, I had shoved the cigars into the satchel, and the diamonds into the pocket of my coat. Now that I had the diamonds safe again, it seemed a very natural mistake. But I doubted if the Foreign Office would think so. I was afraid I might not appreciate the beautiful simplicity of my secret hiding-place. So, when I reached the police station, and found that the woman was still at large, I was more than relieved.

"As I expected, the Chief was extremely chagrined when he learned of my mistake, and that there was nothing for him to do. But I was feeling so happy myself that I hated to have any one else miserable, so I suggested that this attempt to steal the Czarina's necklace might be only the first of a series of such attempts by an unscrupulous gang, and that I might still be in danger.

"I winked at the Chief and the Chief smiled at me, and we went to Nice together in a saloon car with a guard of twelve carabinieri and twelve plain-clothes men, and the Chief and I drank champagne all the way. We marched together up to the hotel where the Russian Ambassador was stopping, closely surrounded by our escort of carabinieri, and delivered the necklace with the most profound ceremony. The old Ambassador was immensely impressed, and when we hinted that already I had been made the object of an attack by robbers, he assured us that his Imperial Majesty would not prove ungrateful.

"I wrote a swinging personal letter about the invaluable services of the Chief to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and they gave him enough Russian and French medals to satisfy even a French soldier. So, though he never caught the woman, he received his just reward."

The Queen's Messenger paused and surveyed the faces of those about him in some embarrassment.

"But the worst of it is," he added, "that the story must have got about; for, while the Princess obtained nothing from me but a cigar-case and five excellent cigars, a few weeks after the coronation the Czar sent me a gold cigar-case with his monogram in diamonds. And I don't know yet whether that was a coincidence, or whether the Czar wanted me to know that he knew that I had been carrying the Czarina's diamonds in my pigskin cigar-case. What do you fellows think?"

CHAPTER III.
SIR ANDREW rose with disapproval written in every lineament.
"I thought your story would bear upon the murder," he said. "Had I imagined it would have nothing whatsoever to do with it I would not have remained." He pushed back his chair and bowed stiffly. "I wish you good night," he said.

There was a chorus of remonstrance, and under cover of this and the Baronet's answering protests a servant for the second time slipped a piece of paper into the hand of the gentleman with the pearl stud. He read the lines written upon it and tore it into tiny fragments.

The youngest member, who had remained an interested but silent listener to the tale of the Queen's Messenger, raised his hand commandingly.

"Sir Andrew," he cried, "in justice to Lord Arthur Chetney I must ask you to be seated. He has been accused in out hearing of a most serious crime, and I insist that you remain until you have heard me clear his character."

"You!" cried the Baronet.
"Yes," answered the young man briskly. "I would have spoken sooner," he explained, "but that I thought this gentleman"—he inclined his head toward the Queen's Messenger—"was about to contribute some facts of which I was ignorant. He, however, has told us nothing, and so I will take up the tale at the point where Lieutenant Sears laid it down and give you those details of which Lieutenant Sears is ignorant. It seems strange to you that I should be able to add the sequel to this story. But the coincidence is easily explained. I am the junior member of the law firm of Chudleigh & Chudleigh. We have been solicitors for the Chetneys for the last two hundred years. Nothing, no matter how unimportant, which concerns Lord Edam and his two sons is unknown to us, and naturally we are acquainted with every detail of the terrible catastrophe of last night."

The Baronet, bewildered but eager, sank back into his chair.

"Will you be long, sir?" he demanded.
"I shall endeavor to be brief," said the young solicitor; "and," he added, in a tone which gave his words almost the weight of a threat, "I promise to be interesting."

"There is no need to promise that," said Sir Andrew. "I find it much too interesting as it is." He glanced ruefully at the clock and turned his eyes quickly from it.

"Tell the driver of that hansom," he called to the servant, "that I take him by the hour."

"For the last three days," began young Mr. Chudleigh, "as you have probably read in the daily papers, the Marquis of Edam has been at the point of death, and his physicians have never left his house."
(Continued in next issue.)

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BOTTLE AND HOUSE.
(The Wesleyan.)
The Charlestown Guardian writes:
"As a gentleman was driving from
week, his horse dropped dead. A
Carton's Corn. This gentleman
went back to Somerset and exam-
ined and left the horse where he fell.
Some neighbors who had seen the
man, had seen some one else who
still kinder, thrust a bottle at his
head to show where he lay, and his
so grave as his death."
We presume the Guardian uses the
term gentleman in a satirical sense.
We desire to put in a plea for the
horse. This robust animal, next to
man, has next to man, suffered
most from the bottle. Drunken man-
ners, drivers and hostlers, have
poured much misery into his life.
As he cannot speak for himself,
others should and must speak for
him. The drunkard's wife, as a last
resort, can protest, seek redress, or
leave him, but his poor horse must
mutely suffer until, as in the above
case, he drops dead from his tor-
ture. No drunkard should be allowed
to own, drive or care for a horse.
In this connection the Society for
Prevention of Cruelty has a sphere
of operation worthy its more active
attention. Why, for instance, in the
above case, should not the cattle-
man (save the mark) be brought to
task and severely punished? Every
police man and constable should have
authority at sight, without warrant,
to take out of possession of any
drunken man any horse which he
may be driving, whether it belongs
to himself or some one else, and he
should be obliged to pay all ex-
penses. We have sometimes wondered
at livermen keeping drunken hos-
tlers about their premises, and hir-
ing horses to drunken men, and men
who in all likelihood will be drunk
and abuse their horses before they
return. In every case in which a
drunken man returns a horse which
has evidently been abused the livery
man should report the case to the
S. P. C., so that it may be prose-
cuted without his personal expense.
Let a merciful public take up the
case of the horse, most useful and
noble of animals, and let the drunk-
ard be made to understand that he
will not be allowed to abuse him
with impunity.
MINARD'S LINIMENT LUMBER-
MAN'S FRIEND.

TRAVERSING THE AIR.

The following interesting article on
this general subject is from a New
York journal:

"In the great crowd that watched
Henri Farman wing himself about
the Brighton house Sunday week,
perhaps the man or boy who will
some day solve the problem of
flight. It is yet a problem. Farman
and the Wright brothers and Zepp-
lins are just beginning to learn a
little about air currents—as much,
perhaps as Christopher Columbus
knew about the currents of the sea
and the geography of the earth when
he sailed into the unknown west.
The mechanical engineers upon whom
aeronauts must depend for better
engines are still experimenting—and
they may require fifty years more be-
fore they will develop a motor light
enough and strong enough to propel
an aeroplane. But by human beings
will, just as surely as they will con-
quer heat and cold, and even poverty
and crime and disease. But progress
will be slow. Centuries elapsed be-
tween the time when savages crossed
the first river on logs and the ad-
vanced day when the first sail was
spread on a windward-working boat.
The Frenchman cannot make a steam
carriage in 1869 that ran two and a
half miles an hour and carried four
persons. It cannot be made in
one day, and its inventor was sent
to jail for disturbing the peace. It
was not until 1827 that steam car-
riages were successfully operated in
London. They ran twelve miles an
hour, and some of them ran as far
as from London to Brighton. But
there was never any necessity of
speed or lightness to protect the peo-
ple against them. Meanwhile Ste-
phenson was building railroads and
locomotives and hastening the same
sort of a foundation for present
railway systems that Farman, with
his kite-pinnacled apparatus, is laying
for the future business of navigating
the air. It is perhaps because there
is no shouting need for human flight
that progress toward it has been
slow. Steam serves most transporta-
tion requirements fairly well. Elec-
tricity has made it possible for men
to travel to and fro in great cities
with a little comfort. Development
of jetted common sense has made
that comfort by controlling mono-
polies and making it difficult for
trac-tion magistrates to indulge in their
natural propensity to greed. But
practical air vehicles would make
movement still more easy, and upon
movement depends progress. What
Farman and his fellows are seeking
is not now is capital. Awaiting the
interest of a very rich man in flight
—Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. Carnegie,
for example—will hasten the time
when no terrestrial obstacle could
impede travel, and when bridges and
tunnels and long lines of steel rails
will be alike useless. But what is
still more important is arousing the
interest of young men with brains in
aerial transportation. The Germans
and British and Americans are all
wondering how much, but some boys
will one day find a better way than
Zeppelins. They will make the practic-
ability of flying so clear that capital
will rush to it. As it rushed to
railroads in the days that saw the
passing of the stage coach."

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