

A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

She stepped into her carriage, and the soft folds of her gown spread themselves out over the cushions. She drew them on one side to make room for him.

"Come," she said, "let us have one turn in the park. It is quite early, although I am afraid that I have been a very long time."

He stepped in at once and they drove off. Mrs. Thorpe-Satchell laughingly repeated some story which the Princess had just told her. Evidently she was in high spirits. The strained look had gone from her face. Her gaiety was no longer forced.

"You want to know the result of my mission, I suppose," she remarked, pleasantly. "Well, I am afraid you will call it a failure. The moment I mentioned the man's name the Princess stopped me."

"You mustn't talk to me about that man," she said. "Don't ask why, only you must not talk about him."

"I don't want to," I assured her; "but the girl?"

"What did she say about the girl?" Densham asked.

"Well, she did tell me something about her," Mrs. Thorpe-Satchell said, slowly, "but, unfortunately, it will not help your friend. She only told me when I had promised unconditionally and upon my honor to keep her information a profound secret. So I am sorry, Francis, but even to you I cannot say more."

"Of course, you must not repeat it," Densham said hastily. "I would not ask you for the world; but is there not a single scrap of information about the man or the girl—who he is, what he is, of what family or nationality the girl is—anything at all which I can take to Harcourt?"

Mrs. Thorpe-Satchell looked straight at him, with a faint smile at the corners of her lips.

"Yes, there is one thing which you can tell Mr. Harcourt," she said. "Densham drew a little breath. At last, then!"

"You can tell him this," Mrs. Thorpe-Satchell said, slowly and impressively, "that it is in my power, as I suppose it is in whom he is interested, that the very best thing he can do is to forget that he has ever seen her. I cannot tell you who she is, what, although I know that we are old friends, Francis, and I know that my word will be sufficient for you. You can take this from me as the solemn truth. My friend had better hope for the love of the Sphinx, or fix his heart upon the statue of Diana, as think of that girl."

Densham was looking straight ahead along the street, his eyes were wet, but he saw nothing. He did not doubt her word for a moment. He knew that she had spoken the truth. The atmosphere seemed suddenly grey and sunless. He shivered a little—he was positively chilled. Just for a moment he saw the girl's face, heard the rattle of her skirts as she passed, saw their table and the sound of her voice as she had bent over the great cluster of white roses whose faint perfume reached every to the very end of the street. Then he half closed his eyes. He had come very near making a terrible mistake.

"Thank you," he said, "I will tell Harcourt."

CHAPTER VIII.

A Meeting in Bond Street. Wolfenden returned to his rooms to lunch, intending to go round to see his last night's visitor immediately afterwards. He had scarcely taken off his coat, however, before Selby met him in the hall, a note in his hand.

"From the young lady, my lord," he announced. "My wife has just sent it round."

Wolfenden tore the envelope open and read it.

"Dear Lord Wolfenden,—Of course I made a mistake in coming to you last night. I am very sorry indeed—most sorry than any man could be. My dear woman does not forget these things readily, and the lesson you have taught me it will not be difficult for me to remember. I shall not ask your consent to remain your debtor, and I am leaving here at once. I shall have gone long before you receive this note. Do not try to find me. I shall not want for friends if I choose to seek them. Apart from this, I do not want to see you again. I mean it, and I trust to your honor to respect my wishes. I think that I have done all that I can to grant me this for the sake of those days at Deringham, which it is now my fervent wish to utterly forget. I am, yours sincerely,

"Blanche Merton."

"The young lady, my lord," Selby remarked, "left early this morning. She expressed herself as altogether satisfied with the attention she had received, but she had declined to make other arrangements."

Wolfenden nodded, and walked to his dining-room with the note crushed up in his hand.

"For the sake of those days at Deringham," he repeated softly to himself. "Was the girl a fool, or only an adventurer? It was true that there had been something like a very mild flirtation between them at Deringham, but it had been altogether harmless, and certainly more of her seeking than his. They had met in the grounds once or twice and walked together, he had talked to her a little after dinner, feeling a certain sympathy for her isolation, and perhaps a little admiration for her undoubted prettiness; yet all the time he had had a slightly uneasy feeling with regard to her. Her ingenuousness had become a matter of doubt to him. It was so now more than ever, yet he could not understand her going away like this and the tone of her note. So far as he was concerned, it was the most satisfactory thing that could have happened. It relieved him of a responsibility which he scarcely knew how to deal with. In the face of her dismissal from Deringham, any assistance which she might have accepted from him would naturally have been open to misapprehension. But that she should have gone away and have written to him in such a strain was directly contrary to his anticipations. Unless she was really hurt and disappointed by his reception of her, he could not see what she had to gain by it. He was puzzled a little, but his thoughts were too deeply engaged elsewhere for him to take her disappearance very seriously. By the time he had finished lunch he had come to the conclusion that what had happened was for the best, and that he would take her at her word."

He left his rooms again about three o'clock, and at precisely the hour at which Densham had rung the bell at Mrs. Thorpe-Satchell's house. Mayfair he experienced a very great piece of good fortune.

Coming out of Scott's, where, more than necessary, he had turned in to have his hat lined, he came face to face, a few yards up Bond street, with the two people whom, more than anyone else in the world, he had desired to meet. They were walking together, the girl talking, the man listening with an air of half-amused deference. Suddenly she broke off and welcomed Wolfenden with a delightful smile of recognition. The man looked up quickly. Wolfenden was standing before them on the pavement, hat in hand, his pleasure at this unexpected meeting very plainly evidenced in his face. Mr. Sabin's greeting was devoid of any special cordiality, was courteous and even genial. Wolfenden never quite knew when he got the impression, which certainly came to him with all the strength and absoluteness of an original inspiration, that this encounter was not altogether pleasant to him.

"How strange that we should meet you here!" the girl said. "Do you know that this is the first walk that I have ever had in London?"

She spoke rather softly and rather slowly. Her voice possessed a sibilant and musical intonation. There was, perhaps, the faintest suggestion of an accent. As she stood there smiling upon him in a deep blue gown, trimmed with a silvery fur, in the making of which no English dress-maker had been concerned, Wolfenden's subjection was absolute and complete. He was aware that his answer was a little hurried. He was less at his ease than he could have wished. Afterwards he thought of a hundred things he would like to have said, but his mind was so full of them so suddenly had cost him a little of his self-possession. Mr. Sabin took up the conversation.

"My infirmity," he said, glancing downwards, "makes me walking especially on stone pavements, rather a painful undertaking. However, London is one of those cities which can only be seen on foot, and my niece has all the curiosity of her age."

She laughed out frankly. She wore a veil, and a tinge of color had found its way into her cheeks. Her delicate but not unhealthy pallor which to Densham had seemed so exquisite.

"I think shopping is delightful. Is it not?" she exclaimed.

"I am glad to have met you again, Lord Wolfenden," he said, "if only to thank you for your last night's visit. I was anxious to get away before any fuss was made, or I would have expressed my gratitude at the time in a more seemly fashion."

"I hope," Wolfenden said, "that you will not think it necessary to say anything more about it. I did what anyone in my place would have done without a moment's hesitation."

"I am not quite so sure of that," Mr. Sabin said. "But, by the bye, can you tell me what became of the fellow?"

"There was some sort of pursuit, I believe," Wolfenden said, slowly, "but he was not caught."

"I am glad to hear it," Mr. Sabin said.

Wolfenden looked at him in some surprise. He could not make up his mind whether it was his duty to disclose the name of the man who had made this strange attempt.

"Your assailant was, I suppose, a stranger to you," he said slowly.

Mr. Sabin shook his head. "By no means. I recognized him directly. So, I believe, did you."

Wolfenden was honestly amazed. "He was your guest, I believe," Mr. Sabin continued, "until I entered the room. I saw him leave, and I was half-prepared for something of the sort."

"He was my guest, it is true, but none the less he was a stranger to me," Wolfenden explained. "He brought a letter from my cousin, who seems like this and the tone of her note. So far as he was concerned, it was the most satisfactory thing that could have happened. It relieved him of a responsibility which he scarcely knew how to deal with. In the face of her dismissal from Deringham, any assistance which she might have accepted from him would naturally have been open to misapprehension. But that she should have gone away and have written to him in such a strain was directly contrary to his anticipations. Unless she was really hurt and disappointed by his reception of her, he could not see what she had to gain by it. He was puzzled a little, but his thoughts were too deeply engaged elsewhere for him to take her disappearance very seriously. By the time he had finished lunch he had come to the conclusion that what had happened was for the best, and that he would take her at her word."

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Wolfenden was absolutely sure of it. He was, indeed, needlessly emphatic. Mr. Sabin smiled faintly.

There was a faint, but distinct frown on Mr. Sabin's face—a distinct hesitation before he spoke. But Wolfenden would notice neither. He was looking over Mr. Sabin's shoulder, and his instructions were very clear.

"If you will have supper with us we shall be very pleased," Mr. Sabin said stiffly. "But no more than we already made your party. Supper is an institution which one seldom contemplates alone."

"I am quite free, and I shall be delighted," Wolfenden said with hesitation. "About eleven, I suppose?"

"A quarter past," Mr. Sabin said, stepping into the cab. "We may go to the theatre."

The hansom drove off, and Wolfenden stood on the pavement, hat in hand. What fortune! He could scarcely believe in it. Then, just as he turned to move on, something lying at his feet almost at the edge of the kerbstone attracted his attention. He looked at it more closely. It was a ribbon—a little delicate strip of deep blue ribbon. He knew quite well where the first have come. It had fallen from her gown as she had stepped into the hansom. He looked up and down the street. He was full, but he saw no one whom he knew. The thing could be done in a minute. He stooped quickly down and picked it up, crumpling it in his gloved hand, and walking on, a man with a heightened color and a general sense of having made a fool of himself. For a moment or two he was especially careful to look neither to the right nor to the left; then a sense that someone from the other side of the road was watching him drew his eyes in that direction. A man was standing upon the edge of the pavement, a peculiar smile parting his lips and a cigarette between his fingers. For a moment Wolfenden was furiously angry; then the eyes of the two men met across the street, and Wolfenden forgot his anger. He recognized him at once, notwithstanding his appearance in an afternoon toilet as carefully chosen as his own. It was Felix, Mr. Sabin's assailant.

CHAPTER IX.

The Shadows That Go Before. Wolfenden forgot his anger at once. He hesitated for a moment, then he crossed the street and stood side by side with Felix upon the pavement.

"I am glad to see that you are looking a sane man again," Wolfenden said, after they had exchanged the usual greetings. "You might have been in a much more uncomfortable place, after your last night's escapade."

Felix shrugged his shoulders. "I think," he said, "that if I had succeeded in a little more, it would only have amused me. It is not pleasant to be interfered in other people's business, but willingly or unwillingly I seem to have got mixed up in this, and I have now or then about it. Unless you give me your promise, upon your honor, to make no further attempt upon that man's life, I shall go to the police and tell them what I know, and have you watched?"

"You shall have," Felix said quietly. "My promise. A greater power than the threat of your English police has tied my hands for the present. I have abandoned my purpose."

"I am bound to believe you," Wolfenden said, "and you look as though you were speaking the truth. You must forgive my asking why, in that case, you are following the man about? You must have a motive."

Felix shook his head. (To be continued.)

CRADLED BY AN ICEBERG. Thrilling Experience of a Vessel's Crew on the Pacific Ocean.

A thrilling story of a vessel's encounter with an iceberg is told by Captain Chester, of the schooner Elwood. While the schooner was on a trading cruise in the northern waters, Captain Chester sighted an immense iceberg apparently fast on a reef known to exist just off Hoonia. It was a lucky find! Thought the captain, as he looked at the white giant, that he might lift the hold with ice to preserve the fish he expected to catch. When the schooner was within a few rods of the iceberg, the anchor was dropped, the vessel swung around until she came alongside the berg to which she was made fast. A gangplank was thrown over to a ledge on the ice, and the men began breaking off chunks of ice and hoisting them aboard. All went well until the iceberg, with a grinding roar, rolled off the reef and started to travel over.

Meanwhile the falling tide had caused the berg to settle upon the reef and the great mass of ice opposite the vessel. The gang plank rose in the air and had to be made fast to a ledge nearer the water to keep afloat. Captain Chester, suspecting that all was not as it seemed, well ordered the crew to make sail. Before they could man the halyards the iceberg, with a grinding roar, rolled off the reef and started to travel over.

A jagged spur of ice, which had formed the bottom of the berg, rose to the starboard side of the vessel and beneath it. The ice struck the keel, and the vessel lifted out of the water, rested in an ice cradle. Chester ordered his men to get into the boat and make sail. The line that held the schooner to the berg, the men pulled to a safe distance and waited.

The anchor held fast, and the schooner tugged at the chain. The tide dropped a few more inches, and the iceberg creased still farther and fell in two pieces. The great mass of the schooner's salvation. The tendency of the iceberg to roll over and raise the vessel brought such an enormous strain upon the anchor chain that it snapped in three places. Something did, and to the joy of the fishermen it was not the anchor or the chain. The iceberg lurched, and the schooner was free. The men pulled along the crevices in which it rested. There was another lurch and another slide. Then the vessel reached the open sea. The next instant a rocket shot off the iceberg and into the sea, boys on, like a rocket.

She shipped a heavy sea as the result of plunging her nose beneath the iceberg, but quickly righted, and after stumbling over her anchor chain and tugging viciously to get away, settled down to her original state of tranquility. The men were unhurt.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Inventor of the "Can-Can." Hortense Schneider, the famous woman who created most of the Offenbach heroines, is now in a convent at Toulouse, about to take a veil. Her husband, a Frenchman, was killed only the other day when it was decided to ask her to attend the first performance of the revived "La Belle Helene" in Paris. It was promised that she would be received like a real grand duchess. But she refused. It was Schneider who first created these famous Offenbach heroines. It was in 1864 that she created the title role in "La Belle Helene," and it was three years later that she was heard in "La Grande Duchesse." She sang first in three other operas by Offenbach, and they are inseparably connected with her name. It was especially to her powers that much of the original success of "La Belle Helene" and "La Grande Duchesse" was due. She retired from the stage in 1875, and her husband, an Italian Count, took her to her own country in which his family had position, and she lived there until her death, which occurred in 1890, leaving her husband and new home behind her to live in France. On a farm near Paris she lived for five years or more, attending zealously to her garden. She died of that after her health was broken, and none of her relatives was left to live with her. Then her thoughts turned to religion, and she is now about to take the final steps of her entry into the convent. Schneider is now more than 60 years old.

Colonel Kitson, lately Commandant of the Royal Military College at Kingston, and Lieut.-Col. Irwin, of Ottawa, Secretary of the Canadian Patriotic Fund, have been made Companions of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

HERE IS HEALTH



These Four New Preparations comprise a complete treatment for all throat and lung troubles, also a Positive Cure for Consumption. The Food-salt-soluble is needed by some, the Food-salt-soluble is needed by others, the Food-salt-soluble is needed by still, and all fear, or any three, or two, or any one, may be used singly or in combination according to the exigencies of the case. Full instructions with each set of bottles, and a list of agents, represented in this illustration.

This is a Positive Cure for all Throat and Lung Troubles, also CONSUMPTION. Represent a New system of medicinal treatment for the weak, and those suffering from wasting diseases, weak lungs, coughs, sore throat, catarrh, consumption, and other pulmonary troubles, or inflammation of nose, throat and lungs. The treatment is free. You have only to write to obtain it. By the system devised by Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, the specialist in pulmonary and kindred diseases, the needs of the sick body can be condensed into his treatment by four distinct preparations. Whatever your disease, one or more of these four remedies will be of benefit to you. According to the exigencies of your case, fully explained in the treatise given free with the free medicines, you may take one, or any two, or three, or all four, in combination. Taken together form a panoply of strength against disease in whatever shape it may attack you.

THE FREE OFFER.

To obtain these four FREE invaluable preparations, illustrated above, simply write to THE T. A. SLOCUM CHEMICAL CO., LAWREN, 171 King Street West, Toronto, giving post-office and express office address, and the free medicine (The Slocum Cure) will be sent to you. Sufferers should take instant advantage of this generous proposition, and when writing for them always refer to this advertisement. Persons in Canada seeing Slocum's free offer in American papers will please send for samples to the Toronto laboratories. Let no previous discouragements prevent you taking advantage of this splendid free offer before too late.

NOTABLE EVENTS OF THE 19TH CENTURY

- Triumphant march through Paris, of German Emperor and troops, Mar. 2, 1871.
Treaty of Peace between France and Germany, including cession to Germany of Alsace and Lorraine and payment of five milliards of francs, concluded at Frankfurt, May 10, 1871.
Great fire at Chicago, loss 250 lives, \$200,000,000 property, Oct. 7-11, 1871.
Education made compulsory in England and Ireland, and abolition of Education Act, Aug. 15, 1876.
War against Turkey declared by Russia, April 23, 1877.
Surrender of Plevna to Russians, Dec. 10, 1877.
Treaty of Berlin granting independence to Servia, Bulgaria and other Turkish Provinces signed, July 13, 1878.
Defeat of British forces by the Boers at Majuba Hill, Feb. 26, 1881.
Independence granted Transvaal Republic, Aug. 8, 1881.
Opening of traffic of the Canadian Pacific Railway, June 28, 1886.
Diamond Jubilee Day, June 22, 1897.
Conference of Colonial Premiers, June 24, 1897.
War declared against Spain by United States, April 21, 1898.
Spanish fleets destroyed Manila, May 1; Santiago, July 3, 1898.
Treaty of Peace terminating Spanish sovereignty in Western Hemisphere accepted, Aug. 12, 1898.
Battle of Omdurman and destruction of Darvish power in the Sudan, Sept. 2, 1898.
Ultimatum sent to Great Britain by President Kruger, Oct. 9, 1899.
Despatch to South Africa of first Canadian Contingent, Oct. 30, 1899.
Pretoria occupied by British forces, June 5, 1900.
Royal Assent given to Australian Commonwealth Bill, July 9, 1900.

Evolution of a Lemon.

CHAPTER I. "What is your name, little 'boy'?" asked the teacher. "Johnny Lemon," answered the boy. And it was so recorded on the roll. CHAPTER II. "What is your name?" the high school teacher inquired. "John Dennis Lemon," replied the big boy. Which was duly entered. CHAPTER III. "Your name, sir?" said the college dignitary. "J. Dennis Lemon," responded the young man who was about to enroll himself as a student. Inscribed in accordance therewith. CHAPTER IV. "May I ask your name?" queried the society editor of the Daily Bread. "Jean D'Enlice Le Mon," was the reply of the swell personage in the open box. And it was duly jotted down.—Chicago Tribune. The British Foreign Office expects a renewal of the modus vivendi in Newfoundland, but believes it will be immediately followed by negotiations with the view of finally settling the dispute.

THE ABILITY OF DR. CHASE

Is Measured by the Cures He Makes—Each Remedy Specific for Certain Diseases—A Remarkable Cure of Bright's Disease.

In this practical age a physician's ability is measured by the actual cures he makes. Judged by this high standard, Dr. Chase stands pre-eminent as a giant among physicians. Take kidney and liver derangements, for example, Dr. Chase, by means of his Kidney-Liver Pills, has brought about some of the most surprising cures ever effected. This is due to the direct and specific action of this great treatment on the liver and kidneys. Here is the experience of a highly respected resident of Concession, Ont.—Mr. James Bellhouse, Concession, Prince Edward County, Ont., writes:—"For several years I suffered great torture of mind and body from Bright's disease of the kidneys. The pains were sometimes almost beyond endurance and extended from my head and between the shoulders down the whole spinal column and seemed to concentrate across my kidneys. My back was never entirely free from pain. When I got up in the morning I could not straighten myself at all, but would get bent nearly double most all day. My water was scanty and at other times profuse, and it gave me great pain to urinate. I could do no work, and though I tried many kinds of kidney pills could get no relief. As a last resort I was induced by a friend to give Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a trial. I felt a great change after the first dose. I used in all about five boxes, and they have entirely cured me. I have no pains now and can do as good a day's work as I ever could. It is a pleasure for me to recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, as they have done so much for me." Mr. J. W. W. Concession, certifies that he has known Mr. Bellhouse for years as a truthful man and respected citizen, and vouches for the truth of the above statement. You cannot possibly obtain a more beneficial treatment for the kidneys and liver than Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. It has stood the test of time and has proven beyond dispute its right to the title of "the world's greatest kidney medicine." One pill dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.