

In The Fog

BY
Richard Harding Davis.

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closed it. Then he rapped twice on the door of what was apparently the drawing-room. There was no reply to his knock, and he tapped again, and then timidly, and cringing subserviently, opened the door and stepped inside. He withdrew himself at once and stared stupidly at me, shaking his head.

"She is not there," he said. He stood for a moment gazing blankly through the open door, and then hastened toward the dining-room. The solitary candle which still burned there seemed to assure him that the room also was empty. He came back and bowed me toward the drawing-room. "She is above," he said; "I will inform the Princess of the Excellency's presence."

"Before I could stop him he had turned and was running up the staircase, leaving me alone at the open door of the drawing-room. I decided that the adventure had gone quite far enough, and if I had been able to explain to the Russian that I had lost my way in the fog, and only wanted to get back into the street again, I would have left the house on the instant.

"Of course, when I first rang the bell of the house I had no other expectation than that it would be answered by a parlor-maid who would direct me on my way. I certainly could not then foresee that I would disturb a Russian princess in her boudoir, or that I might be thrown out by her athletic bodyguard. Still, I thought I ought not now to leave the house without making some apology, and, if the worst should come, I could show my card. They could hardly believe that a member of an Embassy had any designs upon the hat-rack."

"The room in which I stood was dimly lighted, but I could see that, like the hall, it was hung with heavy Persian rugs. The corners were filled with palms, and there was the unmistakable odor in the air of Russian cigarettes, and strange, dry scents that carried me back to the bazaars of Vladivostok. Near the front windows was a grand piano, and at the other end of the room a heavily carved screen of some black wood, picked out with ivory. The screen was overhung with a canopy of silken draperies, and formed a sort of alcove. In front of the alcove was spread the white skin of a polar bear, and set on that was one of those low Turkish coffee tables. It held a lighted spirit lamp and two gold coffee cups. I had heard no movement from above stairs, and it must have been fully three minutes that I stood waving, noting these details of the room and wondering at the delay, and at the strange silence.

"And then, suddenly, as my eye grew more used to the half-light, I saw, projecting from behind the screen as though it were stretched along the back of a divan, the hand of a man and the lower part of his arm. I was as startled as though I had come across a footprint on a deserted island. Evidently the man had been sitting there since I had come into the room, even since I had entered the house, and he had heard the servant knocking upon the door. Why he had not declared himself I could not understand, but I supposed that possibly he was a guest, with no reason to interest himself in the Princess's other visitors, or perhaps, for some reason, he did not wish to be observed. I could see nothing of him except his hand, but I had an unpleasant feeling that he had been peering at me through the carving in the screen, and that he still was doing so. I moved my feet noisily on the floor and said tentatively, 'I beg your pardon.'

"There was no reply, and the hand did not stir. Apparently the man was bent upon ignoring me, but as all I wished was to apologize for my intrusion and to leave the house, I walked up to the alcove and peered around it. Inside the screen was a divan piled with cushions, and on the end of it nearer me the man was sitting. He was a young Englishman with light yellow hair and a deeply bronzed face. He was seated with his arms stretched out along the back of the divan, and with his head resting against a cushion. His attitude was one of complete ease. But his mouth had fallen open, and his eyes were set with an expression of utter horror. At the first glance I saw that he was quite dead.

"For a flash of time I was too startled to act, but in the same flash I was convinced that the man had met his death from no accident, that he had not died through any ordinary failure of the laws of nature. The expression on his face was much too terrible to be misinterpreted. It spoke as eloquently as words. It told me that before the end had come he had watched his death approach and threaten him.

"I was so sure he had been murdered that I instinctively looked on the floor for the weapon, and, at the same moment, out of concern for my own safety, quickly behind me, but the silence of the house continued unbroken.

"I have seen a great number of dead men; I was on the Asiatic Station during the Japanese-Chinese war. I was in Port Arthur after the massacre. So a dead man, for the single reason that he is dead, does not repel me, and, though I knew that there was no hope that this man was alive, still for decency's sake, I felt his pulse, and while I kept my ears alert for any sound from the floors above me, I pulled open his shirt and placed my hand upon his heart. My fingers instantly touched upon the opening of a wound, and as I withdrew them I found them wet with blood. He was in evening dress, and in the wide bosom of his shirt I found a narrow slit, so narrow that in the dim light it was scarcely discernible. The wound was no wider than the smallest blade of a pocket-knife, but when I stripped the shirt away from the chest and left it bare I found that the weapon, narrow as it was, had been long enough to reach his heart. There is no need to tell you how I felt as I stood by the body of this boy, for he was hardly older than a boy, or of the thoughts that came into my head. I was bitterly sorry for this stranger, bitterly indignant at his murderer, and, at the same time, selfishly concerned for my own safety and for the notoriety which I saw was sure to follow. My instinct was to leave the body where it lay, and to hide myself in the fog, but I

also felt that since a succession of accidents had made me the only witness to a crime, my duty was to make myself a good witness and to assist to establish the facts of this murder.

"That it might possibly be a suicide, and not a murder, did not disturb me for a moment. The fact that the weapon had disappeared, and the expression on the boy's face were enough to convince, at least me, that he had had no hand in his own death. I judged it, therefore, of the first importance to discover who was in the house, or, if they had escaped from it, who had been in the house before I entered it. I had seen one man leave it; but all I could tell of him was that he was a young man, that he was in evening dress, and that he had fled in such haste that he had not stopped to close the door behind him.

"The Russian servant I had found apparently asleep, and, unless he acted a part with supreme skill, he was a stupid and ignorant boor, and as innocent of the murder as myself. There was still the Russian



"I DROPPED ON MY KNEES BESIDE HER AND PLACED MY HAND ABOVE HER HEART."

princess whom he had expected to find, or had pretended to expect to find, in the same room with the murdered man. I judged that she must now be either upstairs with the servant, or that she had, without his knowledge, already fled from the house. When I recalled his apparently genuine surprise at not finding her in the drawing-room, this latter supposition seemed the more probable. Nevertheless, I decided that it was my duty to make a search, and after a second hurried look for the weapon among the cushions of the divan, and upon the floor, I cautiously crossed the hall and entered the dining-room.

(Continued in next issue.)

A WOMAN OF QUICK WIT.

Few lives so lend themselves to dramatic narration as Susan B. Anthony's, says the Delineator. It ranged from tragedy to comedy, with scattered bits of melodrama, she ever in the center of the stage. With her everything was always intensely realistic—not acting.

Miss Anthony had a peculiar facility of condensing a whole speech into a single sentence. For instance, when she heard men lamenting that the profession of teacher was not respected as much as the other professions, "Do you not see that so long as society says woman has not brains enough to be a doctor, lawyer, or minister, but has plenty to be a teacher, every man of you who condescends to teach tacitly admits before all Israel and the sun that he has no more brains than a woman?" And when Horace Greeley said to her at Albany, "You know the ballot and bullet go together—if you vote, are you ready to fight?" instantly she retorted, "Yes, Mr. Greeley, just as you fought in the late war—at the point of a rose quill!" Again, when she was talking on divorce and the Rev. A. D. Mayo thinking to annihilate her, said, "You are not married; you have no business to be discussing marriage." "Well, Mr. Mayo," she answered, "you are not a slave; suppose you quit lecturing on slavery!"

Every time you surrender to doubt, anger, fear, jealousy, envy, or whatever you know to be wrong, you simply augment the fault you despise. You are adding more fuel to the flame, instead of putting it out. If you keep the fuel away from the fire, it will go out, because there will be nothing on which it can feed.

Black Watch

"Biggest and Best"
Pug
Chewing Tobacco

THE CIGARETTE'S BANEFUL EFFECT.

"Yesterday I had before me thirty-five boy prisoners. Thirty-three of them were confirmed cigarette smokers. I have made the gruesome discovery that two of the largest cigarette manufacturers soak their product in a weak solution of opium. The fact that out of thirty-five prisoners thirty-three smoked sugar cigarettes might seem to indicate a direct connection between cigarettes and crime. And when it is announced on good authority that most criminals are doped with opium, the connection is not hard to understand. Opium is like whiskey—it creates an insatiable appetite that craves with what it feeds upon.

A growing boy who lets tobacco and opium get hold upon his senses is never long in coming under the domination of whiskey, too. Tobacco is the boy's easiest, and the most direct road to whiskey. When opium is added, the young man's chance of resisting the combined forces of escaping physical, mental and moral harm is slim indeed."

The above is a statement made by a New York magistrate quoted by Orison Sweet Marden in the Success Magazine. Magistrate Crane, of New York city, says:—"Ninety-nine out of a hundred boys between the ages of ten and seventeen years who come before me charged with crime have their fingers disfigured with yellow cigarette stains. * * * I am not a crank on this subject; I do not care to pose as a reformer, but it is my opinion that cigarettes will do more than honor to ruin boys. When you have arranged before you boys honestly dealt through the excessive use of cigarettes, boys who have stolen their sister's earnings, boys who absolutely refuse to work, who do nothing but gamble and steal, you cannot help seeing that there is some direct cause, and a great deal of this boyhood crime is, in my mind, easy to trace to the deadly cigarette. There is something in the poison of the cigarette, that seems to get into the system of the boys and to destroy all moral fibre."

A glass of iced "Salada" Tea will be found most refreshing this warm weather. As cooling as a summer breeze.

Graver Cleveland Is No More

Princeton, N. J., June 24.—Graver Cleveland, twice president of the United States, died at 8.40 o'clock this morning at his home, "Westland," in this college town where he lived since his retirement as the nation's chief executive, almost twelve years ago. When the end came which was sudden, there was in the deathbed chamber on the second floor of the Cleveland residence, Mrs. Cleveland, Dr. Joseph D. Bryant, of New York, Mr. Cleveland's family physician, and Dr. George Lockwood, also of New York, and Dr. John M. Carver, of Princeton. An official statement given out after noon, signed by the three physicians, gave heart trouble, superinduced by stomach and kidney ailments of long standing as the cause of death. While Mr. Cleveland had been in poor health for the past two years, and had lost a hundred pounds in weight, his death came unexpected.

THEY SHOULD BE DISCOURAGED.

The country seems to be inundated at present, with travelling beggars. Some with briefs, some with cards and various other things, and all wanting largess. We do not believe in encouraging these travelling mendicants. They are trouble every one on the face of it. If anyone is needy and deserving in this country, he can receive all the help in his own neighborhood, and among those who know that he is worthy of it. The fact that these fellows find that a wandering and vagabond life suits their peculiar style of beauty, the best and so they make a business of it, and proceed to gull the public. And beside a great many, in fact nearly all of them, are vicious, and reckless, and crime stalks in their wake ready for any opportunity. They should be discouraged, and the best way to discourage them, is to withhold from giving to them or have them arrested, and sent back to their place of beginning, as it says in the language of Deeds. Instead of a hand out, give them a hand in—Advance.

Didn't Agree with Me

Mr. Arthur Tension, 88 London Street, Toronto, writes enthusiastically of the merit of Psychine for all stomach troubles. "For seven years I have had indigestion and dyspepsia. I tried scores of remedies. My room resembled a drug store with nostrums which I had bought. Eventually I used Psychine, and every dose brought permanent relief. All throat, lung and stomach troubles quickly cured by Psychine. It is the prescription of a great specialist. At all druggists, 50c and \$1.00, or Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Toronto."

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