

Woman Against Woman or A Terrible Accusation.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Cont'd.)

"Not reason enough to overcome the fear of God in her heart," he answered. "You will find her! There is grief in my heart only for her suffering—not for her death. Temporary aberration of the mind has taken her away, but she is not dead! You will find Ailsa with her father!"

There was such firmness and decision in his manner that it carried conviction even to the doctor. He paused a moment, then exclaimed: "Leslie!"

Dunraven went forward, his own eyes lowered before the blind and bandaged ones.

"Yes," he returned, hoarsely. "Promise me that you will find her! I promise you that I will find her and that I will bring her back. Oh, Lloyd, if you knew what I am suffering for my sin against her—your sister—"

"Don't, old fellow! I know you to have been the simplest-hearted, the most unselfish man on earth! Whatever occurs, whatever has occurred, I have no word of blame for you, but only the warmest friendship—the most pure brotherly love!"

He was wringing Dunraven's hand, and Doctor Paxton turned aside, tears dimming his own eyes. His back was toward the door, but in the mirror facing him he saw Muriel's face reflected.

She was smiling, but the expression upon her countenance was that of a demon. Doctor Paxton started, barely repressing a cry that would have betrayed what he had seen.

He watched her, fascinated. She looked at them contemptuously until their hands had fallen apart, bowed and broken, from the bed; then she lifted her handkerchief to her eyes, and a gentle sob issued from it.

The doctor turned and looked at her, but in the shaking figure there was nothing to indicate that she was not torn with grief. He watched Dunraven go up to her and lay his arm about her shoulders—heard him murmur softly:

"My poor Muriel, what sorrow have I not brought into your life?"

She looked up at him for just a moment, but it was enough. Doctor Paxton was satisfied.

"Good Heavens!" he muttered. "Who would ever have believed it possible?"

"Come, Leslie!" he exclaimed aloud. "We have no time to consider ourselves now. Sorrow is a luxury we can't afford. Come!"

There were some miseries too deep for tears, and with dry eyes Dunraven turned toward him.

There was a pain at his heart—an excruciating, gnawing pain that even he could scarcely understand—but he did not hesitate. He followed Doctor Paxton in silence from the room.

The doctor did not speak as they passed downstairs, but Dunraven was too preoccupied to notice the silence.

At the foot of the stairs they found the coachman who had driven Ailsa that morning, and easily discovered the address to which she had been driven; but knowing they had been denied admission should they go there and seek her, they determined to be guided by the men at the Pinkerton office regarding her as well as in their other search.

With what information the man could give them, and accompanied by the fisherman, they went at once to the Pinkerton office and laid the two cases before the great detective.

"One is simple enough!" he exclaimed, when he had heard the two cases. "I will detail men upon each at once—the best men in my employ. We can easily obtain a charge which will give us a warrant to search Valworth's house. The girl has reached the age of consent, and he can not

keep her there if she does not desire to remain. The other will require more careful consideration. First of all, the river near the fisherman's nets must be dragged. I will send a man with you for the seal-skin cape at once. Is there anything by which you could especially identify it?"

And remembering the clasp of which Lloyd had spoken, the doctor answered:

"Yes; a large gold clasp of unusual workmanship—Venetian, I think—but peculiarly strong and secure."

"That is good. I will attend to everything. There is absolutely nothing that you can do in this case except to think of every point you can to assist the men whom I shall send you; but it may be as well if both of you should be with my man when he demands an entrance to Valworth's house. And now I must look up his record and see what charge will be possible against him."

"And if none should be?"

The great detective smiled. "Then we shall make one," he answered.

But he did not know the man with whom he had to deal. It was not poor, weak, drunken Valworth, but a frenzied wolf in the clothing of a sheep—Simonson, the Jew!

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Listen to me!" exclaimed Simonson, fastening his eyes upon Ailsa, and lifting his finger with a curiously compelling gesture.

In spite of the sentence, which indicated that he had something of importance to say, he did not speak, his finger lifted, his ugly, bulging eyes holding hers, a sort of fire leaping from them in dull, fitful glances, like the waking and sleeping of a serpent's eye. It made her shiver and turn faint with loathing, but there was absolutely nothing of that yielding to the influence which he had exerted.

Simonson was not slow to see it, and a crimson glow of rage surged through his swarthy skin. He hated her more than he had ever loved her. Going up quite close to her, he put out his ugly face so that it almost touched her, his hot breath scorching her cheek.

"You stand now proud and defiant," he hissed, "but you have yet to learn the power of my revenge! You pretend to love those friends whom you have just left. Well, then, my revenge shall not fall upon you alone, if you refuse what I have asked in love's humility. You wish to know what it will be? I shall not keep you in the dark. Who taught Muriel Ogden the art by which she controls all around her? I! Who holds the secrets of her heart regarding her love for Leslie Dunraven? I! Who told her the way to remove obstacles from her path; and place herself in the position she covets? I! Who planned revenge upon Leslie Dunraven for stealing you from me, and upon Lloyd Ogden for kicking me down stairs, when I found you there in their house? I! I! I! And how have I carried it all out? The house in which Dunraven had lived for years, in which his father and grandfather had lived—in which he had all the articles of inestimable value, which it had taken him years and years to collect—is burned to the ground! Not one stone rests upon another! And Lloyd Ogden is lying at the door of death, his sight destroyed forever!"

He straightened himself with a sudden snap, the gleaming of his eyes giving place to a smile that was more hateful than all his frowns could be, and looked down upon her with pride in his achievements.

"We wish you to marry us, sir, this young lady and I," announced Simonson, his hands rubbing each other with a washing motion, his guttural accent and smiling visage giving the words a peculiar sound.

But almost before they were finished, Ailsa had flung up her head.

She started slightly when she saw before her a man of great age, his white beard hanging over the front of his shirt, his long white hair reaching his shoulders, his hands thin and white as blue-lined paper. Still, it was her last hope, though a forlorn one.

"It is false, sir!" he cried desperately, rushing forward and catching his hand in hers. "I beseech you to help me! These two men—one my own father, Heaven help me!—have betrayed me into a trap. I abhor this man as if suddenly stricken dumb; I entreat of you to save me from them! Death would be a thousand times preferable to becoming that man's wife! I entreat you to save me!"

The unhappy man looked from one to the other of the two men, Dowd

"You did that?" she gasped. "It is to you that Mrs. Dunraven owes all her misery, and Mr. Ogden his sight?"

"To me!" he answered, touching his breast with one long, bony, dirty finger.

"You scoundrel!" Ailsa panted, her own eyes flashing fire. "You incalculable villain! Much as I loathed you before, it was friendship and esteem compared with the abhorrence I feel now! Since you force it from me, know that I would lie rotting in perdition before becoming the companion of such a whelp of cowardice and dastardliness as you!"

"Beware!" he cried, taking one step nearer her, his face again upon a level with her own, his fingers holding her wrist in a grasp like iron. "Beware! I give you one more trial! Refuse, and Ethel Dunraven shall die before the morning, Muriel shall take her place as Leslie Dunraven's wife, and I shall think of a more bitter revenge still upon the man who would have sacrificed his life to save yours. You know I am not a man to threaten uselessly. You know that I am able and capable of carrying out my desires. In addition to this, your father shall answer for his crime—the full penalty of the law. And you—you—you shall still be mine! If not my wife, then another position less respectable, and even less to your tastes. You are in my power as absolutely as if a cave in the woods contained us both. You think you can escape, but there is no possibility of it. You see this visit? I have but to open it, to wave it once before your nostrils, and you will lie there before me like a dead thing. Mine! Mine in body and soul! Mine, with no hand lifted to save you! Mine, without the saving clause of matrimony! Which shall it be? My wife—or my—"

He did not complete the detestable sentence, the diabolical threat, but looked at her, smiling like a demon, watching the white and crimson that flitted through her cheeks. She had seen the fatal skull and cross-bones that marked the bottle—had seen the word "poison" in huge type at the top, and the smaller, but more potent ones beneath: "Nitrate of Amyl!"

A loaded pistol held at her head would have held less terror than that, for the one would have meant death, with a merciful God to fade the pain; the other meant life, after certain unconsciousness, in the power of an insatiable beast!

Instead of the paralysis of mental force that usually results from a situation so fraught with terror, Ailsa seemed to think with the quickness of lightning. She realized at the same moment the absolute necessity for control of every feature and emotion.

She hesitated, then lifted her hand to her head with a dazed gesture. "And if I agree," she said at last, "you will promise that Ethel Dunraven shall be free of the influence that is spoiling her life? You will promise that?"

He lifted his head exultantly. "I promise," he answered readily enough.

There was disgust beyond all power to control upon her features, but he was too exultant to understand.

"Then, God help me, I yield!" She bowed her head upon her hands and Simonson sprang toward the door. He threw it open, and motioned the man outside to enter.

With a slow, quiet step the clergyman entered the room, and stood there looking from one to the other of the singular trio—Dowd Valworth, as silent as if suddenly stricken dumb; Nathan Simonson, flushed and triumphant; Ailsa, bowed and bent with anguish. But he had not long to remain in ignorance of what was desired of him.

"We wish you to marry us, sir, this young lady and I," announced Simonson, his hands rubbing each other with a washing motion, his guttural accent and smiling visage giving the words a peculiar sound.

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Valworth still silent, Simonson still smiling.

"What does this mean?" he asked, helplessly. "Does the young lady speak the truth?"

"Unhappily, she does, sir," answered Simonson, insinuatingly. "But it is in order to save her from absolute ruin that her dear father and I have thought of this at least honorable marriage. Look at her, sir! Does she look as if she belonged to such surroundings as these? Her dress is that belonging to the daughter of a millionaire! Only to-day, by a ruse, we persuaded her to come back to her dear father, whose heart is breaking over her conduct. He might hear it were she living in this gilded shame with a man who might be persuaded to make her his wife; but, sir, he has a wife already—a wife whose heart is breaking because of his neglect."

Simonson had never even glanced toward Ailsa while telling his foul lie; but even had he done so he would have proceeded without a quiver in his treacherous voice.

She was looking at him in dismay, stunned by his cold audacity, quivering in every nerve with indignation, yet powerless to repudiate the loathsome charges he was bringing against her.

The clergyman looked at her reproachfully, her gown lending truth to the statement that had been made.

"My child," he said, slowly, "I regret more than I can say to hear this. There is nothing that I can do in the case. I can not marry you to this just and open it, to wave it once before your nostrils, and you will lie there before me like a dead thing. Mine! Mine in body and soul! Mine, with no hand lifted to save you! Mine, without the saving clause of matrimony! Which shall it be? My wife—or my—"

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these have lain idle."

Not to say that German vessels have been captured and sunk, and others are eating their heads off in neutral or German ports. The real loss is appalling. Doctor Stein thinks that it will all come back, and that it will be made up by compensation and indemnities. The prospect for indemnities for anybody, in any event, grows more improbable with every day of war.

But Dr. Stein assumes a sweeping victory for Germany, including the destruction of the allied fleet, which is the only thing that could restore the German merchant marine. It is a task that would take years to accomplish, and would leave a world so exhausted that compensation would be hopelessly out of the question, while the vessels laid up would be largely worthless. But the Herr Doctor's optimism is incurable.

"The loss and destroyed ships must be replaced as soon as possible. Our shipbuilders will have enough employment for all their hands, for we shall be very unwilling to allow any of our ships to be built at English yards. There is every prospect that after the war there will be more ships sailing under the German flag than ever before. It may certainly be expected that the community of interest agreement entered into between the Norddeutscher Lloyd and the Hamburg-American Line will become closer than ever after the war. That the pool will again be brought to life is hardly probable."

He does not realize that those favorable trade treaties extorted by Germany have been abrogated, that she has incurred the enmity of the whole world. This is bound to make itself felt in just such discrimination as Germany exercises against her own competitors in her colonial ports, in spite of the freedom and equal treatment she was allowed in every port of the British Empire.

And he forgets that the concession of favorable rates on the German railways came out of the German taxpayers' pocket. With the terrific burden of the war cost, how can anything more be laid upon the shoulders of the German taxpayer without driving him to abandon the country in despair, even as the Eastern Roman Empire depopulated itself in similar circumstances?

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hand grasping the ancient umbrella which has never been opened, to any one's knowledge, being a subterfuge for a crutch, her companion for many years, and in the other the ebony cane which is frankly an aid to infirmity, she made her way among the soldiers extending her hand in greeting and receiving their congratulations with bowed head.

Thus she has held her last court.

The tragic-eyed nonagenarian dressed in mourning, whose face is furrowed with care and figure bent with sorrow as well as age, bears to-day little trace of the radiant beauty which enraptured the world when she was crowned as the consort of Napoleon III. And the sick soldier boys in their rough khaki uniforms, who smiled gratefully upon her as their benefactor, bore small resemblance to the courtiers who used to crowd her salons at the Palace of the Tuileries.

With a fortune of \$15,000,000, the bulk of it to be dedicated after her death to the restoration of the Bonapartist regime in France, and a voluminous biography compiled by a staff of genealogical experts and secretaries to be published three years after she is gone, Eugenie has arranged her own niche in history. The mausoleum in the Benedictine Abbey at Farnsworth, which she built as the last resting place of her husband and son, has long since had an addition constructed after her plans for her own coffin.

Eugenie was trained for a brilliant marriage by her mother, a young widow in Paris in 1834.

Napoleon III. fell in love with her at a hunting-party. He married her and Eugenie became the acknowledged empress of fashion; she decided the styles of two continents; \$20,000 was expended every month upon her own wardrobe and her dresses sparkled with diamonds or shimmered with lace worth \$1,000 a yard. Her collection of fans, furs, laces, and jewels was the most magnificent of any sovereign. She was brilliantly accomplished. Her features were as delicately chiselled as a Greek medallion, her complexion exquisitely fair, and her abundant hair was of the richest auburn.

In 1869 she was the cynosure of all eyes and the most feted person among the numerous royal visitors gathered at Cairo for the opening of the Suez Canal. In 1870, when Germany utterly defeated France, she was glad to steal out of Paris in the carriage of the American dentist, Dr. Evans, and arriving in London, to lose herself in the crowd. Napoleon III. died in England three years after Sedan.

The Rule Applied.

A school teacher of more than generous proportions was giving her class of boys a certain informal rule of measurement. She began: "Twice around my thumb, once around my wrist; twice around my wrist, once around my neck; twice around my neck, once around my waist—"

"And twice around yer waist, once around de city hall," added a rude youngster.

Nothing Lost.

Hobson—"My wife never wastes anything."

Dobson—"No."

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VIEWS OF A SCIENTIST.

The Longer the War the Better for Great Britain.

The London Daily Chronicle prints an interview with Sir William Crooks, by Harold Begbie, wherein the eminent scientist gave his views on the war. He said—

"I think we started badly; we were certainly not as well prepared as Germany. I do not know that anybody can rightly be blamed for that state of things. We have done very well, considering, and I am inclined to say that as regards that part of the work in which I have been able to render the authorities some help, the country will very soon be on an equality with our foes. There is no need for any anxiety, certainly no need for panic.

"It looks as if it will be a long war, but the longer it lasts the stronger will be the power of the Allies. We must simply get ourselves to wear out the Germans. To do that we have only to press steadily and quietly forward on our road. We have not to take cities and execute wonderful marches. All we have to do is to go on with our absolute and unquestionable duty of thinning the enemy. We must stay longer; we must sap him; we must weaken him at every point; we must destroy him by inches. After that we can enter his country and do what we like with it.

"A great thing for men to convince themselves of is that this war will be won not by fury of attack and not by gallantry, but simply by hanging on. He who hangs on longest will win, and a man need not think very profoundly to assure himself that whereas we can hang on almost indefinitely the German cannot. Every day might be called a victory for the Allies. Time fights for us."

Asked his opinion on the employment of asphyxiating gas Sir William said—"On the whole I am against its use by the Allies. The Germans have gone to the devil to help them. I don't like to think that we, with our just cause, should go to the same source for assistance, but I can see the justice of argument in favor of employing gas. We in Britain, I believe, have now made our preparations in this respect, and it rests with the authorities to decide whether our troops should be supplied with such a weapon. If it is possible I should like to win with clean hands.

"We must destroy the Germans. There can be no other end for civilized mankind. I take it the German Empire will fall into its original parts. It will be left with no power of attack; it will never again be an organized machine for world mastery."

BRITAIN'S RESOURCES.

As War Progresses Her Strength Increases by Leaps and Bounds.

The resources of the different nations engaged in this great war are of much interest, says the Stirling (Scotland) Sentinel. When the war broke out last August the apparently overwhelming strength of the German army seemed to leave little chance for the "contemptible little British army," as the Kaiser described it, but behold now when the conflict has raged nearly eleven months the British army has increased by at least two millions, composed of men who have voluntarily enlisted to fight their country's battles—men drawn from every station in life, and many who have travelled thousands of miles in response to the call of King and country. Undoubtedly this has been an unwelcome surprise to the Hun. They judged from too narrow a view of the unity and love of the home Briton and the Colonial for the Union Jack, a flag, which they know stands for true freedom. The British Government are now reaping an abundant harvest of patriotism, the result of their wise and beneficent rule. German Kultur can only offer Militarism to its citizens, a system which crushes the individual and sorely lacks the elasticity which commercial life requires, and affords abundant proof that Germany's Colonial policy, limited as it was (for her Colonies are now things of the past) gave no prospect of the prosperity which attends British methods. The population of the British Empire is 435 millions, all of which are eager to support the flag. The population of the German Empire is 65 millions, which should prove to the most pessimistic among us that the struggle can only end in victory for the British. If this country had prepared for war for even a fourth of the time Germany has been preparing, her military like her naval position would have been overwhelming, but the ways of the British people are totally different from those of the German. Perfect freedom for all classes and communities characterizes the British policy, and this beneficent policy accounts for that great wonder to Continental Europe, that as the war progresses her strength increases by leaps and bounds.

German Outlook Dark.

Great Britain has enormous investments abroad—estimated at \$20,000,000,000—which provide her with a handsome revenue, says Henry Clews, of New York. To this must be added the profits upon her foreign commerce, the largest in the world; upon her shipping, representing nearly one-half the world's tonnage; and upon her domestic industries, all of which are highly developed. If it be true, as Lloyd George predicted, that success in this war would ultimately depend upon financial resources, the outlook for Germany is anything but encouraging.

Ye Old Sugar Loaf
of 1854



60 years ago Grandfather got an individual sugar package—"Ye Olde Sugar Loaf" made by John Redpath, in what was then Canada's only Sugar Refinery.

Now, at less than half the price, his granddaughter gets a much improved article, also "individual"—

The Redpath Company of Today</