

# A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

"He is mad," she said. "There is no possible doubt about that; you couldn't live with him a day and doubt it."  
"Hereditary, no doubt," Mr. Sabin suggested quietly.  
Elinore shrugged her shoulders and looked back at her.  
"Anyhow," she said, "I've had enough of them all. It has been very strenuous work, and I am sick of it. Give me some money. I want a spree. I am going to have a month's holiday."  
Mr. Sabin sat down at his desk and drew out a cheque-book.

"There will be no difficulty about the money," he said, "but I cannot spare you for a month. Long before that I must have the rest of this madman's figures."  
The girl's face darkened.

"Have you told me," she said, "that there is not the slightest chance of their taking me back? You might as well believe me. They wouldn't have me, and I wouldn't go."  
"I do not expect anything of the sort," Mr. Sabin said. "There are other directions, though, in which I shall require your aid. I shall have to go to Deringham myself, and as I know nothing whatever about the place you will be useful to me there. I believe that your home is somewhere near there."

"Well?"  
"There is no reason, I suppose," Mr. Sabin continued, "why a portion of the vacation you were speaking of should not be spent there?"  
"None," the girl replied, "except that it would be deadly dull, and no holiday at all. I should wait paying for it."

Mr. Sabin looked down at the cheque-book which lay open before him.  
"I was intending," he said, "to offer you a cheque for fifty pounds. I will make it one hundred, and you will join your family circle, at Fakenham, I believe, in one week from to-day."

The girl made a wry face.  
"The money's all right," she said, "but you ought to see my family circle! They are all cracked on farming, from the poor old dad, who loses all his spare cash at it, down to little Letty, my youngest sister, who can tell you everything about the last turnip crop. Do I have to see them? You will find it so amusing!"

"I shall be charmed," Mr. Sabin said, "as he commenced filling in the body of the cheque. 'Are all your sisters, may I ask, as delightful as you?' She looked at him defiantly.

"Look here," she said, "none of that! Of course you wouldn't come, but in any case I won't have you. The girls are well, not like me, I'm glad to say. I won't have the responsibility of introducing a Mephistocles into the domestic circle."

"I can assure you," Mr. Sabin said, "that I had not the faintest idea of coming. My visit to Norfolk will be anything but a pleasure trip, and I shall have no time to spare. I believe I have your address: Westcott Farm, Fakenham, is it not? Now do what you like in the meantime, but a week from to-day there will be a letter from me there. Here's the cheque."

The girl rose and shook out her skirts.  
"Aren't you going to take me anywhere?" she asked. "You might as well have supper with you to-night."  
Mr. Sabin shook his head gently.

"I am sorry," he said, "but I have a young lady living with me."  
"Oh!"  
"She is my niece, and it takes more than my spare time to entertain her," he continued, "without noticing the interjection. You have plenty of friends. Go and look them up and enjoy yourself for a week. I have no heart to go pleasure-making until my work is finished."

She drew on her gloves and walked to the door. Mr. Sabin came with her and opened it.  
"I wish," she said, "that I could understand what in the world you are

trying to evolve from those rubbishy papers."  
He laughed.  
"Some day," he said, "I will tell you. At present you would not understand. Be patient a little longer."  
"It has been long enough," she exclaimed, "I have had seven months of it."  
"And I," he answered, "seven years. Take care of yourself, and remember, I shall want you in a week."

CHAPTER XI.  
The Fruit That is of Gold.

At precisely the hour agreed upon, Harcatt and Denham met in one of the ante-rooms leading into the "Milan" restaurant. They surrendered their coats and hats to an attendant, and strolled about waiting for Wolfenden. A quarter of an hour passed. The stream of people from the theatres began to grow thinner. Still, Wolfenden did not come. Harcatt took out his watch.

"I propose that we do not wait any longer for Wolfenden," he said. "I saw him this afternoon, and he answered me very oddly when I reminded him about to-night. There is such a crowd here, too, that they will not keep our table much longer."  
"Let us go in, by all means," Denham agreed. "Wolfenden will easily find us if he wants to."

Harcatt returned his watch to his pocket slowly, and without removing his eyes from Denham's face.  
"You're not looking very fit, old chap," he remarked, "is anything wrong?"  
Denham shook his head and turned away.

"I am a little tired," he said. "We've been keeping late hours the last two nights. There's nothing the matter with me, though. Come, let us go in."  
Harcatt linked his arm in Denham's. The two men stood in the doorway.

"I have not asked you yet," Harcatt said, in a low tone. "What fortune?"  
Denham laughed a little bitterly.  
"I will tell you all that I know presently," he said.

"You have found out something, then?"  
"I have found out," Denham answered, "all that I care to know. I have found out so much that I am leaving England within a week!"  
Harcatt looked at him curiously.

"Poor old chap," he said softly. "I had no idea that you were so hard hit as all that, you know."  
They passed through the crowded room to their table. Suddenly Harcatt stopped short and laid his hand upon Denham's arm.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "Look at that! No wonder we had to wait for Wolfenden!"  
Mr. Sabin and his niece were occupying the same table as on the previous night, only this time they were not alone. Wolfenden was sitting there between the two. At the moment of their entrance he and the girl were laughing together. Mr. Sabin, with the air of one wholly detached from his companions, was calmly proceeding with his supper.

"I understand now," Harcatt whispered, "what Wolfenden meant this afternoon. When I reminded him about to-night, he laughed and said, 'Well, I shall see you at any rate.' I thought it was odd at the time. I wonder how he managed it?"  
Denham made no reply. The two men took their seats in silence. Wolfenden was sitting with his back half-turned to them, and he had not noticed their entrance. In a moment or two, however, he looked round, and, seeing them, leaned over towards the girl and apparently asked her something. She smiled, and he immediately left his seat and joined them.

There was a little hesitation, almost awkwardness in their greetings. No one knew exactly what to say.

## 'T WAS DR. CHASE WHO SAVED OUR BABY.

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It is the mothers who especially appreciate the unusual virtues of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. They keep it in the house as the most prompt and certain cure obtainable for croup, bronchitis and severe coughs and colds to which children are subject. It has never failed them. Scores of thousands of mothers say—"Twas Dr. Chase who saved our baby."

Mrs. F. W. Bond, 20 Macdonald street, Barrie, Ont., says—"Having tried your medicine, my faith is very high in its powers of curing cough and croup. My little girl has been subject to the croup for a long time, and I found nothing to cure it until I gave it Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. I cannot speak too highly of it."

Mr. W. A. Wylie, 557 Seaton street, Toronto, states—"My little grandchild had suffered with a nasty, hacking cough for about eight weeks, when we procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. After the first dose she called it 'honey' and was eager for medicine time to come around. I can

simply state that part of one bottle cured her, and she is now well and as bright as a cricket."

Mrs. F. Dwyer, of Chesterville, says—"My little girl of three years had an attack of bronchial pneumonia. My husband and I thought she was going to leave the world as her case resisted the doctor's treatment. I bought a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine from our popular druggist, W. G. Bolster. After the first two or three doses the child began to get better, and we are thankful to say is all right to-day after seven weeks' sickness."

Mr. E. Hill, Fireman, Berkeley Street, Toronto, says—"I desire to say in favor of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine that one of my children was promptly relieved of whooping cough, and as long as obtainable will not be without it in the house, nor use any other medicine."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is sold everywhere and is used in more homes than any other treatment for diseases of the throat and lungs. 25 cents a bottle. Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

"You fellows are rather late, aren't you?" Wolfenden remarked.  
"We were here punctually enough," Harcatt replied; "but we have been waiting for you nearly a quarter of an hour."  
"I am sorry," Wolfenden said. "The fact is I ought to have left word when I came in, but I quite forgot it. I took it for granted that you would look into the room when you found that I was behind time."  
"Well, it isn't of much consequence," Harcatt declared; "we are here now, at any rate, although it seems that after all we are not to have supper together."  
Wolfenden glanced rapidly over his shoulder.

"You understand the position, of course," he said. "I need not ask you to excuse me."  
Harcatt nodded.

"Oh, well, excuse you, by all means, but on one condition—we want to know all about it. Where can we see you afterwards?"  
"At my rooms," Wolfenden said, turning away and resuming his seat at the other table.

Denham had made no attempt whatever to join in the conversation. Once his eyes had met Wolfenden's, and it seemed to him that there was a certain expression there which needed some explanation. It was not anger—it certainly was not envy. Wolfenden was puzzled—he was even disturbed. Had Denham discovered anything further than he himself knew about this man and the girl? What did he mean by looking as though the key to this mysterious situation was in his hands, and as though he had nothing but pity for the only one of the trio who had met with any success? Wolfenden resumed his seat with an uncomfortable conviction that Denham knew more than he did about these people whose guest he had become, and that the knowledge had damped all his ardour. There was a cloud upon his face for a moment. The exuberance of his happiness received a sudden check when the girl spoke to him, and the memory of Denham's unspoken warning passed away. He looked at her long and searchingly. Her face was as innocent and proud as the face of a child. She was unconscious even of his close scrutiny. The man might be anything; it might even be that every word that Felix had spoken was true. But of the girl he would believe no evil, he would not doubt her even for a moment.

"Your friend," remarked Mr. Sabin, helping himself to an oxtail, "is a journalist, is he not? His face seems familiar to me, although I have forgotten his name, if ever I knew it."

"He is a journalist," Wolfenden answered. "Not one of the rank and file—but rather a dilettante, but still a hard worker. He is devoted to his profession, though, and his name is Harcatt."  
"Harcatt?" Mr. Sabin repeated, although he did not appear to recollect the name. "He is a political journalist, is he not?"

"Not that I am aware of," Wolfenden answered. "He is generally considered to be the great scribe of society. I believe that he is interested in foreign politics, though."

"Ah."  
Mr. Sabin's interjection was significant, and Wolfenden looked quickly, but fruitlessly, at the man's face as he spoke.

"The other fellow," Denham said, turning to the girl, "is Denham, the painter. His picture in this year's Academy was a good deal talked about, and he does some excellent portraits."

She threw a glance at him over her gleaming white shoulder.  
"He looks like an artist," she said. "I liked his picture—a French landscape with a river, and his portrait of the Countess of Davenport was magnificent."

"If you would care to know him," Wolfenden said, "I should be very happy to present him to you."  
Mr. Sabin looked up, and shook his head quickly, but firmly.

"You must excuse us," he said. "My niece and I are not in England for very long, and we have reasons for avoiding new acquaintances as much as possible."  
A shade passed across the girl's face. Wolfenden would have given much to know into what worlds those clear, soft eyes, suddenly set in a far-away gaze, were wandering—what those regrets were which had floated up so suddenly before her. Was she, too, as impenetrable as the man, or would he some day share with her what there was of sorrow or of mystery in her young life? His heart beat with an uncustomed quickness at the thought. Mr. Sabin's last remark, the uncertainty of his own position with regard to these people, filled him with sudden fear; it might be that, he, too, was to be included in the sentence which had just been pronounced. He looked up from the table to find Mr. Sabin's cold, steely eyes fixed upon him, and acting upon a sudden impulse, he spoke what was nearest to his heart.

"I hope," he said, "that the few acquaintances whom fate does bring you are not to suffer for the same reason."

Mr. Sabin smiled and poured himself out a glass of wine.  
"You are very good," he said. "I presume that you refer to yourself. We shall always be glad that we met you, shall we not, Helene? But I doubt very much if, after to-night, we shall meet again in England at all."

To Wolfenden the light seemed suddenly to have gone out, and the soft, low music seemed to have become a wall of rage. He retained some command of his features only by a tremendous effort. Even then he felt that he had become pale, and that his voice betrayed something of the emotion that he felt.

"You are going away," he said, slowly—"abroad."

"Very soon, indeed," Mr. Sabin answered. "At any rate, we leave London during the week. You must not look upon us, Lord Wolfenden, as ordinary pleasure-seekers. We are wanderers upon the face of the earth, not so much by choice as by destiny. I want you to try one of those cigarettes. They were given to me by the

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Khedive, and I think you will admit that he knows more about tobacco than he does about governing." The girl had been gazing steadfastly at the grapes that lay unattended upon her plate, and Wolfenden glanced towards her lips as her eyes met his. How pale she was, and how suddenly serious!

"Do not take my uncle too literally," Lord Wolfenden, she said softly. "I hope that we shall meet again some time, if not often. I should be very sorry not to think so. We owe you so much."

There was an added warmth in those last few words, a subtle light in her eyes. Was she indeed a past mistress in all the arts of coquetry, or was there not some message for him in that lowered tone and softened glance? He sat spellbound for a moment. Her bosom was certainly rising and falling more quickly. The pearls at her throat quivered. Then Mr. Sabin's voice, cold and displeased, dissolved the situation.

"I think, Helene, if you are ready, we had better go," he said. "It is nearly half-past twelve, and we shall escape the crush if we leave at once."

She stood up silently, and Wolfenden, with slow fingers, raised his cloak from the back of the chair and covered her shoulders. She thanked him softly, and, turning away, walked down the room, followed by the two men. In the ante-room Mr. Sabin stopped.

"My watch," he remarked, "was fast. You will have time after all for a cigarette with your friends. Good night."

Wolfenden had no alternative but to accept his dismissal. A little white hand, flashing with jewels, but shapely and delicate, stole out from the dark. She looked at him with a faint smile fur her cheek, and he held it within his for a second.

"I hope," he said, "that at an rate you will allow me to call and say good-bye before you leave England?"  
Upon her lips. Yet her eyes were very sad.

"You have heard what my inextinguishable guardian has said, Lord Wolfenden," she answered quietly. "I am afraid he is right. We are wanderers, he and I, with no settled home."

"I shall venture to hope," he said boldly, "that some day you will make one in England."

A tinge of color flashed into her cheeks. Her eyes danced with amusement at his audacity—then they suddenly dropped, and she caught up the folds of her gown.

"Ah, well," she said, demurely, "that would be too great a happiness. Farewell! One never knows."

She yielded at last to Mr. Sabin's cold impetuosity, and, turning away, followed him down the staircase. Wolfenden remained at the top until she had passed out of sight; he lingered even for a moment or two afterwards, inhaling the faint, subtle perfume shaken from her gown—a perfume which reminded him of an orchard of pink and white apple blossoms in Normandy. Then he turned back, and finding Harcatt and Denham lingering over their coffee, sat down beside them.

(To be continued.)

### Grand Trunk Engines.

Advices have been received at the head office of the Grand Trunk Railway Company that the twelve simple mogul freight locomotives now building at the Brooks & Dixon Companies' shops in the United States will be ready for delivery in about three weeks. The engines are of the "900 class," similar to the moguls built at the company's Point St. Charles shops. They were designed by Mr. Frank W. Morse, superintendent of motive power, the dimensions being as follows—

Cylinders, 20 by 20 inches; total weight of locomotive, loaded, 161,376 pounds; total weight of tender, loaded, 112,000 pounds; with driving wheels sixty-two inches in diameter outside of tire; water capacity of tank 4,500 U. S. gallons; coal capacity of tender, 20,000 pounds; working steam pressure, 200 pounds. The boilers each contain 23 tubes, two inches in diameter and eleven feet eleven inches in length. The engines are equipped with Westinghouse-American brakes and train signals.

The twelve engines mentioned in the foregoing, together with the twenty-four of the same series now being completed at Point St. Charles, will be put into service on the western and middle divisions of the system, where, by the improvements made on the roadbed, it is possible to increase the trainloads from 25 to 33 per cent.

### Crusade by Song.

The famous singer, Mme. Lily Lehmann, recently offered to sing before the girls at the Livingstone College, New Brunswick, on condition that they promised never again to adorn their hats with feathers. The girls, without exception, have sworn to discard plume for all time.—"Aftonblad," Stockholm.

### Why Limp About

With painful corns? Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor will remove them painlessly in a few days. Use the safe, sure, and painless corn cure—Putnam's Corn Extractor. At druggists.

### BILL NYE'S JOKE.

It Made a Good Deal of Trouble for Herrmann.

When Bill Nye, in collaboration with Jas. Whitcomb Riley, was touring the country as a lecturer, he stopped at a well-known Chicago hostelry one evening and was escorted to a place in the big room directly across the table from a dark man with heavy, black mustachios and a Mephistophelean gaze. Nye recognized his vis-a-vis as Herrmann, the juggler, but beyond a quizzical stare gave no sign that he knew the eminent prestidigitator. Herrmann was very well aware that the bald man opposite him was Bill Nye, but did not indicate his recognition. In spite of this Herrmann had, in fact, prepared a little surprise for the humorist, and several others seated at the table were in the secret.

Nye was about to lance a leaf from his salsad, when he espied, lying beneath it, a superb and scintillant diamond, set in a very fine gold ring. Without showing the least surprise he lifted the ring from the salad bowl, slipped it on his finger, conscious all the while that every eye was upon him, and, turning to Riley, who sat next to him, remarked, with his dry, inimitable drawl—

"Strange how careless I am getting to be in my old age, James. I am forever leaving my jewelry in unlikely places."

Herrmann was dumfounded at the sudden manner in which the trick had miscarried, but he was destined for a still greater shock, for when the dark waiter who presided over the table brought on the next course, Nye turned to him and, soberly handing him the gem set ring, said—

"You are a very good waiter, Joe."

"Yes, sah, I guess I is, sah."

"And you always will be a real good waiter, Joe?"

"Yes, sah, I'm bound to do my best, sah."

"I believe you, Joe, I believe you and as an evidence of my faith in you I want you to accept this little trifle. Wear it, and always remember the man who most appreciated your services."

The darky's eyes bulged, Herrmann's fork rattled to the floor, and he tugged at his great mustachios, but he was far too clever to cut in with an explanation at such an inopportune moment. There were half-suppressed titters all around the board during the rest of the meal, which the professor of the occult art did not appear to enjoy. At a late hour that night Herrmann was heard in loud argument, with the dusky recipient of the diamond ring, trying in two languages to convince him that it was all a joke on the part of Mr. Nye.

Finally, after disbursing a tip of more than customary liberality, Herrmann got back his ring. He afterward avowed that the stone alone was worth \$2,000, and that Bill Nye's nonchalant presentation of it to a grinning menial had spoiled a whole evening's performance in legere deman.

### Ancient Archives.

While repairing the tower of an old church at Cassonay, near Lausanne, a workman found a casket in a secret compartment which contained manuscripts dating as far back as 1435. Two of the manuscripts are written in Latin, and refer to the Burgundian wars then raging in Switzerland. The other manuscripts are written in French and bear the date of 1703. They have been forwarded to the museum at Berne to be carefully examined.

### Valuable Advice to Rheumatics.

Eat meat sparingly, also very little sugar, avoid damp feet, drink water abundantly, and always rely on Neroline as an absolute reliever of pain. Five times stronger than any other, its power over pain is simply beyond belief. Get a bottle at your druggist, test it, and see if it is not so. Medicine dealers sell it everywhere.

### Gross Darkness.

A correspondent of the Westminster Gazette tells this story of a preacher in the wilds of South Africa. The preacher, like many of his order, had a good deal of natural ability but very little education, and his congregation consisted mainly of wood splitters, fruit growers and small farmers. In illustrating his subject he said—

"My friends, you've been out on a dark night when you could hardly see your hand before you, and you've said how pitchy dark it is; well, pitchy dark it is; well, pitchy darkness is dark, and my friends, you know what a gross is; if not, I'll tell you. A gross is twelve dozen; now you will understand the darkness that covered this people, for it was 144 times pitchy dark, and that be dark."

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