

PART II.—Continued.

When he came home it was a quarter or so before midnight. He mounted the broad staircase leading to his Excellency's suite of rooms on the first floor, buried in thoughts of ten years ago. To his astonishment, hardly had he reached the top of the stairs when it seemed to him that at the further end of the passage, someone had just disappeared within the door of the room his Excellency used as study—the key of which was at that moment in his own pocket.

Filled with some vague foreboding, he crept noiselessly along the passage, and having reached the door, pushed it gently open. The room was dark, save for a tiny bull's-eye, lantern that lit up a space no larger than the hand. But what he did discern in that small space, and by that dim light, made Zaika shudder with apprehension.

Apparently sitting at his Excellency's desk was a person, whose form the young man could not distinguish, but in whose hands was the draft of the secret treaty. Zaika made a rush for the electric light button, turning it full on; the figure rose with a violent start, and faced him. It was a woman—a woman in a rich evening dress partly hidden under a dark fur cloak. A woman radiantly beautiful—she whose hand he had once touched ten years ago—in a gloomy prison chapel when he slipped a wedding ring on her finger, and the old pope had blessed them: "In the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

"Countess Wladimir Rostopchine!" he gasped, quite unable to understand what he saw.

The lady, who at first had almost fallen under the weight of an overwhelming terror, now looked at him, and as she looked an icy cold veil of perfect composure seemed gradually to overspread her features. She gathered up her cloak round her, took her gloves, fan, even the little tell-tale lantern, and walked across the room, to the door; evidently she did not intend to deign an explanation.

"Madame, you cannot go!" said Andre, Zaika, struggling with his emotion, "until—"

"Until what, Monsieur?" said the Countess, with a slightly impertinent elevation of the eyebrows.

"Until you have explained to me your presence in this room," replied the young man resolutely, and, closing the door, he put the key in his pocket.

"I have no explanation to give to you, Monsieur," said the Countess, with imperturbable sangfroid; "have the goodness to allow me to pass."

"No explanation?" said Andre, who full of excitement himself, was unable to understand the apparent equanimity of a lady found in so compromising a position. "I represent his Excellency the Transbalkanian ambassador; that bureau at which I found you sitting contained his papers, private papers—"

"What of that, Monsieur? I knew it," was the calm reply.

"And," asked Andre—"you read them?"

"I read them."

"For what purpose? Surely—"

The young man paused. In a mo-

ment the whole truth flashed across his brain. Ten years ago the Russian Government had need of a spy; it employs many; but it wanted one who would be admitted in every society, one whose name and rank would place above suspicion. He himself, condemned to death, was asked for that name and rank with which to hide this infamy, and in exchange was offered his life and freedom. He had accepted. And now he stood face to face with his wife, the Countess Wladimir Rostopchine, a spy!

A look of such unutterable scorn overspread his face that the lady winced; but still she said nothing, and stood, proud, and calm, gazing at him with a look, half of pity and half of contempt, that he had seen in her eyes once—so long ago.

"Madame," he said at last, trying in vain to imitate her sangfroid, "do you know that at this moment, I could ring the bell and expose and denounce you as a thief?"

She shrugged her shoulders, almost imperceptibly, and smiled somewhat as she said:

"I think, Monsieur, you would find it a trifle difficult to prove that the wealthy Countess Wladimir Rostopchine was in the act of stealing some 1000 gulden from a stranger's room in an hotel."

"Are you really under the impression, Madame," asked the young man, who had now quite lost what little self-control he had, "that I shall allow you to leave this room as you came, and not cry shame and scandal about you to the four corners of Europe? Do you really think that I shall not, after this, brand you as a spy, warning all against you, and rendering you powerless to injure my master and friend?"

"No, Monsieur," she said quietly: "I do not think you will do that."

"Because?" he asked defiantly.

She looked at him for two or three moments; the childlike expression on her mouth hardened; the look of pity died out of her eyes. They were enemies now.

"Because Monsieur, the dead cannot speak," she said.

"The dead?"

"We in Russia," she said, with emphasis, "have never much believed in ghosts; still children do say that the spirits of those who lie unburied sometimes come to earth—and speak. Then, Monsieur, it becomes the duty of the friends and relatives—or of the widow—to see that the dead is really buried, and the ghost is heard of no more."

The young man shuddered. It seemed to him, as if once more he heard the death sentence pronounced on him ten years ago. Once more he saw the great Moscow prison, the herds of half-starving prisoners, the chains, the gates, and the prison chapel, where the old pope blessed him. He did not speak. What answer was there to give? This woman, with the enigmatical smile and childlike mouth, had said all there was to say.

"The dead cannot speak."

Mechanically he drew the key from his pocket, and opened the door; Countess Wladimir Rostopchine—his wife or his widow—which?—walked out past him without deigning to give him another look, and she disappeared from his view along the gaily lighted

THE INFUSION OF  
**SALADA**  
CEYLON GREEN TEA  
is superior to that of the finest Japan tea grown.

corridor, while from below Racz Pali's band struck up the joyous notes of the "Blue Danube" waltz.

PART III.

A week later the negotiations for the secret treaty, that the Transbalkanian desired to sign with His Catholic and Apostolic Majesty, were quite complete. Many alterations had been made to the original draft, but now it stood in its entirety; and the Emperor's signature having been obtained, his Excellency the Ambassador would start for Yiddiz the next morning, where His Majesty the King of Transbalkania would affix to the treaty his own hand and seal.

It had been a very great blow to the Ambassador when Andre Zaika suddenly told him, that as soon as his Excellency could dispense with his services, he would like to leave, as he had the intention of going to America for an indefinite time. Zaika had been more than usually taciturn for the last day or two, and when the Ambassador pressed him with questions, as to the reason of this sudden determination, Andre was so reticent that his Excellency, discomfited and a little luffed, was forced to be content with some palpably lame excuse.

"I presume," said his Excellency, a trifle irritated, "that you will not leave me till after the secret treaty is signed on both sides."

"As long as your Excellency requires me I am at your service," said the young man; "but I am longing to leave Europe, where I have no friends save your Excellency."

"I need not remind you," replied the Ambassador, "that if you have any desire for friends or intercourse with people of birth or distinction, I will help you in any way I can, but you have always refused my offers in that quarter. But we won't refer to that now. I have important matters to discuss with you; I must have your help in a very serious difficulty in which I am placed."

Andre Zaika took the chair his Excellency pushed towards him, and listened.

"For some days now," said the Ambassador, "I have been under grave apprehension that a spy has been set upon my track."

Andre turned very pale, his hand clutched the arm of the chair, his mouth quivered, his eyes were riveted on the Ambassador's lips, as if life and death hung upon his next words.

"As you know, Russia is ever on the alert where matters which might endanger her interests are concerned; she, more than any other European country, carries on an elaborate system of espionage, which enables her to know all the sayings and doings of every personage of importance, both diplomatic and otherwise. I think, therefore, it is Russia who, through one of her numerous spies, has obtained the knowledge that I am negotiating an important and secret treaty between the Court of Vienna and the Transbalkanian Government; and having obtained this information, all her energies will be devoted to endeavoring to gain knowledge of the various clauses of the treaty. On one or two occasions it has seemed to me that the lock of my bureau had been tampered with. I pointed the fact out to you at the time, and we have both, I am sure, doubled our watchfulness, but up to this moment, we have neither of us the slightest clue that might lead us to the discovery of the spy. That is so is it not?"

Andre bowed in acquiescence. He dared not trust himself to speak for fear that his voice might betray his emotion.

"I think, however," said his Excellency after a thoughtful pause, "that I have arranged a plan that will, without imperilling our secrets, place the spy within our power—that is to say, if he fall into the trap I have laid for him."

"Will your Excellency expose that plan to me?" said Andre Zaika eagerly.

"Most certainly I will, Andre, as your help will be quite indispensable. What I intend to do is very simple. I shall give out that both you and I will be out to-night until very late. I will then start out, taking the document with me, you remaining behind. The spy, whoever he may be, is evidently well acquainted with all

my movements. As I am leaving for Yiddiz to-morrow, he will undoubtedly wish to take the opportunity of making a copy of the secret treaty, as it now stands, knowing that alterations in such treaties are often made at the eleventh hour; we may therefore safely presume that, sometime after my departure, he will be in my study, and with his false keys try to gain access to my bureau.

(To be continued.)

GREAT PIECE OF WORK.

How the World's Surplus Output of Explosives Was Monopolized by the War Office.

Between lengthy periods of slumber, the British War Office occasionally wakes up and does something really smart. A short time ago it succeeded, by a mere stroke of the pen, in monopolizing the surplus of the world's output of explosives.

On January 11 of this year Her Majesty's Government issued a proclamation forbidding the export of picric acid, carbolic acid and cresylic acid. This proclamation at first sight looked harmless, but there was a great deal more in it than met the public eye. Wholesale chemists, knowing that these acids are absolutely necessary for the manufacture of high explosives, recognized its true import. No country in the world can produce these acids in such quantities as England, owing to the comparative smallness of their coal supplies, and Germany, therefore, is one of our largest customers.

On the other hand, England, though possessing the necessary ingredients, cannot manufacture, even in times of peace, sufficient lyddite for her needs. The acids are, therefore, exported to Germany, there to be made into a compound which is afterwards shipped back to England to find its home in the interior of lyddite shells. Wholesale chemists were surprised that England should curtail its supply of this chemical compound at a time when the country was notoriously short of lyddite. The explanation, however, came two hours later, when several firms were secretly given permission by the Privy Council to export these acids. There were, however, two conditions. Either the foreign purchaser must guarantee that the chemicals should not be used to manufacture explosives, or undertake to sell all explosives made from them to the British Government.

Enormous quantities were shipped, and are still being shipped, under these conditions to Germany, where, of course, the manufacturers of explosives cannot afford to keep their factories idle. At one stroke, however, the Government not only secured the necessary supply of lyddite, but effectively prevented the manufacture of high explosives for the Boers. Countries other than Germany were hardly affected, as they have all their work cut out to make sufficient explosives for themselves. Russia, in fact, purchases explosives largely from Germany.

NEW LIGHT FROM SCIENCE.

An illustration of the new lights which science throws upon old questions is the modern explanation of an experiment made nearly three centuries ago by the Flemish physician, Van Helmont. In a pot of earth weighing two hundred pounds he planted a willow branch weighing five pounds. He kept the plant well watered, and in five years the willow had gained 164 pounds in weight, while the earth in the pot had lost only two ounces. Van Helmont inferred that the plant's gain was due only to the water which had been supplied. Modern botanical science proves that the gain was in a great measure due to the carbon absorbed from the air.

SEVERED CONNECTIONS.

I see the telephone wire is down between your house and Griggsby's Jones.

Yes; his wife and mine have been exchanging cutting remarks again.

**EPILEPTIC FITS.**  
LIEBIG'S FIT CURE  
Will cure Epilepsy, Fits, St. Vitus Dance and Falling Sickness. A TRIAL BOTTLE sent FREE of ALL CHARGE to any sufferer sending us their name and address and mentioning this paper.  
Address THE LIEBIG CO., 179 King St. W., Toronto.

YEARS OF AGONY.

RESULTING FROM SCIATICA IN AN AGGRAVATED FORM.

Many Nights the Sufferer Could Not Lie in Bed, and His Leg Was Frequently Swollen to Twice Its Natural Size.

From the Journal, St. Catharines.

Mr. John T. Benson, stationary engineer at the Ridley College, St. Catharines, is known by most of the residents of the city. For years Mr. Benson suffered acute agony from sciatica, and notwithstanding numerous forms of treatment, found little or no relief, until he began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills speedily restored his health, as they have done that of thousands of others who have given them a fair trial. To the reporter who interviewed him, Mr. Benson said:—"I certainly owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for they have released me from a form of torture that had afflicted me almost continuously for twenty years. The pain began in my back, then shifted to my hip, and thence down my leg. It became so severe that it seemed as though the very marrow in my bones was being scalded, and at times I could scarcely repress crying aloud from the agony I endured. I tried all sorts of liniments and lotions, but got no relief. I doctored with several physicians, even going to Buffalo for treatment by a specialist there, but in no case did I ever receive more than temporary relief. It may be easily imagined that the pain I endured told upon me in other ways and I became almost a physical wreck. At times my right leg would swell to nearly twice its normal size. Then the pain and swelling would shift to my left leg, and the agony was something awful. I suppose that during the period I was afflicted I have hundreds of times laid on my back on the floor with my foot and leg elevated on a chair in order to obtain slight ease from the pain I endured. The muscles and sinews in my legs looked as though they had twisted and tied in knots. The trouble went on in this way until finally, nothing but opiates would deaden the pain. A few years ago I read of a cure in a similar case through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to try them. For some time after I began their use, I could not see that they were helping me, but I decided that I would give them a fair trial. By the time I had used a half dozen boxes, there was a decided improvement in my case, and I continued the use of the pills until I had taken twelve boxes, when my cure was complete. Several years have since passed and I have had no return of the trouble, so that I feel safe in saying that the cure has been permanent.

I may also add that my wife has used the pills for indigestion, headaches and dizziness, and has found great benefit from them. Words cannot express the great benefit Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been to me, and I hope similar sufferers will profit by my experience."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ENGLAND CONQUERING FRANCE.

French Newspapers Object to the Gradual Acquisition.

Le Gaulois, of France, says:—"It is good to admire England. But there are disastrous ways of showing admiration and esteem. We are succumbing little by little to the absorbing force with which that astonishing race is endowed. Our language, which was so long the first in the world, is slowly being lost because we are tainted with the British jargon. English customs will do us more harm than Cressy and Agincourt. With their sports, their horses, and their dogs the English are imperceptibly colonizing us."

APPROPRIATE.

Young Bainbridge gave his fiancée an odd engagement present, said Larkin to Gilroy.

What was it?  
A bicycle.  
A bell went with the wheel, I suppose?  
Certainly.  
Then he intended that to provide the engagement ring?

**A Medicine of High Repute.**

A Special Formula of a Great Physician Is Dr. Chase's Nerve Food—The Great Blood Builder.

There are imitators of Dr. A. W. Chase, but none who dare to reproduce his portrait and signature, which are found on every box of his genuine remedies.

Nor are there any preparations that can duplicate the marvellous cures brought about by this great physician of recipe book fame. Here is a sample of the letters daily received from grateful cured ones:—

Mr. A. T. P. Lalame, railway agent at Clareville, Que., writes:—"For twelve years I have been run down with nervous debility. I suffered much and consulted doctors, and used medicines in vain. Some months ago I heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, used two boxes, and my health improved so rapidly that I ordered twelve more. I can say frankly that this treatment has no equal in the medical world. While using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I could feel my system being built up until now I am strong and healthy. I cannot recommend it too highly, for weak, nervous people."

Mrs. E. H. Young, of 214 Greenwood Avenue, Jackson, Mich., is a recogniz-

ed leader among the Lady Maccabees, Foresters and other fraternal societies, and is well known throughout the State for her executive ability and social qualities. Mrs. Young has recently recovered from nervous disorders, which she describes in the following words:—

"My social and other duties in connection with several fraternal societies had drawn so much upon my strength that I found myself all run down in health. I was very nervous, had no appetite, could get no real rest from sleep and was troubled very much with pains in the head and back. I tried many sorts of tonics, but could get no permanent help until I used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I took two boxes as directed and found a perfect cure for my trouble. Their action was very mild and effective, and I believe them to be the best medicine for nervous troubles that I know of."

Insist on having the genuine and you can be absolutely sure of great benefit. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates, & Co., Toronto.