

PART III. Continued.

Baron de Hermansthal, the chief of the police and half-a-dozen of his men, will in the meantime be stationed in my bedroom, the door of which is, as you know, exactly opposite to the study door. As soon as they have seen that the spy is within they will line the passage guarding every exit, Baron de Hermansthal will enter the study by one door, while you, whom I shall ask to remain in the adjoining room, will enter by the other; and I think," added his Excellency, rubbing his hands with delight, "that when our spy finds himself thus confronted, he will be only too willing to sell us, himself and his silence for whatever we choose to offer him."

Zaika had listened to his Excellency's discourse silently and attentively; he did not wish to lose a single word of the plan that was to expose the spy to infamy. That spy was his wife, the Countess Wladimir Rostopchine, the bearer of his own historic name.

What he said in answer to his Excellency he did not know; it was evidently satisfactory, for the Ambassador appeared not to notice anything peculiar in his secretary's demeanour; how he spent the early part of the evening he knew still less; all he was distinctly conscious of was the all-pervading thought: "Count Wladimir Rostopchine, must save his wife's honour, his own, at any cost, but how?" By warning her, of course, but she was not in the hotel; the young man had seen her going out radiantly beautiful, laughing and chatting gaily. She had not dined in the hall. Would he have an opportunity of speaking to her? If he had, would she listen? He had written to her a guarded, carefully-worded epistle, which she alone would understand, and he had bribed one of the hotel servants to place the letter in her room.

Would she get the letter? Would she read it? Were the eternal questions that recurred to his fevered brain, as his Excellency, very excited, was giving him some final instructions, and then left him in the room next to the study, face to face for half-an-hour, with torturing hopes and fears, while the clock ticked mercilessly on.

How short, and yet how interminably long, the minutes seemed! All at once Andre Zaika jumped up, every nerve tingling with emotion; he had heard in the study a faint noise—a mere, nothing, the rustle of a silk dress. It was curious that he should feel so calm suddenly; his emotion had vanished, his nerves seemed to have gone to rest. He pushed open the door of the study, and turned up the electric light. The Countess did not seem frightened or even astonished at seeing him; she raised her eyebrows slightly, and her lips were once more parted in that curious, half-contemptuous smile.

The young man seized her hand, and with utmost calm drew her to the sofa, forcing her by gentle pressure to sit down near him.

"Monsieur—" she began.

"Hush!" he whispered commandingly; "there is no time now."

Truly there was none, for he heard Baron de Hermansthal's men lining the passage outside, and presently the door was thrown open, and the officer himself entered the room. The lady had turned very pale—she understood at once; the hand that still lay in Andre Zaika's was icy cold.

"By order of his Excellency the Transbalkanian Ambassador—" began Baron de Hermansthal.

"I am afraid, Monsieur," said Andre, who had risen very calmly and somewhat ironically, "that there is some mistake."

"Mistake?" said the chief of the police, who had been a little taken aback, on seeing a beautiful, richly-dressed woman and his Excellency's secretary the only occupants of the room. "I and my men saw a person surreptitiously entering this door, and I certainly—"

"You certainly were sent here by his Excellency," said Andre, "to watch for a spy whom the Ambassador suspects of breaking open his bureau. You do not, I presume, imagine, that the Countess Wladimir Rostopchine is here for that purpose?"

"It is just as easy to suppose," said Baron de Hermansthal, highly nettled, and still doubting, "that the Countess Wladimir Rostopchine is in a gentleman's room at twelve o'clock at night for political purposes as for—"

"As for what, Monsieur?" said Andre, calmly. "Pray continue. Why should

not the Countess Wladimir Rostopchine be at any hour she chooses, of the day or of the night, in her husband's rooms?"

"Her husband—you, M. Zaika?" said Baron Hermansthal, struggling to retain official sangfroid.

"My name, Monsieur, is Wladimir Rostopchine," said the young man proudly; "an outcast and an exile from my country, one condemned to death, but still with the right to his own privacy and the society of his own wife, Madame," he added, turning to the Countess, who had stood impassive at first, but on whose face now a look of pity spread as her eyes met those of Andre, "will you allow me to conduct you to your own rooms, while we leave Monsieur to effect the capture of the spy, who surely will not tarry if he means to come at all?"

She took his arm, and he led her away past Baron de Hermansthal and his men, who saluted them both as they went. At the door of her own room she stopped; evidently she meant, wished to say something; Andre took her hand, forcing her to look him straight in the eyes.

"Monsieur—" she began.

"Ah, Madame!" he said, "do not speak to the dead, bid them good-bye, and wish them Godspeed, and let them go whence they came."

"I owe you my safety and my honour, Monsieur."

"You owe me nothing, Madame," said the young man, simply; "the name you bear is still mine, and it was but the ghost of Wladimir Rostopchine who came to defend what was his own."

"You are not going, Monsieur?" she said in entreaty, as the young man turned away.

She held out her hand to him, and once more their hands were joined as they had been ten years ago, and their eyes met, but pity and contempt had faded from her enigmatical face now; she could read in his that their parts had been exchanged.

He bent low and kissed her icy cold fingers, close to the spot where the old pope had placed the narrow gold band—"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

The next moment Countess Wladimir Rostopchine was alone.

The arrest of Count Wladimir Rostopchine, whom everyone had believed to be dead, and his subsequent trial on a charge preferred against him ten years previously, became the talk of St. Petersburg society that winter. It was said that high influence was being exerted on his behalf; that his Excellency the Transbalkanian ambassador, accredited to the Court of Vienna, moved heaven and earth on behalf of the young man, who had been his friend and secretary for years. Therefore, when Count Wladimir received from His Majesty, a gracious pardon, mitigated by an order that he should continue to live out of Russia, no one was particularly astonished.

As usual, rumour had been at together on the wrong scent. The young Count's chief advocate was a beautiful woman whom society had long known and admired as the widowed Countess Rostopchine, and whose

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SALT RHEUM.

Mr. John Broderick, Newmarket, Ont., writes:—"I have been troubled for thirty years with salt rheum. I used remedies, and was treated by physicians all that time, but all failed to cure me. The doctors said there was no cure for me. I spent hundreds of dollars trying to get relief, but all in vain. My son brought me a trial sample box of Dr. Chase's Ointment. I found great relief, and had the first night's rest in years. It stopped the itching immediately. One box cured me. Publish these facts to suffering humanity."

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Mr. A. T. P. Lalame, railway agent at Clarenceville, 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

honour her husband had so bravely saved by his noble self-sacrifice. And as her honour also entailed that of Russia, whose prestige would have gravely suffered, had her agent been exposed and compromised, the paternal Government was obliged to grant the young man in return both his life and the use of his name.

He now lives in Paris with his young wife, whom he is said to idolize. They both go a great deal into society, but neither of them has ever touched on politics, since the night when Countess Rostopchine so narrowly escaped being branded as a spy.

CHINESE SECRET SOCIETIES

THEY POSSESS ABSOLUTE POWER OVER THEIR MEMBERS.

Follow the Chinaman Wherever He Goes—Must Belong to One of Them or Expect Assassination—They Cannot Be Kept Down.

Many Chinese secret societies are trades unions as simple as those which prevail here. Others are of a political character and seek the overthrow of the Government. Others again are merely aggregations of thieves and murderers combined for mutual protection. In their origin these societies were laudable, and Europe has not been without bodies of the same character. It was the impossibility of getting justice at the hands of the officials that led to the formation of secret vigilance committees all over the empire. These became very powerful in time, and then their degeneration—invariably in any country, but how much more in China—set in.

Wherever the Chinese go they take their secret societies with them. And it may be taken as a rule that every Chinaman belongs to one of them. The most innocent and well meaning may be a member of one of the most criminal. He cannot help himself. It is a case of join or be murdered, for the wider the membership the more wealthy the chief officers and the greater the security of the whole.

SUDDEN SCENES OF TURMOIL.

Sometimes these societies get up fights, when at the signal—the beating of a gong in a special manner—peaceful citizens will be seen to rush from their shops armed with murderous-looking spears, often enough made out of bamboo with the tip sharpened and hardened in the fire—and other instruments of offense that one might never have suspected they possessed. Often they make a great row, cut each other about, prevent any business from being done, and finally disperse on the approach of the police without a single death occurring, for all their theatrical ferocity. Again, the fight may last for days and be characterized by a large number of fatalities, the victims being, as a rule, fearfully gashed about.

Wherever European Government has come in contact with them these societies have been nearly stamped out. They made a great struggle for it in Singapore but they have practically been suppressed, and any that arise now generally meet with an early dissolution. At the same time the more innocent are allowed to exist on condition that they are registered, so that an oversight can be kept on them by the authorities. Siam has not yet reached this happy consummation, although it will do so in time,

having passed a decree against them already. So at present the immense number of Chinese in the country are at liberty to combine as they please.

BETRAYED BY A WOMAN.

A number of murders and disappearances were traced to a house where a society met, though it was a woman's desire for revenge that enabled the police to get at the evildoers. She had been kept in chains for 12 days, besides being beaten, this punishment taking place in the presence of the joss. The charge against her was that she had forged certificates of membership in the society, and as these represented so much money diverted from the pockets of the chief officers they were specially severe on her. Her story is interesting, as showing both what she was made to suffer, and how even this society kept up the forms of administering justice, which has already been explained as the original raison d'être of its existence. This is the pith of her story as taken down by the police on her making a formal complaint:

"I am a widow of Chin Hak, who... was a third officer of the Gee Heng Society. Chin Chua Lim, the executioner of the society, came to me and said the head of the society wanted me, and if I refused he would use force. I was afraid and went... They ordered me to be put in chains in the lock-up room of the society's house.

TRIED IN SECRET SESSION.

Three days after I was sent for into the office, and I saw there were present Chin Soon Tian and other big Chinese whose names I do not know. I also saw See Kiang, my witness. Then Soon Tian examined Chin Kee Seng as a witness in a private room. He came out in a few minutes and said I had given false certificates. Then Soon Tian said that as soon as Chin Hong, the second officer, returned from up country judgment would be passed. I was then again kept for 11 days in chains, and one night I was again brought to the office before a meeting where there were present the accused, Chin Hong, Soon Tian, Chin Shoon, Chin Too, assisted by Chin Pen Kao, advisor, and other members, about 50 in number. Then Chin Hong, acting as President, decided that I should receive 18 lashes and then be thrown into the river. Then I cried out, praying for mercy. Then Soon Tian proposed that the sentence should be commuted to 36 strokes only, and Chin Hong, and the others agreed. Chin Bay was then ordered to whip me with a bamboo cane.

WHIPPED BEFORE THE ALTAR.

"The whipping took place in front of the altar of the Chinese secret dieties. I could not bear the pain and cried out. When the whipping was over the chains were removed and I was set at liberty. I was confined 12 days altogether, and with six other Chinamen. When I was set free only one of these Chinamen still remained."

What became of these Chinamen? According to the woman's story the executioner of the society drowned them in a ditch that ran through the grounds—a dirty, shallow streamlet, in which the victims were thrown with their faces down, and held by main force until the drowning was complete. When the writer saw this ditch there was but an inch or so of slimy fluid in it, and one could guess how the poor men must have struggled to escape the horrid fate awaiting them.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.—Franklin.

Men of culture are the true apostles of equality.—Matthew Arnold.

Laughing cheerfulness throws sunlight on all the paths of life.—Richter.

What ever makes good Christians makes them good citizens.—Daniel Webster.

There is no killing the suspicion that deceit has once begotten.—George Eliot.

The necessity of circumstances proves friends and detects enemies.—Epictetus.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—Sir Philip Sidney.

Compassion will cure more sins than condemnation.—H. W. Beecher.

There is a remedy for every wrong, and a satisfaction for every soul.—Emerson.

The testimony of a good conscience is the glory of a good man.—Thomas a Kempis.

Begin your day with a clean conscience in every way. Cleanliness is honesty.—Thackeray.

The rarest feeling that ever lights a human face is the contentment of a loving soul.—H. W. Beecher.

Consumption's Victims

CAN OBTAIN NEW HEALTH IF PROPERLY TREATED.

It Was Thought Miss Lizzie Smith, of Waterford, Was in Consumption, But Her Health Has Been Restored—Advice to Similar Sufferers.

From the Star, Waterford, Ont.

Throughout Canada there are thousands of girls who owe the bloom of health shown in their cheeks, the brightness of eye and elasticity of step, to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. There are few girls in the first years of womanhood who do not suffer more or less from anaemia. We see them everywhere, and they are easily recognized by a sallowness of complexion, or perhaps extreme pallor, they are subject to headaches, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, and feel tired and worn out on the least exertion. To those who suffer in this manner Dr. Williams' Pink Pills offer speedy and certain relief. Proof of this may be had in our own town. Miss Lizzie Smith, daughter of Mr. Wm. Smith, is today the embodiment of health and activity, yet not so long ago her friends feared that consumption had fastened its fangs upon her. A representative of the Star recently interviewed Mrs. Smith as to the means employed to restore her daughter's health. Mrs. Smith's unhesitating reply was that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were entitled to the credit. Mrs. Smith said: "My daughter is nineteen years of age. For some years she has not been very strong and was subject to sick headaches. Last summer she went to work in an establishment in Paris, and had not been there long when her health grew much worse. She consulted a doctor there who said that her blood was in such a bad state that the trouble was likely to develop into consumption, and on hearing this Lizzie at once returned home. When we saw her we feared she was in a decline. She suffered very much from headaches; was as white as chalk, with dark circles under her eyes and the eyes shrunken. Her appetite was very fickle and she ate very little. She was very despondent and at times said she did not care whether she lived or not. I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I heard were so highly recommended in cases like hers a trial. She had only taken the pills for a couple of weeks when we could see an improvement. By the time she had used a couple of boxes her appetite was much improved, her headaches less frequent, and the spirit of depression passed away. Four boxes more fully restored her health, and to-day she is as well and as active as though she had never had a day's illness. I really think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved her life, and believe they are worth their weight in gold to girls suffering as she did."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves, bring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks, and make the feeble and despondent feel that life is once more worth living. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrappers bearing the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers or by mail at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PRINCE OF WALES' AUTOGRAPH.

The Gem tells a story of the Prince of Wales playfully declining to write in a lady's album. He said: "A little while ago I spent nearly an hour one evening writing verses in several albums. I even made up a verse so badly put together that only a Royal Prince or a Duke at the best could have had the shame to write such stuff. Now, madam, what do you think happened to my verses? Well, they were all sold at a good stiff price, a week later to provide funds to support the Society for the Restoration of the Stuarts. Perhaps, Lady—," and the Prince laughed heartily, "if I write in your album you will sell the book to provide funds for the abolition of the monarchy in England."

A RAINING TREE.

The island of Ferro is one of the largest in the Canary group, and it has received its name on account of its iron bound soil, through which no river nor stream flows. In the midst of the island there grows a tree known as the raining tree, the leaves of which are long and narrow, and continues in constant verdure winter and summer, and the branches are covered with a cloud which is never dispelled, but reserving itself into as the raining tree, the leaves very clear water in such abundance that cisterns placed at its foot to receive it are never empty.