

Red Heart and Black Arrow

A Tale of the Rolling Wave

CHAPTER XV.

Half fascinated, I was continuing to gaze at Vizard's face in the mirror when I felt a touch on my shoulder, and, looking round, caught Kennard's warning eye.

"Don't give yourself away like that," he whispered. "Go out on the platform. I will join you directly and bring your refreshment to you. He has not seen you yet, I think."

I slipped quietly from the counter out on to the dimly lighted platform, and waited anxiously for Kennard's coming in the darkest corner I could find. He was longer than I expected, but when he did appear I was able to guess from his manner that something important had occurred.

"I have been picking pockets. I will examine the plunder—you eat," was the astonishing remark with which he handed me a packet of sandwiches and a flask of wine. The moment I had relieved him of the provender he walked to the nearest flickering gasjet and proceeded to scrutinize what looked like several visiting cards. When he had held them all up to the light in turn, and turned them over and over again, he came back to me, his keen eyes twinkling brightly in the gloom.

"I have scored one against them at last," he said, "but there is no time to tell you now, for here comes the train. Stand well back in the shadow. We must be guided by circumstances on the journey, but if by any chance I am separated from you, make the best of your way to Naples, and wait for the ship. Once out of Genoa, at the first opportunity you may safely resume your own character again. Ah! there comes Vizard from the buffet; he must be confident of your going south, for he is making straight for that first-class carriage without any attempt to watch the passengers. Come this way."

The train had clanked itself to a standstill, and the usual scramble for seats began. Vizard went to a carriage nearly opposite the refreshment-room, and as I followed Kennard to a third-class compartment nearer the engine I saw that he had already seated himself in a corner and begun to read a paper as though not at all interested in surroundings. Kennard chose a compartment in which three Italians of the peasant class were travelling, and he paused on the step to say in a whisper that for the present I had better remain dumb.

We started without further incident, and my companion was soon chattering in their own tongue to the Italians, explaining, as I guessed from his gestures towards myself and from the sympathetic glances thrown at me, the nature of my supposed infirmity. At Chiavari, an hour after starting, one of our fellow-travellers left the carriage, and thence onwards as far as Spezia, which we reached at two o'clock in the morning, we were alone with an old woman and her son. As the train steamed into Spezia they, too, made preparations for departure, and I looked forward to being able to indulge in the relief of speech during the rest of the journey.

When the train had stopped and the Italians had got out, Kennard also rose from his seat.

"Keep your seat," he said. "There

is a five-minutes' wait here, and I want to try an experiment."

He disappeared among the crowd on the platform, and I sat in the far corner, hoping that at that early hour no strangers would get in. Four of the five minutes had passed when the sight of Vizard strolling slowly along the line of carriages caused me to shrink back and shade my face with my hand. But peeping between my fingers I saw that he kept his eyes straight in front, and showed no sign of interest in the compartment as he went by. Half a minute later he reappeared, going towards the carriage he had entered at Genoa, and a few seconds after Kennard rejoined me, jumping in just as the train was beginning to move.

"I wanted to test him, to see if he had penetrated my disguise or could recognize me as the 'General Waldo' whom he saw on board when he was a stowaway steward," said the detective, pulling up the window and seating himself opposite. "He doesn't know me from Adam."

"He passed this carriage while you were gone," I said.

"Quite so, and it is very probable that he spotted you, if he did not at Genoa," replied Kennard. "But the great thing is that he doesn't know me. I am most anxious that he should not discover that you are accompanied by the sham chaplain who assisted your escape. He has probably been informed of that episode, and my identity must be puzzling him not a little."

"When Zavertal got back to the ship and found 'General Waldo' missing he would begin to suspect, would he not?" I said.

"He might if he knew what had since occurred on shore," replied Kennard, "but there has been no means of communication between the two as yet. It is even possible that Vizard, having heard of me from the doctor, may guess whence the opposition to their schemes arises, but he has no personal knowledge of me, and I want to keep my character of 'Waldo' unsuspected by them, so that I may use it again if necessary. That he has not recognized me in my present get-up as that same twaddling old fool is very certain, for I tried him pretty high. I put my head in at his carriage window and asked him if there was anything I could do for him—pretending to be a station tout, you know. Here is pretty good evidence that he has not seen us in company, and that he does not remember me as a man he has seen before."

Kennard put into my hands a scrap of paper on which were pencilled the words "Nathan & Co., London," followed by a queer jumble of letters that conveyed nothing to me.

"It is a cypher telegram," he explained Kennard. "He had no time to send it himself, and gave me a couple of lire to despatch it for him. He could hardly have furnished a higher proof of confidence in my being what I professed to be, and the incident is moreover useful as showing collusion between him and the owners of the Queen of Night. If we only had the key to that cypher what a lot of trouble it would save us. But perhaps I may put my hand on it some day."

"At Genoa you said something about picking pockets," I said, wondering if ever a plain sailor had got

pitchforked into such a strange tangle before.

"Yes," was the reply, "I thought that the end justified the means, and I took the liberty of relieving Mr. Vizard of a portion of the contents of his ticket-pocket. I have told you already that I believe we have a gang of dangerous criminals to deal with, and I had cabled from Genoa to a friend in London for certain information that might help me. What I took from Vizard's pocket, however, confirms my view without making it necessary for me to wait for my friend's reply. Unfortunately, my discovery only hints vaguely at the powerful combination arrayed against us without pointing directly to the nature or method of their designs. Still less is there any proof of crime, committed or contemplated, that would enable us to call in the power of the law."

I saw that for some reason he was not desirous of imparting to me exactly what it was that he had gathered from the cards, which I had seen him examining, and I forbore to question him on the subject. I know now that the cause of his reticence on the nature of his discovery lay in the fear that it might be a source of danger to me, and yet, strangely enough, he was shortly to be the means, on the spur of the moment, of exposing me to that very danger. I could not resist, however, asking to be allowed to share the theory he had evidently formed as to the plots in which Zavertal and Vizard were engaged. I had understood, of course, that he apprehended danger to the lives of some of the passengers on the Queen of Night, Aline being among the number, but the why and the wherefore was what I was totally unable to fathom.

He thought a little before answering, and then said: "Well, it is fair that you should know, for I think that we shall either break up the combination once for all, or both lose our lives in the attempt. My belief is that the ship you recently commanded is nothing more or less than a floating murder-trap, in which Zavertal is engaged by the owners, they themselves receiving enormous fees from interested parties to poison certain of the passengers every voyage. It is a syndicate of professional criminals working regularly for a gigantic stake. If I am right, they must net, say, forty or fifty thousand pounds a voyage over and above their legitimate profits on the professed pleasure-cruise, and they no doubt are large."

"But how could such a systematic business be carried on—how could wretches wishing to use such an institution know of its existence?" I cried, aghast at the magnitude of his suggestion.

"By means of perfect organization, and by the details only being known to the principals who carry them out," was the reply. "For instance, you yourself have in a way been made an agent in the affair being entrusted with the technical command of the ship, yet you were ignorant of her real mission. I think it probable that Nathan, Vizard and Zavertal are the sole partners in the scheme, and the actual owners of the vessel, Vizard's share of the work being, as a rule, to mix in society and make the first insidious advances to likely clients with superfluous relatives. Vizard, we know, keeps his connection with the ship a strict secret, so that possibly the amateur criminals he procures are handed over to Nathan for the final bargain to be struck."

I shuddered as I thought of Nathan's unaccountable call at Sir Simon Crawshaw's house on the day I was there, and the cheque-book which the baronet was putting away when I entered his study. Kennard looked very grave when I mentioned what I had seen.

"I point the same way," he said, and relapsed into silence, from which I failed to tempt him till the train began to slacken speed for the quarter of an hour's stop at Pisa. Then he expressed his intention of again minimizing the risk of Vizard associating the two of us by leaving the carriage while we were in the station. "Keep my seat for me in case anyone gets in—though that is not likely," he added, slipping from the footboard directly we reached the platform.

Pisa being the junction for the port and favorite watering-place of Leghorn, there was plenty of hustle in the station, though, most of the passengers being English and American tourists, travelling first class, there seemed every chance of our retaining our privacy. There was the usual scramble for the refreshment-room, the door of which was within view of where I sat, but neither among the crowds jostling into it, or passing the carriage, as at Spezia, did I catch a glimpse of Vizard. The time went slowly, and I was glad when the bell rang at last and the people hurried back to their seats.

Sitting in the corner furthest from the platform, I watched eagerly for Kennard's return, wondering if he would bring any news. Suddenly, just as I caught sight of him approaching the carriage, the sound of breathing within a few inches of my face caused me to look round at the open window next which I was sitting. There, close to me, and within touch of my hand, stood Vizard on the footboard, his handsome features ablaze with triumphant malice. I had barely time to see the gleam

of steel in his clenched fist, when Kennard opened the other door and sprang into the compartment, the train beginning to move at the same moment. He took in the situation at a glance, and his eyes snapped fire.

"The Black Arrow pierces the Red Heart no more!" he cried, and dashing past me sprang out, two seconds after Vizard with a bitter curse had disappeared in the darkness.

In another minute the train had gathered speed, and I was alone in the carriage—bereft of friend and foe.

(To Be Continued.)

THE KING A PAID PREACHER.

Prebendary of St. David's Cathedral at \$5 per Annum.

King Edward's many offices in the state demand from time to time much hard work of His Majesty. He is, of course, King of Great Britain and Ireland, Emperor of India, a field marshal, an admiral and titular head of the Established Church, but few people, even in England, know that he is also a clergyman—and with a salary, too.

St. David's Cathedral in Pembroke, Wales, claims His Majesty as a prebendary, and although his office entitles him to the magnificent salary of \$5 a year, there is no record that he has ever preached a sermon to the simple folk of the principality.

The males of King Edward's line were officially installed, and the ecclesiastical conscience is now somewhat disturbed because it is feared that His Majesty has no particular liking for the ministry. The King's stall in the cathedral is surmounted by the royal arms, and no one can occupy it without the King's permission.

The cathedral is named after the patron saint of Wales, who was buried near the altar, and whose shrine used to be visited by many pilgrims back in the middle ages. Even William the Conqueror took the trouble to go and see it. The age of the original structure is doubtful, but some idea of it can be had from the fact that the work of rebuilding it into its present form began in 1180.

SAVE THE BABY.

"I can truly say that had it not been for Baby's Own Tablets, I do not believe my baby would have been alive to-day." So writes Mrs. Albert Luddington, of St. Mary's River, N.S., and she adds:—"He is now growing nicely; is good natured and is getting fat." It is gratifying to know that in all parts of Canada, Baby's Own Tablets are proving a real blessing to children and a boon to mothers. These Tablets are a speedy relief and prompt cure for constipation, sour stomach, wind colic, diarrhoea, worms, and simple fevers. They break up cold, prevent croup and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. Baby's Own Tablets are good for children of all ages from birth upwards, and are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by medicine dealers, or sent by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.


TRAINING HORSES.

However little credit a horse may commonly receive for possessing delicacy of scent, there are some perfumes grateful to him. Horse trainers are aware of the fact, and make use of their knowledge in training stubborn and apparently intractable animals. Many trainers have favorite perfumes, the composition of which they keep a secret; and it is the possession of this means of appealing to the horse's aestheticism that enables so many of them to accomplish such wonderful results.

INNOVATION OF PEKIN.

Some foreign clothing has been taken into the Palace at Pekin for the Emperor and Empress Dowager to try on, so that they may come to some decision regarding its introduction in official circles. Should the Emperor and Empress Dowager sanction the wearing of foreign costumes by the Court an unprecedented departure will have been taken. In no way is the conservatism of the Chinese shown more strongly than by their adherence to their national dress, even when living in western countries.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE... 25c.



Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

A gentleman of color presented himself recently at a London hospital, but as he knew no English and spoke no language which was known at the institution, he was examined by the doctors, given a bath, had his hair cut, and put carefully to bed. Next day it appeared that he was a friend of one of the patients in the hospital and had called to see how he was getting on!

HOW TO GAIN HEALTH.

A Simple Plan that Shows How Followed by All Who Are Sick

If you could buy back your health on the instalment plan—say 50 cents a week, for a limited number of weeks until cured—would you do it? Here is a plan worth trying:—Falling into account their power to cure, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, are the most economical medicine, without exception. These pills have effected cures in cases of rheumatism, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, indigestion, kidney trouble, anaemia, and other serious diseases of the blood and nerves. They have cured hundreds of cases where ordinary medicine had been tried and failed. They have restored helpless invalids to full use of limbs that had long been powerless. That is the best guarantee that these pills will not disappoint when used for simple ailments. Taking one pill after each meal, (as required for minor troubles) a fifty-cent box of pills gives nearly two weeks' treatment. For chronic diseases, when the larger dose is required, the cost of treatment does not usually exceed fifty cents a week. If you are sick or ailing, is it not worth your while to give so effective a medicine as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial? What the pills have done for other people they can do for you. Every dose makes the new rich, red blood that brings robust health and strength. They are the best tonic medicine to take at this time of the year when the blood is sluggish and impoverished.

Do not waste money on ordinary medicines, or substitutes; see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post-paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

No legacy is so rich as honesty.—Shakespeare.

A grateful dog is better than an ungrateful man.—Saadi.

We first make our habits and then our habits make us.—Emmons.

The retrospect of life swarms with lost opportunities.—Sir H. Taylor.

To be happy is not the purpose of our being, but to deserve happiness.—Fitch.

Fortune may find a pot, but your own industry must make it boil.—Rousseau.

When a person is down in the world, an ounce of help is better than a pound of preaching.—Bulwer.

No man ever did a designed injury to another, but at the same time he did a greater to himself.—Home.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.—Thomas Scott.

To be perfectly just is an attribute of the divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities, is the glory of man.—Addison.

Hope is always liberal, and they that trust her promises make little scruple of revelling to-day on the profits of to-morrow.—Johnson.

The way to avoid the imputation of impudence, is, not to be ashamed of what we do, but never to do what we ought to be ashamed of.—Dryden.

CHECK UPON THIEVES.

The Christiania police have hit upon a characteristic method of keeping a control over the proceedings of professional thieves. Each of the gentry has received a number and is now required to report himself at least twice a day at headquarters. By this time the chief constable is speedily able to satisfy himself whether the members of the fraternity are "in town," or whether, as frequently happens, they have made an excursion beyond the city precinct to attend to a "job."

SECURES A GOOD HAUL.

A curious device is resorted to by Dutch fishermen in order to attract their victims. A bright-colored glass bottle is filled with earth and worms, sealed in such a way that only a little water can enter, tied to a string, and thrown into the water. The glistening bottle, thrown hither and thither by the current of the water, attracts a swarm of fishes, whose curiosity and greed are excited by the wriggling worms in the bottle to such an extent that they fall easy victims to the bait at the end of the line now thrown out by the wily fisherman.

WATER VALUABLE IN VENICE.

In Venice water is somewhat of a luxury, as the inhabitants have to depend upon the rains, and there is no company for supplying the city. The water for drinking and domestic uses is collected in subterranean reservoirs, where it is said to be filtered. It is doled out at the public wells, which are opened one hour daily for that purpose, and they are carefully locked up.

A WHISTLING BABY.

The village of Allberg, Germany, boasts of a boy, only four months old, who whistles a variety of tunes learnt from his father during the latter's endeavor to lull him to sleep. The boy not only whistles, but possesses a voice of wonderful power, and is looked upon as a medical prodigy.

Blood is Watery In the Spring

It is Lacking the Essential, Life-giving Principle which is Best Obtained by the Use of

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The tired, languid, and depressed feelings which come with spring are the outward indication of the weakened condition of the blood and the low state of vitality.

When the blood gets thin and watery the waste of the human body is more rapid than the process of reconstruction. Gradually the action of the heart grows weaker and weaker, the lungs do not work to their full capacity, the stomach, and other digestive organs fail to perform their duties, and the result is all sorts of bodily derangements.

Aching head, dizzy spells, indigestion, feelings of weakness and despondency, lack of energy to perform the duties of the day, loss of appetite, failing memory and power of concentrating the mind, irritability, nervousness, and sleeplessness are among the symptoms which dis-

tress you, and all can be avoided by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

There is no preparation to be compared to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as a spring restorative. It does not stimulate and so whip the organs of the body to over-exertion, but by enriching the blood, instills new vigor into the nerves and builds up the whole system. By noting your increase in weight while using this great food cure you can prove that new, firm flesh and tissue is being added to the body.

To awaken the liver, invigorate the kidneys and regulate the bowels, use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. All dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt-book author, are on every box of his remedies.