

# THE MYSTERY CLEARED UP;

OR, THE HERITAGE OF MADAME  
YALTA.

## CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd)

"Where is he?" Alice asked quickly.

"This morning I could have answered you, but I have just promised the countess that the secret should rest between us two."

"Of me also she exacts secrecy. That house is full of mysteries."

"I begin to think so. We will abstain from mutual questionings. But I may at least ask what course you mean to take. What will you say to your father, to Vignory? My uncle is persuaded that all is satisfactorily arranged; Vignory rests in absolute security. Do you intend to leave them to their illusions?"

"No," replied Alice, "I shall tell my father to-day that I have changed my mind and do not mean to marry."

"Diable! your father might take you at your word. You will not marry Vignory, but neither will you marry Robert."

"It is my dearest wish not to marry at all."

"My dear Alice, I believe you do not say what you think; but this is not a moment to discuss it with you. One word, however. Do not come to any decision for a few days, and I above all do not declare yourself. It is more than will be needed to decide what course to take with respect to M. de Carnoel."

"You are then on his side?" asked Mlle. Dorgeres, with emotion.

"Yes; I am even astonished that I should have given in for an instant to the foolish suspicions that were so easily admitted."

"Your friend Vignory does not think with you."

"I feel less sure of Vignory since the countess has touched on certain inexplicable points in his conduct."

"Ah! at last!" cried the girl. "Then I may speak. You will understand me when I say that in a moment of anger and despair I engaged myself to this man, but I would die sooner than marry him. If he had any heart he would never have accepted what I had to offer—indifference and a large dowry. His resignation is but calculation; his gentleness, baseness."

"You go rather far," said Maxime; "but I have not the heart to blame you, and, I repeat, you may count on me. Here we are at the Boulevard Haussman. I do not know that I shall see you to-morrow. Write to me if anything occurs to make you wish for me; and then, perhaps, I may be able to tell you what the countess desires me to conceal for the present concerning Robert de Carnoel."

"And I," murmured Alice, lowering her voice, "can perhaps tell you what I have just seen at her house."

## CHAPTER V.

After the explosion that followed the inconsiderate visit of Maxime Dorgeres, Col. Borisoff quickly returned to calmer sentiments. His fits of anger did not last long where grave interests were at stake, and such was the case now, for he had to determine a delicate question on which he felt himself very much in the dark. The proceedings of this hare-brained Maxime proved nothing, unless it were that an almost idiot boy affirmed that M. de Carnoel was retained by force in a house in the Rue de Vigny. The supposition was so unlikely, it could scarcely gain credence anywhere and need not give him very serious concern, and the seconds of young Dorgeres not having shown themselves at twelve o'clock next day, there was no longer reason to expect them.

But concerning his prisoner, M. Borisoff's anxieties were great. He

could not keep him indefinitely, neither could he release him without exposing himself to the danger of a publicity which he greatly dreaded. To send him to Siberia, the order for which had been given as a last resource, did not remedy anything. It was to cut the difficulty, not to resolve it.

Besides, in his last interview with him, Robert de Carnoel had spoken with so much energy and earnestness that he succeeded in casting doubts in the mind of his jailer.

In the capacity of secret agent, this Russian was accustomed to look at affairs from all points, and to change his batteries as often as necessary. He possessed a marvelous suppleness in turning when once he discovered himself to be on the wrong track. And he now began to ask himself if he would not do well to search elsewhere for the accomplice of the thieves. That some one in the banker's house was in league with them was certain, but what proved this to be M. de Carnoel? Why not some other? Suspicion might rest upon the cashier himself as well as upon the secretary.

"What might not have been gained," said the colonel to himself, "if, instead of directing all our efforts toward this young man, we had carefully watched the clerks and valets of the banker! Perhaps there is yet time. I am half tempted to think Vacili is right and that he must be released on giving his word of honor to be silent concerning the past month."

These perplexities occupied Col. Borisoff all the evening and night after his conversation with M. de Carnoel. Their effect was to induce him to countermand the journey to Siberia. In truth, he feared being reproached for having taken a measure of this sort of such questionable utility. He decided to temporize and to connect himself more closely with M. Dorgeres, in order to study the habits and relations of those around him. And as he felt the need of distraction, he had his horse saddled and went to the Boris attended by a groom after announcing his intention to dine out and to return probably quite late.

His ride was marked by no incident and had no effect of enabling him to collect his ideas. He said to himself that he might at any time be released from an embarrassing position by liberating M. de Carnoel, promising him his support as the price of his silence. And confiding in his savoir-faire which had extricated him from more difficult positions, he returned to the city with a tranquil mind, proposing to pass the evening according to his fancy.

He dismounted at the door of his club, and intending to dine there, sent away his horse and groom.

He found what he sought, a place at a whist table, and that nothing should mar his satisfaction he had unusual good-luck, and when he rose to make his toilette for the evening had won a considerable sum.

It was his habit to make up a party here from four to six, and in that case his valet de chambre had orders to bring him his dress for the evening.

He was putting the finishing touch to this toilette, when a card was placed in his hand from a gentleman who wished to speak with him on urgent business. The name was unknown to him, and the card had a peculiar mark in the corner.

Quite surprised to see this sign, which was understood only by the attaches of the Third Section and by those only of a certain grade, the colonel decided that he could not dispense with giving audience to the man who made use of this

sign, and could shorten the interview if the subject seemed not worthy of his attention.

On entering the parlor of the club, he found there a young man of fine presence and elegantly dressed, who welcomed him by a phrase in the Russian language—a phrase more significant than the mark on the visiting card. There was no longer room to hesitate. The newcomer belonged to the political police, and occupied, too, a high place in it.

The question was, why had he come to Paris, and Borisoff experienced a vague disquietude.

"My dear Alexis Stepanowitch," said the unknown, addressing him, according to the national custom, by his first name followed by the Christian name of his father, "this is not a favorable place for talking; let us dine together at a public house."

"Willingly," replied the colonel, who felt the necessity of putting on a good countenance; "which would you prefer, my dear—Mouriatine?" "Say Ivan Ivanovitch. Let us go to—Begnons, Avenue de l'Opera. I arrived this morning after sixty hours of express train, and am in need of refreshment."

The colonel showed his compatriot the way from the antechamber, and hastened to don his overcoat. As soon as they were on the boulevard, which in this locality was quite solitary, the newly-arrived began thus, still in Russian:

"You do not know me, and do not recognize the name of Mouriatine. That is not surprising. I was stationed in our Polish provinces while you were with the general at St. Petersburg, and I returned to the department when you went abroad. My wish is, my dear Alexis, to act with you as comrade. I shall not begin by showing you my written powers,—they are, however, at your disposal when you wish. Meanwhile, shall I give you the password?"

(To be continued.)

## HOW BIRDS FLY.

### Rapidity of Wing Movement—Putting on the Brakes.

Birds have different modes of flight, just as men have different gaits in walking or running. Rapid wing movement does not always imply speed in flight any more than rapid leg movement implies speed in walking or running. With us it is the length of the stride that tells ultimately. What, apart from wing movement, tells in the flight of the bird is not known, says the Scotsman.

Speaking broadly, long winged birds are strong and swift fliers; short winged birds are feeble in flight. When we consider that a cumbersome, slow moving bird like the heron moves its wings twice per second when in flight it is evident that many birds have a very rapid wing movement. Most small birds have this rapid wing movement with feeble powers of flight; the common wren and the dipper for instance, have a flight like that of a young bird.

Many of our smaller migrants seem but to flit from bush to bush or from tree to tree. Members of the thrush family are low fliers, the blackbird in particular, with its hasty, hurried flight often just avoiding fences and no more. Wagtails have a beautiful undulating flight with little apparent use of their wings. They look like greyhounds bounding through the air. Nearly all birds sail or float occasionally without the slightest movement of their wings. Even a large bird like a pheasant will glide in this way for more than two hundred yards.

Grouse have a rapid wing motion without any great speed, but when they sail, coming down with the wind, as they prefer to do, they go very fast. Before alighting they flap their wings several times very rapidly, like the clapping of hands. Most birds after gliding do this. Does it correspond to putting on the brakes or reversing the engine in the case of mechanical locomotion? With little apparent use of its wings the wood pigeon flies very strongly and rapidly. It never seems to "bring up" much before alighting, but crashes into a tree at full speed. When it rises its wings crack like pistol shots.

Ducks are strong on the wing and often fly in single file. Geese will fly wedge or arrowhead shape, generally at a considerable height. So do many gulls and other sea birds, in a stately, measured fashion, their calls occasionally sounding like "Left, right, left, right."

Kestrels have a beautiful, clean cut, clipping motion of their wings and look like yachts sailing through the air, while their hovering in the

air is one of the mysteries of bird life. Peesweeps, which are so graceful in their motion on the ground, look like enormous bats when in flight. Swallows, and in a very marked degree swifts, have rapid wing movement with great speed and extraordinary power of flight.

## THE STING.

"Harry, love," exclaimed Mrs. Knowsey to her husband, on his return one evening from the office, "I have been dreadfully insulted!"

"Insulted?" exclaimed Harry.

"By whom?"

"By your m-mother," answered the young wife, bursting into tears. "My mother, Flora? Nonsense! She's miles away visiting a friend."

Flora dried her tears.

"I'll tell you all about it, Harry, love," she said. "A letter came to you this morning, addressed in your mother's writing, so, of course, I opened it."

"Of course," repeated Harry drily.

"It—it was written to you all the way through. Do you understand?"

"I understand. But where does the insult come in?"

"It—it came in the p-p-post-script," cried the wife, bursting into fresh floods of tears. "It s-said—P-P-P. S.—D-dear Flora, d-d-dont fail to give this l-letter to Harry, I w-want him to have it."

## SYMPATHY.

"I feel sorry for Squinchley."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Chronic insomnia."

"So do I feel sorry for him, if he's as disagreeable company for himself at night as he is for other people in the daytime."

## HIS RANGE.

"At what is Piker working now?"

"At anybody he can do."

"But what does he do?"

"Anybody he can work."

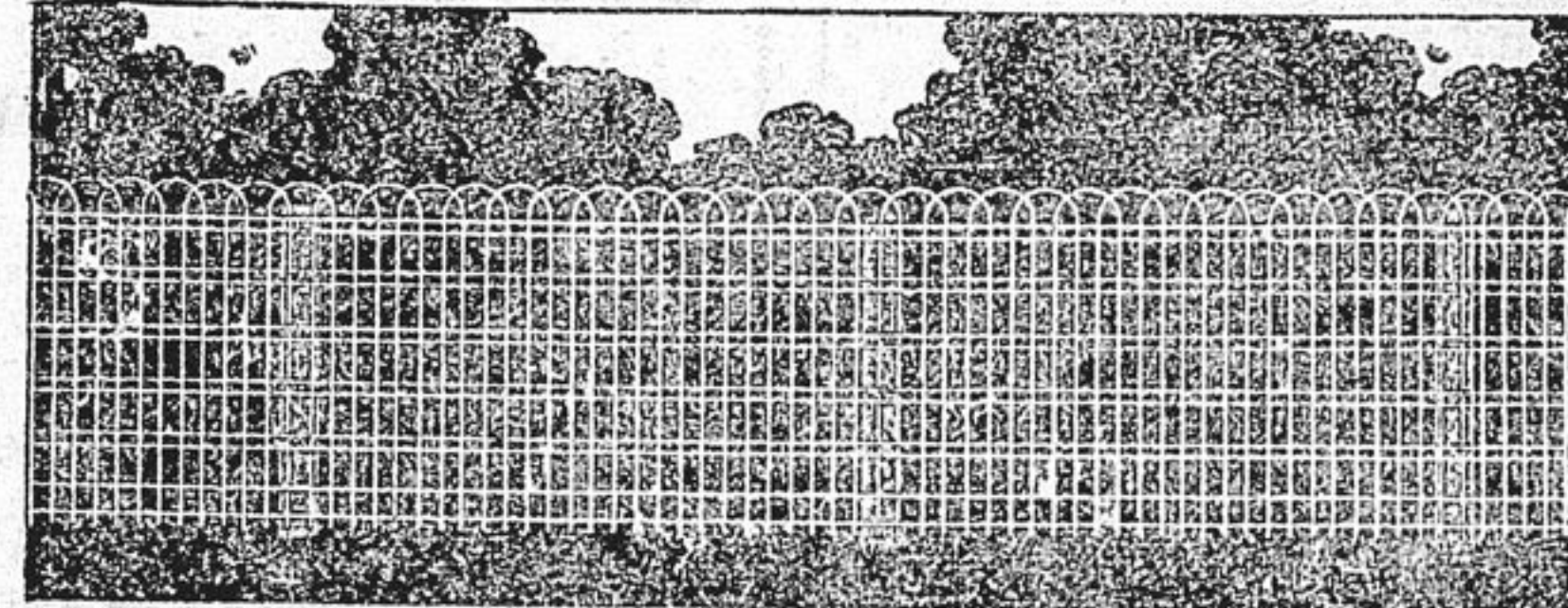
Probably the shabbiest thing in the world is a wornout welcome.

Without stretching the truth some men's talk is long drawn out.

Teacher—"I would like someone in the class to define the meaning of vice versa." Bright Boy—"It's sleeping with your feet towards the head of the bed."

"I notice, Edward," said a lady to her husband, "that whenever your employers advertise for clerks or salesmen they stipulate 'must be married.'" "Yes, the old tyrants," asserted Edward, "they want men who are accustomed to being ordered about!"

**Camphor Ice**  
**VASELINE**  
FOR CHAPPED SKIN AND LIPS,  
COLD SORES, WINDBURN.  
12 Vaseline Remedies in Tubes  
Capsicum, Borated, Mentholated, Carb-  
olated, Camphorated, White Oxide of Zinc,  
etc. Each for special purposes. Write for  
Free Vaseline Book.  
CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. (Cons'd)  
379 Craig St. W., Montreal



## PAGE WHITE FENCES

Page Fences wear Best-Styles for Lawns, Parks, Farms and Railroads. 14,000 miles of Page Fences and 73,000 Page Gates now in use in Canada. Our 1910 Fences are better than ever. Page Gates for 1910 have Galvanized Frames. Get our latest prices and booklet.

THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO., LIMITED  
Largest fence and gate manufacturers in Canada

WALKERVILLE TORONTO MONTREAL ST. JOHN WINNIPEG VICTORIA

## British America Assurance Company

INCORPORATED A.D. 1833.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

STATEMENT FOR YEAR ENDING DEC. 31, 1903.

ASSETS	\$2,022,170 18
Unearned Premiums and other Liabilities	1,166,306 63
Surplus to Policy-holders	\$ 915,863 55
Losses paid since incorporation in 1833	\$13,620,764 61
Fire Premiums	\$1,658,239 65
Fire Losses	\$839,004 26
Expenses	660,847 04
	1,109,851 30
Interest and other Receipts	\$ 48,388 35
	54,723 15
Profit on Year's Trading	\$ 213,111 50

W. B. MEIKLE, General Manager. P. H. SIMS, Secretary.  
Applications for Agencies at unrepresented points to be addressed to the Secretary.

**MAPLEINE**  
A flavoring used the same as lemon or vanilla. By dissolving granulated sugar in water and adding Mapleine, a delicious syrup is made and a syrup better than maple. Mapleine is sold by grocers. If not send 50c for 2 oz. bottle and recipe book. Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle, Wa.

For **PINK EYE** DISTEMPER CATARRHAL FEVER AND ALL NOSE AND THROAT DISEASES  
Cures the sick and acts as a preventive for others. Liquid given on the tongue. Safe for brood mares and all others. Best kidney remedy; 50c and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 the dozen. Sold by all druggists and horse goods houses. Distributors: All Wholesale Drug Houses.  
SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists, GOSHEN, INDIANA, U. S. A.