

THE MYSTERY CLEARED UP;

OR, THE HERITAGE OF MADAME YALTA.

CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd)

"I know that, and I am not displeased with you beyond measure, though it seems to me that your situation imposed upon you duties to which you have been wanting. But we will leave the past, and be kind enough to examine these packages of bank-notes," added the banker, pointing to the files which were still spread out on the table. Vignory took them up and began counting them over.

"There are fifty," he said. "That is not what I ask. Where do you think they came from?"

"From my safe, undoubtedly. I recognize the way the pin is stuck in; a little more to the right and a little lower down than the packages made at the Bank of France."

"Very well. My rouge of a secretary can no longer maintain that he has stolen them."

"What! it was—"
"We hold in our hands the sum that was taken from me, and it rests with me to have this Carnoel arrested."

"He is in Paris!" exclaimed Vignory.

"Yes, and I have in my hand the proof of his infamy. Would you believe that he has had the audacity to assert that this money was sent to him by a debtor of his father! He had a letter written. Read it, and tell me what you think."

Vignory turned pale and took the letter with a hand that trembled visibly.

"The imposture is evident," he said, after having glanced at it; "it is even very clumsily done; this letter must have been dictated by a de Carnoel."

"Dictated to whom?" asked Maxime, abruptly.

"To one of his friends, no doubt. I do not know the handwriting."

"But intimate as you were, you must know the friends of Robert de Carnoel."

"Friends—he had few," stammered Vignory. "A few college chums, and those he saw very rarely."

"Then," said the banker, "it is useless to try to find out who wrote the letter."

"I believe so, monsieur—however, if you would entrust it to me I may perhaps—"

"No, it would be waste of time; my mind is entirely made up, and I desire only to impart my conviction to—all those who doubt still. This letter is a proof and I shall keep it."

The door opened softly, and Alice's face appeared, but seeing her father was not alone she made a movement to go out.

"Come in!" exclaimed M. Dorgeres. He concluded to profit by the presence of Maxime to strike a great blow, but reflecting that that of his cashier would embarrass his explanations with his daughter he took him aside and said:

"Be so good as to leave us. You were going to follow the advice of my hare-brained nephew, but it is not a hanging matter. Go, my friend, and return to dine with us."

Alice, avoided looking at him as he went out somewhat discomfited and crestfallen, but exchanging a quick glance with her cousin, she read in his eyes that he was not a bearer of good news.

"Your arrival is opportune," said M. Dorgeres; "I even regret that you did not come sooner. You would have found Col. Borisoff here."

"Then I did well not to come. That man inspires me with horror."

"Yes," said the banker mischievously. "You detest him because he believed with myself that M. de Carnoel had been meddling with my safe. It is time to put an end to the false idea you persist in maintaining. This man is unworthy of you."

"You have told me so before, and I have refused to believe it. And Maxime does not, either," she added.

"Maxime! Ask him what he thinks of M. de Carnoel."

Alice said nothing, but her eyes sought her cousin's face, questioningly. Maxime colored and made no reply.

"Come! speak!" cried his uncle. "Assure this foolish girl that my former secretary is associated with a band of rascals. You have just told me his exploits and drawn your own conclusions from them. I hope you do not mean to retract before my daughter."

"No," murmured Maxime, "for, unfortunately, I have advanced nothing but the truth."

"What!" murmured poor Alice. "You, too—you abandon him—you, who declared to me only yesterday—"

"Yesterday I was persuaded he was innocent. To-day I am obliged to recognize that I was mistaken."

"What has happened since yesterday?"

"I saw M. de Carnoel taking flight with a woman who is certainly a thief."

"A woman!" repeated Mlle. Dorgeres, sorrowfully.

"Yes, a woman, my dear Alice, and what a woman! one who is engaged in the service of revolutionaries of the lowest order."

"And you affirm that he fled with her? Fled! why should he fly? He has, then, been arrested?"

"I beg you, my dear Alice, not to insist in knowing all the details of this affair, but be satisfied when I tell you on my honor and my conscience that M. de Carnoel has been guilty of acts which create between him and you an impassable abyss. You may believe me, for I defended him when I believed it possible, and I have no interest in ruining him."

"It is well," said Alice, with effort, "where is he?"

"Where is he!" exclaimed M. Dorgeres. "It is not your intention, I hope, to run after him?"

"I want to know where he is."

"You are absolutely bent upon it?" asked Maxime, decided to make an end of this; "well, he is at this woman's."

"Prove to me that you are not lying."

"How shall I prove it? I can not take you there, can I? But I shall see him myself this evening—I shall see his contemptible accomplice—and to-morrow, if you wish to hear the confessions I shall force from him—"

"Enough!" interrupted Mlle. Dorgeres. "There is nothing left me but to die."

"To die!" exclaimed the father. "You love me no longer that you talk of dying. What have I done that you should break my heart?"

"No," said Alice, throwing herself into her father's arms, "I have not ceased to love you; but forgive me if I have not the courage to live."

She burst into tears and sobbed aloud.

Her father received her in his arms, and Maxime, almost as much moved, bent his head to conceal his agitation.

"Speak," cried M. Dorgeres. "Help me to make her understand that she is wrong to afflict me so; that she has not the right to grieve my old age by refusing to marry—"

"Never," said Alice, disengaging herself from her father's arms. "I may promise to force myself to be resigned; I cannot promise to forget. But I swear to you never to pronounce the name of the man I have loved; and I ask it of you, my father, of you, Maxime. It is not much to exact."

"Do not fear that we will revert to this sad subject," replied M. Dorgeres, who had recovered a little his composure, and felt the necessity of putting an end to a painful scene. "You will remain mistress of your own will, my dear child. Wisdom will return to you, perhaps, and I will wait for it. And now will you wait for me in the dining-room? I have a few words to say to your cousin."

Alice offered him her forehead, and went out without pressing the hand of her cousin, who understood well why she treated him less affectionately than usual.

By way of compensation, she had no sooner disappeared than her father exclaimed:

"My boy, I give you, back my esteem. You have been firm, and without you I do not know what

I should have done with that wayward girl."

"Alas! I fear my firmness has not changed the situation."

"You are mistaken. The blow has struck home. Time will do the rest. If you can finish what you have so well begun—"

"Cure her! I should ask nothing better. However, there is, perhaps one means. Will you allow me to see Alice when I wish, and with whom I wish?"

"Certainly!"

"Then I am going."

"When shall I see you again?"

"When I have succeeded."

And he descended the stairway, saying to himself:

"It is only the countess who can convert Alice."

CHAPTER VIII.

Maxime left the house of his uncle a little more perplexed than he had entered it.

On his arrival he fancied he was going to set everything to rights, overwhelm M. Dorgeres with joy, bring Alice to right views, and reassure his friend Vignory. And M. Dorgeres had just been subjected to a heartrending scene, Alice talked of dying, Vignory went away anxious.

But there remained one last card to play.

Maxime was not the dupe of the sentiments his cousin had expressed with so much violence. Hope was still living in the bottom of her breaking heart, and she was resolved to cherish her liberty, because she believed the hour would come for the reinstating of the betrothed of her choice.

It was only necessary to tear from her this last illusion. And Madame Yalta alone could do that. He was impatient to see her, to acquaint her with what he had discovered concerning Robert de Carnoel, and if he could have hoped to find her at home would have run. But Dr. Villagos had told him the countess would be absent for twenty-four hours, and he must postpone his visit to the next day.

Where should he go? He hardly knew, and took mechanically the route to Rue de Chateaudun, when, in turning into the Boulevard Malesherbes, it occurred to him to go and inquire for Georget.

On reaching Monceaux Park, he turned aside to take a look at Colonel Borisoff's house. He ascertained that the Russian agent had spoken truly. His servants were engaged in storing away baggage in a wagon.

"A pleasant journey to him," murmured Maxime, "and may he never return."

He followed Rue de Vigny to its terminus, and, plunged in his reflections, was crossing the Boulevard de Courcelles when a cry met his ears and roused him from his reverie. Raising his head, he saw a horse whose breast nearly touched him—a horse attached to an elegant victoria and driven by a woman who, with rare skill, had just succeeded in arresting a blooded animal in full speed. Maxime sprang aside quickly, and was about to apologize when he recognized Madame Yalta bent backward and pulling on the reins to restrain her trotter. She had very nearly crushed a man who would willingly die for her, but in another fashion.

"You!" she exclaimed, turning pale at thought of the danger he had escaped.

"You!" exclaimed Maxime, amazed at this unlooked-for meeting. The two monosyllables crossed each other.

"I will take you," she said in an agitated voice; "jump in, quick! Nedji is impatient."

Maxime did not require a second invitation. He took his place by Madame Yalta's side, and the fiery animal filed off like a cannon ball.

"I was so terrified," said the countess; "a step more and you would have been under the feet of my horse."

"I owe you my life, and the joy of seeing you again would have consoled me if I had been wounded. I resigned myself with difficulty to postponing my visit till to-morrow and here you are back again!"

"Back again! what do you mean? I went out for an hour only and was returning to wait for you."

"You did not leave Paris this morning for a chateau some distance in the country?"

"Why, no."

"How was it, then, Dr. Villagos told me—"

"You have seen him?"

"Yes, he came to see me this morning for the first time, at my house."

"What did he say? speak! tell me!"

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"He—I hardly know where to begin," stammered Maxime, astonished that the countess showed so much impatience. "He said so many things."

"About me?"

"He repeated that your state of health required great care, and recommended me as usual not to abuse the interviews granted me."

"He asked you not to speak to me of M. de Carnoel?"

"Not positively, but from certain words he let fall I understood that he was aware that you were interesting yourself in his behalf."

"I hope you diverted him from

the idea."

"I tried," replied Maxime, with embarrassment, "but I fear he persists in believing it. He has reasons that—"

"What reasons?"

"In walking with one of his friends he met this woman of whom I spoke to you—the associate of the woman who lost her hand in trying to open my uncle's safe."

"Well?"

"His friend knew, it seems, that this creature had been the mistress of Robert de Carnoel."

"It is not true. Villagos has lied."

(To be continued.)

McKenzie Mine at Elk Lake Has Started Bagging Ore

Successful Operations at the Mine Which Make the Property a Coming Shipper.

ELK CITY, May 4.—With the opening of navigation, which is now in full swing, the greatest of activity prevails at the various mines and prospects in this vicinity and the city is rapidly recovering from the recent fires.

The district is likely to become another Cobalt and the veins run to depth with values. Among the shippers and properties bagging ore are the Lucky Godfrey, the Borland-Thompson, the Devlin and the Moose Horn mines.

The Moose Horn mine put in a new plant this spring and are now sinking a winze at the 125-foot level on a vein which has shown values from the surface.

In the midst of the mines is the McKenzie, a group of five properties on which work was begun last January. They have been fortunate from the start and soon hope to rank with the shippers.

The engineer in charge, Mr. Harry McMaster, reports that the vein on location 86 of the company's group at a depth of 50 feet continued steadily the whole distance and showed free silver all the way with the exception of four feet. Several hundred feet of stripping has already been done, resulting in the discovery of two additional veins, one of which is 7 inches wide, cutting at an angle of six degrees. It is the intention to continue this shaft to the 75 or 100 foot level, then drift to the McKenzie vein.

where the new 7 inch vein crosses. Mr. McMaster states that in his opinion this week will result in the placing of the value of the mine beyond question. The necessary buildings have now all been erected, including bunk house, cooking camp, manager's dwelling, blacksmith shop, powder house, and the necessary machinery is being installed. A good wagon road has been built from the main road which parallels the road from Elk Lake.

The McKenzie company are in a very fortunate position, owning a group of five properties which have been thoroughly tested. Six assays made from the veins on which the company are now working have shown results of from 400 ounces of silver up as high as 15,000 ounces to the ton.

This company is under good management, and it is the opinion of the engineer in charge and those who have seen the property that it should be brought to the shipping stage in a very short time, 600 pounds of good ore having been bagged by May 1, and the work in this regard being pushed rapidly from day to day.

Application is being made to list this stock on the New York Curb.

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