

# THE SECRET OF HER POWER;

Or, A TRUTH NEVER OLD.

## CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd)

"My dear Dolly! what unkind exaggeration! If I tell you anything, you will be sure not to repeat what I say? Mme. Sabaroff considers me a stranger to her; I am bound to accept her decision on such a point."

"You knew her in Russia?"

"Yes; when I was there she was the new beauty at the court. She had been married a year or less to Paul Sabaroff. I had the honor of her friendship at that time; if she withdraws it now I must acquiesce."

"Oh!"

Lady Usk gives a little sound between a snort and a sigh.

She is annoyed. The gossipers are right, then. She is sorry the children have been so much with their friend, and she is infuriated at the idea of her husband's triumph over her credulity.

"Oh, pray don't think—don't think for a moment," murmurs Gervase; but his cousin understands that it is the conventional compulsory expostulation which every man who is well bred is bound to make on such subjects.

"She must have been very young then?" she says, beating impatiently on her blotting-book with her gold pen.

"Very young; but such a husband as Paul Sabaroff made is—well—a more than liberal education to any woman, however young. She was sixteen, I think, and very lovely, though she is perhaps nandsomer now. I had the honor of her confidence; she was unhappy and in-comprise; her father had given her hand in discharge of a debt at cards; Sabaroff was a gambler and a brute; at the end of a second winter season he had a violent fit of jealousy and sent her, to his estate on the White Sea—"

"Jealousy of you?"

Gervase bowed.

"There she was kept in a state of surveillance scarcely better than absolute imprisonment. I did all manner of crazy and romantic things to endeavor to see her; and once or twice I succeeded, but he had discovered letters of mine and made her captivity more rigorous than ever. I myself was ordered on the special mission to Spain—you remember—and I left Russia with a broken heart. From that time to this I have never seen her."

"But your broken heart has continued to do its daily work?"

"It is a figure of speech. I adored her, and the husband was a brute. When Leinitz shot him he only rid the world of a brute. You have seen that broad bracelet she wears above the right elbow? People always talk so about it. She wears it to hide where Sabaroff broke her arm one night in his violence; the marks of it are there forever."

Lady Usk is silent; she is divided between her natural compassion and sympathy, which are very easily roused, and her irritation at discovering that her new favorites is what Usk would call "just like the rest of them."

"You perceive," he added, "that, as the princess chooses to ignore the past, it is not for me to recall it. I am obliged to accept her decision, however much I must suffer from it."

"Suffer!" echoes the cousin. "After her husband's death you never took the trouble to cross Europe to see her!"

"She had never answered my letters," said Gervase; but he feels that the excuse is a frail one. And how, he thinks, angrily, should a good woman like his cousin, who has never flirted in her life and never done anything which might not have been printed in the daily papers, understand a man's inevitable inconstancy.

"I assure you that I never loved any woman as I loved her," he continues.

"Then you are another proof, if one were wanted, that men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for—"

"I did not die, certainly," Gervase says, much irritated, "but I suffered greatly, whether you choose to believe it or not."

"I am not inclined to believe it," replies his hostess. "It is not your style."

"I wrote to her a great many times."

He pauses.

Lady Usk fills up the pause. "And she answered you?" she inquires.

"N-no," replies Gervase, unwillingly to confess such an affront to him. "She did not write. Prudence, I suppose, or perhaps she might be too closely watched, or her letters might be stopped; who can say?"

"Nobody but herself, clearly. Well?"

"I was sent to Madrid, and I heard nothing of her except that Sabaroff was shot in a duel about her with Leinitz, but that was two years afterward."

"And when he was shot why did you not in due course go to the White sea, or wherever she was, and offer yourself?"

"The truth is, I had become acquainted with a Spanish lady—"

"A great many Spanish ladies, no doubt! What a half-hearted Lothario!"

"Not at all. Only just at that time—"

"Manillas, mandolines, balconies, bull-fights, high mass and moonlight had the supremacy! My dear Alan, tell your story how you will, you can't make yourself heroic."

"I have not the slightest pretension to do so," says Gervase, very much annoyed. "I have no heroism. I leave it to Lord Blanford, who has been shipwrecked five hundred times, I believe, and ridden as many dromedaries over unknown sand plains as Gordon—"

"As you don't care in the least for her why should you care if his shipwrecks and dromedaries interest her? We don't know that they do, but—"

"How little sympathy you have!"

"George says I have always a great deal too much. What do you want me to sympathize with? According to your own story you 'loved and rode away'; at least, took a through ticket across Europe, as Lovelace has to do in these prosaic days. If you did not go back to Russia when you might have gone back a *qui la faute?* Nobody's but your own and the nameless Spanish lady or ladies!"

"You are very perverse."

"It is you who are, or who were, perverse. According to your own statement you adored a woman when she was unattainable; when she became attainable you did not even take the trouble to get into a railway carriage; you were otherwise amused. What romantic element is there in such a tale as yours to excite the smallest fragment of interest? To judge you out of your own mouth, you seem to me to have behaved with most uninteresting inconstancy."

"It was four years, and she had never answered my letters."

"Really a reason to make you esteem her infinitely more than if she had answered them. My dear Alan, you are a flirt, and you forgot, as flirts forget; why should one pity you for being so comfortably and so easily consoled? You ought to be infinitely grateful that Mme. Sabaroff did not send you reams of reproaches, and telegraph you compromising messages which would have got you into trouble in Downing street. The tang died a natural death, you did not care to keep it alive; why are you now all lamentations over its grave? I really do not follow the course of your emotions—if you feel any emotion—I thought you never did. Mme. Sabaroff has never been a person difficult to follow or to find; the fashionable intelligence of the newspapers would at any time have enabled you to know where she was; you never had inclination or remembrance enough to make you curious to see her again, and then when you come across her in a country house you think yourself very ill-used because she does not all at once fall into your arms. You couldn't possibly care about her since you never tried to see her all those years!"

Dorothy Usk is really annoyed. "Pray, did you know that she is

as rich as she is?" she asks, with some sharpness in her tone.

Gervase colors a little, being conscious that his response cannot increase his cousin's sympathies with him.

"No; is she rich? Paul Sabaroff was poor. He had gambled away nearly everything. Your children have a great deal of blague about her riches, but I suppose it is all nonsense."

"Not nonsense at all. Two years ago some silver was discovered on a bit of rough land which belonged to her somewhere beyond the Urals, I think, and she is enormously rich—will be richer every year, they say."

"Indeed!"

He endeavors to look indifferent, but his cousin's penetrating eyes seem to him to be regarding his very soul.

"How dreadfully sorry he must be that he didn't leave Madrid," she thinks, and aloud says irritably: "Why on earth didn't you try to renew things with her all these three years?"

"I imagined that I had forgotten her."

"Well, so you had; completely forgotten her till you saw her here."

"On my honor, she is the only woman I have ever really loved."

"Oh, men always say that of somebody or another, generally of the most impossible people. George always declares that the only woman he ever really loved was a pastry cook when he was at Christ-church."

"Dear Dorothy, don't joke. I assure you I am thoroughly in earnest."

"She certainly has forgotten you."

She knows that for him to be convinced of this is the surest way to revive a died-out passion.

"Who knows? She would be indifferent in that case, and polite, as it is she is cold, even rude."

"That may be resentment."

"Resentment means remembrance."

"Oh, not always."

"Then she has a number of my letters."

"So you said; you cannot be so very sure she has kept them. Other people may have written her the same sort of letters, or more admirable letters still; how can you tell?"

He colors angrily.

"She is not a femme legere."

"She is receiving a great deal of attention now from Lord Blanford, and she does not seem to dislike it. They say he writes exquisite letters to women he is fond of; I don't know myself, because I have never had anything more interesting from him than notes about dinners or visits, but they say so. They even say that his deserted ladies forgive his desertions because he writes his farewells so divinely."

Lord Blanford's epistolary accomplishments do not interest me in the least. Everybody knows what he is with women." He pauses, a

moment, then adds, with some hesitation:

"Dear Dorothy, you know her very well. Don't you think you could find out for me, and tell me—"

"What?"

"Well, what she thinks or does not think; in a word, how I stand with her."

"No—oh, no, my dear Alan; I couldn't attempt anything of that sort—in my house, too; it would seem so horribly rude. Besides, I am not in the least—not the very least—intimate with her. I think her charming; we are *bonne connaissance*; the children adore her; but I have never said anything intimate to her in my life—never."

"But you have so much tact."

"The more tact I have the less likely shall I be to recall to her what she is evidently perfectly determined to ignore. You can do it yourself if you want it done. You are not usually shy."

Gervase gets up impatiently and walks about in the narrow limits of the boudoir to the peril of Sevres and Saxe.

"But women have a hundred indirect ways of finding out everything; you might discover perfectly well if you chose, whether—whether she feels anger or any other sentiment; whether—whether, in a word, it would be prudent to recall the past to her."

Lady Usk shakes her head with energy, stirring all its pretty blonde curls, real and false. "Entre l'arbre et l'ecorce ne mettez pas le doigt. That is sound advice which I have heard given at the Francois."

"That is said of not interfering between married people."

"It is generally true of people who wish or may not wish to marry. And I suppose, Alan, that when you speak in my house of renewing your—your—relations with the Princess Sabaroff, you do not mean that you have any object less serious than *le bon motif?*"

Gervase is amused, although he is disconcerted and irritated.

(To be continued.)

## Eternal Lamps.

A common superstition that the ancients possessed the art of making lamps which would burn forever for a long time obtained, and it was claimed that one such lamp was discovered in the tomb of Rosierucius. Science, however, has long set this, together with other superstitions, forever at rest, since it has been demonstrated that fire will not burn in a chamber from which the air has been exhausted.

### Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents.

## MAPLEINE

A flavoring used the same as lemon or vanilla. By dissolving granulated sugar in water and adding Mapleine, a delicious syrup is made as a syrup better than maple. Mapleine is sold by grocers. If not sent for 25c. bottle and recipe book. Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle, Wn.

## PLATINIZED GLASS.

Produces an Odd and a Tricky Kind of Mirror.

Platinized glass consists of a piece of glass coated with an exceedingly thin layer of a liquid charged with platinum and then raised to a red heat. The platinum becomes united to the glass in such a way as to form an odd kind of mirror.

The glass has not really lost its transparency, and yet if one places it against a wall and looks at it he sees his image as in an ordinary looking glass. But when light is allowed to come through the glass from the other side, as when it is placed in a window, it appears perfectly transparent, like ordinary glass.

By constructing a window of platinized glass one could stand close behind the panes in an unilluminated room and behold clearly everything going on outside, while passersby looking at the window would behold only a fine mirror or set of mirrors in which their own figures would be reflected while the person inside remained invisible.

In France various tricks have been contrived with the aid of this glass. In one a person seeing what appears to be an ordinary mirror approaches it to gaze upon himself. A sudden change in the mechanism sends light through the glass from the back, whereupon it instantly becomes transparent, and the startled spectator finds himself confronted by some grotesque figure that had been hidden behind the glass.—Harper's Weekly.

## No Escape.

"Are you in favor of woman suffrage?" she asked.

"Oh, yes; enthusiastically," he replied.

"Now, I wish you would tell me why you think women ought to forget their children and their household duties and get out into the world to mix up in political affairs. If you know of any good reason—"

"Good heavens! I beg your pardon. I merely said I was in favor of it to avoid arguing with you. Can't a man be safe on any side any more?"

## MacMahon's Epigram.

When Marshal MacMahon in the Crimean campaign took the Malakoff by storm and wrote his celebrated dispatch, "J'y suis; j'y reste!" ("Here I am; here I stay"), these words made him famous all over the world. Yet his friends said that the worthy soldier had written them in the most matter of fact manner, with no thought of phrase making. The most surprised person over the success of this epigram was MacMahon himself.

## Helping Her Out.

"Have you a young chicken? I am rather green at cooking."

"Such being the case, madam, don't you think you'd better have an old, experienced fowl?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.



### Concrete Fence Posts Like These

are slightly, strong, permanent.

Concrete is, in many localities, cheaper than wood, for fence posts, and more durable than stone, brick or iron. Our book,

#### "What The Farmer Can Do With Concrete" is sent FREE.

It tells how to make, not only fence posts, but walks, curbs, horse blocks, barn foundations, feeding floors, well curbs, drinking troughs, silos, dairies, and many other farm utilities where cleanliness, strength and durability are required. Many of these things are simple and inexpensive to make, and may easily be put together in your spare time. The book carefully and simply tells all. The regular price of the book is 50c. We are distributing free, a limited number, however, and charging up the cost to advertising. That's why you get your copy free, if you sign the coupon and send it to-day. Do it now.


You may send me a copy of "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete."

Name .....

Address .....

CANADA CEMENT CO., Limited

30-35 National Bank Building MONTREAL



### Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents.