

A Dark Shadow;

Or, A Coming Vengeance

CHAPTER XXXI—(Continued).

They were approaching the river; he knew that by the character of the shop and the occasional sight of a sailor and longshoreman.

The night had grown dark and wet, and the faint and murky lights from the street lamps and the wretched houses partially revealed the squalor of the neighborhood; there was a smell of tar and of bilge water in the thick atmosphere; and, late as it was, Clive could hear the clang of hammers proceeding from some of the block-makers' shops where the men were working overtime.

Presently he heard the dull lapping of water against the slips which led down to the river; and as he leant over the apron of the cab and looked about him, the misery of the narrow streets and alleys, the noisomeness of the whole place, smote him with a nameless dread.

The cabman pulled up, and Clive leapt out, and looked round. They had stopped in a place close by the river, almost devoid of houses, and so badly lighted that it was almost pitch dark. The cabman nodded towards a low, half-ruined shed, which looked as if it had been deserted by some bankrupt blockmaker or mason-builder.

"They went in there," he said gruffly. "Queer kind o' place, ain't it, guv'nor? The young lady, she didn't seem to fancy it, an' she drew back like; but the gentleman that came out to meet her, he says something to her—I didn't catch what it was—and they went in together. He come out again, an' gave me a drink—two or three drinks it was, for the matter o' that—an' I drove away. An' that's wot I'm going to do now. Don't catch me mixing myself up with anything queer. Good-night, guv'nor."

"I'll give you another five-pound note to remain," said Clive hurriedly.

But the cabman winked and shook his head. "One fiver in the 'and is worth two in the bush, sir," he said, "especially when there might be a hawk and quod at the end of 'em; he added over his shoulder as he drove off.

Clive went to the ruined shed, and found a door. It seemed to be the only means of entrance; for he examined the side of the building that ran down to the water; and he went back to the door, and knocked. The silence was so profound that it seemed impossible that any living thing could be within it; but he knocked again, and his heart leapt as he heard footsteps approaching the door.

"Ish that you?"

CHAPTE XXXII.

Clive knew the voice; it was Koshki's. Almost by an inspiration Clive thought of Sara, and, waiting her voice, replied, "Yes, quick!" The door was opened, and Clive sprang in, thrust it to with his foot, and seized Koshki. There was a dim light burning somewhere in the shattered building; and Clive caught the gleam of a revolver in Koshki's hand. He struck him a blow on the arm, and then gripped him by the throat; but he was not quick enough to prevent Koshki calling out.

There came a response from several voices and the hurrying of footsteps; and Clive knew that he would have to fight against odds. His grip on the scoundrel's throat tightened. Koshki, nearly choking, staggered; with a twist of the leg Clive hurled him to the ground. Koshki's head must have fallen on stones; for he gasped, and became unconscious. Clive sprang to his feet, and saw two figures coming

towards him from the opening of the passage; a portion of the rough boarding that lined it had fallen away, and Clive pressed himself into the space thus made, and waited.

One of the men held aloft a ship's lantern, and Clive saw that the two approaching assailants were foreigners; they looked like Poles or half-bred Russians, and scoundrels of even a lower class than Koshki. One of them had caught up an iron bar, and he held it ready to strike as he rushed forward. They had passed Clive before they caught sight of Koshki lying by the door; and as they stopped, Clive sprang on to the man with the bar, struck him between the eyes, and tore the bar from his hand.

Startled by his sudden onslaught, both men drew back, and Clive, seizing the moment of hesitation, leaped one of the men with his own weapon. The other looked from right to left like a rat at bay; and Clive, with the bar raised, said thickly: "Stand back! Let me pass! There is a lady here—take me to her, and I'll give you money, more money than you've got for this job."

The man hesitated a moment, then he said in broken English, and almost unintelligibly: "I understand. Are you see per-leece? We working men—no lardy here."

"Mina!" shouted Clive.

There was a moment or two of silence; then he heard a faint cry, a cry that tore his heart in twain. It stopped suddenly, abruptly. Half mad with dread and fury, he struck the man down, caught up the lantern, and rushed along the passage. It opened into a blockmaker's shop sloping to the water's edge, a shop long since deserted and empty save for a few ragged pieces of timber, broken spars, and ends of rope; and there, lying in a corner, with her arms bound to her sides, was Mina. Mingling with the odor of rotting wood and bilge water was a faint, heavy scent, which clung to the thick, dank atmosphere. Clive knew it at once—it was phosgene. With her name on his lips he sprang to her side and knelt over her.

"Mina, Mina!" he called to her, trying to keep the horror from his voice. "It is I—Clive! You are safe, quite safe!"

He knew that she was unconscious. He searched for his knife to cut the rope that bound her; and he had actually got the edge of the knife against the rope when he felt a sharp pain in his side, followed by a heavy blow on the back of his head.

He managed to rise, and swung round upon Koshki, who gripped him, and hung him heavily to the ground.

When Clive came to it was with a consciousness of something cold at his feet. He opened his eyes heavily, and looked about him, and memory returned with all its anguish. The dim light showed him lying, and by his side the motionless form of Mina lying, bound as he had last seen her, and only a few yards away from him. With a hoarse cry, he tried to move to go to her; but he, too, was bound at arms and feet, and he could only moan with him. She was lying almost parallel with him, and the water that was lapping at his feet was lapping at hers; and in a flash he understood the significance of their joint position; the tide was rising slowly but surely, it would rise to the ledge just above their heads, and then, with all such luck, they would be washed into the sea or wash them up upon some muddy bank into which they would sink, and be lost for ever.

He and Mina were alone in that awful place; and yet not alone, for Death was hovering between them, waiting to strike. It was evident that Koshki had thought Clive already dead, or he would not have left him ungagged; but there was no hope in this; for Clive knew that his strength, weakened by exhaustion and loss of blood, if he could have made himself heard, there was little chance of assistance coming to him in that place of ill repute. Cries for help, even women's screams, were too frequent in this locality to attract attention, much less bring aid.

For himself, he could have met death, if not with indifference, with calmness and composure. But Mina, Mina! The sweat broke out on his forehead, and he writhed in his bonds until the ropes cut into his flesh. He was not allowed to write long; for his wounds were bleeding, and he was almost too weak to stir. He lay still, trying to summon all his fortitude—not for himself, but for Mina. He could almost hope that she was already dead; for if so she would spare the unspeakable agony of watching and waiting for the death that was slowly approaching.

He began to grow delirious, and he fought against the mist that was creeping over him; but he thought that he had fought in vain, that he was really out of it, when he heard something that sounded like a sigh. He waited a moment or two; the sound came again, and, as calmly as he could, he said: "Mina!"

The response he had scarcely dared hope for came back. It was only a breath, a quivering breath, but it made him thrill through all his aching veins. It was one word, breathed with infinite love and despair: "Clive!"

He could not speak for a moment. The anguish of knowing that she was lying bound so near him and that yet he was powerless to help her, to set her free, to save her life, choked the words back; but presently he managed to control himself. "Dearest!" he said. "Are you in pain? Have those scoundrels hurt you?"

"No," she replied faintly. "I can scarcely feel; I am drowsy, in a kind of stupor. Ah, but what does it matter about me? It is you—you, Clive, of whom I think! It was all my folly, my senseless credulity, which has brought you, lured into this hands. It was Koshki who sent the false message. It was he who sprang on me and bound me when one of the other men brought me into this place. I knew that they had snared me to spite you; and I was terrified; but I was glad, glad, Clive, that I did not leave you, lured not done going; and that you could not follow me helped me to fight my fear. And now you are here, in their hands!" She paused for breath. "How did you come here? Was it through some—some folly of mine that you tried me?"

"I found the cab, Mina," he said. "There was no folly on your part; it is I who have been wickedly, criminally foolish—for I did not leave word where I was following you; and no help can come to us. I tell you this, Mina, because I know you; I know that brave heart and soul of yours, and that you would turn with scorn from any affectation of encouragement, of delusive hope."

"Yes," she said, with a touch of loving pride in her voice. "I would not have you tell me anything but the truth. It would make it harder. And, indeed, it would be hard to die here so near you, almost close by your side, if I could die alone, for life is not so precious to me."

A dry sob burst from Clive, and he writhed in his bonds. "There might yet be a chance for us, Mina," he said. "If I could make myself

"Salada" Tea is "Hill-Grown"

"Hill-grown" tea has the small, tender leaves—with full, rich, delicious fragrance, redolent of the spicy tropics.



Tea is grown high up on the mountains of Ceylon—with its native delicacy and fragrance held captive in the sealed lead packages.

BLACK, GREEN or MIXED

heard—the Thames police might be passing.

"No, dearest," she said, and she spoke the sweet word unhesitatingly; for with death so near there was no longer any need to conceal their love; and heart to heart could speak freely. "The police boat has passed up the river; I heard the two men with Koshki say so; and if you called out loud enough, to be heard the men might come back. I think they have left us because they thought we were dead or in too deep a swoon to call for help. Oh, it is bitter to lie here, and to know you are losing your life for my sake! And such a life! So great, so good, of such value to the whole country, people."

Clive laughed, almost mockingly, almost deliriously. "Put that thought away from you, Mina," he said; "don't harbor it for a moment. My life! It is I who have fooled it away, I who have juggled with my happiness, and yours, yours! Lying here, like a helpless idiot, I see what a fool, what an imbecile I've been. But more of that; self-reproach is useless. I can only ask you to forgive me, Mina, to tell you that I love you, have never ceased to love you since love sprang up in my bosom for you. I had all unwittingly compromised Lady Edith, thinking you did not care for me. I was in honor bound to ask her to be my wife; and then she, the truth of her birth broke upon me, the chains which I would have supposed were wound more closely round me."

"I know, I know, Clive!" she said. "Do not let us think of her, of anything but our love. Are you in pain, dearest? I fear, I fear they have treated you cruelly."

He heard the sobs she tried to stifle, and he answered earnestly: "I am in no pain whatever. If they got at me I gave them as good as they gave. Why didn't I kill them when I had the chance? Pshaw!"

"No; you would not do that, Clive," she said. "You could not." There was a pause; then she said, "Will it—will it be long?"

He answered her in the spirit worthy of her. "Not long, darling. It is a spring tide, and rises quickly." She said very quietly. "We shall float out to the river, I suppose. Perhaps we shall be near each other, quite close."

"Oh, Mina, Mina!" broke from his parched lips.

"Ah, don't!" she breathed. "Don't give way, Clive. I can bear anything but that. Let us face it together as you would face it if you were alone, and were not grieving about me."

"There is no woman in the world like you, Mina," he said. "So brave, so noble, and so loving. Yes; you set me an example, and I'll try to follow it, dear. If I could only kiss you, if I could only touch your hand!"

She sighed deeply. "That would make death sweet, dearest," she said. "Hush! some one is coming!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Clive listened; but the heavy throbbing of his heart for a time prevented his hearing the sound; then he said: "Mina—be calm! I can hear it. It is a woman's step. Mina, we are saved!" He heard her gasp, then a sigh of disappointment, despair, followed.

"It is the woman—the Hindoo woman! Lady Edith's servant—she came to me—oh, I wish I had told you—she threatened me, and you. It is she who has planned this with Koshki, and helped him. She is coming to finish the work."

"Keep quite still; let her think you are dead, still in a faint," he whispered.

He himself closed his eyes by an almost superhuman effort, and kept his limbs motionless. It was Sara. She came slowly, walking something like a cat or a leopard over the rotting timber and the slimy stones.

She lifted the lantern, which, in their haste, the scoundrels had left behind them, and approaching Mina, bent and examined her. Clive watched her with a turmoil of emotion; which my poor pen cannot set down. He saw her take an Indian knife from under the folds of her long cloak, and raise it; and an actual physical sickness assailed him.

The knife was poised for a moment or two; then, as if satisfied that her victim was dead, and probably reflecting that the stab would not be only unnecessary but risky, she replaced the knife in her girdle, and went over to Clive. His pulse was so faint, his appearance so like that of death, that it was little wonder she was deceived. "Do Clive's unspeakable relief—not on his own account, but on Mina's—for he knew that she now was watching, and that she would not have been able to see the knife uplifted over him without crying out—Sara, did not take out the knife. She seated herself on a bank beside him, and folding her arms, looked down at him with glittering eyes in which shone the vindictive malice, the cruel gloating triumph which one might picture in the eyes of a fiend from the nethermost pit.

"Lie there, my pretty fool-pig," she crooned. "Be, has come to see you, to see that you sleep soundly, to sing you a little lullaby, the little song we Hindoo women sing to the budmush—the thief, the traitor, when the man with the big sword is waiting for him. Yes; you are a thief; you stole my mistress's heart, the heart you stole my mistress's heart; and you little fool! Sara warned her; but she would not hearken, would not take heed. And so she lies there like dead carbon on the banks of the sacred Ganges. And in a lit-

When through old age the bodily functions become sluggish, Na-Dru-Co Laxatives give gentle, timely and effective aid, without discomfort or distress.

25c. a box at your Druggist's. 173 National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.

UNACCUSTOMED COMPLIMENT

The Old King of Wurtemberg and the Servant.

A refreshing little incident of royalty without its crown was reported recently in the New York Tribune.

Accompanied only by his dog, the old King of Wurtemberg takes many long walks along the shores of Lake Constance during the summer. Recently he crossed in a little tourist steamer to Rorschach, on the Swiss shore. As a simple traveller he entered a restaurant, and ordered a sandwich.

"You have a beautiful dog there," remarked the waitress.

"Yes, more beautiful than I am," the King replied.

"That is true," said the girl simply; "and certainly he is far younger."

"You are perfectly right." When he had eaten the sandwich, the King departed, leaving a gold piece on the table. The girl ran after him, to say that he had forgotten his change.

"Oh, no," the King said, "you are to keep the gold piece as a remembrance of the King of Wurtemberg, to whom you have paid the unaccustomed compliment of sincerity."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

It is hard luck that comes easiest. Only very young men understand women.

The richer a man is the richer he wants to be.

It's difficult for the average man to live up to the opinion he has of himself.

Not even an expert aurist has ever discovered a woman who was deaf to flattery.

A girl should never marry a man until she knows all about him—then the chances are she'll not care to.

What has become of the old-fashioned young man who used to make good by marrying his employer's daughter and succeeding to the business?

Sweet Revenge.

A grocer was guilty of some rather sharp practice on a customer, and the latter stamped out of the shop roaring—"You're a swindler, and I'll never enter your doors again!" Next day, though, he came back and bought five pounds of sugar. "Dear me," said the grocer, "I thought you were never going to enter my doors again." "Well, I didn't mean to," said the customer; "but yours is the only shop in the place where I can get what I want. I am going to pot some bulbs, and I need sand."

St. Lawrence Sugar

Children Need Sugar

Pure sugar is necessary to the health of young or old. Good home-made candy, sugar on porridge, fruit or bread—not only pleases but stimulates.

Buy St. Lawrence Extra Granulated in bags and be sure of the finest pure cane sugar, untouched by hand from factory to your kitchen.

Bags 100 lbs., 25 lbs., 20 lbs., Cans 5 lbs., 2 lbs.

FULL WEIGHT GUARANTEED.

Sold by best dealers.

St. Lawrence Sugar Refineries, Limited, - Montreal.

THIS is a HOME DYE that ANYONE can use

DYO-LA

The Guaranteed "ONE DYE for All Kinds of Cloth."

Clean, Safe, No Chance of Mistake. TRY IT! Write for Free Color Card and Booklet. The Johnson-Richardson Co. Limited, Montreal.

To submit to a headache is to waste energy, time and comfort. To stop it at once simply take

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

Your Druggist will confirm our statement that they do not contain anything that can harm heart or nervous system. 25c. a box.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED. 124

SPOHN'S LIQUID DISTEMPER CURE

Shipping Fever

Influenza, pink eye, epizootic distemper and all nose and throat diseases cured, and all others, no matter how "extensive," kept from having any of these diseases with SPOHN'S LIQUID DISTEMPER CURE. Three to six doses often cure a case. One bottle guaranteed to do so. Best thing for broad mares. Acts on the blood. Druggists and harness shops. Distributors—ALL WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists, Coshen, Indiana, U.S.A.

BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH

FOR BRIGHTNESS BLACK AND LIGHTNESS, USE KNIGHT

A PASTE NO WASTE | THE F.F. DALLEY & LTD. HAMILTON, ONT. | No Dust No Rust

"INTERNATIONAL POULTRY FOOD"

C. W. MONSON, one of the best known poultrymen in Indiana, says—"I heartily recommend INTERNATIONAL POULTRY FOOD, as I have tested it on my hens. They laid eggs all winter. No one around here did as well with their poultry, and my results were caused by INTERNATIONAL POULTRY FOOD."

Highland Grove, Ont., March 25. GEORGE PETERS writes—"Dear Sir, I must say your Poultry Food is all that you claim. I never had my hens lay all winter before this and they have laid steadily."

INTERNATIONAL POULTRY FOOD is the "best poultry tonic in the world," as one admirer puts it. It makes hens lay all the winter, because it keeps fowls strong and healthy.

It is a wonderful egg producer—prevents chicken cholera—cures roup—and is a prime fattener. Eggs are way up. Now is the time to make money out of your hens. Feed INTERNATIONAL POULTRY FOOD and double your egg production.

For Sale by Dealers Everywhere. We'll send you a free copy of our \$3.00 stock and poultry book. Write for it.

International Stock Food Co. Limited TORONTO.