

Shiloh's Cure. TAKE THE BEST CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1895. LIFTED BY LOVE. HOW A WEARF WOLF BECAME A RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

agh came to the end of his account, and he pointed to the book he had been reading. "The Land of the Chrysanthemums," Kavanagh said, reading the title. Then opening the book and glancing at a page he continued, "This man is not overrated, I suppose. It must be a delightful haven for the man who seeks refuge from the storms of life."

"Where is that land you were speaking about to Mr. Kavanagh?" I asked Taras when we were at dinner. "Japan! Oh, right on the other side of the world."

"Then it must be very difficult to get at." "One must travel for weeks continuously to reach there," he said, and then he went on to gossip about the country and the ways and customs of the people with their simple, sweet and peaceful disposition.

"The next morning, just after lunch, Kavanagh brought back the book. He had read it through. "I shall take it home," I said, and he went through it to the end," he said in reply to Taras' exclamation of surprise, but a significant glance at me as he raised his eyes gave a double meaning to his words.

"I left them talking about books of travel, and running up to my room dressed quickly to go out. Buttoning my gloves, I returned to the living-room and told Taras that I was going into the Kensington road.

"May I offer you a seat in my brougham?" Kavanagh asked, rising. I accepted, and we presently went out together. "Rudersdorf has arrived," Kavanagh said gravely when he had started.

the first: how are you going to get George Gordon to the joy?" "When the time comes, you must take him there on pretense," said Taras, "but when he is found in the collar where he was confined before. There is nothing to fear," he said, again noticing my hesitation.

"I myself shall come as seldom as possible to Lambeth in order to avoid any suspicion of collusion. If any simpler scheme presents itself, I will let you know, and of course you shall have timely and definite instructions when the moment comes for action."

"No longer than is absolutely necessary. You must have patience meantime. A single false step would ruin everything. Undine haste would ruin everything. Undine haste would ruin everything. Undine haste would ruin everything."

"Mademoiselle," said he almost as soon as Mrs. Lucas had closed the door on us, "do you think you could understand me if I spoke in English?" "I dare say I can," I replied.

"You can answer in French, you know, which is a lot easier to understand me. But the fact is I have something of a delicate nature to tell you, and I'm confident if I could explain it just as I want to, you know, in that language."

"I agreed to this proposal, and he, after pulling his beard in silent meditation for a minute, said with an uneasy laugh: "Tell you the truth, mademoiselle, now that I toe the line, so to speak, I find it's not such an easy matter to tell you in English as I thought it would be. Well, the long and short of it is, I heard something last night which has made me feel decidedly anxious and uncomfortable, and though I should be awfully sorry to alarm you I think you ought to be made acquainted with the facts of the case."

"That is Barry Kavanagh's opinion also, and he's a man of the world, you know, and a deuced long-headed fellow." "If it concerns our friend Taras," I said in a low voice, "I beg you not to hesitate in telling me anything you have heard."

to bear, but incidentally I learned a fact from Gordon, which explained and excused his posturing. The final act of the play was possible. "Do you see Miss Bell very often?" I asked Gordon one day.

"Not half so often as I should like to, I assure you," he replied, and then, rather inconspicuously, as it seemed to me, he added, "you see, she's such a brack of a girl."

"Is that any reason why you should not see her if she's engaged to you?" "Well, that's a professional sort of affair, you know. If it depends on the success of the pottery, hang it, though of course it's bound to succeed. You see, the old fellow has stuck his neck into it, but it's all his own fault. Well, if he gets a jolly good income out of it, Judith will be my wife. If he doesn't, well, after pulling the rug from under him, we shall be married all the same, only it will be a deuce of a bother."

"I don't think I quite understand," I said. "It's like this, mademoiselle. You are the only one in the world that would betray the confidence of a friend. The fact is poor old Bell's had a rough time of it, and through trusting one confounded kid friend and backing his neck into such a muddle that I doubt if he would have £50 a year to live upon if all his precious bonds and securities and shares were put on the market and sold at once. Well, you don't know that, and heaven forbid that it should ever come to his ears. I shan't if I can have a hand in cooking up a scheme to get his money."

"But how is it kept a secret from him?" "Oh, that's easy enough! He supposes that she is staying at Sydenham on a visit with Mrs. Kavanagh, who is an old friend."

"Mrs. Kavanagh!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "Mrs. Charles Kavanagh—Barry Kavanagh's sister-in-law," he explained. "I did not know that he had any relatives living in London."

"That's not a very surprising fact. Kavanagh's such an awfully rum, taciturn fellow in some matters. You never know what he feels or thinks or knows or does or anything about him, and I know he spends a couple of days a week at Sydenham. I suppose it's the logical outcome of his confounded rationalism."

"One morning, it must have been the 9th of November, Taras, looking at the paper, said: 'There's to be a large display of fireworks at the Crystal Palace to-night. Shall we go?' He succeeded joyfully to the proposal.

to do, and he was surprised to find that he was not alone in his opinion. "I am about to do," he said, "I am about to do. Listen attentively, for I may not have a chance of repeating the instruction. When I come to Lambeth, Taras may be with you. Now you see this ring on my finger—"

"As he spoke he passed his hand lightly over his mustache, and if you see it on my left hand, you will know that nothing can be done yet awhile, but if it is on the little finger of the right hand—the right hand, mind—you will leave the room, the workshop, wherever you are, and without excuse will be the best—put on your things and leave the house as quickly as you can. You may depend upon my fixing Taras' attention for a moment or two on the subject of the clear space of five or ten minutes, and I shall be sure to find my way through the long, thin man you have seen before. He knows what to do. Drive to Gordon's seat, and he will drive you to Gordon's rooms. You will find him in his rooms, and I shall have sent him in the afternoon and warned him that a development of Rudersdorf's plan is to expect to see him. Taras went out covered to dinner and has not returned. Kavanagh says they have carried him off to Shadwell. He has gone on in a carriage to his house, and he is to be taken to take up. Come, for heaven's sake! Now repeat what I have said."

"You need not study the part you have to act. Your own agitation will preclude any doubt of your sincerity." "I was about to question him as to the course to be taken after reaching Shadwell, but he was reaching the top of the stairs he cut me short."

"Here they are," he said. "Now when Gordon asks you what you have learned from me say that I saw you following and that he may be recognized by his wearing a coat with a deep sable collar and cuffs. Warn him not to alarm Taras, and you yourself be careful as you value your life."

Taras and Gordon overtook us as we stood before a stable. Kavanagh had stopped to criticize with the drivel of a man who is at a loss to find a subject for conversation. With ready address he made some observation on sculpture which provoked discussion with Taras and enticed me to escape observation by falling in the rear with Taras and Kavanagh. We left Gordon as we walked on down the half lit alley toward the transept. Following Taras and Kavanagh, I saw a couple of children darted out from their ambush behind a group of stately and ancient mansions, and before we had reached the stable door a young lady came forward who I knew must be Judith Bell before Gordon introduced us.

"A more unfortunate moment for this introduction could not be imagined. Gordon, at no time remarkable for self-possession, and I naturally gauche and awkward from want of cultivation, were now, under the paralyzing influence of fright and nervous excitement, utterly incapable of assuming an attitude of rational composure. We must have looked like culprits discovered in a misdeed. After stammering the ordinary form of introduction in an intelligible jargon of half French and English, Gordon said: "I'm making an awful mess of this; but to confess the truth, Judith, you have taken me by surprise."

"Mrs. Charles Kavanagh—Barry Kavanagh's sister-in-law," he explained. "I did not know that he had any relatives living in London." "That's not a very surprising fact. Kavanagh's such an awfully rum, taciturn fellow in some matters. You never know what he feels or thinks or knows or does or anything about him, and I know he spends a couple of days a week at Sydenham. I suppose it's the logical outcome of his confounded rationalism."

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