

The Fair Captives

OR THE SECRET CABINET

CHAPTER XXV.

"Not another word!" she says, feverishly. And then in a changed tone, and one full of misery, "Is there no way of getting into the house?"

mountain. "I feel, I know I shan't be able to keep away."

"Well, I shan't come here, at all events," returns she with noble determination.

"You'll have to come here when my dead body is discovered fastened like a dead fly to this wall," says he, gloomily.

"You'll be wanted for purposes of identification. I shall refuse to stir until you are sent for."

At this insanity they both laugh in a soft, subdued way that lends the occasion a charm.

"That's number one grievance," says he, "now for number two."

"The gardener's assistant," that's number two. And I believe I got thank him for the scolding I got this morning.

He gave warning, in fact, left on the spot, and Uncle Gregory has been in a fiendish temper ever since, specially quiet, you know, which means mischief.

If he would only rage and storm in a decent fashion, or box somebody's ears—so long as they weren't mine—I could endure it so much better."

"Why should he care so greatly for the loss of an assistant?"

"Because the assistant is in reality the gardener, and you know how he treasures his flowers. It seems absurd that so hateful a being can feel love for anything so innocent, but then we know Robespierre loved a little dog. Besides there is another, a less poetical reason for his annoyance at Durdan's abrupt departure."

"Had him cheap?" suggests Peyton.

Griselda regards him with a favorable eye.

"You're as clever as you look," she says politely. "He had him for a song. Positively for nothing! He has lived here all his life, grew up here, in fact, and to the boy's wages he first received nothing, has ever been added. To this fact, the excellent Durdan woke yesterday, and left without further argument, for which I honor him—and Uncle Gregory is in despair."

"He'll recover," says Peyton unfeelingly.

"I'm not so sure. But not even the knowledge that he has been able to keep back the last month's wages of that admirable Durdan, has been sufficient to console him. Durdan was an excellent gardener, and how is he to be replaced under treble his wages?"

"How indeed?" says Mr. Peyton, dramatically, who has sunk into a most untimely reverie, and is apparently shamefully inattentive to the harrowing tale the younger Miss Dyrart is still pouring into his ears.

"You must understand that his precious dahlias have just come to that age when copious waterings are requisite to their future welfare. Their beauty will be marred if a second Durdan does not instantly present himself."

"Tahlias! Water!" murmurs Peyton, so absently now that Griselda casts a sharp glance at him.

"I do believe you are dozing," she says, "regularly going to sleep. Have you forgotten where you are, and that a single instant's unconsciousness may precipitate you into space?"

She is evidently bent on regarding his present position as perilous in the extreme. "And besides," resentfully, "if you are sleepy, wish you would go home and do it there; it is not very interesting talking to people who don't even know whether one is here or not."

"I was only thinking. I assure you I never was more wide-awake in my life," protests Peyton eagerly.

"Well, go on again. This is grievance number two. First, you, then the gardener—then—"

"No, first you," carefully.

"True—and the third?"

"Poor Vera. Poor darling, of course she is bound to come in for her share. Now what do you think he wants to do with her?"

"Strange!"

"Far worse; he wants to marry her to his son, whether she will, or no!"

"To his son!" with every mark of extraordinary surprise. "By Jove, what lines for him!"

"For him?" indignantly—"for her, you mean?"

"No, I don't. I mean for him. What an awful rascal that father of his must be!"

"Just what I think. I'm glad there is one subject under the sun on which we can agree. The idea of his wanting to marry her to a man of whom we know nothing, except that he is his son! A weighty recommendation, truly!"

"Do you mean that you don't know the man?"

"Why, whom else should I mean?"

"Not Seaton. Why, he is one of the best fellows going. If she marries him I shan't pity her. But she won't. You know him?"

"Very well indeed."

"I think you might have said so before," says Griselda, distinctly offended.

"So I should," says he, "but somehow I never connected our Seaton Dyrart with your cousin."

"Our Seaton! Pray, how is it that you have so appropriated him?"

"He is such a tremendous chum of Grace's, my sister, Lady Riversdale, you know, for one thing."

"Oh!" She seems so struck by this revelation that she is silent for a moment or two. Then, "Well, I can't say I congratulate Lady Riversdale on her friendship with him," she says, with a little tilt upwards of her pretty chin.

"Why do you mean to say you don't like Dyrart?"

Griselda grows thoughtful.

"There is something—something that puzzles me," she says, looking at him earnestly, as one "peeped in the extreme."

"When I see him, when I am with him, I feel led away into a fancy that I do like him, but afterwards, when he is gone, of course I remember that I hate him, or at least—conscientiously—"

BIG SIEGE GUNS BATTERING GRAND DUKE SERGIUS KILLED

More Serious Situation Now Faces the Uncle of Czar Blown to Pieces by Nihilists' Bomb.

JAPS MOVING EAST.

A despatch from London says: Reports received here show that part of the Russian cavalry reported to be at Tachia have gone back to the north with some loss, but the precise outcome of the raid is not known. It does not seem to have developed importantly.

It is reported in St. Petersburg that a large Japanese force is moving east to outflank the Russians. A correspondent at the Russian headquarters says that the position has become more and more complicated and more uncertain by the approach of an early Spring. The Japanese have brought up many siege guns from Port Arthur, and some of them are pounding Putiloff Hill. Chinese reports say that 350 siege guns are in position at Liao-Yang.

The Tokio correspondent of the Standard says that the Japanese are entertaining no illusions concerning the peace rumors. The educated classes and the best newspapers agree that Japan cannot possibly accept a peace which would result in the destruction of Russian power in the East, which must be so complete as to render its revival impossible.

The Daily Telegraph's Shanghai correspondent reports that Gen. Stakelberg and three Russian infantry colonels were wounded in the fighting on the Hun River.

EIGHT-INCH GUN.

A despatch from Mukden says: The Japanese fired Tuesday and Wednesday on Putiloff Hill, with 8-inch guns, carrying 250-pound projectiles, indicating that they are siege guns, used at Port Arthur, and the first to be mounted in position before the Russian lines below Mukden. A new situation, therefore, confronts the Russian centre, and the general situation appears to have become more and more complicated by the arrival of open weather indicating an early spring.

ON THE SHIA RIVER.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says: The gloom in Governmental circles is intensified by the news of the desperate situation on the Shia River. Despatches from the front state that the same 11-inch guns with which the Japanese took 203-Metre Hill are now cannonading the Russian centre. These guns were conveyed by a newly built field railway, branching from the main line, to positions from which heavy siege guns can make the Russian centre untenable. Staff officers say it has become necessary to either advance or abandon the Shia River position. They anticipate a Japanese movement in the direction of Simningting, the objective being Tieling.

TO WEAR PUT JAPS.

A despatch from Paris says: The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Echo de Paris says that Marshal Oyama's force is estimated at 384,999 men. That under Gen. Kouropatkin is believed to be about the same. The plan of the Russians appears to be to increase Gen. Kouropatkin's army to 500,000 men and keep it at that strength, and, in time, wear out the Japanese.

FOUGHT WITH CHINESE.

A despatch from St. Petersburg

ously—"that I ought to hate him for wanting to marry Vera against her will."

"Marry Vera?" It is Mr. Peyton who has grown thoughtful now, and more than that, astonished.

"Just so," nodding her shapely head. "So mean of him, I call it, when he knows she can't bear him. All simply to please his father, lest he should cut him off with a dozen ushers' pennies."

"That isn't like Dyrart," says Mr. Peyton decidedly. "He's not that sort of fellow a bit. If he did want to marry your sister, it would be, in my opinion, because he was in love with her."

This startling suggestion he throws out with an air that would not have disgraced a Solomon. Griselda seems so struck with it that for a moment she is speechless. She might perhaps have been more overcome by this solution of a mystery that to her has been inexplicable, but that Mr. Peyton's next words tear down the image he has upraised.

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(To be Continued.)

Moscow, Saturday, Feb. 18.—With in the walls of the far-famed Kromlin Palace, almost underneath the historic tower from which Ivan the Terrible watched the heads of his enemies falling beneath the axe on the famous Red Square, and within a stone's throw of the great bell of Moscow, Grand Duke Sergius, uncle and brother-in-law of Emperor Nicholas, and the chief of the reactionaries, met a terrible death shortly before 3 o'clock Friday afternoon. The deed was committed by a single terrorist, who threw beneath the Grand Duke's carriage a bomb charged with the same high-power explosive which wrought Minister von Plehve's death. The missile was loaded with nails and fragments of iron, and its explosion tore the imperial victim's body to ghastly fragments, which strewed the snow for yards around. Every window in the lofty facade of the Palace of Justice was shattered, and bits of iron were embedded in the walls of the arsenal a hundred yards away.

BOURSE AFFECTED. A despatch from Berlin says: The Bourse here is considerably influenced by the peace rumors. It is widely believed that secret negotiations between Russia and Japan are actually proceeding.

NO BACKDOWN.

A despatch from Paris says: The Temps, alleging the highest authority for its assertion, says that Russia does not see in the military situation any reason to contemplate peace. An unfortunate Autumn campaign has compelled Russia to prolong throughout the winter preparations which will be unintermittedly continued. Decisive operations are not expected before the end of spring.

A GENERAL ATTACK.

A despatch from Mukden says: The Japanese began a heavy cannonade Tuesday afternoon on the Russian right flank, and the firing continued all through the day. It is thought the Japanese are preparing for a general attack. The Russian guns are replying.

The entire detachment of Japanese cavalry which had destroyed the railway bridge between Mukden and Harbin was wiped out. Russian cavalry overtook the raiders, who refused quarter, and fought until the last man was killed.

A CAVALRY MOVEMENT.

A despatch from Tokio says: The Russians have begun an extensive cavalry movement against Field Marshal Oyama's extreme left. Tuesday night they were attempting to cross the Hun River, west of Liao-Yang with 9,000 horsemen. The operation began west of Chitaiztu. One force of cavalry stole into Liao-hunshi, and simultaneously another cavalry force approached Tachia, which is situated 13 miles southwest of Chitaiztu, and 27 miles west of Liao-Yang. Nine thousand cavalry, with artillery, approached the river a mile below Tachia, and attempted to cross at 6 o'clock in the evening advancing on Heikoutai (Pekowtai).

SCENE OF THE CRIME.

The scene of the crime was the great open triangle of the Kremlin, bounded by the arsenal and treasury courts of justice, in one angle of which is the Nicholas, or Little Palace, where the Grand Duke dwelt. At the opposite corner is the Nikolsko gate, the exit to the town beyond the ramparts. A few minutes before the bell of the gate sounded the hour of three, the equipment of the Grand Duke emerged from the gates of the palace and proceeded, followed by sleighs containing secret police.

It swept at a smart pace toward the gate, passing the Gudofit Cloister, Ivan's Tower, the great Chibell, and a long row of cannon captured from Napoleon in the Winter retreat of 1812. In a minute the carriage was in front of the Courts of Justice, where the walls of the triangle approach, forming a narrow entrance to the Nikolai gate. There a man clad in workman's attire stepped forward from the sidewalk and threw a bomb which he had concealed beneath his coat. A terrible explosion followed, and a hail of iron pelted the grim stone walls of the arsenal and the Courts of Justice.

A thick cloud of smoke, snow, and debris arose. When it had cleared, a ghastly sight was presented. On the snow lay fragments of the body of Grand Duke Sergius, mingled with the wreckage of the carriage. The Grand Duke's head had been torn from his body, and reduced to a shapeless pulp, and the trunk and limbs were frightfully mangled. A finger bearing a rich seal ring was found lying several yards away. A crimson tint and a sickening smell of blood were everywhere. Only a few fragments of cloth indicated that the body once had been clothed. The coachman lay moaning with pain beside a deep hole in the pavement.

The horses, dragging the front wheels of the carriage, had dashed off, maddened with pain, to sink dying before they reached the gate.

BELIEVED TO BE A STUDENT.

Although the murderer refused to give any account of himself, the general public believes that he is a student, chiefly because it is known that students had sworn to assassinate the Grand Duke in revenge for the massacre in Moscow on Dec. 29. The authorities are reticent.

The body was immediately placed in a coffin. It will remain in the monastery until it is removed for burial in St. Petersburg, where, according to precedent, it must be interred in the Petrovavlovski fortress, in the presence of the Czar and all the Grand Dukes.

ONE BY ONE.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Chronicle says that the Czar, who was fond of Sergius, is reported to have broken down upon hearing the news. He exclaimed wildly, "When will all this end?" The correspondent quotes a Liberal leader as saying to him: "The reactionary party is now

SICKNESS AND WOUNDS.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says: An official return shows that since the commencement of the war Russian sick and wounded to the number of 130,429 have been sent to the rear. Of these 4,007 died in the hospitals, 17,722 recovered, but are incapable of further military service, and 77,727 were returned to the ranks.

CAN FLOAT WARSHIPS.

A despatch from Tokio says: It is positively asserted that most of the Russian warships which were sunk at Port Arthur can be floated, repaired and made available for future service. It has been ascertained that the explosions by which the Russians hoped to destroy them affected only their plating, and did not damage their structural parts.

VLADIVOSTOCK HIS AIM.

A despatch from Tokio says: There is reliable information to the effect that when Gen. Kawamura left Tokio early this month for Corea his mission was to make an advance against Vladivostock. The route of his advance has not been disclosed.

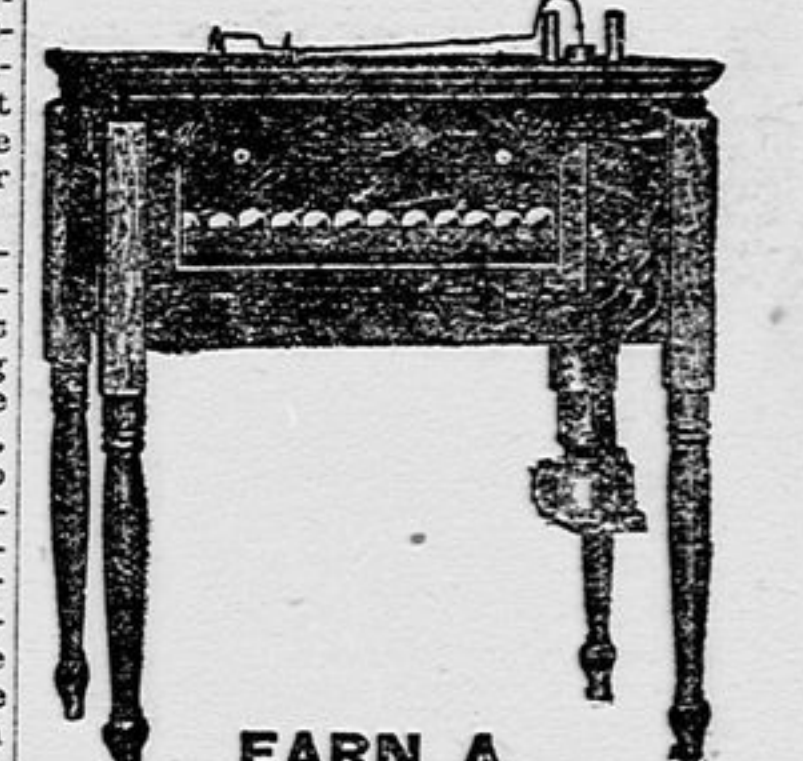
The Tokio newspapers have noted the continued withdrawal to the northward in Northern Corea of small bodies of Russians. It is stated that the fortifications of Vladivostock have been greatly strengthened lately.

GAVE AWAY MILLIONS.

Eccentric Millionaire Dies at Norwich, Conn. A despatch from Norwich, Conn., says:—The death of S. B. Roach occurred here on Tuesday night. He was 76 years old, and a native of this city. Mr. Roach amassed a fortune in Chicago and two years ago distributed millions of dollars among his relatives here and in other places "just to see how they would use the money." He was unmarried.

DIED FOR HIS SICK CHILD.

A despatch from Cheboygan, Mich., says: Albert Fleury walked on the ice from Bois Blanc Island to this city Saturday night to get medicine for his sick child. The mercury was sixteen below zero and a wild snow-storm was raging, but he bravely set out on the return trip about midnight with a lantern and compass to guide him. That was the last seen of him and there is little doubt that he perished and his body was covered up by drifting snow. His wife came to this city to look for him and large searching parties were organized, both here and on the Island to search for his body. He was 31 years old.



EARN A Comfortable Living WITH A Chatham Incubator

Poultry raising with a Chatham Incubator is a very profitable and easily managed occupation. Unless you want to go into an extensive business, you need take but very little of your time. Government reports show that the demand for chickens in Canada is greatly in excess of the supply and Great Britain is always clamoring for more. Between these two markets and good prices for chickens, you cannot raise chickens successfully with a setting hen. She is wasting time setting when she should be laying. While she is hatching and brooding a brood she could be laying five or six dozen eggs. The percentage of chickens she hatches is much less than that produced by the Chatham Incubator. It will pay you to own a Chatham Incubator.

Chatham Incubators contain every improvement of importance in incubator construction that has been produced. They are made of thoroughly seasoned wood, with two walls, case within case. Between these walls mineral wool is packed forming the very best insulation. Each piece of the case is mortised and grooved and screwed, making the whole as solid as a rock. Chatham Incubators are equipped with scientific perfect regulators which are an infallible means of regulating the temperature.

No cash to pay until October, 1905.

We will start you raising poultry for profit with a Chatham Incubator without one cent of money from you until next Fall. That means that you can take off seven or eight hatches and make considerable money out of the incubator before the first payment becomes due.

We could make this offer if we were not certain that if you accept it you will get complete satisfaction, if we were not positive that the Chatham Incubator will pay you a handsome yearly income.

This is a straightforward offer. We make it to show our supreme confidence in the Chatham Incubator. We want you to accept this offer as we are sure of the satisfaction our Incubator will give. Every machine we have put out so far has made other sales in the same neighborhood. Our offer is to send you a Chatham Incubator at once, freight prepaid by us without one cent of cash from you. You make your first payment in October, 1905. The balance to be paid in October, 1906, or if a Cash Buyer you get it cheaper. Could any offer be fairer or more generous?

SMITH FALLS, ONT., November 19th, 1904. The Incubator and Brooder that I bought from your agent, on time, I wish now to pay the whole amount. It is a very good one and I am very much pleased with both Incubator and Brooder and I would recommend them to anyone who is interested in poultry raising. Yours very truly, W. H. STEVENS.

Write us to-day for full particulars of our offer and mention this paper. Don't put it aside for another time as this special proposition may be withdrawn at any time.

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