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CHAPTER III .- (CONTINUED).

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

"You will not have failed to observe," he began, "that our past attemptsnow five in number—have all practically owed their failure to one and the same cause. We have not hitherto recognized which is the stronger and which the weaker of the two barriers that confine the object of our devotion. Because there are but two cruisers guarding the seaboard of St. Helena while a continuous cordon of armed sentinels is posted around Longwood House, another at the confines of the domain, and yet a third along the coast, we have made the mistake of supposing that our chief difficulties would meet us on land. But experience has shown that by relying on the corruption of servants and the stupidity of sentries the path to the shore can always be made smooth. The really insurmountable obstacle has hitherto been the vigilance of the English men-ofwar. They are, as you know, warned of the approach of a vessel by signal from the lookout on the peak, which has a prospect of over twenty leagues. Cruising, one to windward, one to leeward, they allow no ship to enter the roads without being searched; no one to land without permission from the admiral; and even after dark their guardboats, pulling round the island all night, prevent any communication with the shore. "A prisoner, then, who has gained the

landing-stage, is none the less a prisoner still, for he can by no possibility succeed in passing over the halfleague of water which separates him from the vessel waiting to bear him away to freedom.

M. Carnac sighed again. "It's quite true," said Mr. Holmes; "I found that out myself.

"Say rather that you sent others to risk their necks in finding it out for you," growled the count

The colonel hastened to divert their attention from each other. "Fortumately," he continued, "an inspiration came to me."

Camilla glanced quickly up in astoninhment; and he went on rapidly, as if to retrieve a faise step. "An inspiralion from a source not unknown to you. Madame de Montaut, who has spoken with so much eloquence to-night, was in fact the first to suggest that it might be possible to pass under that which we could not pass over."

The three visitors stared and were Camilla looked anxiously a their faces to gather their probable

"Yes," said the colonel, "a submarine boat is what is needed; and if the idea was another's, I may at least claim that the execution of it has been mine. "Execution?" asked Holmes, with transparent jealousy. "What do you

mean? The thing's impracticable!" It is a poor machine," said the sionel, with great deference, "and not in any way one such as you, Mr. Holmes, would have been able to design; but I think it will serve its pur pose, and that is enough."

M. Carnae shook his head. "I hope ft may," he said, despondently.

"This," said the colonel, unfolding a drawing and holding it up, "is a sketch of the boat. It is eight feet wide, seven feep, and sixty-five long, and is made in a number of separate parts, each capable of being concealed in a hogshead each. The whole can be put together in two hours." "Good!" cried the count, with a side

glance at Holmes. "Most ingenious! And how do you propose to use it?"

"Only as an auxiliary, of course," re-Hell M. de Montaut, "for its effective range is very limited. It is sunk by dmitting water into tanks at the two and raised by pumping it out gain. The propelling power consists two broad paddles worked from inide by hand, and moving much like hering of a fish. The shape of the out, as you see, is not unlike that of an ordinary canal barge, with watertight ends, and with the central space overed in by an oblong erection, havpanes of glass in the front and for purposes of steering, and at he top a hatch or trap-door for ingress

be wery laborious to work,

selv," said the colonel; "and ] e therefore to use it only as far is absolutely necessary. My idea is: A merchant-yessel will arrive amestown, St. Helena, on a day to appointed, and will obtain perto anchor in the roads, but of outside the circle patrolled by of boats. As soon as it is dark boat will be fitted toand launched under the charge ake the passage to and from the Admiralty, and its result, seemed a the submarine boat may be sunk | were already twinkling with a susand we can make sail inicion of the truth behind

no difficulty in reading their intentions -or at any rate their inclinationsupon their faces; but he was not without hope of gaining from them what measure of support was absolutely

"I am both flattered and strength ened," he said, addressing them all "by your kind approval; the more so as our share in originating this scheme is but small compared with the assistance which I hope to receive from you, who will thus earn the larger part of the giory and rewards which attend

"From Mr. Holmes, to whose honor and judgment have been committed the vast funds of the imperial house, I shall hope to receive a grant of a sum of money to defray the expense of the expedition, which, however large, will be inconsiderable when weighed against

the magnitude of the result. "M. le Comte, who has been endowed by nature with the strength and courage of a hero, will, I trust, think those ualities worthily employed in the serv ice of one who appreciates them so high ly. I look to him to work the submarine boat, which will be famous in history. and in which he will receive the first

greeting from the Emperor in freedom. "From you monsteur," he continued turning to M. Carnac, who was await ing his turn in visible trepidation. " shall ask a less dangerous but not less difficult service. Our pretended merchant-vessel must be commanded by a captain of first-rate ability in seamanship, and of tact and resource sufficient to enable him to satisfy the inquisitions of the British officer who will board the ship in the usual course on her arrival. You alone of us have still free access to France: you will, I am sure, find us such an officer among the neglected marine of the empire."

He had hoped to lessen the risk of refusal by asking them, i. this way, for a simultaneous assent to his requests, but an embarrassing silence followed his appeal. Camilla flushed angrily, and he hast-

ened to anticipate her. "Well, Mr. Holmes," he said, "may l rely on you, then, for my little million?"

"No, you may not." returned Holmes, rudely. "It's out of the question." M. de Montaut persevered with patient suavity. "I understand," he said, "you have many calls upon you; we can perhaps supply a part from

most you can give us?" "Nothing, for the present," was the reply; "possibly next year I may have some small sum to spare."

other sources. How much, then, is the

"Next year!" cried Camilla, rising to her feet, and looking superbly down upon the little agent. "Before next year you will have lost your place; the Emperor leaves St. Helena on the 5th of May!" And she turned her back upon him

The colonel looked at the other two He saw that the count was wavering, and to give him time he turned to M Carnac next.

"My dear friend," said the latter, "you have altogether mistaken my position. I dare not return to France upon such an errand. I know none of the imperial marine, and your scheme however ingenious, appears to my mind too unreasonably audacious for me to recommend any one to embark upon

"I am of the same opinion as M. Carnac," added the count, hesitating no longer. "I would dare anything reason, but this is a forlorn hope."

"Then, gentlemen," broke in Camilla, with a commanding gesture of dismissal, "we have but to thank you for your attendance this evening, and to absolve you for the future. As for this paltry million," she added, turning to her brother-in-law. "I will see to that. You shall find our captain, and the active service we will take upon our selves, if all the world turn craven!"

So saying she crossed the room and went out with a sweep of fine disdain. The colonel, who recognized more clearly that his enterprise and all concerned in it were at the mercy of those to whom he had committed his secret, remained behind to soothe the trampled feelings of the three discomfited gentle-

CHAPTER IV.



DICK the febrifuge had done its work and he was himself again, little worse for a pair of stiff shoulders and a few cuts upon the

sharp-eyed

little man, of half his stalwart patient's weight-rallied upon his sensitiveness to pain in tone of irony which brought the blood hotiy back into his cheeks, and gave them once more the bronzed glow of health. Dick would have given much to be able to explain the true cause of his agitated condition on the previous killed and resolute seaman. He Lafternoon, but even his business at the der water, and when once he futile reason to offer for such weakness; it the Emperor on board our especially to an inquisitor whose eyes

> So he turned the conversation by asking whether he might go to his rooms

t, I dare say you might," was You're

round and round me, and stare into my galley windows!" But he was only half displeased. This little bout had warmed him after all, and he felt the sanguine current of hope and active

simple Every casual stranger can sai

thought running through his brain like a mill-race in the spring sun-light. He had escaped the dreaded good fortune that had threatened him with immediate banishment, and he had begun to find his bargain with Camilla even more profitable than he could have ventured to expect when he made it.

It was not until close upon 3 o'clock that Camilla returned. However, when she did come, she came alone, and that was a consolation worth waiting for. She joined Dick in the morning-room downstairs, and settled herself by the fire with perfect ease of manner. He felt that his confidence might forsake him if he waited, and after he had replied to her inquiries he took a plunge at once.

"Are you really Irish, and not French at all?" he asked.

"Irish by birth," she replied; "French by breeding and adoption. Oh, it is no secret," she went on, with a smile, as Dick hesitated to press the inquiry; "and I would gladly tell you all about it if I thought it could interest you; but your sympathies lie, as I told you, in another direction altogether."

"Everything interests me that con cerns you!" burst out Dick. "I am longing to hear more."

"It is true that the more I tell you.

the more completely you will acknowledge me to be in the right," she replied, "and that consideration would tempt a woman to even greater imprudences than this." She laughed and looked him frankly

caught gratefully at the camaraderie of the French men-of-war. she offered him instead. "Good!" he said, smiling back at her;

"then I will abandon my sympathies and own you to be right; and it shall be simply a story that you tell me, if you

"Yes; but I shall claim one from you in return. And now listen. I was born," she began, "in the year 1796, in the county of Tipperary. My mother died when I was but a few weeks old. My father, Anthony Donoghue of Castle Carrol, was wrongfully suspected of being concerned in Wolfe Tone's conspiracy, and when the rebellion broke out in '97 the Orangemen were upon him like tigers. He took me-a child of less than a year-upon the saddle in front of him and rode for his life.

"He succeeded, after many narrow escapes, in reaching Bantry Bay, where a number of patriots under Fitzgerald and O'Connor were met to receive Gen. Hoche and the French troops which he was bringing over at their invitation. My father, who had previously held aloof, was now tempted to join them for the sake of revenge.

"He sent me over to France in charge of a deserter's wife, to whom he was also obliged to entrust the realized part of his fortune and the jewels which you have semetimes seen me wearing. She proved worthy of his confidence, and when he came to Paris after the final collapse of the rebellion he found both his daughter and his diamonds safe in the house of Gen. Bonaparte himself, to whose protection I had been commended by a letter from Hoche.

"'Ah!" said Napoleon, when my father went to thank him, 'here comes Metabus in search of his little Camilla.' It appears that there is a story in Virgil of a warrior pursued by his enemies, and encumbered by the burden of an infant daughter named Camilla. Stopped in his flight by a rapid stream, he binds the child to his spear, and with a prayer to Diana hurls her across, and himself swims the flood, to find her safe and sound upon the farther side. In gratitude he vows her to the lifelong serhis prayer. It was to this adventure, then-which our own so much resembled that Napoleon was referring.

"My father, who had all the wit o his race, took up the allusion at once 'From this moment,' he said, 'she shall be called Camilla, and I dedicate her to the great protector who has saved us.

"Napoleon was pleased with the readiness of the reply, and took him into high favor. He afterward gave him a high command in the Irish brigade, and heaned him with rewards. He remem bered me, too, and after my father's death he married me to M. de Montaut. a gentleman of an ancient and wealthy house, and entirely devoted to the emperor, in whose service he met an honorable death in 1814. I was but 18 then, and I have been an exile ever since. for neither my brother-in-law nor I have stooped to make our peace with the

( TO BE CONTINUED.

BRAVE GIRLS.

Two Instances That Left the Question in Doubt.

The is an odd saying that one never knows a woman's true character till he sees her in a moment of danger-and seldom then, might well be added. couple of young ladies were on top of the Mills building yesterday, says San Francisco Post. One walked boldly to the very edge of the roof and gazed steadily into the street below without the thrill of a nerve or the quiver of a muscle. "Brave girl, that," observed the signal officer. "Stout-hearted and fearless. She'll make some man a good wife. Huh! Look at that other one, he exclaimed in disgust, as the stout hearted girl's companion shrank back

and cried hysterically: "Oh, hold me! I want to jump off!" "What a little fool!" said the signal officer. "A baby to be petted. Wants to jump off! You couldn't pull her of

there with an ox team." They were just starting down the nar row stairway when someone shouted: "There's a mouse!"

The brave girl who had stood unflinching at the edge of a high roof let out a wild scream and rolled to the bottom of the stairs, while her companion laughed till she was almost hysterical. "Girls are all fools," declared the cynical signal officer.

Worms Are Eating Away His Body. John Evart, a farmer living in Blackford county, Ind., is afflicted as a man never was before. Thousands of red cawl about in his flesh and as yet no cotor has devised a cure nor even diagLIFE BUOY ON WHEELS

CURIOUS MACHINE INVENTED BY M. BARATHON.

It Can Put Up a Little Sail-The New Life Buoy Carries a Compass with Little Light at Night and Makes Fair Speed.



MAN in France has invented a lifebuoy which has many of the elements of a yacht. It is provided with sails and a propeller; it will maintain a man above the waves, and i carries a compass to steer with, which

as likewise provided with a light at night.

This life-buoy folds up into a very small space, and the shipwrecked mariner could with a machine of this kind maintain himself affoat for days at a time. He could even carry a supply of water and food, if not some extra clothing.

inventor of this machine, which for and I plugged him in the ear. He rolled compactness surpasses anything in the off the log and down the hill toward me. | died. same line previously developed. The but before I had time to see if he was Barathon life-buoy, as the new ma- | dead another bear climbed on the same chine has been called, has been put to log to see what the row was about. I severe tests by the French government, shot it in the head and it rolled dow an opportunity for sentiment, and which will doubtless adopt it on many the same way the other had gone.

> an elongated rubber balloon. This | big yearlings, one after the other, clamserves at once as a float and a seat. bered up on the log to be shot.

> There is a hollow tube running through this rubber bag, and the tube incloses the shaft for a horizontal propeller. This propeller is worked with By that time I came to the conclusion pedals exactly like a bicycle, and when that I was in a bear country and I

IN A BEAR COUNTRY.

Five of the Formidable Animals to One

"I believe I got as big a bag of bears in as short a time as any man ever did," said Doc Stadley, the ex-Sheriff and bear-hunter of Mendicino, to a San Francisco reporter.

"A bag of bears!" exclaimed the young man who had just been telling about a bag of snipe he had once killed. "What were they—little fellows; what is it you call them-kittens; no, cubs; that's it?"

"No, sir; they were not kittens or

cubs. They were bears," declared Doc. I think I piled up about a ton of bear meat in about thirty seconds. I was out hunting in the southern part of Trinity county, about seventeen or eighteen years ago. We had killed about forty deer and three panthers and a bear or two in a couple of weeks, and were pretty near ready to break camp when I thought I would go out and kill another deer to take home fresh. It was late in the afternoon and I was creeping along through the brush when suddenly I came out into a little opening. I stopped to see if there was any sign of deer, and while I stood looking about a big black bear climbed up on the trunk of a big fir tree that had been Francois Barathon of Paris was the uprooted. He wasn't thirty yards away Up climbed a big two-year-old to take The new life-buoy really consists of its place, and after I had shot it two

> "Every one rolled down the hill toward me and were kicking and thrashing around not ten steps away.

An Observing Child. There is a singer in this city who has a very knowing little girl. The child has never had a nurse, but has been cared for all her five years by her

mother. She took the little girl with her one day to see a friend.

"She will be down in a minute," was the message, after they had taken season in the parlor.

As soon as the servant disappeared again little Katharine leaned over and said to her mother:

"Mamma, how long are her minutes?" The mother stopped to think an in-

stant, then said: "Why do you ask such a question,

"Well," answered the little one, with

a deep sigh, "papa says your minute is an hour, and I just wondered how long hers is.".

Animais Killed by Pure Atr.

That nature generally knows what she is about better than some scientific experimenters, Professor Kijanizia of Kiew has found out to his sorrow. He thought people would be better off if the air was sterilized. Thereupon he destroyed all the microbes in a certain quantity of air and fed it to a number of small animals. But the pure air did not seem to agree with the little beasts, it seemed, for they all

The Modern Mother

Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant laxative, Syrup of Figs, when in need of the laxative effect of a gentle remedy, than by any other, and that it is more acceptable to them. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The true remedy, Syrup of Figs, is manufac-tured by the California Fig Syrup Co.,

Theory and Practice.

"Prof. Strumberg, next door, causes me constant annoyance by the way in which he keeps on playing the piano for hours at a stretch." "But you know the professor is a leading authority on the theory of music." "I don't object to his theory in the least; it's his prac-

is due to impure and deficient blood and --it often leads to serious troubles. The remedy is found in pure, rich blood, and the one true blood purifier is

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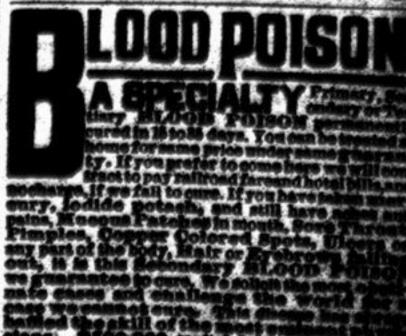


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Grateful Appreciation. Drummer-I've done a big day's work to-day; have taken orders for over \$5,-000 worth of goods. Bill Collector-Who are the parties? Drummer-All to Skinner & Slowpay. Bill Collector-That means steady employment for mfor ten months. Thanks; don't know what I should do if it weren't for you .-Boston Transcript.

Queen Margharita Writes a Book. Queen Margharita of Italy has be-



THE BICYCLE LIFE-BUOY WITH WHEELS.

pel himself at a considerable speed.

he can spread his sails and skim over the water as well as if he were in both as a screw and as a paddle.

The tube which runs through the balloon is really the backbone of the machine. To this the hardy mariner who trusts his life to the buoy lashes himself to prevent his being swept away by heavy seas which may break

The mechanism is concealed in water-tight box in front, which is sufficiently large to assist flotation. It is to this box that the mast is affixed, and here signal flags are displayed.

A curious thing about this new and improved life-buoy is that it is fitted with a vertical propeller to assist flotation. This propeller is worked by the hands, while the vertical propeller

for propulsion is worked by the pedals. A fair speed has been attained with this machine. Previous life-buoys were only designed to float a man in the water, but this new type will assist a man to reach the land in case no ship may be in his neighborhood.

Cable Car Respects Nothing. That the bump of veneration is singularly absent in the average American was long since discovered and exploded by Mark Twain in his "Innocents Abroad." This fact is nowhere more noticeable than in the little happenings that go to make up the ensemble of life in a big city. Coming uptown in a clanging Third avenue cable car, a funeral cortege interrupted for a moment the car's passage. It was the funera of a Free Mason and the hearse was followed by a band of musicians playing the dead march. Only for a moment the car slackened, then with a clang and start it sped along between the carriages of the mourners. A curious crowd lining the pavement on either side gazed at the procession. Not one of the assembly lifted his hat, a custom of respect observed in almost every city abroad.-New York Herald.

A Boston Butler. "Is Mrs. Larkins at home?" asked the

"Physically, madame," returned the ducated butler. "she is: as an abstract question the fact cannot be denied, but ined Mrs. Harkins' wishes in the mat-

there is no wind the shipwrecked mar- | didn't lose any time climbing a sapling. vice of the goddess who has answered iner on the Barathon life-buoy can pro- When I got well braced up among the limbs I sat and pumped lead at that pile When there is a good breeze blowing of bears; every time one kicked I gave him a bullet, till they all stopped kicking. I had five bears in one pile, and I canoe. The propeller has been rigged | think they must have weighed over ? ton altogether."

Huxley and Gladstone.

There was-perhaps there still is in England a metaphysical club, of which Huxley and many other eminent persons were members. They met once a month to discourse of these high matters. Mr. Gladstone was one. There is no known object on which the great parliamentarian is not ready to enlarge with copious confidence. He did on metaphysics at the club and elsewhere. Mr. Huxley was once asked whether Mr. Gladstone was an expert metaphysician.

"An expert in metaphysics? He does not know the meaning of the word," was the rather startling answer. Between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Huxley no love, in truth, was ever lost. Their relations were never intimate and though in private they met as men do in England, amicably and civilly, no matter how much they differ in public, there was and could be no cordiality. -Scrib-

Cheese and Digestion.

The digestibility of cheese has been tested by a German chemist, who placed the samples in an artificial digestive fluid containing a considerable portion of fresh gastric juice. Cheshire and Roquefort cheese took four hours to digest, Gorgonzola eight hours and Brie. Swiss and ten other varieties ten hours. As an ordinary meal is digested in four or five hours, the common belief that cheese aids digestion appears to be er-