APPALLING BARBARITY.

Japanese War Correspondents Make Grave Charges Against Soldiers.

The Yokohama correspondent of the London Daily Mail, who repeats his statements regarding the jealousy felt among the allies on the subject of a Japanese commander-in-chief and the general lack of unity among them, adds:—

"The Japanese correspondents charge the Russian soldiers with appalling barbarity towards the Chinese. They declare that the Peiho is full of corpses of women and children, and that the Russians loaded 300 bodies on a junk and burned them."

Shanghai reports that three mission stations on Poyang lake have been destroyed, but it is believed the missionaries escaped. All the missionaries at Anhsho, Kerin, and Kuanchang-Tseu, in Chinese Manchuria, have arrived in safety at Vladivostock.

It is rumoured that Yuiu, the missing Viceroy of the Province of Chihli, has committed suicide.

Very conflicting stories are published of the manner of Gen. Nieh's death.

The Times understands that the chief representatives of the Mohammedan clergy in Constantinople have issued a strong protest, based upon the Koran, against palace sympathy with the Chinese massacres.

The Russian Minister of the Interior has issued a notice that the Siberian railway is closed to private traffic. There is little doubt that the Russian authorities were not prepared for such an organized Chinese movement in Manchuria, but they have taken brisk measures, and they believe that China will soon be too much preoccupied with military operations around Pekin to conduct serious operations in the north.

The Daily Mail's Shanghai correspondent says:—

"Advices from Vladivostock state that the Chinese invasion of Eastern Siberia has stopped the Russian advance from the north on Pekin. The Russians have burned the Chinese town of Heiampo, and are adopting very vigorous measures."

General Sir Arthur Powe Palmer, commander-in-chief in India, said in the course of an interview in Simla the other day that no more British troops could be sent from India to China unless they could be replaced from South Africa.

A TERRIBLE SCENE.

Indian Takes Flying Shot at His Bride and Kills Her.

A despatch from Kamloops, B. C., says:—Another Indian murder was committed here on Sunday. Shortly after three o'clock in the afternoon two Indian women were seen riding up Fourth avenue at a full gallop. They were closely pursued by an Indian on horseback. The Indian was armed with a Winchester rifle, and when near the north-east corner of the Exhibition grounds he overhauled the women, raised his rifle, took deliberate aim at one of them, and fired. The bullet entered the poor woman's head near the mouth, and she instantly dropped from her horse to the street. The murderer, after firing another shot into her body, made off towards the reserve, which is just across the river. An alarm was immediately given, and a number of Indians were in pursuit of the murderer. In half an hour they returned with the murderer, who proved to be a young Indian named George St. Paul. The victim of his deadly work was his young wife. Whiskey and jealousy were the cause of the awful crime. The prisoner was immediately lodged in gaol, and the body of his victim taken to Gordon's undertaking establishment.

The tragedy took place within three blocks of the spot where poor Phil Walker was murdered by the Indian Casimer, a little over a year ago.

RUSSIA DECLARES WAR.

Imperial Ukase Calling on Reservists to Join the Colours.

A despatch from St. Petersburg, says:—An Imperial ukase, dated Sunday, orders the Minister of War to proclaim a state of war in the military districts of Siberia, Turkestan, and Semiretchansk, and to summon all the reservists in those districts to join the colors.

RUSSIANS LOSE HEAVILY.

Very Little Headway Can be Made by Them Against the Boxers.

A Hong Kong despatch reports a daring act of piracy within the harbor there. A score of pirates, armed with revolvers, seized a launch and took it up the Canton river, capturing two junks enroute. After looting the craft the pirates abandoned them.

A despatch from New York, says:—Russia is pouring troops over the northern Chinese border, but her forces are not yet concentrated and are meeting with serious losses to the Chinese Boxers, who overrun all North China, says a Chefoo cable to The World.

It is reported that after the allied army recaptured the native City of Tien Tsin last Saturday, their shells set fire to the town. The Chinese, before they fled, killed all their own women, it is reported, to prevent their falling into the foreigner's hands.

Native Chinese report that there are in and around Pekin at least 300,000 Chinese troops and that the Boxers are armed with the best and most modern weapons.

NEWS FROM HANKOW.

The Boxer Movement Is Spreading in the District.

A despatch from Paris says:—Bad news has been received from Hankow to the effect that the Boxer movement is spreading. The recent destruction of the missions at Nang-Yang-Fu and Siang-Yang were owing to a movement from the north. There is, however, no local disturbance in Hankow. There is a British cruiser there, and also a volunteer force of a hundred men, who could cover the embarkation of foreigners on the cruiser under any circumstances except an unexpected attack from the north.

V. C. FOR BLIND HERO.

Her Majesty Overcome When Presenting the Coveted Award.

A despatch from London says:—One of the most touching incidents of the war in South Africa occurred this week, when Capt. Towse received the first Victoria Cross bestowed by the Queen for valour in the veldt. Captain Towse earned the distinction by attempting to carry off Colonel Downman, who had been wounded, under a hail of bullets. He was unable to do so, and laid beside him and kept off the Boers all night, till help came. By that time Colonel Downman was dead. Captain Towse was blinded in both eyes by a bullet wound. On Wednesday Captain Towse was taken to Windsor and led into the Royal presence by his wife, where he knelt at the feet of his Sovereign, who was so much overcome at the sight of the blind hero that her aged hands could scarcely pin on the most prized of all British decorations. The Queen's few words of simple praise of his gallantry and thanks for his devotion were spoken so low as to be almost inaudible, and when Queen Victoria was led out there was scarcely a dry eye among the officials present.

SAYS THE WAR IS OVER.

Opinion of U. S. Attache Slocum on His Return From Africa.

A despatch from London says:—Bronzed to a deep brown, after eight months of service in the field, Captain Stephen L. H. Slocum, United States military attache with the British army, arrived in London from South Africa yesterday. In an interview he said:—

"The war in South Africa is over. The Boers' resistance reached the guerilla stage six weeks ago, and the bushwhacking campaign cannot last much longer. They have fought a good fight, but the odds against them were overwhelming.

"The sensational charges against mismanagement in the Royal Army Hospital Service have little foundation Lord Roberts' medical service in the field is good—quite as good as soldiers could expect."

ANXIETY IN COREA.

Dissaffected Chinese in Large Numbers Crossing the Boundary.

A despatch from Seoul, Corea, says that the Government is becoming uneasy. Disaffected Chinese in large number are crossing the Yalu river, and the Government has ordered troops there to prevent their entry into the country. An engagement has already occurred.

It is stated that some of the foreign envoys advise the Government to appeal to Japan for aid, but the Russian Minister objects to this being done.

800 RUSSIANS KILLED.

Capital of the Amoor District the Scene of a Fearful Battle.

A despatch to the London Daily Mail from St. Petersburg says, despite the official denial, it is certain that the town of Blagovestchensk, capital of the Amoor district, Siberia, was captured and held by the Chinese until July 21, when Col. Gribosky drove the enemy out after eight hours' fighting.

He captured eight guns and 200 prisoners, but sustained fearful losses himself, 870 Russians having been killed in storming the town.

CURE FOR BUBONIC PLAGUE.

An Australian Doctor Claims to Have Discovered an Efficacious Prophylactic.

A despatch from Sydney, N.S.W., says:—Dr. Macdonald, of Adelaide, who has had considerable experience with bubonic plague, claims to have discovered a plague prophylactic, which is equally efficacious when swallowed as when hypodermically injected. Moreover, no fever follows the taking of the medicine internally. Dr. Macdonald and his colleagues have successfully experimented on themselves.

BOER ATTACKS REPULSED.

Botha's Forces Defeated in a Hard Battle Near Pretoria.

A despatch from London says:—The War Office has received the following despatch from Lord Roberts:

"Pretoria, Monday:—The enemy made a determined attack on the left of Pole Carew's position and along our left flank commanded by Hutton.

"The posts held by the Irish Fusiliers and the Canadian Mounted Infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Alderson, were most gallantly defended.

"The enemy made repeated attempts to assault the positions, coming in close range and calling to the Fusiliers to surrender.

"The enemy suffered severely.

"They had 15 killed and 50 wounded, and four were taken prisoners.

"The British casualties were seven killed, including the Canadian lieutenants, Borden and Burch, 30 wounded and 21 missing.

"Ian Hamilton's column advanced to Waterval yesterday unopposed and on Tuesday proceeded to Haman's Kraal.

"Fifteen hundred Boers, with five guns, managed to break through the cordon formed by Hunter's and Rundle's divisions between Bethlehem and Ficksburg. They were making towards Lindley, closely followed by Paget's and Broadwood's Brigades."

In a despatch dated on Tuesday, Lord Roberts pays a tribute to Lieutenants Borden and Birch. He says;

"They were killed while gallantly leading their men in a counter attack on the enemy's flank at a critical juncture of their assault on one position.

"Borden was twice before brought to my notice in despatches for gallant and intrepid conduct."

Lieut. Burch, who with Lieut. Borden was killed in the engagement near Pretoria, belonged to the 2nd Dragoons, St. Catharines. He went with the second contingent as an attached officer for duty.

DESPATCH FROM ROBERTS.

Reports Progress of Various Columns Who Are Out Reconnoitring.

A despatch from London, says:—The following despatch from Lord Roberts has been received at the War Office:—

"Pretoria, July 19.—Methuen occupied Heekpoort to-day, without opposition to speak of. Ian Hamilton and Mahon continued their march along the country north of Delagoa bay railroad. Hunter is reconnoitring the positions occupied by the Free Staters between Bethlehem and Ficksburg."

BOERS WERE REPULSED.

Attacked and Surrounded a British Post Near Heidelburg.

A despatch from London, says:—A despatch from Lord Roberts to the War Office describes a determined attack made on Saturday by the Boers, with three guns and a pom-pom, upon the British post protecting the head of the railway, 13 miles east of Heidelberg.

The post was completely surrounded, but the garrison, consisting of 200 of the Dublin Fusiliers, 120 Engineers, and 10 Yeomanry, repulsed the attack after a sharp engagement before Gen. Hart arrived from Heidelberg with reinforcements that had been requested.

The Boers were seen burying their dead and carrying off their wounded in ambulances.

The British losses are not reported

The War Office yesterday received the following from Lord Roberts:—

"Pretoria, July 21.—Little, temporarily commanding the 3rd Brigade, reports that on July 19 he came in contact near Lindley with De Wet's force, which broke through Hunter's cordon. The fighting lasted until dusk, when De Wet's force, being repulsed, broke into two parties. Little's casualties were slight. He buried five Boers.

"Hamilton and Mahon continued their eastward march, and should join hands with Pole-Carew to-day, near Ersten Fabriken station.

"A body of the enemy wrecked a train carrying sick between Krugersdorp and Potchefstroom, July 19."

MARKETS OF THE WORLD

Prices of Cattle, Cheese, Grain, &c., in the Leading Markets.

Toronto, July 24.—Our receipts this morning consisted of 32 loads of fresh arrivals, including 500 cattle, 800 hogs, 600 sheep and lambs, 60 calves, and a few milch cows.

The market was a poor one; sales were slow, and prices weak, except for the small quantity of really good butcher cattle we had in. These found a ready sale at steady prices.

In sympathy with the feeling in London and Liverpool the export trade in cattle was easy, and prices were decidedly tending downward; the top price was 5c, and not much fetched this figure. The majority of deals were at from 4 1-2 to 4 3-4c per lb., and everything did not sell. Boat space is again scarce.

The trade in butcher cattle was dull at weaker, but nominally unchanged prices. A few choice lots sold at from 4 to 4 1-2c per lb., with medium and inferior selling very much for what they would fetch. Several loads of poor stuff are left over.

There is no change in milch cows; a few prime cows will sell.

For stockers there is scarcely any enquiry, and prices continue weak.

For export bulls and feeders the demand is easy and prices are off.

A few good veal calves are wanted, but common stuff is no good here.

Sheep were a shade easier, but scarcely quotably changed.

Lambs sell at from $2 to $4.50 each; only good lambs are wanted.

Bucks are worth from $2.50 to $3 per cwt.

There is no change in hogs and prices are steady.

For prime hogs, scaling from 160 to 200 lbs., the top price is 6 1-4c; thick fat hogs, 5 3-8c; and light hogs, 5 1-4c per lb.

Following is the range of quotations:—

Cattle.		
Shippers, per cwt. ..	$4.30	$5.00
Butcher, choice, do .	4.25	4.62 1-2
Butcher, med to good	3.25	3.75
Butcher, inferior, ...	3.00	3.25
Stockers, per cwt.	3.00	3.50
Sheep and Lambs.		
Sheep, per cwt.	3.50	4.00
Spring lambs, each....	2.50	4.50
Bucks, per cwt.	2.50	3.00
Milkers and Calves.		
Cows, each.	25.00	45.00
Calves, each.	2.00	10.00
Hogs.		
Choice hogs, per cwt	6.00	6.25
Light hogs, per cwt..	5.00	5.25
Heavy hogs, per cwt.	5.12 1-2	5.37 1-2
Sows.	3.25	3.50
Stags.	2.00	2.50

Toronto, July 24.—Wheat—After early weakness the Chicago market advanced, and closed strong. Local prices are unchanged, but firmer in tone at the close. Quotations are as follows:—Ontario red and white, outside, 69c; spring, outside, 69c; Manitoba, No. 1 hard, g.i.t., 92c; same, Toronto and west, 89c; same, upper lake ports, 86c.

Millfeed—Scarse and steady. Bran $12 to $12.50; and shorts, $14 to $14.50, west.

Corn—About steady, No. 1 American yellow, 47c, on track here; and mixed at 46c.

Peas—Quiet. Car lots are quoted nominally at 60c, north and west; and 61c, east.

Barley—No. 2, 40c, west; and 41c east; No. 1, 42 to 43c.

Rye—Car lots, west, 54c; and 55c, east.

Oats—Dull. White oats, north and west, 27c; and east, 28c.

Flour—About steady. Holders ask $2.90 for ninety per cent patent, in buyers' bags, middle freights, and exporters bid $2.80. Special brands sell locally from 10 to 20c above these figures.

Buffalo, July 24.—Spring wheat — No. 1 Northern, spot, carloads, 84 3-8c; No. 1 Northern, spot, round lots, 83 7-8c. Winter wheat—Nothing doing. Corn—Firmer, but no demand; No. 2 yellow, 43 3-4c; No. 3 yellow, 44 1-2c; No. 2 corn, 44 1-4c; No. 3 corn, 44c. Oats—Quiet; No. 2 white, 28 1-2c; No. 3 white, 28c; No. 4 white, 27 1-8c; No. 2 mixed, 26 1-2c; No. 3 mixed, 26c. Rye—fancy, on track, 65c offered; No. 1, in store, 64 1-2c. Flour—steady.

Detroit, July 24.—Closed—Wheat No. 1, white, cash, 79 1-2c; No. 2 red 79 1-2c.

Duluth, July, 24.—Wheat—No. 1 hard, cash, 80 1-8c. August, 80 5-8c September, 80 1-8c; December, 80 1-4c No. 1 Northern, cash, 80 1-8c; August 80 5-8c; September, 78 1-2c; December 78 1-4c; No. 2 Northern, 79 3-8c; No 3 spring, 73 1-2c. Corn— 38 3-8c. Oats —25 1-2c.

Chicago, July 24.—News of the improvement in the North-West was influential in rescuing wheat from its early slump to-day. September closing 7-8 to 1c over yesterday. Corn was firm, on an excellent cash demand, closing 3-8c higher. Oats closed unchanged, and provisions 1 1-2 to 5c lower. Primary receipts were 661,000 bushels, compared with 918,000 the like day last year.

950,000 CHINESE TROOPS.

Great Military Movement on Account of Japanese Troops in China.

A despatch from Che Foo says:—Prince Tuan has mobilized 950,000 men and divided them into different corps. The northern corps has been ordered to expel foreigners from Amur. The Pekin army, divided into four corps, was the first to operate against Mukden and occupy the roads between Pekin and Shan Pai Kuan; the second to concentrate at Tien Tsin and the third at Pekin, from whence a column numbering 40,000 will be sent to Wei Hai Wei and Tsin Tau, while the fourth corps will concentrate at Nankin.

There are now 23,000 Japanese troops in China.

The Chinese fleet is concentrating in the China Sea and hostilities are expected.

A despatch from Nankin announces that Prince Tuan has ordered these great military movements, owing to the appearance of the Japanese in China. The Viceroy of Nankin has informed the foreign consuls there that he cannot be answerable for events in Chao Sin, Ningpo and Cho Chau. The foreigners are fleeing to Shanghai. Their position is alarming. Sixteen foreigners have arrived at Nankin from Ningpo, where the houses of foreigners have been burned and missionaries horribly maltreated. The rebellion has taken hold of southern China. The foreigners at Chu Chau and in Chau have been attacked and are fleeing panic-stricken.

"DELILAH."

PART I.

Two men studied each other in the Hamirbagh collector's office. They sat face to face, collarless and perspiring, while the punkah squeaked above their heads and the glare of a May sun filtered through the venetians. The thermometer on the file-strewn table stood at ninety-eight. The room smelt of matting; it was close, oven-like, and gloomy, lit only by the fingers of daylight through the shutters and a small window high in the wall, over which a ragged reed-curtain dangled from a nail.

"So you're the Collector Sahib!" was Macintyre's mental comment as his eyes ran over the figure that lolled, knees crossed, before him. "You look straight. I wonder what you're like to work under!"

"And you're the Police-wallah!" criticised the mind of Faulkner. "You're the "keen" man I applied for in the room of poor, slow, amiable Joscelyn, to settle Hira Singh. You are an uncommonly good-looking specimen. And, dear me! there's plenty of you. Six feet two in your stockings, for a guess," Then he said aloud, "I'm glad you're come. Hamirbagh is a poor station from the social point of view; just we two and my joint-magistrate. Instill, and the doctor—no ladies. But there is plenty of work, and Hira Singh."

"Yes? . . . I'm glad there are no ladies; they're not in my line. . . . I should like to know all you can tell me about Hira Singh."

"Not your line!" puzzled Faulkner to his mind. "H'm! I should say you were very much in their line, my young friend; these dark-eyed, long-legged fellows turn all the women's heads." Aloud: "I wish I could tell you something that might help you to lay hands upon him. But all I can say is that Hira Singh is the Prince of Darkness. Worried old Joscelyn into his grave, the doctor said typhoid, but that's my diagnosis; wore me a stone lighter in three months; turned Instill, who is the prop of an Evangelical arch-deacon, into a rank blasphemer. There!"

Macintyre smiled gravely at the whimsicality, and at the petulant tone in which the collector delivered it. He concluded his appraisement with the reflection that if Faulkner were as looks and manner proclaimed him, he should like the man — which was, for a cautious Scot, an enormously favourable estimate.

"Hira Singh seems to be a superior being to the ordinary village-budmash-turned-burglar dacoit," he said.

"Oh, yes; his methods are quite Western. You heard of his great coup—the robbery of the Bilsi Nawab's jewels?"

"The bare outline. No particulars."

"Well, they are worth hearing; if only to give you an instance of the man's extraordinary smartness.

"Some months ago, just after Hira had looted the Trevor and Grigson districts—oh, but Trevor and Grigson were savage!—our fat friend at Bilsi became seriously alarmed for his own belongings. He had no wish to be rushed at night by a band of desperadoes, his women's quarters ransacked, and his portly person drubbed till he discovered the uttermost pice. That had happened to the other old gentlemen, you know. So he came to the office here, and asked me if Government would let him lodge his valuables for safe keeping in the treasury until Hira Singh was caught, or killed. I saw no objection; and after a confidential interview, all in the strictest privacy with closed doors, as you and I sit now, it was settled that the things should be concealed inside a jampan, litter, and conveyed over the fifteen miles hence from Bilsi as if they were the most precious human jewel in his zenana. The Nawab Sahib was to put them into the jampan with his own hands, and to despatch the train without letting any one in it know that only a bogus lady lurked behind the curtains. That, he swore, was faithfully done; and I have trust in his cupidity. And yet, what happened? Hira Singh and his men fell upon the cavalcade four miles from the city, shot and knifed the two resisting sowars, and made off into the riverside jungle with the contents of the litter. If I had posted a public notice of our arrangement on his kacheri, courthouse, door they could not have known more about it. And now, I ask you, what is one to do with a ruffian like that?"

Macintyre's brows were knitted, and he did not answer.

"The man is abnormally quick and acute; that we know from the rapidity with which he slips from district to district, and the pertinacity which he always employs in fixing upon a profitable victim. He is brave, too. You remember how he dashed out when Currie had ringed him in the deserted indigo-factory that was his den for so long? Tore through a cordon of policemen like a whirlwind—right and left shots—Currie winged by the first one—on to the inspector's horse—the impudence of the rascal!—and so clear away. But it's not that which has saved him for two years. We have brave men, and smart men too. No, it's his information; and there is something most unholy about its accuracy. Of all the plans which Joscelyn and I made in strict confidence—here, sir, in my private office, there was not one for which he was ever unprepared; and no matter to what part of the district we arranged to go, Hira Singh had decamped to another quarter. He is always forewarned, and meanwhile three districts are the laughing-stock of the Provinces. I'm not thin-skinned like Trevor and Grigson—I'm not so young as they are; but, by George! it's fifteen months since I showed my face at headquarters."

He rose to end the interview. Macintyre stood up too. He opened the door and threw back the shutters, and a rush of choking heat swept into his face.

"Whe-ew! It's hot," he said. Then, his brows still knitted over the first subject, "The source of information! That is what must be traced. I don't like wild-goose chases. There is a leakage somewhere."

"Well, find it," said Faulkner laconically. He had relapsed into his chair, and his pen was already busy with note, and signatures. "The wit of Police-wallah Sahib Macintyre against the principalties of evil! Good-morning."

Macintyre walked across the courthouse compound to where his horse waited in the shade of a tree.

The Hamirbagh district offices were badly situated, now that the population had expanded under imperial rule. The time had been when the block formed by the courts, the collector's office and the guard-room had enjoyed isolation; their thatched roofs and deep verandas were cheek by jowl with the city now. The maidan had dwindled to a slip of sun-baked soil, upon which the offices baked, and the crazy native buildings of the bazaar encroached upon it, their tottering, flimsy upper stories bulging above the narrow space. On three sides there was still breathing-room; but the rear of the official quadrangle had become a lane, bordered by the office wall, blank except for a couple of high reed-curtained windows, and by the shops, with their mysterious dwelling-rooms above. The Government had refused to buy the space when it was unoccupied; and now it paid for its stupidity. The noise of the city, the smell of dust, the reek of dung-fuel and wood-smoke, the endless chatter and jingle of the bargaining natives, remained to the staff as a reminder of their predecessors' folly.

Macintyre mounted, and the policemen turned out as he passed the guard-room and left the compound to fill with litigants and orderlies. He wheeled at the entrance and made for the lane.

The crowd, into which an officious policeman had plunged with an outcry, was thick and busy, and the tunnel-like avenue was not easy to clear. Macintyre waited for a minute, and looked about him.

The sun beat upon the scene; and the terracotta petticoats, the yellow saris, the brown skins, and the clinking bangles blended into the picture. The vendors squatted upon their heels on the open thresholds; the passers-by surged up and down before them. The effect was dazzling; and Macintyre lifted his eyes to the balconies for relief.

Here, at least, was peace. They were unoccupied, and the windows were silent, showing a decorous exterior which, if rumour said true, was not altogether in keeping with the city's reputation. Only a woman's veil dropping upon a lattice, and a sitar flung upon the boards below it, gave a touch of levity. Such was Macintyre's first impression, and then it passed, as an opened shutter flung him a glimpse of life within.

A hand had opened the blind, and it was the flash of diamonds that caught the policeman's eyes. He looked; and they found a woman's face, and stayed there. A small, exquisitely poised head, well set upon a rounded neck, peered out at him. The woman laughed and pushed the shutter wide, as if the sight pleased her. He saw a handsome face with heavy brows and reckless eyes; she leaned out with unabashed interest, and her teeth gleamed. For a few seconds they stared at each other without a movement. Then she flirted her hand with a gesture of salutation, of defiance, of admiration—it was each and all—the shutter clapped to, and the window was dead again.

"H'm," reflected Macintyre soberly, his Celtic blood a little stirred by the apparition. "Delilah, and a splendid creature. Who is Samson? Those jewels were bought by a long purse. Halfcaste apparently. What is she doing in the noisiest, dirtiest quarter of Hamirbagh? There is an incongruity, and it must be considered . . . Hech, but the wits of Lauchlan Macintyre have ample work before them!" He gathered his reins and trotted up the lane.

. . . . . .

The doctor threw down his racquet. The highwalled court was stifling. The marker, outlined in the gallery against an evening sky, had taken advantage of a pause to call to the players. He waved towards the compound that surrounded the ramshackle court, bath, and billiard-room of the Hamirbagh Club; and they heard the thud of hoofs approaching.

"There they are, Instill!" The doctor wriggled into a Norfolk jacket. "Now, what d' you bet they caught him at Kandua?"

"Look at 'em," said Instill, stooping under the door of the racquet-court, and emerging into the veranda. "There's your answer."

Indeed, the limp and dejected attitudes of Faulkner and Macintyre, as they climbed stiffly down from their ponies, wiped their faces, and called for drinks, had no story of success to tell. They were white with dust and fatigue, and the ponies had sweated to a lather. Faulkner took a revolver out of his pocket as he sat down, and tossed it viciously on to the floor. They drank their pegs with the haste of thirsty men.

"Ah!" said the doctor sympathetically. "You didn't—?"

"No; we didn't. Flown, as usual, from the scene of his triumph, and left nothing behind him but a very frightened old bannia, and—that was our contribution—thirty hot policemen. He caught the old man ambling along with his escort and his money-bags early yesterday morning. The escort ran; and Hira Singh lightened their employer of all his rupees and every stitch of clothing. After that he marched to Kandua village, locked the village policemen and the elders in a godown, and spent the heat of the day fed and sheltered by their property. Of course when our party arrived he had fled.—What is it, Macintyre?"

"If you'll excuse me," said Macintyre, "I am going to run down to kacheri and look through my letters. I am not at the end of my tether yet, and I don't feel like resting. Lend me your tat to go down on, doctor—will you? Thanks." And he was gone.

"I would rather not be Hira Singh when Macintyre catches him," said Faulkner. "He's raging — absolutely foaming. Well, so am I; but I can work it off with a little profanity. He shuts his mouth and stews in his own juice. Sorry for him; but we have all had our turn." He lay back luxuriously, cocked his feet on to an arm of the chair, and began to recoup his energies by timely idleness.

The three pairs of eyes saw the policeman settle into the doctor's saddle, with the thoughtful frown which Hira Singh's misdeeds had called forth stamped deep into his forehead. He trotted past the tennis-ground into the avenue of tamarisks that led to the heat and haze of the city. The sais laboured behind him in the rising dust.

"I wonder if Martineau's letter has come and what news the inspector has for me?" His busy brain began to arrange his thoughts. "Wild-goose chases are no good; I said it at first, and to-day's work proves me right. Let's put my conjectures into working order.

"Hira Singh has an informant in Hamirbagh; his knowledge invariably coincides with the extent of our plans. It is somebody who is cognisant, not merely of bazaar rumour, but of the consultations of the powers; which means there is a leakage, and the leakage is being tapped.

"There is a stranger woman who lives in the bazaar for no ostensible reason. It is very fortunate that she seems to take a friendly interest in my appearance; it is indiscreet of her, for it attracts my attention, and it enables me to know when she is, and is not, at home; and I fancy the knowledge is worth something. To proceed. The lady, having taken an apparent fancy to me, never fails to look out when I pass and she is in her apartments. But she is away sometimes; and her disappearances dove-tail between the conception of our plans and Hira Singh's actions to frustrate them. What better spy can be found than a woman? Then, arguing on that premise, whose official virtue has she undermined?

"If——Well, we shall see. Here is the lane."

He walked the pony down it. The sun was low behind the minarets and house-tops; its rays slanted over the jostling crowd and its many colours, and it bathed the tall Highlander, white and comely as a god, in golden splendour. The people scattered before him; the salesmen stopped chaffering for a moment; and a woman looked from under a crazy eave, and pushed the shutter wide. She stared across the balcony, as she had done a dozen times before, with an undisguised admiration to which Macintyre, did not respond. His stolidity piqued her; evidently she was unaccustomed to contempt: her gesture betokened amazement that the Scotsman could treat her attention with indifference. Macintyre kept his gaze between the pony's ears, but he felt the woman crane over as he passed, and he smelt musk through the reek of the bazaar.

"At home to-day." He turned into the kacheri compound and dismounted. "Tell the Inspector Sahib I want to see him," he said to the sentry, and passed on to his office. The room was next door to, and a facsimile of, the collector's office; it had the same cell-like appearance, the same high, bare walls, the same square window on the lane side. A bundle of letters lay upon the table, and he tossed them over and tore open a sealed letter.

"Martineau? Yes, it's the Delhi post-mark. Good man, Martineau. What news?" His eye ran over the letter.

. . . "Your description tallies with that of a young woman named Myra Pereira, a typical member of a Delhi family of long-established disrespectability. I believe even her relations have discarded her now; she committed the unforgivable sin, and disappeared with a high-caste native—some one without even the thirty-second strain of British engine-driver's blood to brighten his complexion. We don't want her back here, thank you; she is too greedy of jewels and soft raiment; it's not good for the probity of her friends. The last was a bank clerk, and he thought a forged cheque would help to propitiate the goddess. . . . So long."

Macintyre patted the letter approvingly.

"That is very good. Hira Singh is a man of high caste; he is also active in acquiring other people's properties. There's the inspector—in a hurry, too!" He left the office door open and ran into the courtyard.

The inspector, a big, well-groomed Mohammedan, in scarlet turban and khaki uniform, advanced to meet him with some eagerness.

To Be Continued.

EVERYONE IS PLURAL.

Singular Discovery Now Made by Advanced Scientists.

"'Is rather a creepy piece of news to hear from the scientists that one's body is not, as most of us think, a single animal, but is actually made up of something like ten millions of millions of animals all welded together and helping each other to live.

In other words, our bodies are composed of myriads of little masses of protoplasms, called cells, each having a distinct and independent life of its own. These cells are really very similar to the tiny little animalaculae that one finds in ponds and in every pool of stagnant water. If you get one one of them under a misceoscope you will see that it is a little mass of jelly which is continually sending out feelers for food, and if it meets with a particle of anything it engulfs it.

But in the human body the masses of jelly are each surrounded by a dense envelope, so that they have no power to put out feelers. They are of different shapes in the muscles, lungs, liver, intestines, brain, and elsewhere, and each does a certain part of the body's work—that is to say, there is division of labor.

The blood brings them all food, and, curiously, the blood contains a number of the animalculae you find in ponds, which forage for themselves.

Every one of these cells is a living animal. But the fat and bone of the body contain none of them, for these are really lifeless substances. On the other hand, the muscles, nerves, heart, lungs, skin, and every living part consists entirely of them.

FIRST TELEPHONE.

The telephone was first practically used in England in 1876, when over 115 miles of wire existed between London and Norwich, but no telegraph exchange was established until 1879.

PREVIOUS GREAT SIEGES.

THAT OF GIBRALTAR WAS THE LONGEST ON RECORD.

Five Towns, Occupied by the British, Invested by the Enemy Years Ago—Incidents of These Sieges.

Although by no means the most terrible, the last siege of Gibraltar, when the rock was held by a British garrison under General Elliott, against the combined efforts of the Spaniards and French from July 6, 1779, to November 25, 1781, holds the record as the longest important siege of modern times. The fact that every now and again the garrison were able to add to their provisions by successful sorties kept them from succumbing to hunger, but scurvy claimed nearly one thousand victims.

For weeks together over six thousand shells were thrown into the town daily. A curious point about this siege is that the Governor of Gibraltar, after having done everything he could think of to strengthen the fortifications, issued a proclamation calling on any of the garrison who had any schemes to propose to call on him with them, as he did not wish the Rock to fall when by listening but a few minutes to a private individual it might be saved.

In holding the fortress of Plevna during the Russo-Turkish War, from September 7, 1877, to December 10, against the pick of the Russian army the Turkish garrison, under Osman Pasha,

ACCOMPLISHED THE IMPOSSIBLE

according to both military and medical experts. For not only did they defy the besieging force when it numbered nearly fifty to one against them, but they lived for twelve weeks practically without food. Yet on December 10, after having eaten their last grain of rye, they sallied out and pluckily tried to cut their way through the Russians.

The siege of Paris, during the Franco-German war lasted under six months, yet there was more suffering endured in that time than there was during the whole period of the siege of Gibraltar. No less than forty thousand of the inhabitants died of disease and hunger.

Khartoum, which withstood the Mahdi and his hosts for eleven months from February 18, 1884, to January 25, 1885, is unique in that it was a civilian siege. General Gordon, save for a few Greek non-combatant merchants, was the only white man in the town.

When Napoleon left Spain in 1809, leaving his brother Joseph in possession of Madrid, he seemed justified in thinking Spain was his. Yet but a few weeks after Joseph Bonaparte found that the town of Saragossa still defied the French. The French army invested it, and on January 22 successfully stormed the walls. Then the real fighting began. Every street was barricaded, every house a fortress, and the French had to fight the Spaniards who were but peasants led by peasants from street to street, from house to house. For twenty days this went on; the little garrison surrendered on February 20, after 30,000 of the inhabitants had perished.

Sebastopol was besieged by the French and English armies for eleven months, commencing October 17, 1857, to September 9, 1855, but the hardships were endured by the besiegers, not the besieged, who had houses to live in and

PLENTY OF FOOD.

Three of the worst sieges of modern times were of very short duration when compared with Kimberley's gallant stand of four months. During the Indian Mutiny, Cawnpore surrendered to Nan Sahib on June 26, 1857, after a stand of only three weeks. But the surrender was not made by the British, but the native garrison, and so the latter were let go free by Nana Sahib, while but three or four Europeans managed to escape the butchers of Nana Sahib, although that prince had given his word of honour that the whole garrison should be allowed to depart.

Lucknow during the same war held out for eighty-six days, from July 1 to September 25, when it was relieved by General Havelock, while the French garrison of Badajoz, during the Peninsula War, withstood the British under Wellington from March 16, to April 6, 1812.

POPULATION.

Since 1842 the population of England, Scotland and Wales has increased 75 per cent, while Ireland shows a decrease of nearly 45 per cent.

LITTLE JAP.

The area of Japan is 147,655 square miles. The area of the Russian Empire, 8,644,100 square miles.