Red Heart and Black Arrow

A Tale of the Rolling Wave

CHAPTER I.

An octagon room, softly lighted by hanging silver lamps, and carpeted with Eastern pile of such generous woof that footsteps fell noiseless. At the table, facing each other, two men in evening dress are seated. Even as we ring up the curtain on this eventful drama one of them—the guest — makes a move preparatory to departure. He is a slim, elderly man, with stooping shoulders, and a faded face of the aquiline type usually called, in cant phrase, aristocratic.

"By the way, Vizard," he says, nervously, "I was so interested in what you were saying that I neglected details. Would you give me that address before I go?"

The voice that gives the information is clear-cut and musical. "My dear Sir Simon, of course I will," it says. "The name of the vessel is the Queen of Night, and the agents are Nathan & Co., 315, Harp Alley, Fenchurch street. If you require a special arrangement, you would have to do business with Mr. Nathan himself."

The host — he who answers the question—is a striking personality. Six feet high and splendidly proportioned, he attracts attention rather by the magnetic power of his well-chiselled face than by his inches and the muscular force revealed in the broad chest and shoulders. Clean shaven, with square massive jowl and deep-set unfathomable eyes of steely gray, Gaston Vizard — the mystery of four London seasons — is known as the handsomest man about town. No one knows his origin, though that matters not nowadays when "dollars maketh man." For the rest, he might be any age from thirty to forty-five, and any one meeting him in the street might take him for an officer of cavalry.

The guest writes down the address, and again rises with the evident intention of taking his leave. Vizard comes round from his seat at table to accompany him to the hall, but once more he who has been called Sir Simon hesitates.

"It all seems so risky," he faltered. "How should I open up negotiations with Nathan — for what you call a special arrangement, I mean — without fear of compromise?"

Vizard takes from his vest pocket a little sheaf of cards, neatly blended together, and, selecting one, hands it to his guest. "Give him that," he says. "Nathan will understand that you mean business and are properly introduced. You need tell him nothing beyond the name, and do nothing but pay what he asks. The terms are high, but may be regarded in the light of an investment. There will be absolutely nothing in writing. It is the essence of the system to take all risks without possible compromise to clients."

Sir Simon glances at the card. It is blank, save for a red heart pierced by a black arrow. "Good God, how horrible! — a sort of modern lettre de cachet," he says, shuddering. "And you are sure, Vizard, that this will be effective—that there will be no hitch? It would be terrible to tempt fortune in such a way — and fail."

There is a touch of amused contempt in Vizard's tone as he replies, "There are no failures. If Miss Challenor takes the trip under special arrangement, her health will receive the attention you require for her."

With these words he opens the door as though there is no more to be said, and dismisses his guest.

After a minute, touching a hidden spring in the wall, he reveals a cunningly concealed iron safe, whence he takes a small morocco-bound ledger in which he makes a few rapid entries. What he writes is in cypher, and quite unintelligible to any one not possessing the key. This done, he replaces the book, relocks it in the safe, adjusts the secret panel, and is glancing at the clock, when, after knocking, a man servant enters to announce—

"Doctor Zavertal."

The subject of the announcement follows quickly into the room, and Vizard advances to greet him with a brevity betokening that their relations are confidential and intimate.

"Everything is in order?" inquires Vizard, not with any anxiety of manner, but as though some importance attached to the answer.

"A most satisfactory cruise," replies the doctor, rubbing his hands softly together in true professional style as he seats himself in an armchair with the air of being thoroughly at home. Seen here for the first time in private, and narrowly studied, he would perhaps give the impression of a man who is always playing the part of "a genial soul," and that the character, though not natural to him, has become so ingrained that he lays it aside with difficulty. Gradually, as he talks to his companion of strange doings on the sea, his face hardens, and the purring smoothness of his voice takes a more metallic ring. Vizard pursues his questioning—

"News of three of the 'specials' reached me in ordinary course of post. There was still one unaccounted for when you left Gibraltar?"

"That was Trefusis, the Tyneside coal-owning millionaire," says Zavertal, sipping his claret. "He died as we were crossing the Bay of Biscay. Hemorrhage of the liver with complications, I was able to certify."

The two men look at each other strangely. There is a cynical dash of droll humor in the doctor's eye, a twist on Vizard's mouth.

"Good," says Vizard. "The 'special' department is on a sound footing, then, and will show a handsome balance on the voyage. Is there anything fresh in ordinary administration?"

"Yes; we shall have to find a new skipper for next cruise," replies Zavertal, not, however, as though the information were of unusual importance.

"He does not suspect?" says Vizard impassively.

"Oh, dear no — nothing of that kind," returns the doctor. "I flatter myself he would never have left the ship carrying so much as the germ of suspicion with him. He has been promised the command of a steamer in the Australian trade — a regular liner — and he thinks the prospect more certain than on a pleasure cruiser only running part of the year. He has been talking of chucking the berth these several voyages past."

"H'm," reflects Vizard aloud; "Luck combined the three essentials of good seamanship, social charm, and crass stupidity. It will be difficulty to find such another all in a hurry, but it must be done. My 'special' arrangements for next cruise are nearly completed, and in a day or two we shall be able to give Nathan the date of sailing."

"Excellent, Gaston," says the doctor, approvingly. "And how many 'special' patients do you hand over to me this time?"

"Two are finally settled — the young Earl of Darranmore, a boy of fourteen fresh from Eton; and Desmond Orlebar, a country gentleman of Hampshire," replies Vizard, with the coolness of an auctioneer cataloguing his "lots." "Then to-night I have had Sir Simon Crawshay here. I have been playing him—the half-hearted coward—quite a long while for his ward, the rich Miss Challenor, and he is as good as captured at last. He went away after dinner with the usual introduction to Nathan in his pocket, and you know how that pans out."

"Yes; they never draw back when they have confided in you so far as to extract that gentle missive," assents the doctor. "We may count on three, then—all told — and quite as many as I care to have on one trip now that the boat is so popular and crowded with ordinary pleasure seekers. By the way, that new rule that 'specials' shall not be accompanied by the principals to, or by any one cognisant of, the private arrangement is eminently satisfactory. When we first began, we narrowly missed more than one miscarriage through clients, by being on board, having the chance to relent at the last moment."

"I thought that would strengthen the system and lighten the strain upon you," remarks Vizard, with the lazy self-contentment of a man who has feathered a good idea. "And speaking of vigilance reminds me," he adds, stiffening up and taking a step forward to look down impressively into Zavertal's upturned eyes, "I had advices from Cincinnati a week ago that Kennard is in Europe."

The doctor laughs, quite harshly for a man of such genial temperament, and for the space of two seconds the crow's-feet on his broad face deepen into visible channels. Then he says jauntily, "And what of it? I beat him before and could do it again. They make a little god of him in the States—as the greatest detective of the age — but he doesn't often meet men."

"Quite so," replies Vizard, "and his present journeyings can have no concern with us. But as he alone knows your record, I thought you should be aware that he is on this side of the Atlantic.

Doctor Zavertal's only answer is a smile of intense excitement. Then, after a pause, he rises, and draining his glass, says, with apparent irrelevance—

"The Queen of Night sinks all obstructions, eh, Gaston?"

(To Be Continued).

The Power of Persuasion

CHAPTER XXIII.

Lady Caraven decided to follow the advice of her friend Sir Raoul, and forgive her husband. She received him in the pretty little boudoir in which the few months of her girlish life at home had been spent. It was a pretty room, octagon shaped, with a large bay-window that looked across the lawn to the river—a room that seemed fitted for a young lady's habitation, with hangings of pink silk and white lace, a profusion of flowers, and a few pretty water-color drawings.

She was standing by the window when he entered. His step was so quiet and light that she did not hear him at first; and he looked at her for half a minute in silent admiration. The tall slender figure was draped in a plain black silk dress; the dark hair was carelessly arranged after a picturesque fashion; the lovely face had a faint hue of returning health and hope. Her hands were tightly clasped, and the expression on her face was one of deep thought.

"Hildred!" he called, and at the sound of his voice a crimson flush seemed to burn her neck and face. She was quite silent for a minute, and then she turned to him and held out her hand.

"Can you — do you really forgive me?" he asked. "I hardly dare to hope that it is true."

"It is quite true," she replied; and he detected a slight tremor in her voice. "Let me ask a question in my turn. Is it true that you love me?"

"Yes," he answered. "It is as true as that Heaven is above me."

"Will you tell me how long you have loved me?" she asked, quietly.

"I will answer you quite truthfully, Hildred," replied the earl! "I cannot tell you. When I first married you — I speak freely — I did not like you; to me you were simply led to put up with. I saw nothing in you—neither beauty nor mind; yet we had to live together, and in some kind of way I was grateful to you. For many long months after our marriage I looked upon you simply as an unformed schoolgirl. The first thing that I awoke to was a knowledge of your beauty; I heard every one praising it, and I began to perceive that in place of an unformed schoolgirl I had one of the most beautiful women in England for my wife. The next thing that struck me was the way in which you spoke to me; I began to admire your pride and spirit, your noble ideas, your grand notions of duty. The day I saw you dismiss John Blantyre was the day, I believe, on which I first began to love you. Then I admired the way in which you roused me, the way in which you broke up without mercy all my dreamy, luxurious life. I loved you for the brave manner in which you took your stand by duty. But when I began to love you with a lover's love I cannot tell. On the night of the ball, when I saw what you had inscribed on your tablets — 'My husband' — my heart beat faster than it had ever done before, and I felt the greatest inclination to take you in my arms and kiss your face a thousand times; but I could not. After that my love grew. I watched you — you were beautiful and graceful, my love; I listened to you —your words were replete with wit and wisdom; I saw how your whole time was given to useful and noble occupations. But when I began to love you with a lover's love I cannot tell, Hildred. I should like to say one thing to you," he continued, hurriedly — "they are humiliating words for me, but true ones. Whatever there is of good in me I owe it, my wife, to you. I was sunk in pleasure, in self-indulgence. I had but one idea of life, and that was to get as much from it as possible. I own to you that I never even thought of duty; I hated the word. My thoughts and interests were centered in myself. Men died; I cared not, so that I lived. Men starved; I had plenty. Those who depended on me were ground down, oppressed, and burdened. I cared not, so that the means were forthcoming to gratify my desires. My wife, it was you who aroused the nobler soul within me, who taught me to live for others and not for myself, who taught me that there is a pleasure in virtue. After Heaven, I owe all that is good in my life to you, and I thank you for it."

She bowed her head in sweetest courtesy. She could not speak to him. His words had filled her heart with the very fullness of joy.

"I am sure," he continued, "that, when a strong chain of circumstances led me to believe that you were guilty of a great crime, the strongest feeling in my heart was disappointment that you were not the angel I had taken you to be. Then when you had gone, and I was left alone, left without you, I knew that I loved you. I found my life a blank; my thoughts were always with you; my heart had gone with you. Then I knew that I loved you with a lover's love, and that I should never be happy until I had won you."

A glad light came into her dark eyes.

"Ulric," she said, "I am going to put your love to the test."

"I may say with safety that it will bear it," he replied.

"Our marriage was a mistake," she said, softly — "perhaps we were not altogether to blame for that. We have made great mistakes since, in which we have both been to blame. What I propose is a year's absence. A cousin of mine, Mrs. Glenvil, is very ill, and is ordered to Nice. I ask you to let me go with her. She will be away a year—see what that year will effect. If love for me has sufficient influence over you to keep you good, industrious, active for the benefit of others as you are now, I shall believe that you love me. If in a year's time you come to me and tell me that you love me better than ever, that time and absence have not changed you, I will return with you, and will make you a most loving, devoted wife. Do you accept my proposal?"

"I am willing, Hildred," he said, "and shall count the days and the hours, my wife, until we meet. I never knew how sweet the word 'wife' was, nor how much it meant, until now."

As it was agreed, the only persons to whom they told the result of that interview were Sir Raoul and Arley Ransome, who both cordially approved of the plan, foreseeing that it would end well. Every one believed that Lady Caraven had been so suddenly summoned because of the illness of Mrs. Glenvil, and when a short paragraph in the fashionable papers told that the young countess was going to Nice for a short time with her cousin, no one had a word to say about the arrangement.

The earl returned to Ravensmere to show all needful politeness and respect for Lady Hamilton. It was a great relief to him when the doctor pronounced her well enough to return home, and he was a little surprised when he found that she regretted leaving Sir Raoul more than any one else. The noble, honest soldier had made a great impression on the beautiful, fashionable coquette.

"He is a man worth loving," she said to herself.

Then the earl returned to London to see his wife off. He went with them to Dover. I have a kind of fear that I shall be like the naughty boy in the story-book," he said — "I shall meet with my just punishment, Hildred, if anything should happen to me before the year is out."

"I promise to return to you at once if you are ill or in trouble," she replied, earnestly.

"My darling, give me one kiss!" he cried, suddenly.

But the countess drew down her veil.

"No," she said, "that would make the parting even harder. Good-bye. Heaven bless you, Ulric!"

"Good-bye, my wife!" he said; and his eyes filled with tears as he watched the steamer cutting her way through the blue waves.

(To Be Continued).

OUR NEW SERIAL

Red Heart and Black Arrow

We flatter ourselves that in choosing the "Power of Persuasion," we picked upon as good a story of its kind as can be got. It has proved elevating and at the same time interesting and attractive. Our new story equals, if it does not excel, our last. Not so much attention is given to the developing of characters but it is redeemed by action. It goes slapdash into the midst of dangers and perilous situations and will keep you on a string for weeks to come. Be sure to get every chapter.

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Until It Develops Into Pneumonia or Consumption—Easy to Cure a Cold If You Use

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE.

It is easy to let a cold run on. You may say with others that you always let a cold take care of itself. There is a danger of following this plan once too often. At this season of the year the lungs seem to be unusually susceptible to disease, and before you suspect it pneumonia or consumption has seated itself in your system. It is possible you have tried the cough mixtures which druggists offer to their customers. These may do well enough for slight colds, tickling in the throat, but they are powerless in the presence of serious disease.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is far more than a cough remedy. It cures the cold as well as loosening and easing the cough. It takes the pains out of the bones, and reaches the very seat of disease when there is pain and tightness in the chest. It would not be too much to say that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has saved thousands of people from pneumonia and consumption. There is not a village or hamlet in Canada where this famous family treatment is not recognized as a most unusually effective cure for croup, bronchitis, asthma, coughs and colds.

Mr. Donald Graham, 45 Callendar street, Toronto, states :—"My boy, who is six years of age, was developing all the symptoms of pneumonia when we commenced giving him Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It very quickly checked the advance of disease, and in a few days he was as well as ever, and is now going to school regularly. I have now great faith in this valuable remedy, and shall recommend it to my friends."

Don't take anything said to be "just as good." There is no throat and lung medicine just as good as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. Remember this when buying, and insist on having Dr. Chase's; 25 cents a bottle. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

WHEN YOU GROW WEAK AND YOUR CHEEKS LOSE THEIR COLOR.

This Means Anaemia, and if Neglected Consumption May Follow—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the Only Certain Cure.

Anaemia, or poor or watery blood, is a trouble from which most growing girls, and many young boys suffer. It comes at a critical period of the young person's life, and unless prompt steps are taken to enrich the blood and thus strengthen the system, decline, and most likely consumption will follow. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that acts directly upon the blood and the nerves, promptly restoring the ailing one to complete health and strength. The following statement from Mrs. Lena M. Ryan, of Welland, whose daughter was a victim of anaemia, gives the strongest proof of the value of these pills. Mrs. Ryan says :—"About three years ago the health of my daughter, Birdie, became so bad that I was seriously alarmed. She was pale and almost bloodless; had no appetite, lost flesh and suffered from severe headaches. I took her to a doctor, and although his treatment was followed for some time, it did not benefit her. I then tried some other remedies, but these also failed, and she had wasted away to a mere shadow of her former self. At this stage I was advised to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she began this treatment. Almost from the outset these pills helped her, and as she continued their use, the color came back to her cheeks, her appetite improved, the headaches ceased to trouble her, and by the time she had taken eight boxes she felt stronger and better than she had ever done in her life before. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are unsurpassed for all ailments of this kind, and strongly recommend them to other mothers."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only cure all cases like the above, but also cure all other troubles arising from poor blood or weak nerves, such as rheumatism, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, scrofula, and eruptions of the skin, etc. These pills are also a direct cure for the ailments from which so many women suffer in silence. Give the pills a fair trial and they will not disappoint you. The genuine are sold only in boxes that have the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. If your dealer does not have them, send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50.

MACHINES CHARM SNAKES.

It is a remarkable fact that there are certain kinds of noises which attract snakes. For instance the whirr of the mowing machine, instead of scaring these reptiles, as might be supposed, seems both to allure them and enrage them, and they almost invariably dart toward it, rearing themselves in front of the machine, which, of course, promptly chops off their heads. In six months as many as 120 cobras alone have thus been slaughtered on a farm in India.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

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The biggest water-wheels in Britain are on the River Teith, six miles above Stirling. The Deanston Cotton Mills have four wheels 36 feet in diameter. The Isle of Man has the biggest wheel of all at the Laxey Mine. It is 72 feet 6 inches in diameter.