THE MYSTERY CLEARED UP;

OR, THE HERITAGE OF MADAME YALTA.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

The child uttered a cry of joy. She came toward them, and extending her hand to her cousin, inquired for the health of the poor boy.

"He is very well," replied Maxime. "I went to his grandmother's for him, and am taking him to walk by way of diversion. See what a good boy I am become. May I ask where you are going?"

"It is a secret," replied Alice, "but I will take you into my confidence. I am going to sit for my portrait. It is to be a surprise for my father."

"Where does your artist live?"

"Corner or Rue de Lisbonne and Rue de Courcelles. If you take Georget back to his grandmother, it is almost your route; will you come with us?"

"And you can tell us on the way about a lady who is dying to know my pupil—the Countess Yalta."

"The Countess Yalta!" repeated Maxime, who little expected to hear Madame Martineau pronounce this name.

"Yes, sir, this noble lady came to your uncle's an hour ago, and has expressed a desire to see your cousin. M. Dorgeres did his best to decline the honor she wished to confer on his daughter. He is of the opinion that a foreigner who drives four horses is not the most suitable associate for a young lady. But the countess insisted so, that he was compelled to put her off with some evasive reply. So she left, saying she would return. We have been at a loss to account for this passion for Alice, and hoped you might have the answer to the riddle. Between ourselves, your uncle thinks she is crazy."

Maxime was not quite of this opinion, but he was amazed that the countess whom he had left extended on a couch had so soon after driven out in spite of the orders of Dr. Villagos.

"See here, my dear Alice," he said, after a pause, "you know that Jules Vignory is my friend and cannot surely suspect me of a desire to injure him. Well, honesty obliges me to tell you that the countess undertakes to establish the innocence of M. de Carnoel."

Alice turned pale and made no reply, but Madame Martineau exclaimed: "What concern is it of this stranger's? And you, sir, cannot you see that you distress your cousin by recalling a past that she voluntarily ignores? And you must acknowledge that it sounds strangely to hear you undertake the cause of a man whom you were the first to accuse."

"I do not defend him; it is the countess who does. I seek only for the truth. She is convinced that M. de Carnoel is innocent, and that if he has not shown himself for a month past, it is because he has fallen into the hands of those who were interested in preventing him from doing so."

"It is absurd," cried the governess.

"It doesn't appear very likely, I confess. You asked me the countess' intentions. You know them now, and can decide what course to pursue. I do not engage you either to see the lady or to decline to enter into any relations with her."

"The question is decided. M. Dorgeres has refused your countess, and is determined to close his house to her."

"My uncle has the right to act as he sees fit."

"But you, Maxime," murmured the girl, "are you—"

"Oh! I know well enough what I am going to do. I shall finish what I have begun. The truth must come out. We are all interested in discovering it."

"Sir," said Madame Martineua, "if your uncle were aware of your projects, he would not thank you for these ill-advised proceedings."

"Dear madame, I should be grieved to displease him, but my part is taken. Alice will not see the countess. I shall continue to see her. Perhaps we are both right. It is late. I promised Madame Piriac to bring Georget back before night. Let me take leave of you and quicken my steps." And having bowed to the governess and pressed his cousin's hand, he walked on to rejoin Georget, whom he had sent on in advance.

"Well, little one," he asked, "are you pleased with your walk?"

"Oh, yes, it is good to breathe the fresh air."

"To-morrow I shall come for you again and we will take a different walk. Perhaps I shall take you to see the countess."

"What countess?"

"The one who has the beautiful house in the Avenue de Friedland."

"Ah! yes, Nadeje."

"Nadeje! You mean the Countess Yalta?"

"Grandmother always calls her Nadeje. Ask her."

Here was another cause of astonishment. Maxime did not know the first name of the countess, and he little expected to hear it spoken by a gamin of Rue Cardinet.

"Ah!" said the boy, "here we are at the street where I have made such nice parties. See the sidewalk before this grand house; it might have been made to play marbles on. I played there two hours the day I broke my paw."

"Ah! really, you recognize the place?"

"Oh, perfectly, it seems as if it was only yesterday. I didn't go to the office in the morning, and I said to myself: "Just as well not to go at all to-day; they will think I have been ailing."

"But you didn't stay there all day?"

"No, I was sauntering round the fortifications; but it seems to me I returned here, I can't tell why."

"It is, parbleu! a splendid mansion. Monumental entrance, superb court. There must be a garden in the rear extending toward Parc Monceaux. If you would like, we can walk around it. Do you know to whom it belongs?"

"No; yet I fancy I have been in there."

"I shall find out," thought Maxime, whose curiosity began to awaken.

"Wh ydid you go there?" he resumed aloud. "To take a letter from the office, perhaps?"

"No, I am sure it was not that; I didn't set foot in Rue de Seresnes that day."

"Here is the Boulevard de Courcelles where you were picked up," he said, pointing to a street which bordered a long wall.

As soon as they passed the corner which bore the municipal placard, the child's eyes brightened, and he exclaimd:

"It was here. I recognize the place. Come, I will show it to you."

After having run about twenty yards Georget stopped.

"Do you see this wall? Well, I fell from there."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Very sure. See, there is some plaster work that has been detached. I struck my head on this large stone at my foot."

"It was not here, however, that you were found. You were lying on the road across the rails of the tramway."

"Some one must have taken me there. I don't remember anything after I made the somerset."

"But why did you climb on the wall?"

"To see what was on the other side."

"And what did you see?"

"Nothing; it is night now."

Maxime made a movement of impatience, but he controlled himself.

"How, diable! did you get up there?"

"I believe it was with a cord. Yes, that was it—a cord with knots, and a hook at the end."

"And where did you get the cord?"

"I have forgotten; but I answer for it that I made use of a knotted cord. It must have broken when I was getting down."

"Let us see, my little Georget. Try to remember once more. You had some idea when you tried to scale the wall?"

"No doubt, but I have forgotten what."

"Think. Take time, and don't be frightened if I press you a little. I am not Vignory, and have no orders to give you. I am your friend—as M. de Carnoel was."

Aladdin, in the "Thousand and One Nights," must have been amazed at the appearance of the genie his rubbing had evoked. Maxime Dorgeres was not less so when Georget exclaimed:

"M. de Carnoel! It was he! I was looking for him when I climbed up there."

"You knew, then, that he was in that house?" asked Maxime, quickly.

"I saw him go in; it all comes to me now! But I must tell you quickly. Let me see; where was I? Ah! mon Dieu! can I have forgotten? No, I know! In the morning I was playing marbles in the Rue de Vigny. I saw M. de Carnoel arrive in a beautiful carriage; there was a gentleman with him—a gentleman with gold spectacles—and on the box with the coachman a man dressed like an office boy. The gate was opened, the carriage entered, and it closed immediately. I had thought M. de Carnoel had left Paris; and then he looked so sad I imagined he was carried off by force, and they were shutting him up as in prison. Then I led off the boys to a bastion where the Levallois lads come to play bouchon. Ten minutes after I left them and returned to Rue de Vigny. I wanted to find out of D. de Carnoel had left the house. Ah! then I got up some brass. I rang and asked the porter squarely:

"'Is my master here?'

"'Who is your master?'

"'M. the Marquis Robert de Carnoel.'

"I thought he would have swallowed me up.

"'Get out, you vermin,' and he slammed the door in my face.

"I couldn't break it down, but I hid in the street behind a pile of masonry, and stayed there till night. The carriage came out again at the end of an hour, and M. de Carnoel was not in it. I said to myself, they have shut him up to do him some harm, but I will get him out. Just then I saw a child I knew. His father keeps a gymnasium in the Avenue de Wagram. I gave him ten sous to bring me a good knotted cord with a hook at the end. When eleven o'clock struck there was no one passing on the boulevard. The snow was falling heavily. I came to this spot. I threw up my hook, climbed up on the cord, and placing myself astride on the top of the wall, I looked and saw—"

"M. de Carnoel?"

"Yes; he was standing behind the panes of a large window, and held a candle so that I saw him distinctly. I recognized him perfectly, and think he recognized me, for he made signs."

"And then?" asked Maxime, quickly.

"Then I fell, and I remember no more; it is all gone—all is confusion in my brain. I want to go back to grandmother."

"Come, my friend," said Maxime, who knew enough to act on.

CHAPTER III.

While Maxime Dorgeres was promenading with Georget, Col. Borisoff, reclining indolently on a divan, was conferring with his intendant, whom he had just summoned. The ci-devant M. Briare, the false representative of the false agency, the man with the sallow visage and the smooth tongue, was standing before his master, awaiting in a respectful attitude his lord's commands.

The colonel blew out a long puff of Turkish-tobacco smoke, let fall his narghile pipe, and said, somewhat languidly:

"What is the Frenchman doing now?"

"He is asleep, your excellency."

"Or pretends to be. What has he talked about this morning?"

"Of nothing, your excellency. He makes no reply when I inquire for his health."

"Is it good?"

"Very good, excellency. He is scarcely altered. The man is sustained by an iron will."

"Say rather that he is headstrong; that, having reflected upon the situation, he has determined upon silence at whatever cost. Of two evils that threatened he has chosen the lesser."

"It seems to me that if you dispatched him to Siberia his fate would be no enviable one. I hardly see what worse could befall him."

"Vacili, you have no common-sense."

"I beg pardon, your excellency; but it seems to me, if this young man could avoid this journey by delivering up the names of his accomplices, he would do well. He has sense enough to understand that it is the only way out of the difficulty."

"Yes, but he has sense enough to know too that those he had betrayed would never forgive him. He knows they have no mercy for traitors. He cannot be ignorant of the history of Serge Lawrowski. It happened only last year at Pultawa. Did you know this Lawrowski?"

"Yes, your excellency. He was one of the most skilful agents of the political police."

"Well, with all his skill he was ensnared by a priest's daughter, a child just seventeen years old, who looked like a saint. She drew him into a garden at night, where the Nihilists awaited him. They cut off his ears and nose, and the poor devil died in consequence of this ugly operation. My prisoner does not desire such an end as that; he prefers the journey to Siberia, and that is the secret of his resistance."

(To be continued.)

FARMS FOR SALE.

$10,000.00 FOR SALE. The finest position and one of the best farms in Lennox and Addington adjoining Desoronto, 180 acres in a good state of cultivation, ample buildings, 3 houses, bank barn, sheep shed and stables, plenty of water and conveniences, magnificent view of bay and river. Must be sold at once. Thousand down, balance spread over 10 years. Could well be divided between two friends.

☞ Beautiful 1-2 section, 12 miles north of Saskatoon, Sask., close to Canadian Northern Railway and elevator. N 1-2 S28, township 38, R3 west of 3. Price asked $4,000. Make best bid and do it quick. Must be sold.

$3500 Close to corporation of Hamilton, 26 acres, on line of electric railway, suitable for peaches, pears, apples, etc. Beautiful situation.

$7500 Norfolk County, choice farm of 150 acres, 10 miles south-west of Simcoe, solid brick residence, 10 rooms, ample barns, abundant water, also tenant house and barns. Terms easy.

JOHN N. LAKE, or WM. E. DYER, 114 King West, Toronto.

WANTED

A t Stove Plate Floor Moulders. Steady work throughout the year. Good prices.

THE D. MOORE CO., Limited HAMILTON.

LOOK! BOYS AND GIRLS!

Do you want to earn a valuable premium? We want boys and girls to do pleasant and profitable work for us which can be done in a couple of hours of your spare time, and for which we are giving a choice of some valuable premiums. We do not require you to sell anything. Write us at once for full particulars.

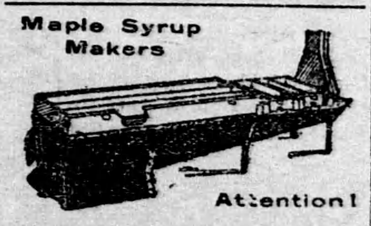
BRAUN & CO., 52 Colborne St., Toronto

FRUIT LAND FOR SALE.

$5000 for my 15 acre fruit ranch, in the beautiful Kettle Valley, not excelled in B. C., dry, mild, healthy climate, three railways, near C.P.R., 1-4 mile; educational and social advantages; seven roomed house; modern conveniences; good buildings.

F. J. PAINTON, Columbia, B. C.

Maple Syrup Makers



Attention!

How can you reasonably expect to make even a fair quality of syrup using out-of-date pots and kettles and pans for boiling your Maple Syrup. Write for booklet on the "Champion" Evaporator to

The GRIMM MANUFACTURING Company, 68 Wellington St., Montreal.

On the Farm

FEEDING THE PIG.

The best feeders of stock seem to have a knack of knowing just what to feed, and how much. What to others may appear to be intuitive knowledge, will, on examination, usually be found to be the result of keen observation and painstaking, coupled with long experience. On coming into a stable, and looking at an animal, such a man will at a glance take note of a dozen things that the uninitiated would scarcely see, even if they were pointed out to him—such things as the condition of the droppings, the look of the hair, the brightness or dullness of the eye, the pose of the body, the curl of the tail, etc., from which he can unerringly interpret the thrift, or lack of it, in the animal viewed. It is men of this class, however—men who have learned a great deal without help—that are most ready to welcome fresh information on the feeding question, such as can be found in published analysis of foods, and in the reports of experiments conducted at the different experiment stations.

At the Agricultural Experiment Station at Urbana, Illinois, an investigation was started five years ago, the purpose of which was to develop a new feeding standard for swine. The work is not completed yet, but circulars are issued from year to year showing the progress to date, and emphasizing such conclusions as have been established. Thirteen experiments in all have been conducted, involving the use of 618 pigs. Circular No. 133, published last month, has reached us, and we note a few of the more important conclusions:

It has been found that exercise is essential to best results. "For maximum and most economical production, it seems absolutely necessary for the young and growing pig to have an abundance of exercise. Its chief value seems to be in the influence it exerts upon the respiratory and digestive functions. If pigs are changed from lots where they have had considerable exercise to lots where they do not have so much, their feed must be correspondingly reduced. Hence, they will also make smaller and usually more expensive gains.

Sudden changes in rations are warned against. As it takes time for a pig to become accustomed to a change, so that he will eat, digest and assimilate the new ration, as well as the old one, the more gradually such changes are made, the better.

It was found profitable to have pigs on pasture. By having access to grass, the pigs made better use of the foods given them than if these were given them in a small, dry lot.

Best results are obtained if a pig under five or six months of age is not fed more than he can fully make use of. In order to limit the nutrients to the amount that the pig can most profitably use, roughages may be introduced into the ration at this time. These serve a double purpose: First, they satisfy the appetite of the pig; and second, they have a tendency to increase his capacity, so that, later in life, when he otherwise would not eat so much as he could profitably use, he will be able to consume a larger quantity of nutrients. This is in accord with the practice of the best Canadian hog-feeders, who make liberal use of clover or alfalfa pasture in summer, and of mangels or sugar beets in winter.

There is no standard for the amount of mineral nutrients required by the pig, and since the amount of mineral matter in the soil, the water and food supplied, varies so greatly, it is necessary, in order to get best results, to give the pig free access to a number of mineral substances, so that he can supply himself according to his appetite—a pretty safe guide. Salt, charcoal, air-slaked lime, bone meal (the two latter particularly in corn countries), wood ashes, clean soil, and soft-coal cinders, should be placed where the pig can get them at will.

It has been noted that the amount of water that a pig required, in proportion to weight, lessens steadily until the close of the fattening period. A pig, also, in his youth, needs a greater percentage of nitrogenous food than he requires in the later months of his life. If he has been started right, corn alone will do to put on the finish.

Unless pigs are running at pasture, three feeds per day are found to be more profitable than but two. —The Farmer's Advocate.

KOREAN DUELS.

Nothing Very Serious Results From These Encounters.

Fighting is probably nowhere a wholly lost art, although in some countries it is so modified that it is nearly a harmless amusement. One recalls the "wax bullets" of the French duels. Another illustration is given in a book called "Things Korean," by Dr. H. N. Allen. It seems that in that country, unless the battle be between a gentleman and his wife, the prime requisite for a fight is the presence of peacemakers.

Two men may begin a wordy battle, separated it may be by the width of the road, across which space they proceed to describe their grievances. They are polite, and the man who has the floor keeps it till either his arguments or his breath fails. They are splendid talkers, and this discussion is maintained in loud tones, so that all the wayfarers and the neighbors may hear.

Soon an interested crowd assembles, and their presence naturally lends inspiration to the performers, who redouble their efforts, till one of them may finally wind up a severe tirade addressed to the crowd regarding the quality of the ancestors of a person who could conduct himself as his opponent has done.

This will cause the other man to start across the road for the maligner of his progenitors, and then the self-appointed peacemaker will step out from the crowd and attempt to restrain the valiant one, who, finding himself in firm hands, will struggle with well-feigned earnestness to get at his antagonist, who by this time is himself struggling in the hands of his own peacemaker.

Should one of these men actually wish to get at his enemy, he can simply jump out of his loose garments, which will be left in the peacemaker's hands. Sometimes this happens accidentally, and an unintentioned encounter is precipitated. Ordinarily, however, the personal violence done on these occasions is restricted to pulling hair, or possibly drawing blood from an accidental bump on the nose.

Blood never fails to calm both parties and cast a spell over the crowd, probably because of its marked effect on the white garments thus ruined.

A Revelation in Tea Goodness

is a delicious and fragrant blend of the finest Ceylon Tea. Get a package from your grocer and enjoy its excellent qualities.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE DEAF.

A celebrated New York Aurist has been selected to demonstrate to deaf people that deafness is a disease and can be rapidly and easily cured in your own home.

He proposes to prove this fact by sending to any person having trouble with their ears a trial treatment of his new method absolutely free. We advise all people who have trouble with their ears to immediately address Dr. Edward Gardener, Suite 914, No. 40 West Thirty-third street, New York City, and we wish to assure them that they will receive by return mail, absolutely free, a "Trial Treatment."

STILL ONE MORE.

A freckled-faced girl stopped at the post-office and yelled out:—

"Anything for the Murphys?"

"No, there is not."

"Anything for Jane Murphy?"

"Nothing."

"Anything for Ann Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for Bob Murphy?"

"No, not a bit."

"Anything for Terry Murphy?"

"No, nor for Pat Murphy, nor Dennis Murphy, nor Pete Murphy, nor Paul Murphy, nor for any Murphy, dead, living, born or unborn, native or foreign, civilized or uncivilized, savage or barbarous, male or female, black or white, franchised or unfranchised, naturalized or otherwise. No, there is positively nothing for any of the Murphys, either individually, jointly, severally, now and for ever, one and inseparable."

The girl looked at the postmaster in astonishment and said, "Please to look if there is anything for Clarence Murphy."

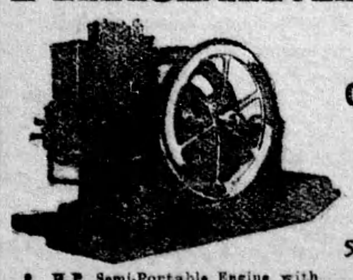
MAPLEINE A flavoring used the same as lemon or vanilla. By dissolving granulated sugar in water and adding Mapleine, a delicious syrup is made and a syrup better than maple. Mapleine is sold by grocers. If not send 50c for 2 oz. bottle and recipe book. Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle, Wn.

COLT DISTEMPER

Can be handled very easily. The sick are cured, and all others in same stable, no matter how "exposed," kept from having the disease, by using SPOHN'S LIQUID DISTEMPER CURE. Give on the tongue or in feed. Acts on the blood and expels germs of all forms of distemper. One bottle guaranteed to cure one case. 50c and $1 a bottle; $5 and $10 dozen, of druggists and harness dealers. Cut shows how to poultice throats. Our free booklet gives everything. Largest selling horse remedy in existence—fifteen years. DISTRIBUTORS: All Wholesale Drug Houses.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

FAIRBANKS - MORSE



Semi-Portable or Skidded Engine

Equipped with Evaporator Tank.

Designed especially for general Farm Work

Built in 5 and 8 H.P. Sizes.

Specially Adapted for Work in Cold Weather.

8 H.P. Semi-Portable Engine with Evaporator Tank.

These Engines are the same as the Standard Horizontal Evaporator Engines, except that they are mounted on skids with gasoline tank placed in base of the engine, where it is well protected, making a very neat, compact, self-contained outfit, as can be seen from the illustration above of the 8 h.p. Gasoline Engine. Send for catalogue W.S.

THE CANADIAN FAIRBANKS COMPANY, Limited.

MONTREAL, ST. JOHN, N. B. TORONTO, WINNIPEG CALGARY, VANCOUVER