A Dark Shadow;

Or, A Coming Vengeance

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued).

Lady Edith gripped her by the shoulders as she knelt, and, bending forward, looked into the dark, glowing eyes with an expression which reflected that in them.

"Are you sure, are you sure?" she panted. "Can you—can you reach him—reach her——" She caught her breath. "Can you make him suffer—through her? What am I saying? What could we do? And if we could—— No, no, let him go—! And yet—that girl—a common girl!"

Sara's distorted face twisted into a smile; she laughed, a low, harsh laugh, and nodded two or three times with an expression of vindictive triumph.

"Can I not, dearie?" she hissed. "You shall see. And seeing, you shall be satisfied. Yes; satisfied. Be calm, missie; possess your soul in patience. You will not have long to wait. Sara promises you that—Sara, who nursed you on her bosom, Sara who knows how to strike when her beloved one is hurt, and wounded to the heart."

But Lady Edith scarcely heeded or head: or did she?

CHAPTER XXX.

Clive did not go round to Grosvenor Square that night; for he felt that he could not meet Lady Edith, and play his part in what had become a tragedy, with Mina's voice still ringing in his ears, the remembrance of her tears, the touch of her hand, so keen and vivid. He worked at his office up to a very late hour, and, of course, got very little sleep during what remained of the night, or, rather, the early morning.

He was at his office again a little after ten, and looked so fagged and wan that his secretary was moved to remonstrate.

"You're rushing on to a breakdown, Mr. Harvey," he said. "I know the signs very well; I saw them in Mr. Mervyn"—Mr. Mervyn was a former Home Secretary—"he just looked as you look, and he wouldn't listen to any of us when we warned him; but he had to cave in: he had a very bad time."

Clive laughed indifferently. "I'm stronger than I look, my dear fellow," he said; "but thank you all the same. I'll knock off for a bit when we get through this present batch of work."

The secretary had scarcely gone off with his pile of letters when Lord Chesterleigh was announced; and the moment he entered the room Clive saw that something was the matter.

"Edith?" he said, apprehensively.

"Yes; it's Edith," responded Lord Chesterleigh. "She is not well—there is no cause for alarm, my dear Clive—she was taken ill last night. I sent for Sir Andrew as soon as I could this morning; and he said that she was suffering from some strain, that it was a kind of nervous collapse, and that she must remain quiet, and see no one. He added that she ought to go out of town, up North somewhere; and Edith took it into her head to start for Scotland."

"To Scotland!" echoed Clive. "Do you mean that she is already gone?"

"Yes," replied Lord Chesterleigh gravely. "She insisted upon going at once; she would not let me send for you or even let you know. I have just taken her to the station."

Clive rose, and paced up and down with a troubled air at the mass of work on his table. "It is impossible for me to go to her," he said.

"She knows that," Lord Chesterleigh said quickly; "and she does not wish you to. Don't be hurt, my dear boy. Sir Andrew thinks it would be better for her to be quite alone for a little while." He paused a moment. "You know Edith, Clive. She is—is different from most girls. I was going to say that she is peculiar; but that is not the word. You know how highly strung she is, how sensitive, and, for all her apparent calmness and self-possession, how easily and deeply she is moved. The strain at the election, poor Dolnh's death, the postponement of the wedding—they have, to use a common but expressive phrase, got on her nerves. She has gone to our shooting box—it is something more than a box—at Talnymuir, and there she will be quiet, absolutely quiet, and well looked after."

"She will have Sara with her," murmured Clive thoughtfully.

"No; she has not taken Sara; for some reason or other she did not wish to have her; but she has taken her maid, who is almost as devoted to her as Sara is. There is nothing to be alarmed about; or, of course, I should not have let her go, or should have gone with her. As it is, I shall run up as soon as I can get away." He was Foreign Secretary again, of course. He sighed. "One hears a great deal about 'the sweets of office,' and we fellows who are 'in' are envied by those who know nothing about it." He looked at the table laden with papers and letters. "Here are we two slaving as City clerks never have slaved; and all the thanks we shall get at the end of our term will be vituperation and abuse. Even at this moment I know that I must not keep you; and, indeed, I must go back to my own den."

"I'll write to Edith at once," said Clive in a low voice.

Lord Chesterleigh turned, with his hand upon the door. "Yes, do. But don't be alarmed or worried if she should not reply quickly; for she told me, just as the train started, that Sir Andrew said she was not to write letters or worry about anything."

Clive nodded, and sat down to his work again. He was distressed by Edith's illness; but, with a sense of guilt and shame, he was conscious of a feeling of relief. He wrote to her; but he tore up the beginning of two letters; and he knew that the third which he finished was, for all his protestations of grief at her illness and their parting, cold and forced. No reply came to this letter, but on the third day—he was dining at Grosvenor Square—Lord Chesterleigh told him that he had had a letter from Edith.

She was better; she would write to Clive presently; and he was on no account to go to her.

Lord Chesterleigh and he spent a quiet hour or two, then Clive started for the House. As he was passing through the dining-room Sara entered the hall. She stood aside to let him pass as usual, and salaamed profoundly.

"I am glad to hear that your mistress is better, Sara," he said.

She raised her eyes, almost hidden by the thin silken shawl, and said, in her smooth voice:

"Yes; she is better, sahib; she will be quite well soon—if she is left quite alone. The sahib knows that, and will not go to her."

Clive frowned slightly; for there was a note of familiarity, of insolence, in the woman's voice which jarred upon him.

"I am surprised that you are not with your mistress, Sara," he said.

She threw out her hands; then crossed them meekly on her bosom.

"It is cold where my lady has gone; and your servant feels the cold, sahib."

Clive passed on, and left the house. As he did so, he remembered he wanted some papers which he had left on his table at Burleigh Street; and he took a cab, and told the man to drive quickly. He ran up the stairs, and opened the door sharply; but stopped dead short, for he was confronted by the weird figure of Tibby. Her face was white, her hat awry, and she was evidently in a state of terrible agitation.

"Tibby!" he exclaimed. "Why——!"

She broke in upon him with a cry half-threatening, half-imploring:

"Where is she?" she demanded fiercely. "Where is she? What have you done with her? I've searched for in your room. She's not here—you needn't tell me that. What have you done with her?"

Clive's heart sank with a terrible foreboding.

"Do you mean Mina, Tibby?" he asked.

"O' course, I mean Mina!" she retorted. "No lies! I want her, I want her at once! You have spirited her away somewhere."

Clive set his teeth hard; fear, dread of he knew not what, threatened to overwhelm him. Mina was lost, perhaps in danger—of what?—and it behoved him to retain his calm, to command all his faculties to meet the case. He pulled himself together, and laid his hand on Tibby's shoulder.

"You think I have spirited Mina away, Tibby?" he said. "Look in my face. You know that I have not done so, that I do not know where she is. Be calm, Tibby—it's easy to give way; I myself could give way, but we must not do so; for we want all our wits, all our courage."

She had shaken his hand from her shoulder; but she had obeyed his command, and had looked into his eyes; and she knew that he was speaking the truth. Her lips quivered, and her eyes filled with tears, but she dashed them away fiercely.

"Where is she, then?" she demanded. "I'm frightened out o' my life."

She was shaking violently. Clive gently forced her into a chair, poured out some wine, and insisted, with a gesture, on her drinking it.

"Now, tell me everything," he said. "Mind! Everything."

Gulping down a sob and struggling for her words, Tibby said:

"She went away this arternoon. She was alone there—father had gone to see after a place in a band, and I was at the factory. When I got home to tea I found she'd gone. She had left a letter for me—I saw at once it was a spoof, though it deceived her. For why? because she'd go to the end of the earth if she thought you were in trouble, and wanted her."

"In trouble? Wanted her!" Clive cried. "The note, Tibby, the note!—Ah, don't say that you've not brought it, girl!"

"I've brought it right enough," Tibby said chokingly, as she produced it.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Clive almost snatched the note from Tibby's hand. It was written on half a sheet of notepaper, and consisted only of a few lines. He read them aloud through his clenched teeth:

"Mr. Harvey has met with an accident, and is badly hurt. He has sent for me and I must go—you know I must go, Tibby! I am so afraid, in such dread, that I can scarcely write. I will come back as soon as possible, or send for you. Oh, Tibby, if he should be badly hurt, dying!"

Clive folded the note, and put it in his waistcoat pocket near his heart.

"I did not send for her," he said, almost to himself. "Who can have done it—with what motive?"

"I knew you wasn't hurt," said Tibby. "You wouldn't have sent for her and frightened her if you had been; but I thought it was a plant to get her to come to you."

Clive began to pace up and down the room; but he knew that he must remain absolutely calm, and he sat down again.

"And you came to me at once, Tibby? Quite right! Don't be frightened. She cannot be in any danger; how can she? It is some foolish trick, some practical joke." But even as he spoke he knew that the explanation was a feeble one. "Is it possible to find out how she got the supposed message from me?"

"A messenger boy brought it," replied Tibby sharply. "Of course, I asked the landlady and Amelia Gertrude—that's the slavey. A messenger boy came with it. He must have brought a letter; but if he did, she took it with her."

Clive stifled a groan. "If she had only left it, if she had only said in her note where she was going!" he said. "Is there no other clue? Think, think! Every little thing, any little incident, that may be connected however indirectly—have you noticed any strangers about the Rents?"

Tibby made an impatient gesture. "There's always strangers going in and out; an' I don't take no notice of 'em. Why should I?" She was silent a moment, then she looked up with an acute expression on her shrewd face. "Stop! There was that man, that dirty furrin chap that helped to bash you at the 'all that night—I saw him crossing the archway—why, it was the day I met you, and let you go to Mina."

"Koshki!" said Clive.

"Yes," assented Tibby. "An' come to speaking of furriners, there was a kind of Italian woman or a Indian, an old woman wrapped up in shawls like, with gold ear-rings; I've seen her once or twice, and I saw her walking on the other side of the road to Koshki; but they didn't speak to each other."

"Sara!" murmured Clive inaudibly.

The introduction of Sara into the affair only served to complicate and intensify the mystery. And yet—could it be possible that she was concerned in the abduction? Abduction! To the generality of people the word would have sounded an extravagant one, one savoring of melodrama and the far-fetched; but Clive knew enough of the dark side of London life to be aware that not only abduction but murder itself was often committed, and that in some cases neither the crime nor the criminals were disclosed. Men and women disappeared almost daily and were never discovered. Sometimes a body was found floating down towards the mouth of the Thames or lying under a hedgerow in a remote country place. Sometimes one of the quiet and innocent-looking foreign barques which sailed from the port of London carried a drugged man, hidden away under the hatches. All large cities have their dark and hidden crimes; and no city has such mysterious slums, such infernos of vice, such dens of infamy, as London.

His heart sank with fear, and yet it throbbed with a sense of fury; but he maintained a show of composure; for Tibby's eyes were on him, full of pathetic anxiety and a nameless terror.

"We will go down to the Rents," he said. "Some one may have seen something. We may obtain some clue."

They went down in a cab, and while Tibby ran upstairs in the vain hope of finding Mina there, or some message from her, Clive looked about him almost as hopelessly. He had kept the cab waiting at the archway, and half a dozen urchins were larking round it and chaffing the cabman.

One boy, older than the rest, was especially impudent, and the cabman flicked at him with the whip, and said severely:

"Ain't you never seen a decent cab afore, you young savages? I s'pose you ain't, an' it's a regular treat for you."

"Garn!" yelled the boy. "Why, we've got a cabman as lives here, an' keeps 'is 'orse in that stable." He kicked his leg in the direction of a shed. "An', wot's more, he's just gorne off on a job with a young lidy."

The blood rushed to Clive's face, and he turned away so that the cabman and the boys should not observe the excitement, the wild excitement of hope which he knew displayed itself in his face. Then he sauntered towards the group, lounged against the archway for a minute or two, and, eventually catching the boy's eye, nodded to him.

The boy looked afraid at first; but Clive nodded again, and held up a shilling, and, after a time, the boy sidled towards him.

"Look here," said Clive, drawing him apart, "I'll give you this and another one on the top of it, if you'll tell me where the young lady told the cabman to drive her."

The boy eyed the shilling hungrily, but his face fell.

"Wish I could, guv'nor," he said; "but I dunno. I see her start; but she didn't give no orders; she seemed flustered and upset, an' she 'anded up a paper to Bill, the cabman."

Clive's heart sank again. "I suppose he won't come back? He'll go on the crawl?" he said.

"No," replied the boy 'cutely; "he'll come back 'ere, 'cos he's a day cab, an' he puts 'is 'orse up early."

Almost as he spoke, Clive heard the sound of wheels. He dropped half a crown into the boy's hand, and went quickly to the archway. A seedy and ramshackle cab drove in, and Clive went up to it. He saw at a glance that the driver was drunk; and forcing himself to some degree of patience, he waited until the man had lurched off his perch before addressing him.

"Had a long drive?" he said pleasantly and casually.

The cabman stared at him, then smiled and winked knowingly.

"Ra—ther, guv'nor," he replied.

"And you left the young lady there?" said Clive in a matter-of-fact way.

"I did," responded the man. "Took her to her friend as was waiting for her. An' a very nice and liberal cove he was. 'Tain't orften a pore cabby has such a good drink stood 'im. An' no 'aggling over the fare, neither," he added unctuously. "Rum kind o' place to take a young lady. But there! It's no business o' mine! Queer cattle, women, mister."

"They are," assented Clive with a laugh. "Come round the corner, and have a drink."

He led the way to the public-house, and called for a small whisky and a large soda. The cabman stared at him with tipsy surprise.

"If you was to order a sponge and a piece of soap as well, guv'nor, I might have a bath," he said derisively.

He took a gulp of the sobering mixture, and Clive waited with a brain on fire until it was finished; then he said slowly and gravely:

"Pull yourself together, my man. I want to know where you took that young lady." The cabman set down his glass, and stared resentfully at Clive; but his gaze softened as Clive drew a five-pound note from his pocket-book and laid it on the counter. "Pick it up, and put it in your pocket," he said; "and take me to the place at which you left your fare. I'll discharge you there, and you can drive away as if the business no further concerned you. Refuse, and you'll find yourself in serious trouble."

The man stretched his brows, and shook himself as if with an effort to throw off the fumes of liquor, and taking the note, carefully folded it, and put it in his pocket.

"Hanged if I didn't think there was something wrong about it," he said. "Jump in, guv'nor. I'll take you right enough. You're a 'tec, I suppose? But mind! I don't take no hand in this. I drives you to the place, and I drives orf again; no questions asked, no questions answered. Is that stright?"

"That's straight," said Clive. "I'll be ready in less than one minute."

He ran up to Tibby's room, white and breathless.

"I have found out where they have taken her, Tibby!" he said. "No; I can't wait to tell you! There's not a moment to lose. Remain here. I'll bring her back to you, please God!"

As he got into the cab he gave the man a sovereign and told him to drive quickly. They went eastward. To Clive the way seemed interminable; and his heart sank lower and lower as they left the large and respectable thoroughfares, and began to pierce into the dingy slums of the far east.

(To be continued.)

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SIR JOSEPH POPE.

Canada's Debt to Him So Great It Is Difficult to Measure It.

Among the civil servants of the Dominion there is only one who bears the title of Knight. That one is Sir Joseph Pope, Under Secretary of State for External Affairs. Nor does he flaunt his title in the face of the public. Look up his department in the telephone directory of Ottawa and you will find him down as plain "Joseph Pope." But just as a matter of simple historic fact, he does occupy this unique position, and he does not occupy it without justification. He is Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George for the very good reason that he has been able in a number of instances to perform outstanding services for the Dominion, and he has been able to perform these outstanding services because he possessed qualifications which are exceedingly rare on this side of the Atlantic.

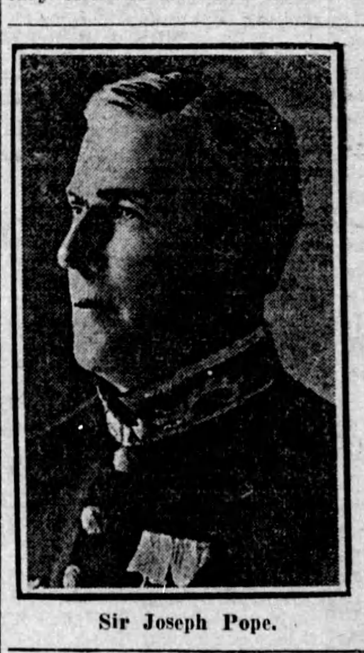
The central fact of these special qualifications is a wide knowledge of the "savoir faire" of official life. He knows how to do things. He knows his way around Government offices, and he knows his way around royal courts. He is an authority on the etiquette of official and court circles—a branch of knowledge which is highly useful even in our democratic community. Of course, he did not pick this up in a day. He had a long apprenticeship under that master of statecraft and of the craft of managing men, Sir John A. Macdonald.

The first occasion on which Sir Joseph was chosen to represent the Canadian Government in the entertainment of guests of State was in 1901, when our present King and Queen visited us as the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. Everyone remembers how successful that tour was, and in its success Mr. Pope, as he then was, had a large part. It was for his services at that time that he received his first mark of royal favor and entered the order of St. Michael and St. George as a Companion.

Five years later he accompanied Prince Arthur of Connaught on his tour through the Dominion, and in 1908 he was selected to receive Prince Fushimi of Japan on his visit to this country. In connection with the visit of Prince Arthur, Mr. Pope had bestowed upon him the Imperial Service Order, while the Japanese Government recognized his services to Prince Fushimi by conferring on him the Order of the Sacred Treasure of the second class. In the same year as the latter he was made a companion of the Victorian Order by the King because of his assistance in the organization of the tercentenary at Quebec. His elevation to knighthood came in the New Year's honors of 1912.

This tells the story of how Sir Joseph came to bear so many titles, but it does not by any means tell the story of the part he has played in the history of Canada. He has represented the Canadian people around the Council Board in a number of big diplomatic issues. He was attached to the staff of the British agent in the Behring Sea arbitration of 1893; and had a part in securing protection for the interests of Canadian sealers. He was agent of the Canadian Government in the Joint High Commission which sat in Quebec and Washington during the early years of the Administration of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He was associate secretary of the Alaskan Boundary tribunal. He accompanied Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux on his mission to Japan, which resulted in the limitation of Japanese immigration to the Dominion. And just two years ago, he again represented Canada in the international conference on pelagic sealing, which advanced the work begun in the Behring Sea arbitration.

This bare catalogue of some of the salient national affairs in which he has played a part is in itself an advertisement that there is a hinterland in "Joe" Pope's life which must supply explanation. And assuredly the present Under Secretary of State for External Affairs



Sir Joseph Pope.

comes from a vigorous stock. He is a native of Prince Edward Island, where he was born on August 16, 1854. His father was the Hon. William Henry Pope, who was one of the Fathers of Confederation, and his uncle, Hon. J. C. Pope, was Minister of Marine and Fisheries in the Cabinet of Sir John Macdonald. Pope the younger came into the Dominion service in 1878, and was for a few years a clerk and private secretary to his uncle. Then he entered the service of Sir John, and made for himself a name as the private secretary par excellence in the history of Canadian Government.

For a time after Sir John's death he remained in the Privy Council office, but in 1896 was made permanent head of the department of the Secretary of State. Here he had controy of such widely different functions of Government as the management of the printing bureau, the issue of charters to companies, and the issue of passports to Canadians travelling abroad. When the new department of External Affairs was created in 1909, he was placed at its head; and it is largely his own creation. This department it is which handles all relations with the Imperial and with foreign Governments; and all correspondence relating to these matters passes through Sir Joseph's hands. He is now directly responsible for the discharge of his duties to the Premier, who is the political head of the department.

Of all Sir Joseph's services to Canada, perhaps the greatest is the preparation of the "Life of Sir John A. Macdonald." It will always remain a classic among Canadian biographies, because of the intimate light it sheds upon the political life of the Dominion. A companion piece to it is a collection of Confederation documents, including a diary of the Quebec conference, which is indispensable to the man who wants to know how we came to be. Sir Joseph Pope's labors as a public servant, valuable though they are, may be forgotten. His services as the literary executor of Sir John A. Macdonald are a permanent part of the life of Canada.—Francis Carman in Toronto Star Weekly.

TEST OF SURGEON'S NERVE

OPERATIONS PERFORMED UNDER TRYING CONDITIONS.

Cool Work of Doctors in Hospital While Building Was Afire.

A few weeks ago a workman engaged on the top of the roof of a tall building at Springfield, Mass., dislocated his shoulder. It was impossible to bring him down, so a surgeon climbed up, and, coolly sitting astride a girder, hundreds of feet above the crowded street, proceeded to chloroform the injured man and reduce the dislocation.

To the man in the street the skill of the surgeon is always something of a miracle. To carve living flesh with steady hand and sure eye, to secure each streaming vein, to remove diseased organs, and then to mend up the wound so perfectly that hardly a scar remains, seems to him to require almost superhuman skill.

Supreme Test.

And there is no doubt but that a big operation calls for the very highest qualities that man possesses. Even in the perfectly lit and perfectly appointed operating theatres of a great hospital, with every possible aid at hand that modern science commands, the task is a severe one.

Yet often and often the surgeon is called upon to perform operations without any such aids, and then the ordeal may be almost as severe for doctor as it is for patient.

For instance, in a railway accident. One raw winter morning, two years ago, a passenger alighting in a hurry from a train at the little station of Earlestown, near Warrington, slipped and fell between the still moving train and the platform.

A doctor, summoned in haste, found that the only possible method of extricating the unfortunate man was to amputate one of his legs.

Instruments were fetched, and as it was not yet daylight, a ring of porters stood round with station lanterns, while other persons struck matches to assist the surgeon.

What made the horrible business more terrible was the fact that it was impossible to give the injured man chloroform. He remained conscious all through the operation.

In spite of the cramped position in which the surgeon was compelled to work, and the lack of light and appliances, the operation was quickly and successfully finished, and the sufferer removed to a hospital.

Operating Under Fire.

Often in war time surgeons have had to operate on the battlefield, sometimes actually under fire. But it was under fire of a different sort that two doctors performed an operation at the hospital at Biddeford, in the State of Maine. The operation was to remove an internal ulcer, but five minutes after they had begun it was discovered that the hospital was afire.

To move the patient was to kill her. The surgeons stuck to their work. The roar of flames was plainly heard, and the hiss of water from the fire hose. Presently water began to pour through the roof and pieces of wet plaster to fall thudding to the floor. The nurses put up umbrellas and held them over the patient and the doctors. No one dreamed of moving until all was finished and the wound sewn up. Then the patient was removed to a place of safety.

In February, 1911, a similar case occurred at the West London Hospital, but here the fire broke out just before the operation was begun, so there was time to remove the man to another department.

CHIPS WITH THE BARK ON.

No man is rich who does not think he is.

The man of few words often keeps them busy.

It is pleasant to have a square man 'round.

It is becoming orthodox to oppose orthodoxy.

Remember the fate of the steak that is tough—it is made into hash.

Her Long Suit.

"Mrs. Jinks says she never can tell what any of the neighbors will do next."

"Well, she loses no time in telling what they did last."

That's What They Do.

"Have you ever noticed one odd thing about blunt people?"

"What is that?"

"They are the ones who generally come to the point."

More than a watch dog is needed to keep the wolf from the door.

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