

ORDER OF THE LEAGUE

BY FRED M. WHITE

CHAPTER XVIII.

"If you will excuse me for a moment and permit me to see this Linda Despard, I will introduce you to your brother in a few moments. Miss Charteris, have I your permission?"

"You have my permission to do anything which will clear up the wretched mystery," Enid cried passionately. "Even now, I am totally at a loss to know what you are speaking of. Go! Do anything you may desire, so that we can have a little quietness hereafter."

Without another word, Isidore vanished, leaving Sir Geoffrey pacing the drawing-room in great perturbation and casting uneasy glances in Enid's direction. He was not convinced yet, but his doubts were troublesome. "It is all nonsense," he exclaimed. "I saw with my own eyes—"

"Your brother, Sir Geoffrey."

The baronet looked up, and there, standing in the doorway, saw Isidore, holding by the hand a figure dressed in a slouch-hat and enveloped in a cloak. For a moment, he staggered back in amazement; it was the lost Ughtred to the life!

"This is the long-lost brother," Isidore continued. "Linda, throw your hat away, and tell Sir Geoffrey the tale you told Lucrece. Listen, Sir Geoffrey, and you will hear something entertaining, and Miss Charteris something that will restore the bloom to her cheeks."

Linda Despard pushed her hat aside, and stood, half-boldly, half-timidly, before the startled baronet. There were tears in her eyes as she looked at Enid.

"But what can this possibly have to do with Le Gautier?" Sir Geoffrey demanded. Isidore waved him aside haughtily. "Much, if you will have patience," she said. "Linda, you had best commence. We are trifling."

There was an air of command in these words there was no disputing. Enid sank into a chair pale but collected, the baronet standing behind her, looking anything but comfortable. Lucrece took up her place beside her mistress. Isidore stood through the interview.

"Well, I will do anything to help that angel of mercy who has been so good and kind to me!" the actress commenced, with a grateful glance at Enid. "I tried to do her a great injury; but, thank heaven, I am not too late to save her yet. I am much to blame; but this is a hard world, and there are times when a few shillings are a godsend to me. It is not a long story. Lucrece here, and Isidore, knew my husband, and how he used to treat me, beating, half starving me, and taking all my earnings to spend at the cafes. Well, I put up with that life as long as I could; and then, after an awful night, I left him. I came to England, and brought my boy with me. After some hardships, I contrived to get a situation in a London theatre under a new name. It was only a small part, for my imperfect English was against me. One night, some months ago, as I was coming out of the theatre, I met Le Gautier. I had known him in better days, and though I was not ignorant of his character, it was pleasant to hear the old familiar tongue again. It appeared he had been in the theatre, and recognised me, and waited to say a few words as I came out. Time went on, and he was really kind to me. Through his influence I obtained a rise of salary, and I was grateful. What he really wanted with me you shall hear presently. The narrator paused a moment here, and looked round in the eager faces. Every sound could be heard distinctly—the ticking of the clocks, and Sir Geoffrey's heavy breathing. "One night he came to my lodgings," the speaker resumed, "and then he asked me if I had forgotten the old spiritualism tricks. I must tell you that once on a time I travelled the continent with a company that played ghostly pieces, such, for instance, as translations of Dickens' *Christmas Carol*, a simple thing, a mere optical illusion, what you call Pepper's Ghost. I told him I thought I could remember, and then he made a proposal to me. I never hesitated; the pay was too good for that. I was to meet Le Gautier at a house near Paddington one night, and go through the old tricks for a gentleman deeply interested in spiritualism. I learnt my lesson well. I was first to personate the better self of the spectator, and afterwards the spirit of his brother."

"Ah!" Sir Geoffrey exclaimed. "Go on!"

"I interest you now. I thought I should. I knew at the time, to my shame let me confess it, from the things I had to say, that the spectator was to be got into Le Gautier's power. Well, the night came; the simple apparatus was fixed; everything promised well. I was a bit nervous, for I was out of practice, and I wanted to see what sort of a man the victim was. While they were at dinner, I looked into the room, and there I saw the gentleman whom I now know to be Sir Geoffrey Charteris. When I saw your credulous face," the narrator continued, addressing the baronet, "I was no longer afraid. Presently, when it became dark and they sat over their wine, I listened till a word agreed upon was uttered by Le Gautier, and I commenced. First, there was some music, sounding strangely enough in the room, but not to me, for I played it. That was simple to an unbeliever with ordinary nerves; then came flashes of light, also easy enough; and when I deemed I had created a sufficient sense of fear, I entered the room. It was quite dark by that time, and I was dressed from head to foot in close garments. I touched Sir Geoffrey on the face and whispered in his ear; and once when he showed signs of unbelief, I clutched him by the throat and nearly strangled him.—Sir Geoffrey—if I make a mistake in a single particular, correct me."

"You are perfectly correct," the baronet answered, flushing scarlet. "Pray, continue. You do not know what the suspense is to me."

"Had you been quick and strong of nerve you would have found it out then, for, as it was, you grasped my arm, covered in wet, cold, skins, a creepy thing to touch in the dark, even if you know what it is. That was the first part of the performance, and then the real business commenced in earnest. Le Gautier led you to a room at the back of the house, a room draped in black cloth, and seated you in a certain spot, daring you to move at your peril. I wondered I did not laugh at this; I did once o-

twice, I know, so that I had to finish with an *Exorcism*, which, I think, was the age of relieving me, and heightening the effect. Well, the juggery commenced—the most *trickery*, hardly sufficient to deceive a child. It was easy enough to work it under cover of the incense and smoke; from behind your chair, Sir Geoffrey, the curtains were pulled back and a mirror exposed. I stood upon a pedestal in the window, behind another mirror. The illusion was perfect, and all I had to do was to ask and answer questions. I got through the first part of the performance well enough, but when I had to personate Sir Geoffrey's brother, the case was different. Had you, sir, been calm and collected, you must have discovered. I personated the spirit of your brother, desiring penance for some fancied wrong done to my children; and to heighten the effect, two ragged little boys were introduced to personate the dead man's starving and abandoned family. Frightened almost to death by the fear of being haunted, Sir Geoffrey, you promised me anything. You promised to join some League, the meaning of which I do not know, to carry out your dead brother's work; and last, but not least, that my good angel and preserver there should become Le Gautier's wife. The illusion was perfect, and a little of Le Gautier's matchless ventriloquism completed it.—And now," the speaker continued, running forward and falling at Enid's feet, "let me implore your forgiveness! My benefactress, how grateful I am that I have been able to serve you!"

"I have nothing to forgive," Enid replied. "You have taken far too great a load off my mind for me to reproach you now."

"But the whole thing is inexplicable to me," Sir Geoffrey exclaimed. "How did you manage to impersonate my late brother so accurately?"

Linda Despard smiled and pointed to a photograph album. "Easy enough with plenty of these about. What simpler than to abstract a likeness from one of these books and give it me! With my theatrical training and knowledge of makeup, the task was nothing."

"I am all the more astonished," Isidore remarked, "that the audacity of the command relating to Miss Enid did not open your eyes."

"But you understand Le Gautier professed to know nothing of what had taken place," Sir Geoffrey explained. "I even had to broach the subject to him. He never by any chance alluded to it."

"Such cunning as his always proves too deep for simple honesty. I need not ask if you believe what you have heard, Sir Geoffrey?"

"Indeed, I do.—Enid, my child, come and kiss me, and say you forgive your foolish old father. Take me away into the country, where people cannot find me. I am not fit to mix with men of sense; and, O' Enid, as soon as it is convenient, tell Varley to go into the library and pick out all the works he can find on spiritualism and burn them."

"You are sure you have forgiven me?" Linda Despard asked Enid timidly.

"From the bottom of my heart. You have done me a service to-day which I cannot forget, or indeed ever repay—And to you, Isidore, if I may call you so, I am grateful. You will pardon me if I seemed harsh or hard when you came here, but I have distrusted every one of late."

"Isidore turned quickly from the window. Le Gautier is coming up the steps," she exclaimed. "He must not see me here now, or everything will be ruined. I must see you again before I leave the house. Where can I hide? I would not have him discover me now for ten thousand pounds!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Brave Young Lad.

A letter from Rome to the Philadelphia *Bulle tin* says the return to Italy from Abyssinia of Count S. alimbini, Major Piano and the twelve-year-old son of the latter, who have been Ras Alula's prisoners for so many months, has created a considerable sensation. The chief interest is perhaps centred upon the boy, who is described as having displayed the courage and firmness of a man through all the vicissitudes and hardships endured. The only time when he broke down was, it appears, when chains were put upon the prisoners for the first time and he found himself fettered hand and foot to an Abyssinian lad of about his own age who was to be henceforth, sleeping or waking, his inseparable companion. But he soon recovered his *sang froid* and helpless as he was physically, soon established a sort of ascendancy over the negroes who used to come and go to his hut, and would rate them soundly if they displeased him as they some times did by coming to beg for some of his clothing. His father had managed to keep for him, as indeed all the prisoners tried to do, two or three jerseys, to be worn one over the other as a protection against the dangers of lying on the damp floor of their prison huts after the tropical heat of the day. To this the boy proudly owed his complete immunity from illness during his imprisonment; he has returned quite bronzed and hardy-looking. He had other advantages, though, which were not shared by the elder prisoners.

A woman's heart goes out to childhood, thank goodness! all the world over, and Ras Alula's daughter took compassion on the brave little Italian boy, and did all she could to soften the rigors of his imprisonment. It is certain that the fierce chief would have allowed no other living being to interfere with his jealously guarded hostages, who were only released, as perhaps the reader may remember, in exchange for a thousand rifles belonging to Ras Alula, which hitherto the Italian officials had not allowed to pass. He still retains Count Savoiron, and, on the remonstrances of Major Piano and the others, who, at first refused to come away without their unfortunate comrade, he bid them begone or remain at their own peril, for he had no more to say to them. But young Emanuel Piano had, it appears, adieu of a softer kind, for he took with some pride a little gold cross which Ras Alula's daughter gave him, saying: "Think of me when you are in Italy."

A Wife's Explanation.

Violet: Ma, how do people know that it's a man in the moon?
Mother (sadly): Because it's always out nights.

The Queen's Jubilee.

Since Britain's sceptre first was swung, /
Bliss 'ere a bard his *Spenserian* song,
Never was more glorious theme essayed
Than such an illustrious pen or tongue.
Behold! from diverse peoples' lands
On which perpetual shines the sun,
Come in oblation-laden hands
The trophies Britain's might has won,
As tributes to our Mother-Queen
(Millions reverse this sacred name),
Whose reign no equal earth has seen,
Whom God has blest with fadefless fame.

Rejoice, O every gem of Britain's crown!
Exult, ye continents and isles, exult
Your Queen and Empress with your myriad tongues!
Pour out thanksgiving to the King of kings,
Whose hand upheld to a prosperous throne
The loved of monarchs, thus so long to rule
In equity her great united realm
And nourish with maternal affection
The children of her crown—the fostered ones,
Whose orphanage adoption claimed of her.
A century's half has known her gracious reign
Since coronation honored England's throne.
Age has been tempered by the grace of God,
Thus far to cherish with auspicious life
The person of our Queen through strife and peace;
And He who hears and answers earnest prayer
Has had regard to supplication, made
By faithful subjects' intense love,
That, winged by faith, has sought the mercy-seat,
There with an all-reverent voice to call
Jehovah's benediction on her head.
What need of retrospection, since we see
The goodness of the past reflected now?
The gemmer shades of blessings once enjoyed
Mingle with those of supererogatory grace
Which follow in their footprints. Lo, they come
To Queen and people in a thousand shapes,
Fathered by projects of her statesmen's thought
In days which were and then were not, but which,
With hearts o' ruffled with gratitude, we bless.
Yet, though revival of the past be spurned,
That grief shall not invade the joy we feel,
There rise the phantoms of the loved, bereft
From her and us, whose love and reverence join
To welcome to these scenes of festal glee,
Even though in silence we may mourn the fact
That they may not be seen in outward form
To satisfy the sense of mortal sight.
We think not when gay pageantrics we view
Of earthly pomp and secondary joy;
And grieve for them who cannot share with us
The feelings which these splendid scenes inspire,
That, mayhap, they are in some far-off land,
And are but pined that we know not how close
They sometimes press to us and kindle thrills
Of glows of heavenly bliss, which blindness oft
Attributes to the glimmers of wish.
This well, God is our God if we can know
As much as He of souls disincarnate.

Beyond Atlantic's leagues there is an isle
Where, as pilgrims on a holy-day,
Such devotees who honor their descent
From ancestry whose origin was there,
(Whence spring intrepid pioneers, who fought,
Were it in savages through wilderness,
The homesteads no forefathers left to them.)
Find an attraction in a central source
And from the seaboard's bounding many strands,
Scattered o'er earth's circumferenced chimes,
They speed in caravans through wastes of sea
Toward the Mecca of their dreams—England,
The shrine of all her patriots' loyal zeal—
An Empire's heart, that fills its arcades
And veins with throbbing energy of life.
All are not pilgrims; some must be content
With orient places where the pilgrims go
And local ebullitions of their joy
In their own land and way. So thus do we,
Through the one minstrel celebrant, address
Our homage from the Land of Lakes to you,
Our reverend Queen. Our sweetest prayers
Invoke on this your gladness Jubilee
A brighter crown than gold and precious stones
To your exalted head adorn; and 'tis
A halo of God's blessings imaged down
In reflex of the one illustrious crown
Life's noblest purpose 'tis for us to win,
And which, God knows how much we crave it, Queen,
For you, when you in heaven shall celebrate
Your everlasting, tearless Jubilee.

Cloudland.

BY CLAYTON PARKHILL.
Have you been to that wonderful country
That lies far in the sky—
The mystical realm of Cloudland,
Where the mountains are piled so high?
Would you visit that beautiful kingdom
Where the eves and fairies dwell
Who come to us at the nightfall
To sport in the jungle and dell?
The tempests are far below them
And rains and snows never beat;
But the softest of sunlight ever
Warms this land for the spirits meet.
They sleep all day 'mongst the cloudlets
Till the sun slits towards the West;
Then they wake into light their torches
Before he sink into rest.
Have you seen the sunset glories
Light their mountains in the sky?
'Twas the radiance from their torches
That illumed the land on high.
Then they come to us with the twilight,
They bring to the babies sleep;
To the la's and lassies love dreams
So sweet that they wake to weep.
To the housewife they bear contentment,
And they soothe the husband's care;
They bring us to earth only blessings—
These spirits from Cloudland fair.
Have you seen the elfin ladders
Let down from the morning sky,
When the boys said "The sun's drawing water,"
The girls laughed and questioned them "Why?"
The girls knew better than they did;
'Twas the elves going back to their home,
And that is the way you must travel,
If you're anxious in Cloudland to roam.

Remedy For Ivy Poisoning.

I have always been extremely susceptible to the poison of poison-ivy and oak so as to give me great annoyance, unless it is immediately checked on its first appearance. This, common washing soda accomplishes for me, if properly applied. I make the application by saturating a slice of loaf bread with water, then cover one surface with soda, and apply to the eruption, the soda next the flesh. When the bread is dried by the animal heat, I drop water on the outer side so as to keep it thoroughly moistened and dissolve the soda crystal in contact with the skin. This, you will perceive, is merely a bread poultice; the bread being a vehicle through whose moisture the soda reaches the humor. I find that washing or bathing with soda water, even continuously, will not suffice with me. My skin requires the heat and moisture of the bread in order for the soda to act on and neutralize the poison. I rarely have need to retain this soda poultice for more than thirty minutes on any affected part. No pain ensues. Formerly I suffered for weeks, as the poison would spread all over my body. Now thirty minutes measures the duration of its exhibition.

Undeveloped Failures.

A large part of the failures, the disappointments, the inferior work, the poor thinking, the shallow reasoning, the lack of kindly feeling and sympathetic action which afflict mankind is due to the lack of nourishment afforded to the faculties. They are starved, consequently feeble and inefficient. Men plead the lack of time to enrich their minds, to stimulate their powers, to feed their moral natures. As well might the bird with drooping wing and declining strength plead that he had so many flights to take in mid-air that he had no time to pick the corn from the field or the fruit from the tree to sustain him in those flights.

GENERAL NEWS.

Lightning struck near a tree against which a negro boy was leaning in Atlanta, Ga., on Sunday evening, when it was struck by lightning. They were horrible burned, and blood oozed from their wounds. They will probably die.

Three months ago W. M. Murchison, of Nova Scotia, who had been ill for some time, awoke in the night and found that his tongue was paralyzed, and that he could not swallow anything. He has just died after fasting ninety days. Up to a short time before his death he was cheerful, saying that he was quite willing to die.

A Rockland smoker bought a cigar the other day in one of the stores of that city, and on smoking it found a small gold ring on the inside. The cigar was Pennsylvania make, and it was evidently not a prize, as the box had no lottery attachment. The only way to account for the find is that some lady cigar-maker accidentally rolled her ring in the cigar, it being evidently a lady's ring.

Seventy years ago Henry G. Idemeister, German, enlisted as a volunteer in the Hanseatic Legion, a free corps of 3,000 men attached to the Northern Army under the command of the Crown Prince of Sweden. Gildemeister now lives in Bunker Hill, Ill., and will be 93 years old on Saturday; and recent news from his native country leads him to think that he is the only survivor of the famous 3,000.

This remarkably pleasing horse story comes from Inyo, Cal.: A load of hay was put in a yard, near a stable. A horse was loose in the yard, two others being tied in the stable, the door of which was open. After eating a few bites of the hay the loose horse appeared to remember that his companions were debarr'd from the feast. He took large mouthfuls, carried it into the stable, and placed it before the other horses.

The most accomplished butler, valet, and maid servant combined is a Chinaman in the employ of the rich Timothy Hopkins of California. He wears an Oriental costume of silk of great magnificence, takes care of Mr. Hopkins' mansion in a quiet, unobtrusive manner, as pleasing as it is effective, has charge of the wardrobes of Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins, and when Mrs. Hopkins dresses for a ball lays out her costume, selects her jewels, and never makes a blunder.

A newspaper in Nonticello, Fla., says that W. P. Belliger, going home the other evening, was overtaken by a slight shower, and then heard a jiggling sound as something like a hailstone struck him on the head and fell to the ground. He struck a match and found a silver quarter bearing date early in the eighteenth century. "Mr. Belliger is a gentleman of veracity, and no one doubts his statement. He is satisfied there is a rich treasury above."

A charming and unique friendship is said to have sprung up between a young German and a young Frenchman in south Holyoke, Mass. Neither can speak the language of the other, and both are ignorant of the English language. Under ordinary circumstances these young men would be lifelong strangers, but fate has thrown them together as roommates in a boarding house, and, though unable to converse other than by gestures there has sprung up between these young men a friendship of more than ordinary warmth.

It is related that some Americans recently going through the Jardin des plantes of Paris stopped to look at a big rattlesnake in a cage. It lay motionless, apparently asleep, but when two of the party who lingered behind began to speak in English it moved, lifted its head, and gave every sign of interest. They told their companions that the snake understood English. The whole party then returned to the cage. The snake was apparently asleep again. They conversed in French, but the snake made no movement; then the ladies began to speak in English. The snake started lifted its head, and showed the same alertness as before at the sounds. The rattlesnake proved, on inquiry, to have come from Virginia.

A small boy, swimming with others in the Erie Canal, near Clyde, suddenly yelled with vigor that "so'thin' had hold of" him. He scrambled ashore, and the something proved to be a small snapping turtle, that had grabbed him by the leg. His beak had gone through the skin and some of the flesh of the boy's leg. These animals never let go their hold while there is life. In this case the jaws did not open till after the head had been cut off. The wound made by the turtle's beak was not very serious. The boy wrapped a handkerchief around his leg and started off home, carrying the turtle.

A Family Arrangement.

A family in which there are a number of men who come in at different times during the latter part of the evening, and who generally go to bed immediately upon getting in, was troubled for a long time by the question that worried each man when he came in as to who was yet out. As every one was generally in bed there was none to answer the question, and the arrival was at a loss to know whether to lock the front door for the night and put out the lights, as he would do if all were in, or not. A tour of the bedrooms was necessary to acquire the desired knowledge, and this, it is needless to say, became more annoying each time. At last a happy idea was found.

A small board of hard wood, on which was neatly painted as many figures in a row as there are persons in the family, with two rows of pegs beneath each, one labelled "out" and the other "in," was placed in a rather obscure place in the hall-way, where all the family can readily see it, but where it will not attract the eyes of strangers. On each peg is hung a small brass ring, and now, as each one goes out, he places the ring hanging under the number assigned to him on "out" peg, and when he comes in the ring is hung on the "in" peg. Thus a glance at this board tells just who is out and who is in, and a "long-felt want" no longer exists in the house.

A Fair Financier.

"Oh, Nell! Isn't it lucky our legacies were only four hundred dollars?"
"Lucky? when we expected, at least, ten thousand apiece?"
"But don't you see, dear, if we had had all that Papa would have invested it."

Illustrative drawings of free. R. Chambliss, 20, 27 Church St., Toronto.
WANTED IN TORONTO...
CURED in Canada, the U.S.A., and other countries. Experts in Patent Cases, C. R. Kilduff & Co., Toronto.
WIRE BASKET, BEST BELLE...
CLEMENT & Co., Toronto.
OPPERINE...
INSPECTION and...
Decorated...
PURE LIVING...
TICK DESTROYER...
FELT...
BUTTER, ETC...
PAPER...
BRITANNIA...
PLATED WARE...
SILVER PLATE...
RESERVE...
FITTS