For Love and Fame.

"That is a lie," the other answered, in a perfectly unmoved tone. "If you like I will tell you what you did. You taught him the latter half of the story. The other he knew before; down to the word 'province.'"

The showman gasped. "Diable!" he muttered, "who told you?"

"Never mind. You bought the boy? From whom?"

"From some gypsies at the great fair of Beaucaire," the showman, answered sullenly.

"Who is he?"

Crafty Eyes laughed dryly. "If I knew I should not be padding the hoof," he said. "Or, again, he may be nobody. And the tail patter. You have heard as much as I have. What do you think?"

"I think I shall find out when I have bought the boy," the stranger answered, coolly. "What will you take for him?"

The showman gasped again. "You come to the point," he said.

"It is my custom. What is his price?"

The showman's imagination had never soared beyond nor his ears ever heard of a larger sum than a thousand crowns. He mentioned it trembling. There might be such a sum in the world.

"A thousand livres, if you like. Not a sou more," was the answer.

The nearer lantern threw a strong light on Crafty Eyes' face; but that was mere shadow beside the light of cupidity which sparkled in his eyes. He could get another boy; scores of boys. But a thousand livres? A thousand livres! "Tournois!" he said faintly. "Livres Tournois!" In his wildest moments of avarice he had never dreamed of possessing such a sum.

"No, Paris livres," the stranger answered, coldly. "Paid to-morrow at the Golden Chariot. If you agree, you will deliver the boy to me there at noon, and receive the money."

The showman nodded, vanquished by the mere sound of the sum. Paris livres let it be. Danae did not more quickly succumb to the golden shower.

CHAPTER II.

A little later that night, at the hour which saw the showman pay his second visit to the street before the Chariot Or, there to stand gaping at the lighted windows and peering into the court-yard in a kind of fascination—or perhaps to assure himself that the house would not fly away and his golden hopes with it—the twelve-year-old boy, the basis of those hopes, awoke and stirred restlessly in the straw. He was cold, and the chain galled him. His face ached where the man had struck him. In the next stall two drunken men were fighting, and the place reeked with oaths and foulness. But none of these things was so novel as to keep the boy awake; and sighing and drawing the monkey nearer to him, he would in a moment have been asleep again if the moon, shining with great brightness through the little square aperture above him, had not thrown its light directly on his head, and roused him more completely.

He sat up and gazed at it, and God knows what softening thoughts and pitiful recollections the beauty of the night brought into his mind; but presently he began to weep,—not as a child cries with noise and wailing, but in silence, as a man weeps. The monkey awoke and crept into his breast, but he hardly regarded it. The misery, the hopelessness, the slavery of his life, ignored from hour to hour, or borne at other times with a boy's nonchalance, filled his heart to bursting now. Crouching in his lair in the straw, he shook with agony. The tears welled up, and would not be restrained, until they hid the face of the sky, and darkened even the moon's pure light.

Or was it his tears? He dashed them away and looked, and rose slowly to his feet; while the ape, clinging to his breast, began to mow and gibber. A black mass, which gradually resolved itself, as the boy's eyes cleared, into a man's hat and head, filled the aperture.

"Hush!" came from the head in a cautious whisper. "Come nearer. I will not hurt you. Do you wish to escape, lad?"

The boy clasped his hands in an ecstasy. "Yes, oh, yes!" he murmured. The question chimed in so naturally with his thought, it scarcely surprised him.

"If you were loose, could you get throught this window?" the man asked. He spoke cautiously, under his breath; but the noise in the next stall, to say nothing of a vile drinking song which was being chanted forth at the further end of the stables, would such he might safely have shout. "Yes? Then take this file. Rub the fifth link from the end; the one that is nearly through. Do you understand boy?"

"Yes, yes," Jehan cried again, groping in the straw for the tool, which had fallen at his feet. "I know."

"When you are loose cover up the chain," continued the other, in a slow, biting tone. "Or lie on that part of it, and wait until morning. As soon as you see the first gleam of light, climb out through the window. You will find me outside."

The boy would have uttered his trembling thanks, but lo! in a moment the aperture was clear again; the moon sailed unchanged through an unchanged sky, and all was as before. Save for the presence of the little bit of rough steel in his hand, he might have thought it a dream. But the file was there; it was there, and with a choking sob of hope and fear and excitement, he fell to work on the chain.

It was clumsy work he made of it in the dark. But the link was so much worn a man might have wrenched it open, and the boy did not spare his fingers. The dispute next door covered the song of the file; and the smoky horn lantern which alone lighted that end of the stable had no effect in the dark corner where he lay. True, he had to work by feel, looking out all the while for his tyrant's coming; but the tool was good, and the fingers, hardened by many an hour of work on the rope, were strong and lithe. When the showman at last stumbled to his place in the straw, the boy lay free—free and trembling.

All was not done, however. It seemed an hour before the man settled himself—an hour of agony and suspense to Jehan, feigning sleep; since at any moment his master might take it into his head to look into things. But Crafty Eyes had no suspicion. Having kicked the boy and heard the chain rattle, and so assured himself that he was there—so much caution he exercised every night, drunk or sober—he was satisfied; and by and by, when his imagination, heated by thoughts of wealth, permitted it, he fell asleep, and dreamed that he had married the cardinal's cook-maid and eat collops on Sundays.

Even so, the night seemed endless to the boy, lying wakeful, with his eyes on the sky. Now he was hot, now cold. One moment the thought that the window might prove too straight for him threw him into a bath of perspiration; the next he shuddered at the possibility of recapture, and saw himself dragged back and flayed by his brutal owner. But a watched pot does boil, though slowly. The first streak of dawn came at last—as it does when the sky is darkest; and with it, even as the boy rose warily to his feet, the sound of a faint whistle outside the window.

A common mortal could no more have passed through that window without noise than an old man can make himself young again. But the boy did it. As he dropped to the ground outside he heard the whistle again. The air was still dark; but a score of paces away, beyond a low wall, he made out the form of a horseman, and went toward it.

It was the man in the cloak, who stooped and held out his hand. "Jump up behind me," he muttered.

The boy went to obey, but as he clasped the outstretched hand, it was suddenly withdrawn. "What is that? What have you got there?" the rider exclaimed, peering down at him.

"It is only Taras, the monkey," Jehan said, timidly.

"Throw it away," the stranger answered. "Do you hear me?" he continued in a stern, composed tone. "Throw it away, I say."

The boy stood hesitating a moment; then, without a word, he turned and fled into the darkness the way he had come. The man on the horse swore under his breath, but he had no remedy; and before he could tell what to expect, the boy was at his side again. "I've put it through the window," Jehan explained, breathlessly. "If I had left it here, the dogs and the boys would have killed it."

The man made no comment aloud, but jerked him roughly to the crupper; and bidding him hold fast, started the horse, which, setting off at an easy amble, quickly bore them out of Fecamp. As they passed through the fair-ground of yesterday—a shadowy, ghastly waste at this hour peopled by wandering asses and pack-horses, and a few lurking figures that leaped up out of the darkness, and ran after them whining for alms—the boy shivered and clung close to his protector. But he had no more than recognized the scene before they were out of sight of it, and riding through the open fields. The gray dawn was spreading, the cocks at distant farms were crowing. The dim, misty country-side, the looming trees, the raw air, the chill that crept into his ill-covered bones—all these, which might have seemed to others wretched conditions enough, filled the boy with hope and gladness. For they meant freedom.

But presently, as they rode on, his thoughts took a fresh turn. They began to busy themselves, and fearfully, with the man before him, whose continued silence and cold resolve set a hundred wild ideas humming in his brain. What manner of man was he? Who was he? Why had he helped him? Jehan had heard of ogres and giants that decoyed children into forests and devoured them. He had listened to ballads of such adventures, sung at fairs and in the streets, a hundred times; now they came so strongly into his mind, and so grew upon him in this grim companionship, that by and by, seeing a wood before them through which the road ran, he shook with terror and gave himself up for lost. Sure enough, when they came to the wood, and had ridden a little way into it, the man, whose face he had never seen, stopped. "Get down," he said, sternly.

Jehan obeyed, his teeth chattering, his legs quaking under him. He expected the man to produce a large carving-knife or call some of his fellows out of the forest to share his repast. Instead, the stranger made a queer pass with his hands over his horse's neck, and bid the boy go to an old stump which stood by the way. "There is a hole in the further side of it," he said. "Look in the hole."

Jehan went trembling and found the hole and looked.

"What do you see?" the rider asked.

"A piece of money," said Jehan.

"Bring it to me," the stranger answered, gravely.

The boy took it—it was only a copper sou—and did as he was bid. "Get up!" said the horseman curtly. Jehan obeyed, and they went on as before.

When they had ridden half way through the forest, however, the stranger stopped again.

"Get down," he said.

The boy obeyed, and was directed as on the former occasion—but not until the horseman had made the same strange gesture with his hands—to go to an old stump. This time he found a silver livre. He gave it to his master, and climbed again to his place, marvelling much.

A third time they stopped, on the further verge of the forest. The same words passed, but this time the boy found a gold crown in the hole.

After that his mind no longer ran upon ogres and giants. Instead, another fancy, almost as dreadful, took possession of him. He remarked that everything the stranger wore was black; his cloak, his hat, his gauntlets. Even his long boots, which in those days were commonly made of unnamed leather, were black. So was the furniture of the horse. Jehan noticed this as he mounted the third time; and connecting it with the marvelous springing up of money where the man willed, began to be seized with panic, never doubting but that he had fallen into the hands of the devil. Likely enough, he would have dropped off at the first opportunity that offered, and fled for his life—if the stranger had not in the nick of time drawn a parcel of food from his saddle-bag. He gave some to Jehan. Even so, the boy, hungry as he was, did not dare touch it until he was assured that his companion was really eating—eating, and not pretending. Then, with a great sigh of relief, he began to eat too. For he knew that the devil never eat!

After this they rode on in silence, until, about an hour before noon, they came to a small farm-steading standing by the road, half a league short of the sleepy old town of Yvetot, which Beranger was one day to celebrate. Here the magician—for such Jehan now took his companion to be—stopped. "Get down," he said.

The boy obeyed, and instinctively looked for a stump. But there was no stump, and this time his master, after scanning his ragged garments, as if to assure himself of his appearance, had a different order to give. "Go to that farm," he said. "Knock at the door, and say that Solomon Notredame de Paris requires two fowls. They will give them to you. Bring them to me."

The boy went wide-eyed, knocked, and gave his message. A woman, who opened the door, stretched out her hand, took up a couple of fowls that lay tied together on the hearth, and gave them to him without a word. He took them—he no longer wondered at anything—and carried them back to his master in the road.

"Now listen to me," said the latter, in his slow, cold tone. "Go into the town you see before you, and in the market-place you will find an inn with the sign of the Three Pigeons. Enter the yard and offer these fowls for sale, but ask a livre apiece for them, that they may not be bought. While offering them, make an excuse to go into the stable, where you will see a gray horse. Drop this white lump into the horse's manger when no one is looking, and afterward remain at the door of the yard. If you see me, do not speak to me. Do you understand?"

Jehan said he did; but his new master made him repeat his orders from beginning to end before he let him go with the fowls and the white lump, which was about the size of a walnut, and looked like rock-salt.

About an hour later the landlord of the Three Pigeons at Yvetot heard a horseman stop at his door. He went out to meet him. Now, Yvetot is on the road to Dieppe and Harfleur; and though the former of these places was then in [illegible] and the latter was lying [illegible] landlord had had experience [illegible] many guests. But so strange [illegible] as the one he fou[illegible] thought he had never seen [illegible] first place, the gentleman was [illegible] from top to toe in black; and though he had no servants behind him, he wore an air of as grave consequence as though he boasted six. In the next place, his face was so long, thin and cadaverous that, but for a great black line of eyebrows, that cut it in two, and gave it a very curious and sinister expression, people meeting him for the first time might have been tempted to laugh. Altogether, the landlord could not make him out; but he thought it safer to go out and hold his stirrup and ask his pleasure.

"I shall dine here," the stranger answered, gravely. As he dismounted his cloak fell open. The landlord observed with growing wonder that its black lining was sprinkled with cabalistic figures embroidered in white.

Introduced to the public room, which was over the great stone porch, and happened to be empty, the traveler lost none of his singularity. He mused a little way within the door, and stood as if suddenly fallen into deep thought.

The landlord, beginning to think him mad, ventured to recall him by asking what his honor would take.

"There is something amiss in this house," the stranger replied abruptly, turning his eyes on him.

"Amiss?" the host answered, faltering under the gaze, and wishing himself well out of the room. "Not that I am aware of, your honor."

"There is no one ill?"

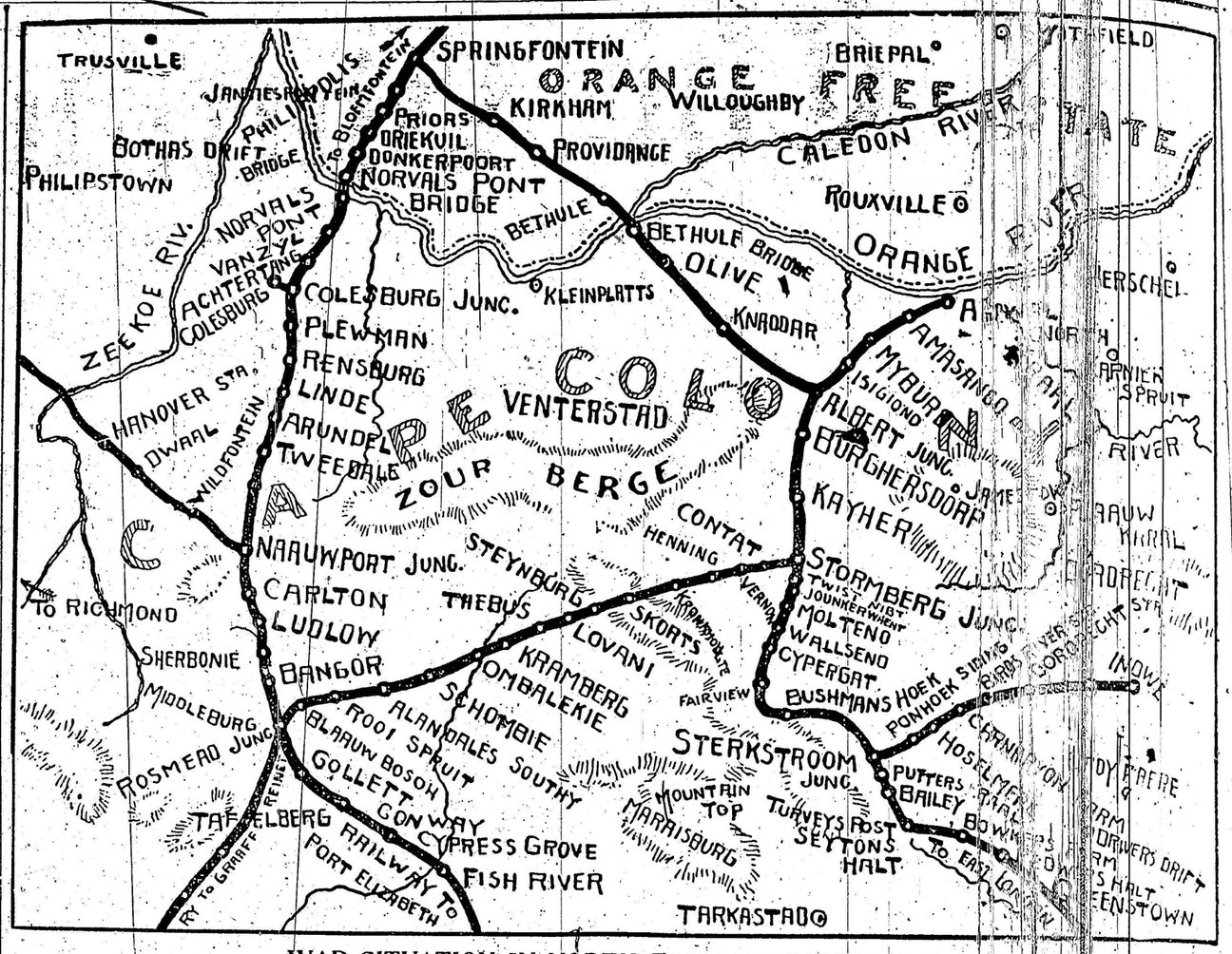
"No, your honor, certainly not."

"Nor deformed?"

"No."

"You are mistaken," the stranger answered, firmly. "Know that I am Solomon, son to Caesar, son to Michel Notredame of Paris, commonly called by the learned Nostradamus and the Transcendental, who read the future and rode the Great White Horse of Death. All things hidden are open to me."

To be Continued.



WAR SITUATION IN NORTH EASTERN CAPE COLONY.

WAR BRINGS PROSPERITY.

How the Seaport of Southampton Has Been Transformed.

Two months ago a casual visitor strolling down Bernard street, Southampton, or any of the other principal thoroughfares, would have found little to attract his attention, says an English Exchange. Lazy dogs were lying undisturbed in the middle of the road; now and again somebody dawdled up or down the street, shop-keepers seemed startled if you went in and asked for anything, and the great marvel was that there should be any necessity for streets and shops at all.

Even the arrival of the boat-trains with the mails scarcely seemed to make any difference. There would be a faint flutter of excitement round the railway station, and presently a few porters would straggle on with luggage to the nearest hotel; and that was all.

But now all that is changed. Southampton to-day teems with busy life, and the population appears to be a good deal too large for the streets. All day and half the night the busy trams are laden with people. The pavements are crowded with men in scarlet, men in blue, men in khaki; officers, and privates, and tars, with their wives and sweethearts and friends and relations. The hotels are all full, even beds are scarcely to be had, and landladies are reaping a golden harvest.

Any one who had not visited Southampton for some time would have been surprised at the appearance of the town, crowded as it was with the officers and men of the Sixth Division.

Every one seemed to be buying kit or keepsakes. The shops have risen to the occasion. Here you can see a huge placard reading, "Officers' outfits at a moment's notice," and here the announcement, "Charming souvenirs." Indeed, from the amount of shopping going on you would think that every one had forgotten what war meant till they got to Southampton.

Nightly outside the town's three theatres there are long queues of people waiting for admission, and scores ultimately get turned away. In fact, never before has Southampton been so busy or so prosperous. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and the war is realizing in some degree Southampton's cherished dream of becoming a second Liverpool.

THE MODISTES.

Little Dot—I dess they want folks makers have big signs sayin' they is modest?

Little Dow—I dess they want folks to know it isn't their fault the dresses is cut so low.

BACK NUMBER JOYS.

Billy, why don't you skate any more?

Well, I find it more fun to sit by the fire and remember what fun I used to be.

VIEW OF DELAGOA BAY.

THE MOST IMPORTANT PORT IN ALL SOUTH AFRICA.

Grossly Mismanaged by Dishonest Officials—Principal Articles of Diet Are Quinine and Whiskey—Merchandise for the Interior Ruined by Handling and Exposure.

Delagoa Bay owes its great commercial, and just now strategic, importance to two important facts. First, it is the nearest port to the Transvaal. Secondly, it is far and away the best natural port in South Africa, writes a traveller.

Both these advantages are neutralized by reason of Portuguese domination, so that as a matter of fact many merchants preferred to send their goods by the longer route through Natal, via Durban, merely because the Delagoa route offered much risk by reason of rapacious or at least very negligent management at the otherwise more favored harbor.

IMPROVEMENTS NOT WANTED.

On arrival at that beautiful port we anchored in mid-stream and were taken ashore in rowboats. Private companies had over and over again begged permission to erect at their own expense, wharves where vessels might load and unload with facility, but this eminently practical, if not philanthropic, request had been invariably refused because it might deprive the Government of one more means of extracting bribes from merchants.

As I made my way from the landing stage to the town it was through an accumulation of merchandise which reminded me of goods rescued in haste from a great fire or some other disaster. Boxes were smashed, and stuff of the most incongruous description lay helter-skelter as though dropped from some mammoth grab bag. Imagine the army and navy stores lifted in mid air and plumped upside down on the swampy, sandy shores of a tropical port—there you have the custom house of Delagoa Bay under Portuguese rule.

Distracted merchants or forwarding agents wandered amidst the ruins of what had been valuable ship's cargo, hunting for the goods for which they waved the bills of lading in their weary fingers. Here lay a bag of lime, beneath was a sack of rice. Their contents were making a blend which even an ostrich might have regarded as discouraging. Delicate electrical plants destined for a Johannesburg mine lay scattered in the open, while bolts and other parts of machinery, all rendered valueless to the men of capital and brain waiting in vain for them at the end of the railway. Barrels of treacle were leaking into goods marked "To be kept dry," sewing machines, typewriters, church organs, clothing, blankets, furniture, tinware and crockery—all were knocking about in the open air, not merely at the mercy of rain, but of thieves in and outside of the official lines.

NO NEWSPAPER THERE.

There is no newspaper in this beautiful place, and for obvious reasons. If it told the truth the Governor would send the editor to jail. If it did not discuss the scandalous state of things it would have no support among the only people likely to give it subscriptions and advertisements.

There is, of course, a Portuguese Governor at Delagoa Bay, a fort, an army of petty negroids, officials about as big as Filipinos, and with ancestry about as [illegible] maps of [illegible] splendid [illegible] piazzas and [illegible] polis. No[illegible] excepting [illegible] for the pub[illegible] dirty stre[illegible] or three [illegible] booth, ne[illegible] band mad[illegible] was called [illegible] no such [illegible] to be had—[illegible] British Co[illegible] dignity o[illegible] ing the riv[illegible] building [illegible] hopeful [illegible] There [illegible] gressive Gov[illegible] was shock[illegible] dents to [illegible] succeeded [illegible] mark the [illegible] cal and s[illegible] tuguese G[illegible] ed his sa[illegible] he proved [illegible] ness-like [illegible] deed, so b[illegible] employed [illegible] day in ca[illegible] way earne[illegible] his salary [illegible] those in ch[illegible] each pig[illegible] part of th[illegible] soon came [illegible] ship incre[illegible] of the deep [illegible] more accid[illegible] before it w[illegible] however, [illegible] provinces [illegible] though h[illegible] showing it.

The prin[illegible] Delagoa Bay, w[illegible] and quinin[illegible] the coast fe[illegible] between tw[illegible] too, caught [illegible] and it serve[illegible] of that plac[illegible]

TYR[illegible]

When a [illegible] courting [illegible] him a bottle [illegible] out a glass [illegible] ject of his [illegible] the whole a[illegible] the girl has [illegible] and then s[illegible] cuses, so a[illegible] and yet no[illegible] that is cons[illegible] ing tha[illegible] with the a[illegible] will, for in[illegible] wine "lo[illegible] agrees wi[illegible] use of any [illegible] itself at the [illegible] to make sur[illegible] find it a v[illegible] a word ne[illegible] is spared th[illegible] tion.

PRINCESS [illegible]

The Prin[illegible] graph[illegible] of [illegible] Sa[illegible] and [illegible] korlaks bus[illegible] sible occasion [illegible] to'to of vi[illegible] pub'ic [illegible] our future [illegible] would be [illegible] one venture[illegible] fited. At [illegible] of Denmark [illegible] to Eng[illegible] his marriag[illegible] was kept c[illegible]

IS AUST[illegible]

Almost e[illegible] ports of ex[illegible] and this y[illegible] stated th[illegible] Melbourne [illegible] 114deg., F. [illegible] the afternoo[illegible]

Pale and Languid.

THE CONDITION OF VERY MANY YOUNG GIRLS IN CANADA.

They are Subject to Headaches, Heart Trouble, and an Indisposition to Exertion—Parents Should Act Promptly in Such Cases.

Miss Alma Gauthier, daughter of Mr. Adelard Gauthier, proprietor of a well known hotel at Three Rivers, Que., enjoys a wide popularity among her young friends, and they have recently had occasion to rejoice at her restoration to health after a serious illness. When a reporter called to ascertain the facts of the case Mr. Gauthier was out of the city on a [illegible] it, but her father very gladly consented to give the story of her cure. He said:—"I believe that had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my daughter Alma might now have been in the grave, and I would be ungrateful indeed if I did not at all times speak a kind word in favor of the medicine that restored her to health. My daughter's health first began to fail several years ago. At first the trouble did not appear to be serious and we thought she would soon regain her accustomed health. As time went on, however, this proved not the case. She grew weaker, was troubled with headaches, poor appetite, weakness and a feeling of almost complete languor. She was treated by a doctor, but still there was no improvement. She seemed to be fading away. If she went upstairs she would have to stop [illegible] times to rest on the way. She had all her color and her face was a white almost as chalk. It was clearly that which so many young women enter upon womanhood, and we feared it would lead into consumption. One [illegible] of the family urged her to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She consented, and we procured a [illegible] boxes. Before they were [illegible] there was a slight improvement in her appetite and we looked upon this as a hopeful sign. Another [illegible] boxes were procured, and as she day by day [illegible] strength and new life [illegible] is now as healthy a girl as there is in Three Rivers, with no trace of her pallor and languor [illegible] entirely due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I am rejoiced to say so publicly."

The case of Miss Gauthier carries with it a lesson to parents, whose daughters may be languid, easily tired, or have headaches, or the other [illegible] symptoms that mark the early progress of anæmia, a bloodless condition. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give more certain and quicker results than any other medicine, promptly and directly they enrich red blood, and so strengthen nerves, and cure all the troubles incident to this condition.

Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to accept a substitute.

Agricult[illegible]

MAKING FARMS [illegible]

When a farmer buys [illegible] of his first thoughts is how to increase its value, and of course, increase his yield by making the soil richer seems to be the only way. But if the entire farm richer with every cropping and selling [illegible] it is up-hill work. In most cases new land what the farmer needs to make it more productive, lessening soil fertility. In time the farm may become poorer, while it is producing bigger crops the owner a larger income. Manure the farmer applies returned in one or [illegible] these take also from the kinds of fertility that itself did not supply to [illegible] over phosphate and potash come so exhausted that cannot be grown without [illegible] tion of these minerals. [illegible] farmers have adopted [illegible] They manure for the crop [illegible] for the land, and feel [illegible] in each crop the money [illegible] fertilizer it has used is a fair profit.

But there are other [illegible] making land rich to [illegible] value. Land will always [illegible] what it will pay the interest [illegible] defraying the cost of [illegible] Sometimes better cultivation will do this, though always better cultivation comes [illegible] soil exhaustion. It is the business to exhaust [illegible] is the way he gets his [illegible] takes fertility as the farmer [illegible] that nature furnishes [illegible] into as many forms as [illegible] of kinds that will most [illegible] a profit. If he has [illegible] in doing this the farmer [illegible] and the fact that it is the [illegible] has made him rich [illegible] more valuable than [illegible] People will always [illegible] one man has done some [illegible] repeat. Thus often the [illegible] a new crop that proves [illegible] the land and the climate [illegible] of increased wealth, not [illegible] individual but to all the [illegible] the neighborhood. It shows [illegible] ery farmer's study to find [illegible] profitable crops, so that [illegible] cure a much greater income [illegible] land. In proportion as he [illegible] he will be successful.

But success to the farmer is all more apt to come to him [illegible]

COURTING

[illegible]