

For Love and Fame.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

M. de Vidoche looked at him for a moment, as if he were minded to ask him what business it was that he had thought better of it, and instead said, with a scowl, "It is not so very unusual either for astrologers to make mistakes."

"Quacks," the man in black said, calmly.

"I quite agree," M. de Vidoche replied, with mock politeness. "I accept the correction." "You are right," he said, "yet there is one thing to be said even then, the astrologer continued, slowly leaning forward, and, as if by chance, moving one of the candles so as to bring it directly between madame and himself. "I have noticed it, Monsieur de Vidoche. They make mistakes sometimes in predicting marriages, and even births. But never in predicting deaths."

M. de Vidoche, who may have had some key in his own breast which unlocked the full meaning of the other's words, started and looked across at him. Whatever he read in the pale, somber countenance which the removal of the candle fully revealed to him, and in which the eyes, burning vividly, seemed alone alive, he shuddered. He made no reply. His look dropped. Even a little of his high color left his cheeks. He went on with his meal in silence. The four tall candles still burned dully on the table. But to M. de Vidoche they seemed on a sudden to be the candles that had been on the side of a corpse. In a flash he saw a room hung with black, a bed, and a silent, covered form on it—a form with wan, fair hair—a woman's. And then he saw other things.

Clearly, the astrologer was no ordinary man.

He seemed to take no notice, however, of the effect his words had produced. Indeed, he no longer urged his attentions on M. de Vidoche. He turned politely to madame, and made some commonplace observation on the roads. "She answered it impatiently. "You are looking at my boy," he continued, for Jehan was waiting inside the door, watching with a frightened, fascinated gaze his master's every act and movement. "I do not wonder that he attracts the ladies' eyes."

"He is a handsome child," she answered, smiling faintly.

"Yes, he is good-looking," the man in black rejoined. "There is one thing which men of science sell that he will never need."

"What is that?" she asked, curiously, looking at the astrologer for the first time with attention.

"A love-philiter," he answered, courteously. "His looks like madame's will always supply its place."

"She colored, smiling a little sadly. "Are there such things?" she said. "Is it true?"

"I mean, I always thought that their hearts were many cockroaches," she said, smiling.

"No more than horses," and antiques, madame, he answered, earnestly, "the preservative power of salt, or the destructive power of gunpowder. You take the queen's herb, you sneeze; the drug of Paracelsus, you sleep; wine, you see double. Why is the powder of attraction more wonderful than the other? Or if you remain unconvinced," he continued, more lightly, "look round you, madame. You see young men loving old women, the high-born silying themselves with the vulgar, the ugly enchanting the beautiful. You see a hundred inextinguishable matches. Believe me, it is we who make them. I speak without motives," he added, lowering. "For Madame de Vidoche can never have need of other philiter than her own."

Madame, toying idly with a plate, her regards on the table, sighed. "And yet they say matches are made in heaven," she murmured, softly.

"It is from heaven—from the stars—we derive our knowledge," he answered, in the same tone.

But his face lit up as well she did not see that. And before more passed, M. de Vidoche broke into the conversation. "What rubbish is this?" he said, speaking roughly to his wife. "Have you finished? Then let us pay you a rascally landlord and be off. If you want to spend the night on the road, that is your business, but not the business of my servants." Where are those fools of servants?"

He rose, and went to the door and shouted for them, and came back and took up his cloak and hat with much movement and bustle. But it was noticeable in all he did that he never once met the astrologer's eye or looked at his wife. Even when he bid him a hasty "good-night"—casually uttered in the middle of the conversation to his wife to be quick—the astrologer's shoulder; and he left the room in the same fashion, completely absorbed; it seemed, in the fastening of his cloak.

Some, treated in this cavalier fashion, might have been hurt, and some might have resented it. But the man in black did neither. Left alone, he remained by the table in an expectant attitude, a sneering smile, which the light of the candles threw into high relief, on his grim visage. Suddenly the door opened, and M. de Vidoche, cloaked and covered, came in. With out raising his eyes, he looked round the room—for something he had missed, it seemed.

"Oh, by the way," he said, suddenly, and without looking up.

"My address," the man in black interjected, with a devilish readiness. "The end of the Rue Tournelle, near the Quartier du Marais, near the river. Where, believe me," he continued, with a sneering bow, "I shall give you madame's horoscope with the greatest pleasure, or any other little matter you may require."

"I think you are the devil," M. de Vidoche muttered, wrathfully, his cheeks growing pale.

"Possibly," the astrologer answered. "In that or any other case."

When the landlord came up a little later to apologize to M. de Vidoche, Notre-dame de Paris for the inconvenience to which he had unwillingly put him, he found his guest in high good humor. "It is nothing, my friend—it is nothing, friend—it is nothing," M.

THE BEAR AND THE LION.

RUSSIA'S PLANS FOR THE INVASION OF BRITISH INDIA.

Sensation Occasioned by the Publication of a Work Written by a Russian and Translated by a Frenchman—How Britain Shall Be Conquered is Coolly Described.

While Great Britain is at present fully occupied with her South African troubles she is not aware of the fact that the most vulnerable point of her empire is at the mercy of a cool, resourceful and unscrupulous foe. The massing of Russian troops on the Eastern frontier, now going on, may indicate that her vague fears are soon to be realized.

The Indian establishment, as the army of occupation is called, is numerically far below the standard considered essential to the safety of the British dominion in India. There is also no immediate prospect of re-enforcing it, as all available troops are employed elsewhere. The mutual attitude of Russia and England is full of psychological interest, and while the acquiescence of England to the recent Russian move in virtually establishing a protectorate over Persia is one of the symptoms of the situation, a book recently published in France, the author of which is a prominent member of the general staff in Russia, and the translator of which is an equally well-known Captain of the general staff in France, is distinctly another symptom, and one which is very significant.

The book is entitled "Vers l'Inde," or "On to India," by Colonel Lebedev, translated into French by Captain Cazalas.

It is certainly a very significant symptom that the author believes that eventually the conflict between the two Powers is inevitable. He even does not stop to adduce reasons for what he declares to be the profound conviction of all classes of Russian people. It is, therefore, the question how this campaign should be undertaken, and not whether it should be undertaken, that forms the subject of this remarkable work. Russia will begin the war, according to the author, by successively annexing Herat and Kandahar, as well as British Beluchistan, which would furnish her with a seaport. The second move would be the creation of a protectorate over the remainder of Afghanistan, and, lastly, the conclusion of a lasting peace with England. But, adds Colonel Lebedev, circumstances may arise which will make it necessary to invade India proper, in order to give a coup de grace to an insupportable rival.

THE KEY TO INDIA.

In order to fully understand the importance of Herat it is necessary to consult a map. Herat has been called the key of India. It is not only situated on the great commercial highways connecting Asia Minor, Persia, Turkestan, Beluchistan, Caucasus and India, but it dominates the only route upon which a modern army with supplies and stores can move. The plan of war, as worked out by the author to the minutest detail, consists of four separate campaigns. With the omission of the technicalities which naturally abound in a work of this kind, the first of these campaigns has the direct object to occupy Herat. For this task the author considers an army of 25,000 men with 48 guns, supported by a sufficient force of cavalry and infantry, immediately provided from the Transcaspian provinces, Turkestan and Caucasus. The question of military operations, of the possible movements of the enemy, stores and supplies, is solved, at least on paper, to the apparent satisfaction of the author. After the occupation of Herat the main question is how the English will choose to defend their Indian possessions. There are those among the English military students who differ in opinion as to the best method of defense in such an emergency. Lord Roberts, Lawrence, Napier, Chelmsford and Sir William Mansfield are of the opinion that India should be defended at the frontier, instead of in the interior, possibly hostile, highlands of Afghanistan, away from a base of supplies and beyond the immediate reach of reserves. On the contrary, Max Gregor, on the other hand, with a number of the younger Generals, is firmly persuaded of the advisability of occupying certain points in Afghanistan and Hindu-Kush. After a cursory discussion of the first possibility, Lebedev declares that the second plan is more likely to be followed.

TO DEAL WITH THE EMIR.

In this case it will be necessary for the Russians to occupy Kabul, Kandahar and Ghazni, the three most important points between the North Afghan frontier, India and Turkestan. This would be the immediate object of the second campaign. Kandahar and Kabul must be necessarily occupied in order to create a base of operations for the attack upon the River Indus. One of the most important considerations of the second campaign is to obtain full control of immense districts of subjugating the hill country. It proposes an alliance with the Emir, and he urges to send at that stage of hostilities an ultimatum to the Emir, demanding his acquiescence in the Russian occupation of the most important strategic point, the separation of Herat and Kandahar from Afghanistan, as well as the aid of the Afghan tribes in the conflict with England. As compensation the Emir would receive a territory south of the frontier of India, full independence in the possession of what remains of Afghanistan, as well as a sum of money. In

AGRICULTURAL FEED AND QUALITY.

A good sized and most instructive volume might be written upon the feeding of animals in relation to the quality of every finished animal product. The every finished given and their quality have a very large part in determining the quality and flavor of beef, mutton, pork, poultry, eggs, butter, and cheese; but in this issue we will only refer briefly to the effect of foods on the flavor of the butter, which either the milk is supplied to the creamery or manipulated in the home dairy. Our creamery butter now goes to the British market, and consequently comes into competition with the butter produced in the dairy of the United States. It is therefore the duty of every producer of creamery to see that there is nothing in the milk furnished by him that will injure the quality of the butter produced out by the factory—especially such causes as direct sunlight, the presence of any injurious material in the milk, and the quality of every finished product. The quality and adaptability of the produce from which it is manufactured. Especially is this so with butter. Good butter can only be produced from the milk of a cow that is healthy, clean and good, and the milk will be in perfect condition. As milk is made in summer and winter, it is not only in the summer that the milk is clean and good, but in the winter, the milk will be in perfect condition. As milk is made in summer and winter, it is not only in the summer that the milk is clean and good, but in the winter, the milk will be in perfect condition. As milk is made in summer and winter, it is not only in the summer that the milk is clean and good, but in the winter, the milk will be in perfect condition.

A GIRL WHO WAS SAVED.

HAD SUFFERED FOR NEARLY YEARS WITH ANAEMIA.

Doctors have given the greatest amount of exercise to the system, and a course which is much in vogue among young women, but the disease is not marked by the usual symptoms, and often no advance is made. A feeling of tiredness, a feeling of breathlessness, a feeling of faintness, a feeling of weakness, a feeling of nervousness, a feeling of depression, a feeling of irritability, a feeling of restlessness, a feeling of anxiety, a feeling of despair, a feeling of hopelessness, a feeling of resignation, a feeling of submission, a feeling of surrender, a feeling of defeat, a feeling of loss, a feeling of grief, a feeling of sorrow, a feeling of pain, a feeling of suffering, a feeling of torment, a feeling of agony, a feeling of death.

THE HACK-STAND PHILOSOPHER.

Observations by Mose Doyle, the hack-stand philosopher.

The guy that dyes his hair don't fool anybody, but himself.

Sometimes you wouln't wonder why a man stays out all night if you knew his wife.

I don't matter how modest you are if you shoves squeak.

The guy that raises Cain with the old lady because he has to wait five minutes for dinner is likely to be the same guy that couldn't kiss a dog if there was money writing for him down the street.

It's a shame that a woman I ever knowed whose face was her fortune was a bearded fady.

THE JOYS OF ANTICIPATION.

Said Mrs. Gadabout, who had come to spend the day, to little Edith: "Are you glad to see me again, Edith?"

"Yes, m'm, and mamma's glad too, ree-er, the child."

"Is she?"

"Yes, m'm. She said she hoped you'd come to-day and have it over with."

HIS EXPERIENCE.

Myer—Don't you know that the use of tobacco shortens your days?

Gyer—Yes, I'm sure you does.

Myer—Then why do you use it?

Gyer—For that very reason. I once tried to quit it, and the days were about a week long.

WOMAN'S RULING PASSION.

"There goes a woman," said the girl, who hasn't a light on earth except despair. I know that superior man attributes this peculiar weakness to all women—but it's a canard, as of course, are nine out of ten of male estimates of women."

She conquered a refractory button on her glove before she came to a boy's hand that woman who passed us, it is without doubt the most dress-crazy woman I have ever met. She knows no topic save dress—can speak of no other subject. She spends one-half of her time at her dressmaker's, and the other half in the modiste's. Goddess knows when she manages to get anything at all. She's dead to every feeling, I believe, except that which is to do with dress. And what do you think said to her? "I met her as we were going to the house of mourning. A young woman whom we both knew had died—and we had been to the funeral. Coming down the steps sorrow was too fresh upon me to be perceived as anything more than a nod of recognition." "Poor, dear, dear Clara—alive and well, and so black, and now—now she's gone!"

"Yes," answered my friend, blandly; "but wasn't she dressed beautifully? It was a treat to see her."