

The Man Who Knows.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Miss Wetherell is abducted by Nikola who demands a ransom from her father £150,000 and a mysterious Chinese stick. Mr. Wetherell and her lover, Richard Hatteras, are betrayed. Hatteras finds she has been carried to Bipa Janna. A yacht is equipped and pursuit commences. Wetherell tells the story of China Pete's stick.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"As the clock struck eleven I said good-night to the last of my guests upon the door-step. The carriage you had not gone fifty yards down the street before a hand was placed upon my shoulder and a man dressed in a heavy cloak jumped out. Bidding the driver wait for him he ran up my steps.

"Mr. Wetherell, I believe," he said. I nodded and wished him good-evening, at the same time asking his business.

"I will tell you with pleasure," he answered, "if you will permit me five minutes alone with you. It is most important and as I leave Sydney early to-morrow, morning you will see that there is not much time to spare."

"I led the way into the house and to my study, which was in the rear, overlooking the garden. Once there I bade him be seated, taking up my position at my desk.

"Then, in the light of the lamp, I became aware of the extraordinary personality of my visitor. He was of middle height, but beautifully made. His face was oval in shape, with a deadly white complexion. In contrast to this, however, his eyes and hair were dark as night. He looked at me very searchingly for a moment and then said: My business will surprise you a little I expect, Mr. Wetherell. First, if you will allow me I will tell you something about myself and then ask you a question. You must understand that I am probably well known as an Eastern traveller, from Port Said to the Kuriles there is hardly a place with which I am not acquainted. I have a hobby. I am a collector of Eastern curios, but there is one thing I have never been able to obtain.

"And that is?"

"A Chinese executioner's symbol of office," he said.

"But how can I help you in that direction?" I asked, completely mystified.

"By selling me one that has lately come into your possession," he said. "It is a little black stick, about three inches long and covered with Chinese characters. I happened to hear quite by chance, that you had one in your possession, and I have taken a journey of some thousands of miles to endeavor to purchase it from you."

"I went across to the safe, unlocked it, and took out the little stick China Pete had given me. When I turned round I almost dropped it with surprise as I saw the look of eagerness that rose in my visitor's face. But he pulled himself together and said, as calmly as he had yet addressed me:

"That is the very thing. If you will allow me to purchase it, it will complete my collection. What value do you place upon it?"

"I have no sort of notion of its worth," I answered, putting it down on the table and looking at it. Then in a flash a thought came into my brain, and I was about to speak when he addressed me again:

"Of course my reason for wishing to buy it is rather a hare-brained one, but if you care to let me have it I will give fifty pounds for it with pleasure."

"Not enough, Dr. Nikola," I said with a smile.

"He jumped as if he had been shot, and then clasped his hands together in prayer, his eyes fixed on the heart of the bullseye. This man then was Dr. Nikola, the extraordinary individual against whom China Pete had warned me. I was determined now that, come what might, he should not have the stick.

"Do you not consider the offer away, you may imagine my embarrassment when I saw Dr. Nikola watching me from the other side of the road. Then and there I returned to my hotel, bade Phyllis pack with all possible despatch, and that same afternoon we started to return to Australia. The rest you know. Now what do you think of it all?"

"It is an extraordinary story. Where is the stick at the present moment?"

"In my pocket. Would you like to see it?"

"Very much, if you would permit me to do so."

He unbuckled his coat, and from a carefully concealed pocket drew out a small piece of wood of exactly the length and shape he had described. I took it from him and gazed at it carefully. It was covered all over with Chinese writing, and had a piece of gold silk attached to one end. There was nothing very remarkable about it; but I must own I was strangely fascinated by it when I remembered the misery it had caused, the changes and chances it had brought about, the weird story told by China Pete, and the efforts that had been made by Nikola to obtain possession of it. I gave it back to him, and he then stood looking out over the smooth sea, wondering where Phyllis was and what she was doing. Nikola, when I met him, would have heavy account to settle with me, and if my darling reported any further cruelty on his part I would show no mercy. But why had Mr. Wetherell brought the curio with him now? I put the question to him.

"For one very good reason," he answered. "If it is the stick Nikola is after, as I have every right to suppose, he may demand it as a ransom for my girl, and I am quite willing to let him have it. The wretched thing has caused sufficient misery to make me only too glad to be rid of it."

"I hope however," he shall be able to get her without giving it up," I said. "Now let us go aft to lunch."

"The day following we were within a hundred yards of our destination, and by mid-day of the day following that again were near enough to render it advisable to hold a council over our intended movements. Accordingly a little before lunch time the Marquis, Wetherell, the skipper and myself, met under the awning to consider our plan of war. The vessel herself was to follow, for we had no desire to put in an appearance at the island during daylight.

"The first matter to be taken into consideration, I think," Mr. Wetherell, said the skipper, "is the point as to which side of the island we shall bring up on."

"You will be able to settle that," answered Wetherell, looking at me. "You are acquainted with the place, and can best advise us."

"I will do so to the best of my ability," I said, sitting down on the deck and drawing an outline with a piece of chalk. "The island is shaped like this. There is no reef. Here is the best anchorage, without doubt, but here is the point where we shall be most likely to approach without being observed. The trend shore, and is all upward from the shore, and as far as I remember, the most likely spot for a hut, if they are detaining Miss Wetherell there, as we suppose, will be on a little plateau looking south, and hard by the only fresh water on the island."

"And what sort of anchorage shall we get there, do you think?" asked the skipper, who very properly wished to run no risk with his owner's boat.

"Mostly coral. None top good, perhaps, but as we shall have steam up, quite safe enough."

"And how do you propose that we shall reach the hut when we land? Is there any undergrowth, or must we climb the hill under the enemy's fire?"

"I have been thinking that out," I said, "and I have come to the conclusion that the best plan would be for us to approach the island after dark, to pull to about three miles off, and then ascend the hill by the eastern foot, and descend upon them. They will probably not expect us from that quarter, and it will be at least easier than climbing the hill in the face of a heavy fire. What do you say?"

"They all agreed that it seemed practicable."

"Very good then," said the skipper, "we'll have lunch and afterwards begin our preparation." Then turning to me, "I'll get you to come into and claim Mr. Hatteras, by-and-by and take a look at the Admiralty chart, if you will. You will be able probably to tell me if you think it can be relied on."

"I'll do so with pleasure," I answered, and then we went below.

Directly our meal was over I accompanied the skipper to look at the chart, and upon it we marked our anchorage. Then an adjournment was made aft, and our equipment of rifles and revolvers thor- oughly overhauled. We had decided to carry out a landing party consisting of eight men, Wetherell, Beckonham, the mate of the yacht, myself, and four of the crew, each of whom would be supplied with a Winchester repeating rifle, a revolver, and a dozen cartridges. Not a shot was to be fired, however, unless absolutely necessary, and the greatest care was to be taken in order to approach the hut, if possible without disturbing its inmates.

When the arms had been distributed and carefully examined, the sixteep foot surf-boat was uncovered and preparations made for hoisting her overboard. By the time this was done it was late in the afternoon, and almost soon enough for us to be thinking about over- taking the distance which separated us from our destination. Exactly at four o'clock the telegraph on the bridge signalled "go ahead," and we were on our way once more. To tell the truth I think we were all so nervous that we were only too thankful to be moving again.

To Be Continued.

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GRAINS OF GOLD.

Above all things, reverence yourself.—Pythagoras.

The villain's curse is extorted praise.—Pope.

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.—Broadhurst.

Let him who would move the world first move himself.—Socrates.

If you want enemies, excel others; if friends, let others excel you.—Cicero.

Philosophy, if rightly defined, is nothing but the love of wisdom.—Cicero.

The men of the past had convictions, while the moderns have only opinions.—H. Heine.

He who lives only to benefit himself confers on the world a benefit when he dies.—Tallentyre.

The integrity of men is to be measured by their conduct, not by their profession.—Junius.

He higher we are, the more isolated we become; all elevations are cold.—Do Bouillfers.

Galumny would soon starve and die of itself if nobody took it, in and gave it loving—Leighton.

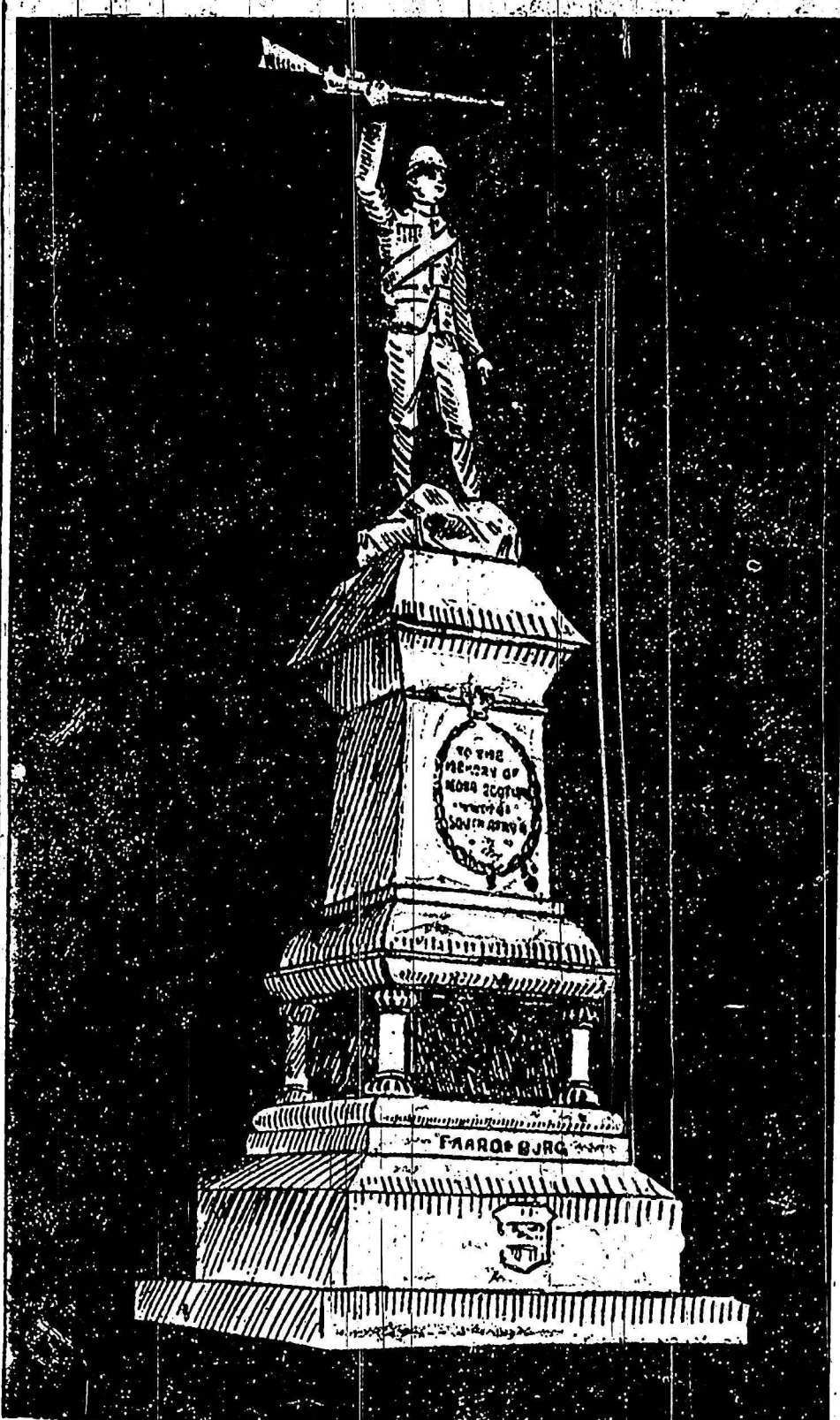
Consolation indiscreetly pressed upon us when we are suffering under affliction only serves to increase our pain and render our grief more poignant.—Rousseau.

TAXING THE BACHELORS.

Many countries have curious methods of making money to reduce taxation. In Hesse, Germany, a tax has been put upon bachelors, who now have to pay 25 per cent. more in taxes than married men. The result has been that many well-to-do bachelors have emigrated to Prussia.

NOVA SCOTIA'S TRIBUTE TO THE BRAVE

The Memorial Which Is to Be Erected in Halifax by the Residents of the Province.



NOVA SCOTIA'S MEMORIAL TO HER SON WHO FELL IN SOUTH AFRICA

Nova Scotians at home, as well as sons and daughters of the province who are away from home, are manifesting much interest in the Nova Scotia Soldiers' Memorial, to be erected in Halifax, to commemorate the heroism of the Nova Scotians who gave their lives for Queen and Empire, during the South African war.

The design has been prepared by Mr. Hamilton McCarthy, of Ottawa, a well-known Canadian sculptor, who has also undertaken the contract for the completion and erection of the memorial. The corner stone is to be laid by the Duke of Cornwall and York on his coming visit to Halifax, and the work is to be completed not later than Victoria Day, the 24th of May, 1902.

The total height of the memorial will be 25 feet, of which about 14 feet will be of Nova Scotia, and 11 feet of New Brunswick granite, surmounting the air discomf from at least one of these sources seems almost inevitable.

Probably the best method so far suggested is one which has been adopted extensively in Southern France.

It is the result of the observations of a scientist, who ascertained that flies, mosquitoes, and, in fact, all winged insects are afraid to enter an opening, even though it be several times their own size, as long as there is darkness beyond it.

He soon put his discovery to a practical purpose. Cover your open window with some cheap netting made either of white or light colored thread, with meshes an inch or more in diameter. The comparatively small size of the net will not make it any the less effective, but, on the contrary, is the chief recommendation of the new method.

While the meshes are large enough to admit several mosquitoes or flies with extended wings at the same time, it will be found that the flies will be excluded simply from their dread of venturing across the thread-work.

The beauty of this method is that the admission of the air is in no way impeded, the wideness of the netting allows the air to enter almost as freely as if the windows were unenclosed.

The main objection to the present method of using a very close netting is that while it is undoubtedly as effective, although from a different reason, in keeping out the mosquitoes and flies, it excludes a great deal of the air at the same time.

There is but one condition for the proper working of the suggested system—the light must enter from one side of the room, only, for if you have windows on the opposite side the flies will pass through the netting. Nevertheless, that obsta-

cle may be easily overcome, by pulling down the shades of one set of windows, especially as it is hardly ever desirable to have the sunshine and light come from both sides at once.

The same system of netting may be applied to hammocks and is equally effective. In fact, it is well known that fishermen protect themselves from gnats in a similar manner, covering themselves with their casting nets, through the meshes of which the gnats will not pass. The netting should be similar to a tennis net.

OUT HE WENT.

The following is related of an auctioneer who was provokingly annoyed, while in the exercise of his profession, by the ludicrous bids of a fellow whose sole object seemed to be to make sport for the buyers, rather than for himself to buy. At length, enraged by the protracted bidding, the auctioneer, looking round the room for a champion to avenge his wrongs, fixed his eyes upon a biped of huge dimension, a very monarch in strength, and cried out:

"Marlow, what shall I give you to put that fellow out?"

"I'll take five dollars."

"Done—done! You shall have it. Assuming the ferocious knifing man's brows, spreading his nostrils like a lion's, and putting on the wolf all over his head and shoulders, old Marlow strode off to the aggressor with collar, said to him in a whisper that was heard all over the room:

"My good friend, you go out 'with me, and I'll give you half the money. Done, done!" cried the fellow.

Hurrah, hurrah! shouted the audience.

The auctioneer had the good sense to join in the laugh, and coolly handed over the money.

HIS NEXT MEAL.

That man says he never knows where he's going to get his next meal.

Is he so poor?

No; but he's a collector and eats whatever he happens to be.

Conquers

Five-Hundred Passenger

No Lives

A despatch from St. John's, Nfld., says: The steamer Lantana, carrying 500 passengers on board, was wrecked on Tuesday night off Cape Breton. The steamer originally belonged to the Orient Steam Navigation Company and was chartered to the Liverpool for Montreal in charge of Captain McKay. The Elder-Dunster Company own the vessel, but present it is chartered by the Franco-Canadian Steamship Company.

The passengers of the Lantana had a terrible experience. They had knowledge which they had been told, that the steamer was to be wrecked, and that many of them were to be killed. The steamer was wrecked on Tuesday night off Cape Breton. The steamer originally belonged to the Orient Steam Navigation Company and was chartered to the Liverpool for Montreal in charge of Captain McKay. The Elder-Dunster Company own the vessel, but present it is chartered by the Franco-Canadian Steamship Company.

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