RUSSELL THE

LEADER Russell,

Ontario, Thursday, November 2nd



CHAPTER I.

2

"O, long, long, is the winter nicht, And slowly dawns the day, There is a slain knight in my bower, And I wish he were away."

The light grew stronger, and crept beneath the lowered blinds that hid gay flowers on the balcony, yet suffered their sweet smell to enter through the open windows, spread itself softly over the carpet, and show-ad a woman's gold thimble lying there -then stole toward the shut foldingloors from the other side of which a sound or movement had come for hours. Here it seemed to pause awhile, as if afraid, then stealthily underneath them, and traversed an oddly-shaped apartment that ended in a place not much bigger than a large recess, and partly hidden by soft, pink muslin drapery, now push-ed roughly on one side and held there by something that had fallen heavily between them.

In pity seemed the light to touch it.

There it lay, a strong figure lying face downward, with sunny crown abased, and brows pressed to the torn the couch, completed the furniture of erlid of a wide couch, upon which a the couch, completed the furniture of woman was lying in a deep sleep, her the recess, and threw it round the lonely figure that crouched on the rest

With the smooth coverlid drawn to her chin, and her air of happy dreams as she securely slept, she looked as if she had not stirred since she laid her down—as if, indeed, she would not stir now, did not some one come to wake her, though the light kept on ever widening, and growing, till the pink hung room was full of a soft, rosy atmosphere fit for such a princess as she, yet was strong enough surely to rouse the man who lay with trm doubled up beneath him in attitude unnatural and strange. Serenely the clock ticked away the

moments and the minutes to hours, the Dresden china shepherds and shepherdesses on the mantel-piece had long ago nodded each other good-morrow, the pictures on the wall exchanged glances, first of amaze, then of in-quiry, as to who was the new-comer who distributed their privacy, and come, alas, in such woeful and uncourt-ly quies! ly guise!

The white mouse, looking perchance for his absent little master, popped his pink nose out of the cage that was never very far from the princess, and, aghast at what he saw, went In again.

In the street without, in the house within, the cheerful noises of every-day life began, and swelled each mo-ment louder, so that when a footstep in the wart the next room caused a vibration of the floor, she opened her eyes, and lay listening and broad awake. The couch was so low that what lay at is foot did not come within her range of visit, as she fixed her glance on the folding-doors, watching for them to open, and her maid with the tea come in; and as she looked, one swing back, and through it came Rose, er-ect, pimpante, in her smart cap and abron, smiling too, as if she had some especial cause for satisfaction that morning. But as she came forward, something—something between her come in; and as she looked, one swung something-something between her mistress and her, arrested Rose's attention; the cups on the tray in her hand rattled violently with the tremor that shook her gasping she backed away, with star-ing eyes fixed on that-backed till she came to the door, and escaping through it, shrieked-such a shriek as through walls and window, and made the passers by stand still in the street, with that heart-quake which men know when tragedy stalks redhanded through their mist. Meanwhile her mistress, guided by the woman's eyes, had raised herself, and by some dreadful instinct born of courage, felt herself drawn toward instead of away from it-so stead of away from it—so that on hands and knees she crawled toward the still figure, which dumbly spoke its own eloquent message of eternal separation from her and all living things. A hand's-breadth away from itshe paused, looking down at the tossed, silky, fair hair set in a wide halo of blood-blood that had soaked and welled and ebbed for many an hour bedy, and the crowd dividing for through the long summer night into them, the two women passed through One arm was doubled beneath his out of sight. chest just as he had fallen, the oth-er lay stretched out to its full length pale palm uppermost-a Land would never sew or reap any more, never help or hurt any one any more, never be filled with those gifts that prime of a man's life well-spent the may reasonably be hoped to bring. Step's were coming, people were coming, with a thundering, rushing sound,

and in that moment he saw her not as the Elizabeth he knew, but-Breathless they gazed, in one light-

ning moment engraving on each soul the likeness of its fellow's guilt, then, without a sound, the woman shrank down, hiding her face and shuddering, away from him, and from life, alone, as it were, with herself and the dead.

Up they came, those people, surg-ing up from without, who had set the but take it she did, with the utmost ing up from without, who had set the house-door wide? bearing the officers of the law with them into the dainty drawing-room, and through the fold-ing-doors, that would hardly open far enough to admit them, pausing in the second room as in the Ghditerium of second room as in the Shditerium of second room as in the second room as second room as in the Guditerium of the, and she second room as in the Guditerium of the, and she a theatre, the last room of all ap-pearing a stage, with its two in-girl had go done some de ing robe he tableau.

Outside it, stood the husband, white. rigid, his arms folded on his breast, apparently as incapable of movement or of speech, as what was laying at his feet.

Rose, the maid, recovered herself first. Pushing her way through the throng, and casting a look of con-tempt on her mastar, she stepped over the dead body of the man with a shudder, then snatched up a silk dressing-gown that hung over the back of a

bed. Her mistress did not move while be-ing wrapped in it, nor when she felt the climper with all his heart. the slippers put on her naked feet; but when Rose tried to raise her, she got up with a quick, defiant movement, and sat down with the wide folds of silk, draping her loyally, looking past her husband at the rout beyond, as Marie Antoinette may have done at the crowd that surrounded her tumbril.

life, or of the pity of it, but because he had let the sin of blood-guiltiness hold him back from clasping her in his arms—because he could see her there alone, nor move one step to take his rightful place beside her. "Let us bear it together!" was the

anguished cry of her heart; then the pain passed and a cold feeling of anger grew in her breast. If she could forgive him, what quarrel had he then with her? In that moment she de-

spised him—as a woman despises a man who does not rise to the occa-sion, as she herself has done, ay, and higher yet, for however magnificent a woman's pluck may be, a man's should always be able to soar above it.

One of the policemen kneeled down and turned that quiet figure at the foot of the bed over, revealing a calm and handsome face, marred only by a small hole in the forehead, through which a bullet had passed, and out of which the life-blood had ebbed quietly

away during the night. Barry Ross had been a good-looking enough fellow in life, but in death his face took on a sweetness and majes-ty that brought tears to the eyes of many who looked down on him that day, bitterly resenting the foul injustice that had robbed him of his birthright—life. Rose, who stood with her back to the walls, glanced swiftly from mistress to master, and back again. Their faces told nothing; in fact, so unnatural to the onlookers seemed their stony accentance of the situation their stony acceptance of the their stony acceptance of the situa-tion, without any of that display of amazement and horror which might have been naturally expected, that the conviction gained gr were "in the swim," ground that both were "in the swim," and knew all about the night's work, and each other's share in it. To Elizabeth St. George it seemed afterward that she sat for hours in that alcove, facing the mouthing, staring mailtitude; but she could not remember what any one had said, or what answer she had given to the question put to her, for at her heart's tribunal was standing the man, once her lover, now her husband, who thus openly by his silence and his desertion, accused her.

in and murder her, walking over the leads of the great library built out at the back He had proposed that he should come down, too, but this she would not allow.

easy it would be for any one to come

She knew it was all fancy disliking her room at the top of the house so much, but he should not be allowed to suffer for it, and then she had gone gayly up stairs to undress, coming down presently in her dressing-gown, and with Rose in attendance, who placed on the table beside her bed the night-cap Mrs. St. George usually took the last thing at night. Jack al-

ways laughed at her for taking it— but take it she did, with the utmost

day. When the ed. Elizabeth had steps in her floweps in her flow-

drunk her nightcap and retired to bed.

"I shall come down in the night and sleep, framed in the delicate pink with

and then-he still seemed to see her lying there, the house hushed in silence, and presently the stealthy sound of a man's step on the stair. the outer door open, seemed to feel the pause before the folding-doors yield-ed to the midnight intruder's touchsaw Barry Ross standing there on the threshold, his sunny looks gone, his Yet her lips quivered—not for that poor dead man—her heart was hard as a stone toward him, and she had no thought of the suddenly arrested life or of the suddenly arrested of God! what more did he see as he turned away his cross she dealer. through the folding-door with swift, silent tread, and eyes that said, "You are mine-you have done murder, and

I am here to prove it." Jack's calm had broken at last, and with a vengeance. He sat down, or Jack's calm had broken at last, and with a vengeance. He sat down, or he must have fallen, from excessive agitation, and if ever a man wore the livery of guilt. The are it then. The quiet, at her a man wore the hand on Jack's trembling one, hidden in the breast pocket of his coat, and drew it out, with what it held. "It" was a toy pistol of beautiful make and quality, and looked innocent as a child's plaything, lying in the de-tective's hand.

tective's hand. The shiver in Jack's limbs had pass-

ed, he looked afraid of nothing as he said

"'I don't deny it. I shot the man with that. Now do your duty." Mr. Skewton's eyes narrowed. He felt that he would have cheer-

fully paid a good deal to have entered the room three seconds sooner than he

had done. "Is this pistol yours?" he asked. "See for yourself,". said Jack, and Mr. Skewton looked, and found a name and date inscribed on the barrel of the pistol, and the name was Jack St. George and the date over a year old. "The sooner you take me away the better," said Jack curtly, and turned on his heel and went into the outer room. Mr. Skewton, left alone, shook his head. There was a good deal more in had naturally only an imperfect know-ledge of the circumstances of the case, and the account of the enterprising constable who had sent for him, had pointed to a woman in the case, whose absence from the scene puzzled him. He followed Jack into the other room, where he stood looking out on the balcony with the sweet breath of stocks and mignonette in his nostrils, so that ever after the sight of those homely flowers turned him faint and

HE HAS CAUSE TO WORRY The Salvation CECIL RHODES MAY BE CAPTURED BY KRUGER'S FORCES.

International Law Will Not Avail Him Then-Roodes Was Sent to Kimberley to ble, But Lived to Become Gom Paul' Most Hated Enemy.

Oom Paul would rather have the scalp of Cecil Rhodes for a Christmas present, than the Kimberley diamond mines, though he is after both with all the fervor of an intense nature. A man of Kruger's strength can hate 24 hours a day and have some left to lap over on the next week, and he may

When Kruger can bring himself to speak of Rhodes at all he invariably calls him "that murderer" with a folicked around generally, cut some jokes, reviewed the events of the day, and finally, after kissing Jack, had curve to shoke him then and there if he but had the diamond king within reach. Next to his

"I shall come down in the night and see how you are," he had said, as he tucked her up, and then she had asked him to leave the windowa open in the second room, and the room beyond, and to close the folding-doors between. This he had done, returning to his books, but going in again to look at her later, and by the glimmer of the light, under the snow-white silk shade, he saw her lying there, lovely in her sleep, framed in the delicate nick with confident giants.

KIMBERLEY THE OBJECTIVE POINT.

Rhodes has perhaps made the misake of his life in settling himself in Kimberley on the very eve of the conflict, for by this act alone he has made Kimberley the objective center of the war. Already the Boers campaign is directed against this place, which has strong strategic inducements for its strong strategic inducements for its military occupation aside from the fact that it is the residence of the O God I what more did he see as he turned away his eyes, shuddering? Presently he came nearer to the bed, now tossed and disordered, that had been so smooth when Elizabeth awoke that morning. He stooped over it-what business had he with it, and why did his hand steal to his breast as he arose again, starting violently at sight of the man who at that moment came of the man who at that moment came cites its animosity towards England, ceding a pleuratic attack, but were and he may also put too strong a faith accompanied by spasms, wh in the defensibleness of the place he the pain became too severe. is said to have pronounced as "safe as me unconscious. The leg Piccadilly.

WHAT RHODES WOULD GET.

If the price set upon the head of four months in the I the Colocus should lead to his cap. Hospital, and on the ture alive there is no doubt whatture alive there is no doubt what-ever about his ultimate fate, for he mer strength and ret would have the "benefit" of an im-work. The work the would have the "benefit" of an im-mediate military trial, and if he should be lucky enough to be shot instead of hanged that would be the best he would get.

Twenty-eight years ago Rhodes was a lanky, thin-faced boy of 18, whom his doctor declared could not live six months, even in the milder climate of South Africa, making a footnote of this prediction in his memorandum book To-day for relentless force and sheer personal power he is counted a statesman second to none, since the ville. While there a friend advised death of Gladstone, in all the vast me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills,

THE LIFE OF THESE SELF-SACRI-FICING WORKERS OFTEN ONE OF HARDSHIP.

APmy.

While on Duty Capt. Ben. Bryan Was Stricken With a Supposed Incurable Disease and Forced to Relinquish the Work-He Has Now Recovered His Bealth.

From the News, Alexandria, Ont. The life of a Salvation Army work-er is very far from being a sineeure. Their duties are not only arduous, but they are called upon by the re-gulations of the Arms to conduct out-of, meetings at all seasons out-of, all kinds of weather. This beit is little wonder that of these self-sacrificing and ing the cal the health



workers frequently gives way. Capt. Ben. Bryan, whose home is at Max-ville, Ont., is well known through his former connection with the Army, having been stationed at such im-portant points as Montreal, Toronto, Kingston, Guelph and Brockville, in Canada, and at Schenectady, Troy, and other points in the United States. While on duty he was at-tacked by a so-called incurable dis-ease, but having been restored to health through the mark div lips a statement of his illness and recovery. He found Mr. Bryan work, a healthy, robust man, appearance giving no indication his recent sufferings. his

accompanied by spasms, which, when render

unconscious spells in disease advanced. work. The second atta when I was stationed at N.Y., in October, 1898, an severe than the first. The of the second attack were

lar to those which preceded t first. the only apparent difference being that they were more severe and the after effects were of longer duration. Owing to the precarious state of my health, I was compelled to resign my position after the second at-tack and return to my home at Maxdeath of Gladstone, in all the vast me to try Dr. winnams Fink Fins, British dominions. He was a youth of big ideas, with a will power that dominated even his physical nature, and he needed a lim-itless fortune to carry out his dreams cheerfully say that I attribute my per-sont state of health to the affects

ing, with a thundering, rushing sound, all havening madly to that horror in the house, that smell of blood in the air that we call "murder!" and that we stand a rape to look on, even while our flesh becoils at it. The master of the house came first on that terrified wave of struggling humanity—came in to see the mur-dered man lying there, and his wife on her knees beside him—across the body their eyes mathand on ! what a look was there! The glance of the body their eyes mathand on ! what a look was there! The glance of the present and his wife down at the murder man, had been swiftly followed by the of dawning comprehension, changing into one of passionate loathing and contempt,

This, too, was gone, when he husband came, and their eyes leaped togeth-

er. "He thought me guilty, and h., ed that hound—and he did well," thought, with a wild sense of er thought a strange li tation that brought a strange lig to her eyes, and a heave to her bre

All things have an end, and at last the moment came when Rose was free to take her mistress away.

Gathering her robes around her, Elizabeth rose, and swerving a little to Mr. one side lest they should step on the the rooms, and up the staircase, and

CHAPTER II.

"Whaur shall I gae, whaur shall I run.

Whaur shall I gae to lay me?

For I has killed a gallant squire, And his friends they seek to s slay me."

It was Rose who locked her mistress into her bedroom, who got the house cleared of its uninvited guests, the body of poor Barry laid upon the bed that had not been slept in that night and who, then, leaving her master still stupefied and alone in the place where he had stood throughout, returned to her mistress, and shut herself in with her

Apparently he had not moved yet, surely was ever so little like a traitor when Mr. Skewton, who had been tele- and a hound as Barry Ross, and graphed for from Scotland Yard, ar-rived, and found him there, aged and lined in the space of one hour to such a likeness as his own mother would have found it hard to recognize.

Was it only last night that Eliza-beth had said to him, "It is so close and hot up stairs, Jack, that Rose thinks I had better sleep down stairs to you mind?" and then she

raid, and Rose had there?

"There is a lady in the case?" said

Ir. Skewton. "My wife," said Jack, briefly. Mr. Skewton paused, and before Mr. Skewton wearving. Jack pause had grown wearying, Jack filled it up.

"My wife sometimes sleeps down stairs," he said, his face calm and resolute, "the weather has been very hot lately, and she was brought up in the country, and feels the poor accommodation upstairs very much." "Why poor?" said Mr. Skewton, looking round, "these rooms are a very fair size. I imagine those above are high-topping summit perhaps he him-the same,"

He was your lodger ?" said Skew-

My lodger," said Jack, proudly, "why not?"

Probably no man ever looked less like a lodging-house keeper than Jack St. George did then, but then nobody

To be Continued.

TYPEWRITER TACTICS.

Miss Spellum wears' all her best clothes down to the office. Is

she in love with anybody

but she says it scares her em-

of power. That was his dominant idea from the very moment he set foot, on the Dark Continent. The rounding of his physique into its present sturdy form was but an incident, a matter he attended to as being a ne-cessary detail of his career. His one dream was to found an enormous United States of Africa. In every act of which he has been the manipulator this has been the dominant idea, and his continued cries of "No taxation without representation !" "No rule of an oligarchical ring !" were so insistent throughout South Africa that they at last culminated in the throwing down of the gauntlet by that other mighty power, Oom Paul Kruger

HIS WEALTH.

One hundred million dollars probably expresses the wealth Rhodes has accumulated by the most brilliant manipulations of modern finance. During the period when success first perched upon his coffers he was fond of money for the sake of possession,

again and again with almost childish pleasure. To-day money to him is but a tool with which he expects to carve his way to higher ambitions, whose

"The rooms above are not ours," said Jack abruptly, "They belong to Mr. Barry Ross-who is dead." """ restless energy resents any moment snatched for rest or recreation. He calls himself lazy! Yet he has fought many fierce wars with natives, he has built railroads and telegraph lines, he has conducted vast and successful enterprises, and has founded an empire And he is but 46 years old.

It is impossible to conceive that this heavy, muscular man, six feet one in his shoes, was ever a weakling sent abroad to die. His appetite is a won-der. Chief Lobengula called him "the man who eats a whole country for his dinner.

VOTING IN BAVARIA.

Only 21 per cent. of the population of Bavaria are entitled to vote, and t scares her em-give her much took the troub'e to vote at the last elections for the Landtag.

effects sent state of health to the produced by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Bryan has also used the pills and has benefited very much thereby."

FOR BRIDES-TO-BE.

Not long ago a young lady living in a small town was about to be married. About two weeks before the time the wedding was to take place this young lady visited the various stores in the place. At each of the jewelry shops she called the proprietor aside and told him of her approaching marriage and then said:

"Now, it is very probable that some of my friends may come in here and selec t me a present. It's horrid to get something you don't like, so I want you to look out for me, and if you can satisfy yourself that a present is about to be purchased for me induce the purchaser to buy something I will now select."

The proprietor could see nothing wrong in granting such a request, and the young lady selected a number of jewelry which suited her of pieces taste. They were marked and the assistants notified. From all that can be learned the scheme worked well.

LATEST IS THE "PATHOMETER."

Of the inventing of long-felt cycling wants there seems to be no end. The latest of these is an instrument by which it is easy to record automatically, not only the distance traveled by a bicycle, but also the various direc-tions followed during the journey and The the hills ascended and descended, record of directions is obtained by is means of a compass. The needle suspended at the top of the "pathometer," as the apparatus is called, d.rectly above the tape on which the records are taken.

DELICIOUS ESKIMOAN DISH.

A' favorite dish with the Eskimo is

an ice cream made of seal oil, into which snow is stirred until the desired consistency has been obtained; then frozen berries of different kinds are added, with a little of the fish egg for flavoring.