

Farm for Sale

BEING Lots No. 11 and 12. Con. 1. N. D. R. Glenelg, and 11 and 12, on Con. 2. N. D. R. also 13 and 14, on Con. 3. N. D. R., each lot containing 50 acres, or 200 acres in all, nearly all cleared. Well watered, well fenced, good outbuildings and dwellings, good bearing orchards. In first class state of cultivation, within a few rods of school, 4 miles from Durham. Will be sold on block or in separate lots, as purchaser desires. Easy terms. For further particulars apply to...

Nov. 1-14 A. C. BEATON, Business P. O.

For Sale.

A THREE-YEAR-OLD CLYDE Mare and a well-bred Durham Bull. Apply to WM. RITCHIE, Edge Hill P. O. Dec. 6th.

For Sale.

AN ELIGIBLE TOWN LOT ON Garafra Street, Durham, opposite Campbell's Livery. Good site for business, 20 feet frontage, good stable fitted to accommodate sixteen horses. For terms and all particulars apply at this office or to the proprietor.

July 1st. ALEXANDER BEGGS, Allan Park.

For Sale.

CHOICE AND VALUABLE building lots, in one of the most desirable parts of the town. Plans of the survey may be seen at Mr. Telford's office, or lots may be examined by applying to him. Prices right. Terms to suit the purchaser. Excellent opportunity for cash buyers. For further particulars apply to...

Mrs. THOMAS JACKSON, formerly Mrs. Middelton, Clinton, Ont.

For Sale.

AN IMPROVED FARM, LOT NO. 7, Con. 4, S. D. R. Glenelg fifty-five acres, fifty cleared, about 14 miles from Durham. Good orchard, good concrete house, good well, in fair state of cultivation. For particulars see the owner.

6m pd. JOSEPH JACQUES, Durham P. O.

For Sale.

A HOUSE AND LOT ON QUEEN Street, the property of Mrs. J. L. Browne. The house contains 12 rooms, conveniently situated, and quite new. Will make an excellent boarding house. For particulars apply to...

July 10th, 1901. J. L. BROWNE, Photographer

Bull for Service.

THE THOROUGH BRED SHOT-Horn Dark Red Durham Bull "Huron Brava," No. 2816, C. H. B., will be kept for service at lot No. 15, con. 3, N. D. R., Glenelg. Pedigree may be seen on application. Terms \$1.00, payable February 1st. Persons disposing of their cows and not returning them shall be charged full price whether the cows are in calf or not.

JOHN P. FALLAISSE, Buessan P. O. Nov. 27-28m. pd.

Boar for Service.

THOROUGH BRED BERKSHIRE Boar, Long Picon Type, bred by T. A. Cox, a prize winner at the Industrial and Buffalo Exhibitions in 1901, will be kept for service at lot 26, con. 4, N. D. R., Bentinck, Dam and Sire were prize winners. Terms, one dollar.

ROBERT BRITTON, Allan Park P. O. Nov. 12-20m, pd.

Boar for Service.

THOROUGH BRED CHESTER WHITE Registered Pedigree (No. 1127), at Lot 3, Con. 2, Egremont, Terms \$1.00.

CHAS. GRAY, Prop., VARNY P. O. Nov. 1st. 3m pd.

Calves Astray.

CAME TO THE PREMISES OF the undersigned, lot No. 2, con. 11, N. D. R. Glenelg, on or about the 15th of November, four spring calves, 1 steer and 3 heifers. Owner may have same by proving property and paying expenses.

ALEX. ELLISON, Wandyby, P. O. Nov. 23, 1901, -4 pd.

Pig Astray.

CAME TO THE PREMISES OF the undersigned about the 22nd November, a pig. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

JNO. ECKHARDT, Buessan P. O. Dec. 5th.

Notice.

ALL PARTIES INDEBTED TO the undersigned who do not wish their accounts sent through the mail will kindly call and get them as they are now ready.

Mrs. J. PARROTT.

Furniture...

That is sure to please can always be purchased here. UNDERTAKING PRICES CUT. Also a First Class Hearse always in connection. Embalming a specialty.

JACOB KRESS.

THE STRANGER AND THE PRINCESS

BY SEWARD W. HOPKINS

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[CONTINUED.]

"Very well," said Wallace. He regretted that he had said anything to arouse suspicion. While they were eating, another sauntered in and whispered to Wallace's companion. Buckford could hear now and then a portion of a whispered sentence.

"Arrived—this hotel—and the princess—incognito—" "Excuse me. I will see you again to-night," said the man, rising abruptly from his unfinished breakfast. "I will be here," said Buckford.

The American took his time and made a good meal. He then called for a cigar, lighted it and sauntered carelessly from the place.

As the gaze of Buckford roved up and down the somewhat squalid quarter he seemed to feel new emotions, new sensations of life, that were vastly different from the careless and even reckless boyishness of former days. He seemed filled with a sense of responsibility and duty. He felt that he had in his keeping the safety and well being of several people, all of exalted station and all of noble nature.

The interest he felt, the impulse that was so strong upon him to save this princely family from the assassins, drove from his mind all bitterness concerning his own affairs. It was Buckford's nature to throw his whole being into an interesting project. Therefore he had no affairs now save the protection of the three persons whose photographs he had seen in the conspirator's valise.

His poverty was forgotten. His many disappointments and failures faded into nothing. He was alert, strong and ready for the fray. He felt capable of grasping the weapons of craft and grappling the mystery before him. Curious eyes followed him from the cafe, but he did not see them. He would not have cared if he had seen them. He walked with a light tread. He felt himself a conqueror.

After this little exhilaration had passed the stern realities and necessities of the case forced themselves upon him.

He did not know the name of one of the persons whose champion he had become. He had heard the name Marie Alexia, it was true. He had also heard the name Princess Margaret. But he had also heard the whispered word "incognito."

This little word brought disquieting thoughts. It proved two things. One was that the persons involved were of higher degree than he had supposed, for only princes of royal or ruling houses traveled incognito. Surely this prince was of a powerful house or was a man of exalted position and great wealth and sought freedom from annoyance and attacks by the use of an adopted name. The other thing proved was that the matter of protecting or warning this prince was going to be no light or easy matter.

One can go to Brown, Jones or Robinson and say: "Beware! An enemy approaches the person of a prince he is as likely to be arrested as to have an opportunity to give his warning. And when the prince is incognito the difficulty of finding him is added.

Buckford thought all these things out as he walked along. "Well, if I expect to accomplish anything I must make a beginning," he said to himself. "The way to begin is to begin. Now, what shall I do first?" He had pondered this question but a moment when another idea struck him. "It is a good scheme to know your resources," he said. "I will count my money."

He withdrew into a secluded place and counted the money in the purse the conspirator had given him. "Good!" he said. "Money must come easy to those fellows. There is enough

This seemed not to please him, for a rueful look came on his handsome face. "I don't like that, either," he said. "I'll never see that lovely princess."

Then again: "But what the mischief has a lovely princess to do with you, Buckford Wallace? Go to the police, tell your story, let them take measures to protect the prince and his family, and then you go about your business of finding a way to earn your living."

It would be folly for him to study the registers of the hotels. Even if the prince had come in his own name. Buckford did not know what that name was, and there were a good many princes of one stripe or another in Paris.

The more he studied the more it seemed certain that his only course was to go to the police.

And so he went there. He called a cab, and ordered the driver to take him to the prefecture de police.

He was ushered with considerable ceremony into the presence of the prefect.

The prefect of the department of the Seine sees a good many people in the course of a day and hears a good many strange stories, a few of them being true. He has little time to spend on unimportant matters. He cultivates a brusque demeanor which has the effect of cutting off bores and bringing out the salient points of a story quickly.

"Well, monsieur, what can I do for you?" he asked when Buckford came in.

Buckford could tell a story in few words. The prefect seemed pleased at the manner in which the young man plunged into his subject.

"Come!" he said to himself. "Here is a fellow who knows how to talk." With a little delay as possible, in clear, concise language, Wallace told just what had happened to him. As he talked on the eyes of the prefect dilated. He scented a great mystery or crime. He would win the friendship of this young American. He would unravel the mystery himself. Whatever honor and reward was forthcoming he would reap himself.

This was a laudable ambition in the prefect. Promotion and honor in the police service the world over comes from success. One cannot succeed unless he does something. He cannot do anything if he lets others do it all.

Buckford spoke on, and then came suddenly to a stop. "Then what?" put in the prefect. "That's all. I left the inn and came here to tell you. I do not consider myself capable of combating all the criminals in Paris. I discovered the plot by accident, and now give you the facts so that you can protect this family."

A blank look of dismay and disappointment came on the face of the prefect. He twirled his thumbs, he stared at Buckford, he coughed. A tinge of red showed on his bronzed cheek.

"I regret—very much regret, monsieur," said the prefect, "that your story ended so abruptly and so weakly. It was interesting—very interesting, as far as it went. But you see yourself it amounts to nothing."

"Nothing! Is it nothing when a band of nihilists or socialists or anarchists or something plot to kill a man in Paris?" "It is something, surely, when we know the man. We can then do something for his protection. But to act on the meager information you have given me would be simply to endeavor to protect every man in Paris not personally known to us. Every man whose name might be other than the one he bears would need two police officers. The force at my disposal will not stretch to that extent."

"But surely the police know when a prince visits Paris incognito?" "True. That whittles the thing down somewhat," said the prefect, looking as though he had made a blunder. "There are at present, to the best of my knowledge, 43 persons, all of more or less exalted station, in Paris incognito."

"But they are not all princes." "All but two. They are English dukes."

"But is there no Princess Margaret?" "Ah! That is something. I will look that up, certainly."

"And a Princess Marie Alexia?" "Another clew. I really think after all I may do something."

"And you certainly know where M. Jacques has his inn. That cannot run away. Why not arrest the gang?" "Now you are getting reckless, my young friend. To arrest them and fall to prove that such a plot exists would be very awkward."

"But not as awkward as to have a prince dynamited in Paris." The prefect shrugged his shoulders. "I scarcely fear any such crime. However, there is time. You say those rascals spoke as if they were going to give you the work to do."

"Yes, that seemed to be their intention. They wanted a man of good appearance who was tired of life. That

proves the contemplated act to be of great violence." "It seems so. But since you are to do it there is time. You can, if you will, act with the police in this matter."

"I am willing. What shall I do?" "You already have the entrée to this inn. You are already welcome among the conspirators. If I send a man there, he must first find a way to enter. He might be suspected. He might even be killed. Now, you obviate those difficulties. You can go, listen and report. What do you say?"

"I am ready. The thing is a bit dangerous, however, and you might lead me a pistol. I am unarmed."

"Certainly, with pleasure." Wallace slipped a loaded pistol in his pocket.

"And now, my young friend, I will admit that I know you your prince and princesses are. They are persons of very high degree, though but little known in Paris."

"They must be connected with some ruling family?" "Hush! I cannot at this time take you into my confidence. When this affair is all over and they have left Paris, I will tell you who they are."

"But suppose I find it necessary to go to the prince at once. I ought at least to know his incognito."

"Oh, no; come to me," said the prefect. "What! Go direct to the prince and get all the credit? Not in the department of the Seine! Not if the prefect knew his business, and he thought he did."

A few matters of detail having been arranged, details that brought Buckford into rather intimate relations with the prefect, he left the prefecture and found that he had more than half a day still on his hands.

The strain was partly lifted from his mind. The responsibility of the safety of the princely family was now shifted to the shoulders of the prefect of police.

Buckford had time enough and money enough to enjoy himself a bit and to make whatever arrangements he needed to make in regard to his lodgings.

He went there first. "I must give up my rooms and take cheaper lodgings," he said to the concierge. "I owe you something—about what this furniture will bring sold at a loss. Will you take the furniture for the debt?"

"If monsieur is so distressed for money."

"I am in a bad fix. If you are still my creditor after the stuff is sold, I will endeavor to make it good."

"Oh, I have always found monsieur trustworthy."

"I shall not find so accommodating a concierge again."

"Thank you, monsieur. And about the address?"

"I do not know where I shall find lodgings. It depends upon what business I take up. I may leave Paris."

"Monsieur will perhaps return to America and enter mercantile life." Buckford laughed.

"I must earn the money first." He spent the remainder of the day haunting the parts of Paris where he hoped to see the manly face of the prince or the lovely one of Princess



"Advance toward me an inch and I will kill you!" said Buckford.

Marie. He rode in cabs on the boulevard. He looked into carriages. He spent hours in a fruitless and ridiculous search. He did not find those he sought.

He returned to the Rue de Mont-Rouge. He entered the inn of M. Jacques. He found his unknown friend—the wildlike owner of the room—in the cafe. This man greeted Buckford warmly.

"Ah, ha, my friend! You are not weary of us yet. I am glad."

"I always keep my promises, monsieur," replied Buckford.

He ate supper with his mysterious friend. He of the wolf's face was very sociable. He strove to make Wallace feel at ease.

"We will smoke," he said. "At 9 you will meet our brothers—and learn what is expected of you."

The evening passed. "Come," said the unknown. "We will be in time."

They left the inn of M. Jacques and walked together into a still more respectable quarter.

"It sometimes happens that when we meet for a sociable time the police interrupt us. We need to defend ourselves at times. Are you armed?" "I never carry firearms," said Buckford, with the prefect's pistol hitting his side.

Unsuspectingly Buckford followed him. He was led through a corridor and into a small room where two men stood waiting.

"Ah! Now we have him!" cried one. "Kill the bound!"

"What's this?" demanded Buckford in alarm. "Foul play!"

The three closed in upon him. "You lying bound!" now cried his guide in a frenzy. "You betrayed us to the police! Did you think we accept novices without trying them well? You came here, learned part of the truth and visited the prefecture. You have not only failed to save those you wished to save, but you have again come into our hands—this time an enemy. We will not kill you at once, for that would simply carry out your own design. Torture, hunger, misery—all shall be yours! And while you starve and moan and cry for water to quench your burning thirst, the tyrant you sought to save will die by our hands."

"Advance toward me an inch and I will kill you!" said Buckford, drawing his revolver. They stepped back in sudden alarm.

"A police pistol! Proof of treachery!" The man with the wolfish face made a sudden leap forward. Buckford, in no humor to show patience, fired point blank, and the fellow dropped. The noise of the pistol brought a score of others.

"The traitor! The traitor! He has shot our secretary!" was the cry. A dozen pistols were leveled at Wallace. He backed up against a door that seemed to be locked and stood at bay. Even if he killed a man at every shot he knew he must soon exhaust his pistol and then fall an easy victim to their hate. They made a rush at him. He fired again, killing the foremost.

He stepped back suddenly, the door behind him gave way and he fell through it. There came a rush of cooler air, and he felt himself falling through darkness. There was a crash, and he lay still on an earthen floor.

CHAPTER III. THE MURDERED MILLIONAIRE.

THE exit of R. Buckford Wallace from that den of thieves and cutthroats was so sudden and of so startling a nature that it might well be supposed that he had fallen upon one of those relics of the dark ages—a house of mysterious architecture, in which the very walls revolve on pivots, trapdoors open where

no cracks can be seen and stone pillars hide secret passages from one den of iniquity to another.

But, however plausible that theory may be, it was not the case. The explanation of the accident to Buckford is astonishingly simple.

It happened that a very rich and equally eccentric person named M. de Bullion had purchased a large piece of ground in that quarter on which he intended to build large modern apartment houses. This piece of ground fronted on three streets and adjoined on the Rue de Mont-Rouge the building in which the brotherhood of crime held its meetings. In making a new and complete survey it was discovered that a portion of that building really stood on land owned by the person from whom M. de Bullion was making his purchase. It therefore must be included in the sale. The proper steps were taken, and M. de Bullion became the owner of about 13 feet of the eastern end of the building.

When all the old buildings on the newly purchased site were torn down to make way for the splendid modern edifices, the 13 feet were torn down also.

This cut off two rooms of that building, and the door that had formerly opened into one of these rooms now opened out through a naked wall of dirty plaster over the cellar.

This was the door through which Buckford had fallen. It was built to open outward. When Buckford leaned against it, it had given way and precipitated him into the old cellar.

Most unfortunately, as will be seen, he struck upon some window sashes which had been placed there for safe keeping. These were smashed utterly by his weight, and pieces of the broken glass cut his hands and face.

For a moment the young man was so bewildered that he did not know really what had happened to him. He fancied that he was in a place much like that pictured in the opening lines of this chapter. He was in total darkness. There was a damp earthy smell in the air. A rat ran across him.

Either the sashes broke his fall or he was possessed of a very hard skull, for he did not lose consciousness. He sat up in the darkness and tried to look around. He could not do this, so he felt.

His fingers came in contact with the sharp edges of broken glass.

At that moment he heard a voice above his head.

"Curses on the bound!" the voice was saying. "Where could he have gone? He has wounded Vandal and killed Blouet. Get a lantern, somebody. Don't let him get away."

This remark stirred the blood in Buckford. It brought to his mind the fact that that was just what he wanted to do—to get away before they discovered him.

He rose to his feet and stretched his arms above his head. After walking a short distance he felt beams and girders.

"Hello!" he said to himself. "I must have fallen somehow into a cellar."

Then he saw the gleam of a lantern shining from a door in a wall some distance above.

"Ah, ha! They have explained the thing to me now," he said, with a chuckle. "Mighty lucky accident for me."

"Come, now, Pierre," came the voice from the door. "You take the lantern

and lead a party through the cellars. I will lead another to the right, around the square. Reber, here, will lead another to the left. We will meet on the street in the rear. He cannot get away."

Buckford did not wait to hear any more. He gathered from what had been said that the cellar he was in communicated with the street in the rear. Taking his direction from the door, where the light could still be seen, he started as briskly as possible toward the rear.

He clambered over debris of all kinds. Cellar walls had been partially destroyed, and loose stones lay all about. Old foundations and party walls were wiped out, yet enough old or new walls were standing to enable him to constantly keep a screen between himself and the lantern. This had now been lowered into the cell. He heard voices behind him.

The searching party, however, made slower progress than he did, notwithstanding they had a lantern. They were spreading out and searching every nook and cranny of the cellars as they went. He, on the other hand, was making all speed straight ahead.

He soon found himself in a part where there was less debris and rula and more of the newly built walls. It was the cellar under the building on the rear street.

He saw a red lantern hanging on a pole outside to warn drivers of the trench before the house. He made for this.

Sitting on a pile of lumber outside was a man wearing a leather jacket and slouch hat. He carried a stout club in his hand. It was the watchman.

The watchman, seeing Buckford emerging from the cellar he was supposed to be guardian over, rushed to him.

"Well, well! Who are you? What do you want?"

"Hush, my friend!" whispered Buckford quickly. "I am pursued by enemies. Is there a police officer near?"

"No; they passed ten minutes ago." "I must escape. Can you not help me?"

"Help! Me help? What can I do? At that moment there was a shout up the street, and Buckford saw lanterns. The party under Reber or the other had turned the corner.

"Too late!" groaned Buckford. "Stay! There is one chance. Here is a 5 franc piece. Lend me your hat, jacket and club. I will watch your buildings while you go to drink on the 5 franc piece."

"Le Diab! I may get into trouble. But a 5 franc piece! Here! Give it to me! Quick! Get into the jacket! The hat! Pull it down over your eyes. Speak as little as possible. Ah!"

A stolid watchman sat on the lumber pile and a bareheaded Frenchman was starting off to drink on the 5 franc piece.

"Ho! My keys!" he exclaimed. "I must take my keys."

"Leave them; they will be safe. If any one suspects, the keys will prove that I am the watchman."

"Good! But do not use the large brass one. It is to the floor in the end building. There M. de Bullion has his office. He is there now. He must not know."

"I will not disturb him. Now go." The watchman went lumbering off, none too soon. The searching party in the cellar came out on to the street and met the other that had gone half way round the square. A short distance away the third party was seen approaching.

"Here, M. le Never Sleep," said one leader. "Have you seen a man come out of these cellars?"

"Mon Dieu! I just saw a score," replied Buckford, almost in a tremor lest his French should not be such as to pass muster. But the man hunters were too excited to notice just then a little thing like the accent of a watchman in a leather jacket and slouch hat.

"It is strange, devilish strange," said one. "How could he vanish so completely? Was he a magician?"

"You! With your magicians!" said another. "He was a flesh and blood man, but a quick one. Did we not see his blood on the broken window?"

Buckford trembled. He had wiped the blood from his hands and face with his handkerchief, but now kept his hands concealed and his face screened from the light lest a show of blood should betray him.

"Well, are we to stand here till he comes and asks us to kill him?" asked one of the party. "In a moment the police will be here. And then what, eh?"

"Very well," said a man owning the voice Buckford had heard in the door. "Have some one wait here to watch. We will continue."

"Have you any objection, stay awake, to our company?"

"None. I shall be pleased," replied Buckford. Four men were told off to remain there on watch. The others separated into groups and went in various directions.

Buckford was in an agony of apprehension. If the real watchman returned while these fellows were there, what might not happen, and especially if the watchman was drunk? The American thought over every possible method of defeating his foes that came into his head. Nothing promised success. If the police came that way, he would certainly call for assistance, but to call for the police when there was no police in sight would be folly. He would simply be pounced upon and slain before the police could arrive.

An hour passed while he was thus wild with apprehension, and then a drunken whistle was heard coming.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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