

For Sale. TWO REGISTERED DURHAM Bull Calves, fit for service. One 13 months old, and the other 10 months old. Apply at lot 17, con. 1 Glenelg. THOS. SCARF Rocky Saugeen Dec. 27th, 1901.

For Sale. 14 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 conveniently situated, and quite new. Prices right. Terms to suit the purchaser. Excellent opportunity for cash buyers. For further particulars apply to MRS. THOMAS JACKSON, formerly Mrs. Middaugh, Clinton, Ont.

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 J. L. BROWNE, Photographer, July 16th, 1901.

Bull for Service. THE THOROUGH BRED SHOT Horn Dark Red Durham Bull, "Huron Brave," No. 2816, G. V. R., will be kept for service at lot No. 15, con. 3, N. D. R. Glenelg. Pedigree may be seen on application. Terms \$100 payable February 1st. Persons disposing their cows and not returning them shall be charged full price whether the cows are in calf or not. JOHN P. FALLAISE, Business P. O. Nov. 27, -2m

Bull for Service. MR JOHN CLARK, JR., IS GOING into stock improvement more extensively. A few weeks ago he was down hereford that isn't a superior in the country. This is certainly good news to the farmers in the vicinity who have any desire to improve their stock. Take care at Lot 32, Con. 3, Beattick, W. G. R.

Boar for Service. THOROUGH BRED BERKSHIRE Boar, Long Bacon Type, bred by T. A. Cox, a prize winner at the Industrial and Buffalo Exhibitions in 1901, will be kept in service at lot 26, con. 4, N. D. R., Beattick Dam and Sire were prize winners. Terms, one dollar. ROBERT BRITTON, Allan Park P. O. Nov. 12, -2m, pd.

Boar for Service. THOROUGH BRED CHESTER WHITE Registered Pedigree (No. 1127), at Lot 3, Con. 2, Egmont. Terms \$1.00. CHAS. GRAY, Prop., 3m. VARNER P. O. Nov. 1st.

Ewe & Lambs Estray. STRAYED TO THE PREMISES of the undersigned about the first of November, one Ewe and two Lambs. The owner may have same by proving property and paying expenses. JOHN COLBERT, Lot 1, Con. 6, E. G. R., Glenelg. Jan. 1, 1902.

Money to Loan. I AM AGENT FOR ONE OF THE best Loan and Loan Companies, and am now prepared to loan money on low rates, mortgages on farm security at low rates. Apply to R. MICKLEBOROUGH, Sr., Holstein P. O. Dec. 10th, 3m.

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# THE STRANGER AND THE PRINCESS

BY SEWARD W. HOPKINS

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[CONTINUED.]

"Let's take a look at this one," said another voice. "I have somehow come to consider this fellow a dangerous enemy. He seems at least to care little for life. It is the man who is willing to die who lives through everything."

"Bah! He has fallen into difficulties at every step. Why, even Vandal's little act was attributed to him."

"Yes, but he was caught in the very house with the corpse of M. de Bullion."

"It was a most fortunate circumstance that Vandal gave him the purse."

Buckford's breath came fast now. These words meant much to him. They proved that the man who had given him the purse, the man who had had most to do apparently with the plot against the prince, was the man who killed M. de Bullion.

"Well," said the other, "Vandal is a Parisian and knows a thing or two."

The footsteps of the two speakers were now heard close to the little door. Buckford, remembering the remark, "Let's take a look at this one," lay down on the floor and assumed a position nearly like that in which he had before been lying.

A key sounded in the lock, and the door opened.

"He has not moved."

No one came near him. One glance sufficed to prove to the two men that he had been lying in that position since he had been brought to the room.

The door was again shut and the lock clicked.

Buckford slowly opened his eyes to make sure no one had remained in his room. He saw no one and sprang to his feet and applied his ear at the keyhole again.

His heart was heavy, for he realized now that Monroe had been killed. This brought vividly to his mind the danger in which he stood, and his nerves became stronger as he drew himself together and resolved to combat this brotherhood of crime with all the skill and energy he possessed.

He heard the voices again.

"What time did his highness say he would be here?" asked one.

"Oh, you cannot limit his highness to a moment. Casparin is the most uncertain of men. But he will be here soon, no doubt."

So there was another highness in the game. Buckford was using his ears and brains now as he had never used them before.

This Casparin, whom they called his highness, could not be the Prince of Denesia, against whom they had plotted.

Monroe had told him who the Prince of Denesia was. He had described the beauty of the Princess Marie Alexia. Buckford was more than ever resolved to defeat the plot against them.

"It is unfortunate that Vandal was shot," said one of the voices. "That American did some damage before we got him."

"Yes, but it was lucky he did not kill Vandal. The other did not matter so much."

"Good!" said Buckford to himself. "I am glad I killed one. I wish I had killed Vandal. I may have another crack at him yet."

Another step was heard outside and then another.

Buckford now turned his head to get a peep through the accommodating keyhole.

He saw but a small portion of the outer room. It was well furnished, had a table and chairs in the center, and in the chairs sat two men. One of these was the man he had shot. Vandal, and the other was one of the two who had been previously talking.

In another portion of the room, hidden from Buckford's sight, were two more, one who had been there before and one a newcomer.

"Well," said a voice, "our game has been spoiled in Paris. That dashed American by his meddling has aroused the police. We cannot do a thing now until the prince leaves Paris." The voice sounded familiar to Buckford. The person speaking was the pretended agent of police.

"Then your highness has not given up the idea," said the voice of Vandal. "Given it up?"

A harsh voice followed the words. "Did you ever know Casparin Rockmillive to give up an idea until he had made it a success?"

Buckford thrilled again. So this speaker was Casparin Rockmillive. The incognito of the Prince of Denesia was the Count of Rockmillive. They were, then, relatives of each other. The plot against the Prince of Denesia was beginning to take shape and substance. Buckford had heretofore been working against a vapor of suspicion. Now he was gaining a substantial knowledge of what the plot involved.

"My illustrious brother and sister have already determined to leave Paris and return to Denesia," said the voice of Casparin. "They will undoubtedly take up their residence in the palace at Trolle, the capital, until the birth of the heir."

"And it is this event that your highness must prevent?"

For a moment there was silence.

"I am not prepared to say," came the slow, stately voice of Casparin Rockmillive, "that I wish particularly to destroy my sister-in-law, the Princess Margaret. Had I been the heir to the throne of Denesia instead of my brother I would have been the husband of Margaret Granville, but the mighty ambition of the American heiress rose even to the throne itself, and she took my more fortunate brother. Yet, even to accomplish my designs and win the throne of Denesia for myself, I will sacrifice her. But I prefer, as I had already made clear when the bungling Reber brought that American in to spoil our plan, I say I prefer to kill that is, get rid of the prince while I am yet heir presumptive. There is yet time to accomplish this. I had supposed to find it easier in Paris, where these things are done without difficulty as a rule, than in Trolle, where the energetic Duvally has his myrmidons at all times on the alert."

"I know now, however, that the work cannot be done in Paris. We must wait till we reach Trolle. Then Duvally himself must go. And with him out of the way, we can easily reach the prince."

Buckford became more and more absorbed. He now felt a national interest in the affair. He was fighting now not only for the life of a prince and princess, but for the inheritance of the child of an American girl.

He remembered now when Margaret Granville, one of the most beautiful and richest of American girls, married Prince Charles of Denesia. He was not then the ruling prince. The match was a love match, the wedding a quiet one, and Buckford had thought little of it at the time. And now he was listening to the brutal details of a dreadful plot against his fair countrywoman. His fists clenched, his teeth were set firmly together, and he lost even his last lingering regret that he had become involved in a case that so seriously threatened his life.

"I will get out of this alive," he said, "and I will meet this wonderful Duvally, and between us we'll see what can be done."

"I suppose, then, your highness," said one of the men, "that we are now released from all connection with the case. If so, what about our reward for what we have endeavored to do?"

"There was a low sarcastic laugh from Prince Casparin.

"It is not the rule usually," he said, "to reward failures in matters of this kind. Nor is it advisable to have several sets of confidants in various parts of the world. I have laid before you all my plans and have named the several rewards you may expect if I am enabled by your assistance to make myself the ruling prince of Denesia. I think, gentlemen, it will be much better for all concerned for you to go with me to Denesia and there carry out the plans that have been interrupted here."

"Trolle is not Paris," said one. "We would not have the assistance of the brotherhood, who do our bidding without even wishing to know the object."

"But I have willing servants in Denesia," said Casparin. "They are not, I think, as shrewd as my Parisian friends, but they will do in emergencies. I wish, however, to continue the secret to us four. It is enough. Four men who know the truth will be enough for me to carry when I come to the throne."

"Then if we attempt that which is far more dangerous and difficult than what we agreed to do," said Vandal, "it is right that our rewards should be increased accordingly. For myself, I have seen the Princess Marie Alexia. If you become ruling prince of Denesia, I should desire to become your brother-in-law. One does not assassinate his brother-in-law so quickly as an outsider."

"But in the case before us it is the brother," said Casparin, with a cruel laugh. "What you ask is impossible. I know Marie is the fairest girl in all Europe. But her hand must go to Russia. In the plans I have mapped out for the future greatness of Denesia I have absolute need of Russian assistance and backing. Why can you not be content with the wealth and position I have offered? And, as for a lovely bride, there is one who is second only to Marie. That is Adria Volner, the fiancée of Bosso Duvally. She is a beauty after the same style as Marie and will suit you as well."

"I suppose I must be content," said Vandal. "Then I am to receive a million francs, a high position among your advisers and this beautiful Adria Volner for a bride?"

"Yes, and these, our two able friends and aids, shall each receive a half million francs and their pick of Denesian beauties if they wish to marry and settle in my country."

"That is a fair offer," said one.

"What do you say, Reber?"

Buckford started. One voice had all along seemed strangely familiar, but the exciting circumstances made it impossible to recall where he had heard it. It flashed upon him.

Reber was the man who had met him on the bridge and introduced him into this circle of fascinating cutthroats.

"I think it is fair," said Reber. "But that face of yours, friend Robello, would not be pleasing to the young Denesian beauty."

"Let my face alone!" growled the man called Robello, and Buckford made a mental note.

"Now," he said, "I know the four plotters by name and three of them by sight. Vandal and Reber I have met. That is Robello sitting with Vandal, but his back is toward me. However, he must be ugly, or Reber's remark is pointless. And the fourth is Casparin, brother of the Prince of Denesia. And what a quartet of precious scoundrels! They at the bidding of this rascal Casparin will assassinate the prince before his heir is born in order to put Casparin on the throne of the little country. And not only the prince, but an American woman and a beautiful princess are in danger. Come, Buckford, you have work to do. And the first thing to do is to escape from this place. How the devil is that to be done, I wonder?"

His soliloquy was interrupted by another step and a heavy German voice.

"Well, Monsieur Mein Herr," said the voice, "I did that job well. Is it not so?"

"Yes, but you must not come here. You must keep away from us," replied Casparin.

"Ho! That is not so easy. Then where am I to get the money on which to live? I must no longer be seen in the stables of the prince! I am not to see you! What then, the river?"

"Go to the devil!" growled Casparin. "It is most fortunate that there are French gentlemen to help me. I would not want a band of German aids. But come. You did my bidding that time and duped the two Americans almost as well as I duped one. I will pay you as I agreed, but stipulate that you depart. Leave Paris, and do not go to Denesia."

"Oh, then, that is not bad," said the German, rattling a well filled purse. "There is Germany."

"Yes. Go there, for God's sake!" said Casparin, and the others laughed.

Between Buckford Wallace and the four members of this band there were many scores to be settled. But just then Buckford was at a most serious disadvantage.

"I must now leave you," said Vandal. "I have business with Mme. du Barry below."

"Then you need not hurry, for Mme. du Barry is in the room beneath this lying down with a severe headache," said Casparin. "Instead come with me, and I can promise you an afternoon of real amusement."

"I accept," said Vandal. "The Prince Casparin is admittedly a connoisseur in pleasure—and beauty."

"But what about that meddler," asked Robello, "that supposed suicide that Reber insisted on employing to do some work which we should trust to do some? What about him?"

"I did what I thought was best," said Reber doggedly. "I saw the fellow about to jump into the Seine. Men who are ready to do that can always be used in our way. But this fellow was different from any I have seen before. Anyway, he's dead."

"Is he in that room?" asked Vandal.

"Yes. We just looked at him. He is dead enough."

"Well, leave him till tonight. One last night, one this. He will be found in the brewery yard tomorrow, and the police will have another mystery to unravel."

With a laugh they left the room.

Buckford's brain had not been idle. Even while he listened he was studying how to turn what he heard to his advantage.

He could not get out of the room by way of the door. Even if he knocked down the partition he would arouse the house, and the outer door would no doubt be found locked.

"Well, if this Mme. du Barry is to be used with a headache I'll have to make it ache a little more," he said.

He went to work on a sudden plan at once.

With his quick eye he glanced from his window and measured the distance to the next building of low ceilings. The drop was not great.

A ladder ran down from the roof within reach. He tested it and judged that it would hold his weight.

Crawling his neck, he saw that the window of the room below was open. Mme. du Barry waited air.

He bent out, grasped the ladder firmly, swung from his window and slid neatly and quietly into the room below.

A woman of heavy build and exceedingly masculine appearance lay on a bed asleep. The key of the room was in the door. Buckford stepped to it to make sure it was turned.

Then he shook the woman and woke her.

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" she exclaimed, starting up. "Who are you? What do you want?"

"Keep quiet, madame," he said coolly. "I am an agent of police. I have come to your house to look for a missing prisoner."

Mme. du Barry turned pale and shivered.

"Mon Dieu! The police! I do not know where your prisoner is!"

"I believe you, madame," said Buckford, with unexampled calmness. "I certainly believe you. But now let us talk about something else."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE KIDNAPING OF MME. DU BARRY.

MME. DU BARRY'S face became whiter still. It was evident in a moment to Buckford that there were subjects the mention of which she dreaded even more than that of the missing prisoner.

"Oh, monsieur, have mercy!" she wailed. "I am but a poor, weak woman."

"Madame," said Buckford sternly, "your history is one of crime. I shudder even when I look at you and think of the misery you have caused in this world."

"Alas! It is not all true. I am not so bad as they say."

"Heaven! If you were but half as bad! Oh, madame, I assure you we know you well, but even the police do not think you are quite as bad as your enemies would declare."

"Enemies! My enemies! Have I enemies, then, who denounce me to the police?"

Buckford laughed easily. He saw now that he was gaining ground.

"Enemies! Madame, I have learned more in three days from your friends than I ever hoped to know."

"My friends! Name them! Tell me one secret of mine which my friends told the police, and I will assist you in any work you want—that is, monsieur, of course, with an eye to my own safety."

Better and better.

"Why," said Buckford, "do you happen to know a M. Vandal? Well, I got from his own lips a portion of the story of the murder that was committed in your house last night."

"Mon Dieu! That Vandal! And he is to become my husband?"

Buckford laughed long and low—a meaning, insinuating laugh.

"My dear madame," he said, "pardon my rudeness, do, but it seems incredible that a woman of your intelligence should be so easily gulled. Vandal to become your husband! Why, it was but a short time ago I overheard a conversation between him and your other friend—shall I call him simply Casparin?—about a young girl of Denesia he was to marry."

"Vandal!"

"No other. It was as a reward for service done for Casparin. The girl is young and beautiful."

"Oh, oh! This is too much! It is well sometimes to receive visits from the police. They learn everything."

"We do that, indeed," said Buckford. "And M. Reber? You know him well?"

"Reber! That fool! He mixes things. He got a fool of an American mixed up in an affair that—"

"I know—the prisoner who escaped and came to your house."

"Alas, he did come, I admit, monsieur! But I swear I do not know at the present time where he is."

Buckford leaned forward and in his most impressive manner said:

"But I know, madame. The plans of your friends have not all succeeded. I have been through your house, madame, and the prisoner is gone."

Madame heaved a great sigh of relief.

"Good! Then I am not under arrest?"

"Not for that."

"Oh, oh! Then I am still—I am—"

"Madame, listen to me. We do not start out with only one charge in our guns. We are ready at any moment to turn from one quest to another, as circumstances demand. I came here to find that prisoner. I learn that he is gone. Now, I have other matters to attend to, and it will be greatly to your advantage, madame, to follow my advice."

"I am ready, monsieur," said Mme. du Barry, with a shiver. It was impossible to foretell what advice this insupportable agent of police might give her. But—there was that murder in her house, and how many other crimes there is no guessing.

"Madame, you are a true French woman, I believe?"

"Ah! Am I not! All for the honor of France."

"Ah, France is indeed safe when her honor rests in such hands! Then know, madame, that this Casparin, who assumes a title to which he has no right, is really a spy in the service of Germany."

"Mon Dieu! Is it so? Then Vandal is—"

"Quite true, madame. M. Vandal is acting in accord with a spy and of course is subject to the law."

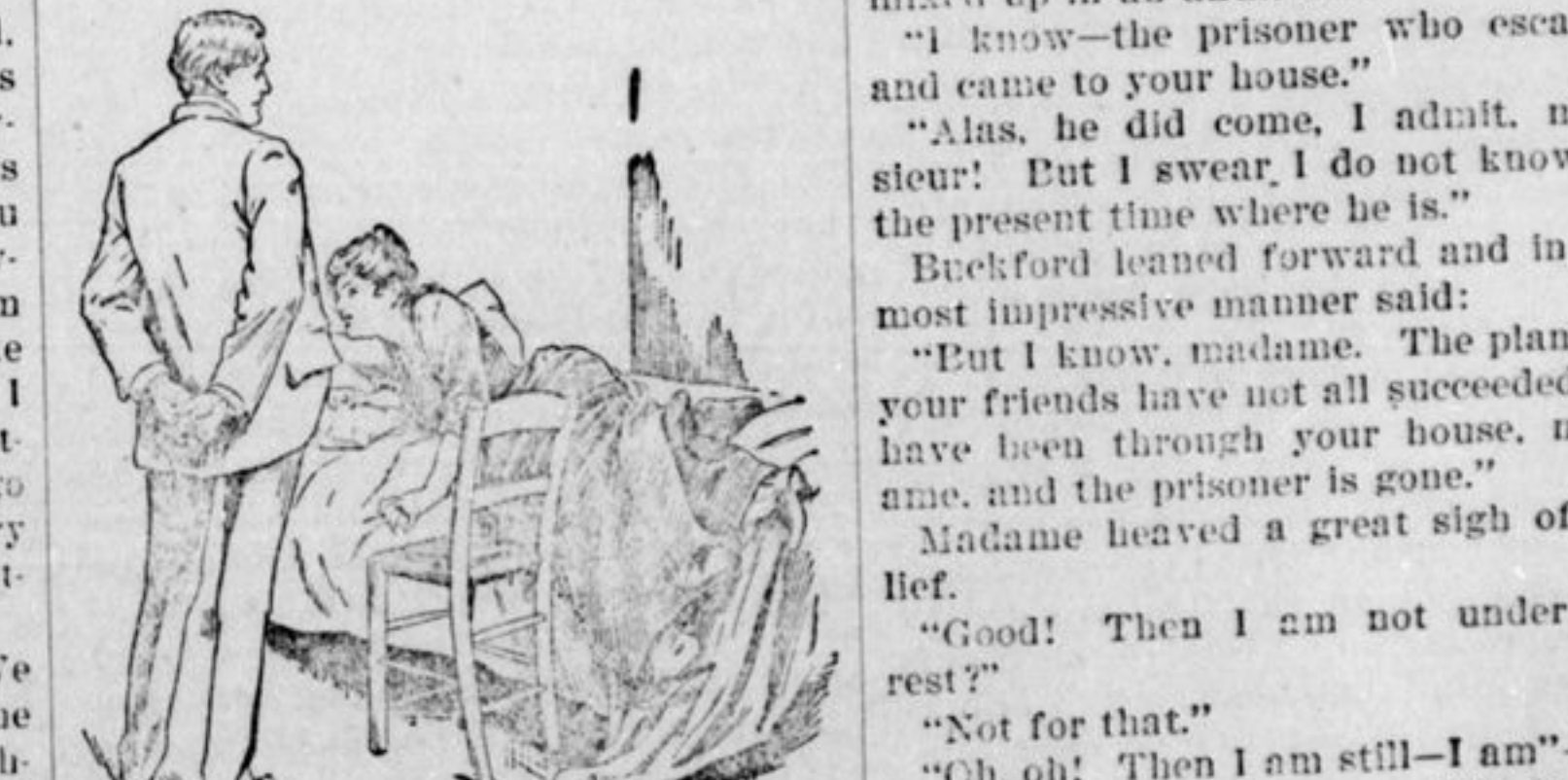
"Then seize him, monsieur. Oh, that serpentlike scoundrel! He claimed, monsieur, that he loved me."

"I wonder that he did not, madame. It would have been an virtue among his hideous faults."

"Oh, but you cannot know half! They would have killed that prisoner too. But then that makes little difference to him. You—oh, I forgot, monsieur, that I was talking to one of the police!"

"But you need not fear to speak. What were you about to say concerning the prisoner?"

"Why, it seems that he was as bad



as his enemies. Why they want to kill him I do not know. But the police want him—oh, how the police want him! I saw it all this morning in the papers."

"So it has leaked out, has it? Have you the papers handy, madame? I left home early and have had little time to read this morning. There may be something in the papers to change my plans."

Eager to please this agent of police, who held she knew not how many secrets against her, Mme. du Barry hustled around the room and brought him that morning's copies of two papers.

Sitting near the door, so that the woman could not escape, Buckford found the articles referring to his escape from the depot and read them with a certain grim satisfaction and yet with dismay.

It was evident from the tone of the article in each paper that it had been practically decided that he was guilty of the murder of M. de Bullion. The articles had evidently been inspired by the spiteful police authorities who could not forgive an American for escaping from their celebrated Palais de Justice.

The connection of M. Monroe, the rich American, with the case was dwelt upon at length. His successful hoodwinking of Magistrate M. Senechal; his appearance at the depot in disguise; the entire plot as it appeared to the police—it was all in print.

An interview was published in which the American minister expressed his hope that his countryman was innocent. But there was nothing said about any vigorous effort in his behalf.

It was hinted that Buckford, desperate as he was known to be, having benefited by M. Monroe's courage and interest, had murdered him and robbed him to gain money to effect his escape from France and also leave behind no one who knew the secret of his manner of escape.

When Buckford read this, his lips pressed together white and thin.

A reward was offered for the recapture of the prisoner, dead or alive.

He would not escape again. The police would see to that.

As Buckford read and digested this article the whole force of the awful truth came upon him.

He was suspected now of two murders.

His escape from the Palais de Justice had so exasperated the authorities that he felt sure no appeal to them would lead to a search for the truth. Even if he was not executed for the murder of M. de Bullion, he would certainly suffer at the hands of the vengeful police.

The position of the American representative left no great hope that his country would act vigorously in his behalf. And he knew that nothing except the most vigorous action would avail anything.

The reward offered for his recapture was so large that no matter to whom he might show himself in Paris he was almost certain to be turned over to the police.

Monroe was the only friend he could have trusted, and Monroe was dead, and he was accused of murdering him.

He might, with a stupendous nerve and confidence in French justice, go to the prefecture and tell the whole story. But he had already told two stories at the prefecture, and both had been doubted. He had no wish to try again.

There was but one thing open to him—escape from France.

Then there came to him a longing for revenge, a great thirst for the punishment of the men who had brought this terrible disaster upon him.

And with this sentiment was mingled a strong desire still to aid the Prince of Denesia, his American wife and the beautiful Princess Marie.

In his own extremity he did not forget them.

How was he to manage to encompass his own safety, elude the Paris police, bring to grief, wreak just vengeance upon his own tormentors and finally secure such proof of his own innocence as would forever free him from the charges now lodged against him at the Palais de Justice?

With a watchful eye on the tigerish Mme. du Barry he pondered this momentous problem.

He could not go to America. Even if he reached there in disguise he could never resume communication with members of his family. And in America he could neither punish his own enemies nor defeat those of the prince.

He recalled the conversation on the upper floor. The quartet of rascals intended to follow the prince to Denesia.

If he could reach Denesia, he might, with God and fortune on his side, reach the prince in time to save him, punish his own enemies, and, with the assistance of so powerful an ally as the ruler of Denesia would be, he might reestablish his integrity with the Parisian authorities.

To Mme. du Barry, sitting there panting with fear lest this police agent should, after all, turn on her and carry her off to the dreaded Palais de Justice, there was nothing unusual in the manner of the man who sat near her reading.

He seemed merely to be perusing an article containing police news of more than ordinary interest.

He did not act like a man who was reading his own death warrant.

His smile was not that of a man who was trying to cheat the guillotine of a victim.

"Madame," he said, laying the papers aside, "there is much in these articles that is of great importance to me, though to one not connected with the police they would seem simple enough. I find that my plans must be changed at once. I had thought of in-

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