

Maida's Secret.....

By the Author of.....
"A Gipsy's Daughter,"
"Another Nan's Wife,"
"A Heart's Bitterness,"
Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Guy Hartleigh leaves England to find his long lost cousin in San Francisco. Maida Carrington, an actress in that city, is pestered by gentle loafers among whom is Caryl Wilton who proposes and is rejected. She learns the story of her mother's betrayal by Sir Richard Harteigh. Sir Richard's child, Constantine, whom Guy is seeking, dies, and Maida impersonates her and is taken to Hartleigh Hall where she becomes the idol of the household. A fête is given in her honor at Viner Castle during which it is suggested that she take part in some amateur theatricals. Mildred Thorpe, an unemployed American girl in London is exhausted by her fruitless efforts to obtain work. After securing engagement as country church organist she is about to faint when she is assisted by Caryl Wilton who is struck blind by her likeness to Maida Carrington.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Mrs. Parker had not been gone long when Francois, followed by Dawkins, returned. As an indication of the extreme respect in which the latter bore Mr. Wilton, he carried with him two hands a tray on which was arranged a dainty little dinner.

"I told Monsieur Parterre that it was for you," he said, "and he took especial pains. I hope it will be to your satisfaction."

"Thank you, Dawkins. And now, if I will permit you, I should like to reveal the fact of my presence. I shall eat and sleep in happiness."

Dawkins promised and went his way, while Caryl sat down and began to enjoy his dinner with an easy mind. His horror of private theatricals was not at all feigned, though his expression of his feelings was somewhat exaggerated. Still he was really overjoyed at the thought of having escaped the boredom of having to sit through a dreary performance such as his experience had taught him was likely to be given.

He ate his meal with a big satisfaction, thinking dreamily of the whole of the adventure he had had in the park that morning, and from that passing to the far West of the American continent, and going over again the details of his meeting with that fair creature who had spurred his suit so scornfully, and whose image could not drive from his mind. He could not bear any sort of human companionship when he was in the midst of such thoughts, and he now turned to his valet and told him he might go down and look at the performance, taking care that no one who knew him should see him, and so he left the presence of his master there.

As soon as Francois was gone Caryl turned again to his dinner, but with a distaste for it now; for when he conscientiously set himself to think of Maida Carrington, he felt himself bound to check the tendency to doze that put him out of tune with himself and everything else.

He threw himself back in his chair, pushed the table from him and lit a cigar. A hurried rap fell upon the door.

"Come in," he called, with a sort of irritation at being disturbed again.

Lord Algy, panting from his unusual exertion, hastened across the room to his side, holding out his hand and crying:

"It is really you, Caryl?"

"Hello, Algy, old man! How are you? Who the deuce betrayed me?"

"Simmons told me you were here. I never was so glad in my life to see you. You are coming down, of course."

"Nothing of the sort. I had no business to come without giving you warning, and so I am going to do penance by going to bed as soon as I finish this cigar. Now, don't say a word. I am determined to deny myself the pleasure. As a matter of fact, I am not here at all; I am on my way and shall not arrive until tomorrow morning."

"What nonsense!" answered Algy, laughing. "What does it matter? I say, Caryl, are you very tired?"

"Tired? Algy, you don't know the meaning of the word. I am so tired that if you were to offer me a handful of diamonds for every step toward the door, I wouldn't be able to stir a step. Go, Algy, leave me to it. You are very kind, but it must not be. Farewell! Do not let me detain you. You must be needed down stairs."

"But, Caryl, I want you awfully; you must come down, and—"

"Never!" answered Caryl, with a mock tragic air. "I am not here, and I cannot come down."

"But you must, Caryl. You won't refuse to help an old friend out of a scrape, now, will you?"

"Don't talk in that pathetic way, Algy, or you will make me weep. I cannot go down, and it will only hurt my heart to persist in refusing you. If I were here it would be different, you know; but being away, I must refuse to do anything so utterly impossible."

"But Caryl—"

"But, Algy, think of what you are doing. Why don't you consider that I am not here in the first place, and if I were here I would be too tired, too weary to move. Now, Algy, be a nice boy, and go away."

"I can't go away without you, Caryl."

"Well, if you must spend the night with me, sit down and have the appearance of being comfortable. Take a cigar. No? Oh, I forgot, you don't smoke. Glad if it, Algy, for it is a bad habit."

"Now, see here Caryl; I am in real distress, and only you can help me. It is positively unkind of you to

THE GORDON COLLEGE AT KHARTOUM.

The work of civilizing the Sudan continues steadily, since the natives, freed from the necessity of self-defence, are beginning to engage in the nobler arts of peace. The Sirdar, in view of the better sanitary conditions obtainable at Khartoum, is encouraging its trade rather than that of Omdurman, and it is probable that Khartoum will gradually become the more important city of the two. Our picture represents a group of men engaged in the ancient art of brick-making. Men undertake the actual manufacture, but women, as is usual in the East, perform the humbler duty, carrying the bricks



Native Helpers in the Work of Building the Gordon Memorial at Khartoum.

when made to the bricklayers. It is of special interest to know that the group we illustrate are engaged in building the Gordon Memorial College. It will be remembered that when Lord Kitchener overcame the dervishes a solemn memorial service was held in the city where Gordon fell, and it was then resolved that Khartoum should have a permanent memento of the man who gave his life in its service. At Lord Kitchener's suggestion it was agreed that a college for the education of the people to whom Gordon devoted himself would be the most appropriate monument; the building is approaching completion, and should soon be the means of accomplishing much beneficent work.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was time for the curtain to rise, and the actors were only waiting for the return of Lord Algy. The scene on which Lord Algy had spent so much of his time and of his uncle's money was set, and the audience, having refreshed itself at the lunch bars which Lord Algy had set up for its benefit, was eagerly waiting for the next play, for which they had been prepared to expect great things from the economies of the duke upon the new Juliet.

Maida, who had retired to her dressing room after the close of the other play, had come out again, and was now the centre of attraction.

"Don't you feel nervous?" asked Lady Gladys, eying her with a smile of mingled admiration and envy. "I feel as though I had been through a fiery ordeal."

"I don't think I am nervous," answered Maida with a faint smile, as it came over her what a small thing it was to her to have to face an audience. She bent her head over her bracelet, which had come undone. Half a dozen eager hands flew to her assistance, and she was surrounded by tall figures in Florentine costumes of the finest materials; not cotton velvet and machine lace, such as would be found on the real stage, but silk pile and antique points; not paste jewels, but costly gems, diamonds and rubies and emeralds, flashing on fingers and sword belts.

It was at this point that Lord Algy burst into the room, crying:

"It's all right. Such a chance, a Romeo almost worthy of our Juliet." He smiled at Maida, who had turned to him with a look of inquiry the moment he entered the room.

"He will be down in time for the play. Are you disturbed at the idea of having to go on with a new Romeo-Constantine?"

She sat down on a bench and he took a seat by her side. He was so flushed with excitement that she looked anxiously at him and fanned him gently with her fan.

"No," she answered, composedly. "I fancy you shall manage somehow. He has played the part, you say?"

"Yes, he plays it well. I don't know but he is as good as any professional."

"Then it won't make any difference. I know his lines anyhow, so that if he should be a little rusty I can prompt him."

"How good you are about it, Constantine! Most women would have had a tantrum, and refused to play at all. But you don't seem to have any self-consciousness about the matter."

"Oh, fie!" she answered, laughing. "Do you think there is but one way to flatter a woman, and that by abusing the rest of her sex?"

"But you are different."

"And you are tired out. Do you sit here and let me go superintend the last act. I fancy you can trust me. I have carried the thing through so far, and it won't come to much harm if I do the rest."

Lord Algy watched her as she gave directions in her composed way, and admitted that he could only spoil things by interfering.

"By Jove!" he muttered; "she goes about it as if she knew the whole play as well as her own. But I must go back to Caryl, or he may play me a trick yet."

He had already sent the famous Winkleman up with the costume and the cosmetics and paints, and when he entered the room he still found Caryl still keeping up his whimsical complaints, but submitting to the operations of the make-up man with a good grace.

Algy waited until the toilet was complete, and then, looking at his watch, declared there was no time to lose.

"Then let us to the breach, dear friend," said Caryl, with a suitable misdirection. "If the slaughter is ready for the lamb, the lamb is ready for the slaughter."

Down the stairs they went together, and Algy did not know whether to offend or to laugh at the despairing remarks of his new-found Romeo on the subject of amateur theatricals in general and of this one in particular. As it was easier to laugh, he did that; and so they went toward the green-room, the one full of gibes and the other laughing.

Was there no premonition on either side of the green-room door of what was going to happen?

KING EDWARD'S INCOME.

REASONS WHY THE PUBLIC CAN'T TELL WHAT IT IS.

The Unknown Revenues From His Inheritance From His Mother.

The civil list, as they call the appropriations for the maintenance of the King and his court, was voted by Parliament recently and brought to the surface, says a London letter. In the first place, it was much smaller than the public generally expected it would be, and the opposition to it was much less. Three hundred and seventy-six votes were cast, 300 in favor and only 67 against.

The civil list carried a total of \$2,350,000 for the King, \$250,000 for the Queen, \$190,000 for their sons and daughters; continued the annuities granted many years ago to the brothers and sisters of the King, which amount to \$365,000; allows \$60,000 a year to the Duke of Cambridge, the cousin of the late Queen, and \$15,000 to the Princess Augusta, his sister, who is the wife of the blind Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, making a grand total of \$3,230,000, which is an increase of \$35,000 over the amount paid in Queen Victoria's time. It is also a moderate appropriation in comparison to those granted the other sovereigns of Europe. The following table will show the appropriations for royalty by the European powers:

Russia.....	\$13,751,000
Austria.....	3,929,825
Germany.....	3,625,000
England.....	2,350,000
Italy.....	3,210,000
Spain.....	1,850,000
Belgium.....	1,375,000
Saxony.....	940,000
Bavaria.....	700,000
Sweden.....	500,000
Portugal.....	400,000
Holland.....	330,000
Denmark.....	330,000
France.....	2,130,000

It was expected that King Edward would ask at least \$3,000,000 for himself alone in the £2,000,000 granted to Queen Victoria, for his grandfather, King William, had an allowance of \$2,500,000 sixty-five years ago, when the purchasing power of the pound sterling was double what it is now, and the ruler of England was not obliged to pay the expenses of many court ceremonies and public functions, which are charged to him these days. Furthermore, everybody familiar with the subject knows that the revenues from the crown property have

MORE THAN DOUBLED.

since 1837, when Queen Victoria surrendered the public treasury in exchange for a permanent civil list of \$2,000,000, and a promise from Parliament to provide liberally from her for her family. The Government and not the Queen got the best of this bargain. Owing to careful management and the increased value of the lands, the Treasury, during the greater part of the Queen's reign, has enjoyed a net profit from the proceeds of the crown property after all the expenses of its management and the civil list and the allowance for the royal family have been deducted. It is estimated that this profit has aggregated at least \$30,000,000 during the sixty years. In 1837 the surplus revenues from the woods, forests and lands of the crown alone were \$1,075,000. In 1900 they were \$2,125,000, and there are several other sources of revenue to be added.

It is a popular mistake that the \$2,000,000 a year, which was paid to Queen Victoria throughout her reign, was an enormous salary for her services as sovereign, just as \$50,000 a year is paid to the President of the United States. This impression has been strengthened by the frequent attacks that have been made by the Radicals upon the expense of supporting the royal family and the continual complaint that they are a burden upon the British taxpayers. The ruler of Great Britain and the royal family are by no means pensioners upon the national treasury. The sovereign possesses an immense amount of property by right of inheritance which is entailed and cannot be alienated or disposed of except during life. Formerly all the lands of the realm belonged to the king, but by the extravagance and generosity of various sovereigns they had been reduced to such a degree that Parliament, upon the accession of Queen Anne, passed a law prohibiting any further alienation, and at the same time gave the crown perpetually the revenues from certain sources which are

MORE OR LESS REGULAR.

King William originally made the arrangement I have alluded to, under which the revenues from all these sources were collected by the finance officers of the kingdom and paid into the treasury in exchange for a stated sum, and, following the example of his mother and her predecessor on the throne, King Edward has agreed to surrender all of them for an annual appropriation of \$2,230,000, although, like them, he retains for himself the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster, which amount to about \$300,000 a year, and for his son those of the Duchy of Cornwall, which have been the property of the heir to the crown for more than three centuries.

The civil list, as it is called, is not voted in a lump sum, however, but it is allotted to special purposes. For the salaries of the royal household \$629,000 is provided. That is a reduction of \$31,000 from the amount allowed Queen Victoria, which is due to the abolition of the department which originated in medieval days, when the King and the court went on hunting excursions throughout the kingdom and kept a professional huntsman and hounds for that purpose. There are a number of other equally absurd sinecures which ought to be abolished, but they are held by men of importance and influence,

and Parliament does not like to meddle with them.

For household expenses \$965,000 is allowed. With this money eight or ten palaces have to be kept up—Windsor, Buckingham, St. James, Hampton Court, Osborne, Balmoral, Sandringham, Kingston, Claremont, Frogmore and others, although the greater part of the expenses at Osborne, Balmoral and Sandringham which were the private property of Queen Victoria, are paid from the Privy purse. The official palaces are an enormous expense, and the maintenance of the stables, carriages and parks must be paid from this fund. For repairs the sum of \$100,000 is appropriated, and to this the cost of the new furniture, now being put into Windsor and Buckingham palaces, is charged.

Over all of these expenditures the officials of the Government have practically control and an account is rendered to Parliament; but the Privy purse, which amounts to \$550,000, the King can use as he pleases.

NO ACCOUNT IS RENDERED.

From this are paid the personal expenses of the royal family and the court, the State ceremonials, balls, dinners and other functions, travelling expenses and food for the household, which usually consists of 100 persons or more. Added to the Privy purse is the \$300,000 which the King gets from the Duchy of Lancaster. This gives him a total of \$850,000 for his personal expenses, of which he is required to render an account.

Alexandra, has an allowance of \$250,000, from which must be paid all of her expenses and salaries of a large number of retainers required by the Queen. She has reduced the number considerably, but is paying about 30 per cent. larger salaries than Queen Victoria allowed, because the ladies in waiting upon the present Queen will be subjected to many more expenses in the way of wardrobe. Queen Victoria was exacting in many respects, but she entertained so little and dressed so simply herself that her attendants did not require elaborate and expensive toilets. Under the present regime things will be different, and none but ladies of wealth can accept such positions. Queen Alexandra has notified her ladies in waiting that their services will be required only at important state functions. She will be attended regularly by Lady Suffield and Miss Knollys, who have been her secretaries for several years, and are intimate confidential friends, thoroughly acquainted with all her wishes, ideas and preferences.

Queen Victoria left a large estate in jewels, stocks, bonds and landed property. She owned some of the most profitable buildings in London, and inherited from her husband whole blocks of residences in the fashionable quarter of the city. Her holdings were so large that it required a staff of eight or ten men to look after them. No one knows what disposition she has made of them, because the will of a sovereign is not probated, and the facts have not leaked out. It is the general impression, however, that the estate has been placed in trust for the perpetual benefit of her heirs, and the King no doubt gets

A LARGE SHARE OF IT.

so that his income will be increased thereby.

Queen Victoria had seventy-four direct heirs, and when the revenues of her estate are distributed among them no one can receive a very large amount, although she was a very rich woman. She had nine children, of whom six survive, and thirty-seven great-grandchildren, all of whom are at least thirty years of age. The great-grandchildren are twenty-two boys and fifteen girls. Six are grandchildren of the present King, eighteen are grandchildren of the Empress Frederick, eleven are grandchildren of the late Princess Alice, and six grandchildren of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg. This would appear to make a total of forty-one, but several are grandchildren of two of the late Queen's children. Eight of them are direct heirs to the different thrones of Europe, and there are enough remaining to rule the rest of the kingdoms of the world. Several of them will no doubt reach thrones.

The civil list also contains an annual allowance of \$100,000 for the Duke of Cornwall, and \$30,000 to each of his sisters, the Duchess of Fife, the Princess Charles of Denmark and the Princess Victoria. The Duke receives about \$310,000 a year from the revenues of Cornwall, which makes his income \$410,000. His wife has an allowance of \$50,000. The allowances to the King's brothers and sisters are as follows:

Duke of Connaught	\$125,000
Empress Frederick	40,000
Princess Christian	30,000
Princess Louise	30,000
Princess Beatrice	30,000
Duchess of Albany	30,000
Duchess of Coburg	30,000

Parliament made grants in lump sums as wedding gifts to the Queen's children and grandchildren when they were married, of which the total will probably reach \$1,000,000.

BUILDINGS FROM WHALES.

At one time, not very long ago, there was on the Lancashire coast, near Lytham, a cottage and boat-house that were made almost entirely from the remains of a score or so of whales that had been driven ashore some years before. The framework of the edifice consisted wholly of whalebone, and the dried skins of the huge creatures were neatly and strongly fastened to its covering for walls and roof. There is another building of exactly the same kind at Peterhead, in Scotland, and in this case the skulls of the whales and some of the heavier bones are used with great effect as outside ornaments.

Benedict—I tell you what it is, old man, I wouldn't take \$5,000 for this baby. Bachelor—Well, I don't suppose you'll ever be tempted.

SULTAN'S UNHAPPY LIFE.

HE IS IN CONSTANT FEAR OF ASSASSINATION.

Carries Firearms in Every Robe With Which to Defend Himself.

In the Paris Francais M. de Ch. Saglio gives an account of the inner life of Abdul Hamid, which forces one to the conclusion that the Sultan's life is by no means a bed of roses.

He is afraid to trust the care of his health to any doctor, and has, therefore, studied medicine. The drugs he uses are prepared for him in his own presence by his chemist, Bekir Efendi, and tasted by the chemist first. They can, however, do nothing to assuage the disease which has hollowed the cheeks and macerated the body of the Sultan, for this disease is one over which no drugs can gain the mastery—absolute fear.

Month by month the Sultan reduces the extent of his morning stroll, on which he is always guarded by three men at least, although it takes place in the gardens of his palace, a palace guarded by legions of police and a whole army corps, and fortified against artillery.

His restless eye peers into every bush and thicket as he passes, and his hand is never out of the pocket in which he carries

A LOADED REVOLVER.

If anybody appears too suddenly in front of him he fires, and Abdul Hamid never misses. One day he killed an old gardener who had not seen the Sultan until he was quite close to him, and who stood up to salute him as he passed.

Another day he killed a twelve-year-old slave, who had been playing with a weapon which Abdul Hamid had forgotten to take in from the garden the day before.

After his morning walk, which he takes at 5 a.m., the Sultan dyes his beard with henna and dyeses for the day. His dress is very simple and is dark in color. Its only peculiarity is the number of pockets, of which he has at least thirty in every robe he wears. These are of various shapes, and are made to contain revolvers, knives, and daggers of all kinds and also for the purpose of pocketing various secret papers which he fears to entrust to his secretaries.

When he is dressed Abdul has his coffee prepared and his cigarettes made for him. He watches their manufacture fearfully for fear of poison. At ten he lunces on eggs, milk, and a varied assortment of cold dishes.

These are served to him upon a tray, which is wrapped in a large cloth and sealed with

A SPECIAL SEAL.

by the superintendent of the kitchen. The Sultan breaks the seals himself, and before eating has each dish tried by one of the attendants, or tasted by the dogs and cats which gather round him when he takes his meals. His favorite dishes are pilaf, and sheep's trotters with a peppery sauce.

His work had for several hours each day, but troubles himself little with affairs of State. His chief preoccupation is the investment of his fortune, which consists of about £1,500,000 in lands, and £4,000,000 invested abroad. In spite of his enormous wealth the Sultan has no debts as rarely as he can, and fights over every penny of a bill.

He amuses himself with carpentering, clockmaking, and ceramics, and is an expert in wood-carving. The panels of one room in the Kingdom of Kiosk are entirely his own work. At an early age he had the precautionary measures taken at his luncheon, and soon afterward he retires to rest, though rarely to sleep. He rests upon a sofa, never on a bed, and a mulatto servant, Hassan Agba, sleeps before his door.

The Sultan is desperately afraid of darkness, and of silence. Through the night special readers read to him whether he wakes or dozes, and the place is kept brilliantly lighted all night long. His favorite books are books of horrors, and tales of murder ("Montepin") and ("Poussin du Terrail"), and he fears his own sons and brothers with a deadly fear.

THAT DECIDED HIM.

It is related of M. Lachaud, the most famous of French criminal lawyers of the present century, that in pleading a certain case he perceived that one of the jurors seemed to be hostile to him and his argument. In the faces of all the other men in the box he saw with his practiced eye signs that his oratory or his shrewdness was having its effect; but this man, in spite of all he could do, remained frowning, suspicious, obdurate. M. Lachaud kept on with his work, and presently saw that his opportunity had come. It was a hot day and a ray of sunlight had penetrated a crevice in the curtain and was shining upon the top of the head of this jurymen, who was quite bald. The lawyer paused in his argument, and addressed himself directly to the court. "If your Honor would please," he said, "to order that the curtain in yonder window be lowered a trifle, I am sure that the sixth jurymen would appreciate it." This sign of watchful attention won the obstinate jurymen's heart and M. Lachaud's case.

SUPPLY OF GLASS EYES.

Germany and Switzerland produce over 2,000,000 glass eyes in a year; and a Paris manufacturer, who reports for his work some 300,000. They are made in the shape of a hollow hemisphere, and the utmost skill is required in forming the pupil out of the colored glass. The great majority of artificial eyes are iron by workmen, especially those used in iron foundries, where many eyes are put out of shape. It is seldom that a woman has a glass eye.