

A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

Wolfenden followed close behind. The feeling which prompted him to do so was a curious one, but it seemed to him afterward that he had even at that time a conviction that something unusual was about to happen. The girl stepped lightly across the carpeted way and entered the carriage. Her companion paused in the doorway to hand some silver to the commissionaire, then he, too, leaning upon his stick, stepped across the pavement. His foot was already upon the carriage step, when suddenly a man in a dark coat and a vaguely anticipatory expression. A dark figure sprang from out of the shadows, and seized him by the shoulder like a streak of silver in the electric light flashed upwards. The blow would certainly have fallen, but for Wolfenden. He was the only person in that sort of a place who was not paralyzed into inaction as were the others. He was so near, too, that a single step forward enabled him to seize the assailant by the grasp of iron. The man who had been attacked was the next to recover himself. Raising his stick he struck at his assailant viciously. He missed his head, but grazed his temple and fell upon his shoulder. The man, released from Wolfenden's grasp by his convulsive start, went staggering back into the roadway.

There was a rush then to secure him, but it was too late. Wolfenden, half expecting another attack, had not moved from the carriage door, and the commissionaire, a stout, middle-aged man, was not swift. Like a cat the man who had made the attack sprang across the roadway, and into the gardens which fringed the Embankment. The commissionaire and Wolfenden followed him. Just then Wolfenden felt a soft touch on his shoulder. The girl had opened the carriage door, and was standing at the side of it.

"Is anyone hurt?" she asked quickly.

"No one," he answered. "It is all over. The man has run away."

Mr. Sabin stepped down and brushed away some grass from the front of his coat. Then he took a match-box from his ticket-pocket, and re-lit the cigarette which had been crushed in his fingers. His hand was perfectly steady. The whole affair had scarcely taken thirty seconds.

"It was probably some lunatic," he remarked, nodding to the girl to resume her seat in the carriage. "I am exceedingly obliged to you, sir," Lord Wolfenden, in a low voice, he added, raising his hat.

"But for your intervention the matter might really have been serious. Permit me to offer you my card. I trust that some day I may have a better opportunity of expressing my thanks. At present my card will excuse me if I am not of your nation, but I share an antipathy with them—I hate a row!"

He stepped into the carriage with a farewell bow, and it drove off at once. Wolfenden remained looking after it with his hat in his hand. From the embankment below came the faint sound of hurrying footsteps.

CHAPTER III.
The Warning of Felix.

The coupe brougham, with its flashing lights and noiseless wheels, turned the corner and disappeared. The three young men, who had been standing together upon the pavement until it was out of sight. As a rule after such a meeting and supper together, they would have adjourned to the club, smoked a final cigar, and indulged in the inevitable whiskey and apollinaris. Harcourt would have talked scandal and told their stories, Denham would have listened to the latest gossip, and Wolfenden would have supplied the general conversation. To-night not one of them proposed any such thing. Curiously enough all three of them exhibited a desire to be alone. They stood together a little awkwardly for a moment or two, indulging in general remarks of the strained and strained nature that had happened. Then Harcourt muttered something about an engagement, some professional work which must appear in the evening paper, and a woman's little half-apologetic and wholly unnecessary grumbling as to the exigencies of the journalistic profession, stepped into his night cab, and with a good-bye certainly less hearty than usual, drove off. Denham hailed a stray hansom, and departed also after a farewell speech, which was almost spiteful. "You always were a lucky beast, Wolfenden!" he exclaimed.

Wolfenden laughed without replying. He was thinking that his luck, if luck it was, had seldom so opportunely befriended him.

"Remember, though," Denham added, leaning over the apron of the cab, "it is not always the man who wins the first trick who scores the game."

His cab drove off, and Wolfenden was left alone. He was a little surprised, but on the whole he was glad. "Those fellows must be very hard pit," he said to himself softly. "I never knew Denham surly before. You may go home, Dawson," he called out to his coachman, "I shall walk!"

Wolfenden was standing at the window, filled with a curious sense of having added richly to his stock of experiences. When he got out on the Embankment the rain had ceased and the stars were shining. "Yes, there was no doubt about it. He had obtained what, to his somewhat epicurean turn of mind, was a distinct and subtle luxury. He had acquired new sensations. As he had got it with regard to Harcourt and Denham, he was hard hit—hit very hard, indeed. For the first time he felt even the memory of a woman thrilling. He had drawn color into a life which was on the eve of becoming monotonous. He walked along with buoyant steps and an unwonted highheartedness. The world isn't half such a bad place when you feel like that!

Suddenly he came to an abrupt stop. He never quite knew what it was which felt for its weight in gold, with more than ordinary curiosity into the face of the man who, with

"They say," Wolfenden repeated. "Who says so?"

"Never mind," he said. "You are wiser not knowing—and happier. I do not know very much about you, Lord Wolfenden, but I am going to give you the very best advice you ever had from anyone in your life. Avoid that man as you would the pestilence. Go away before he can find you out and offer you some. Take a little tour on the Continent; stay away from England for a while. Stay away from ever rather than accept his friendship or have anything to do with him."

"You must admit," Wolfenden said slowly, "that such sweeping condemnation sounds a little well, extravagant. I am an ordinary, matter-of-fact Englishman, leading an ordinary life. I am not a politician, a diplomatist, or a gambler! I am not in the least likely to become either of these things. This man could have no objection in doing me harm, either now or in the future. I think you said that you knew nothing of the lady?"

"Felix looked at him keenly.

"The young lady," he repeated. "No, I know nothing of her beyond the fact that she seems to be his companion—for the nonce. That is quite sufficient for me."

Wolfenden rose to his feet.

"Thanks," he said; "I only asked you for facts. As to your suggestion—that you had better not repeat it in my presence!"

Felix laughed mockingly.

"You are so blind and pig-headed, you English people," he said. "I have told you some of the man's character. What sort of a girl do you suppose, would be supping with him alone in a public restaurant after midnight?"

"I wish you good-night," Wolfenden said, moving away. "I will not listen to another word."

Felix rose up and stood beside him. His face looked very frail and eager in the faint half-light. He laid his hand upon the other's arm.

"Lord Wolfenden," he said, "you are a decent fellow—remember that it is only for your good I speak! The girl—"

Wolfenden shook his head.

"If you allude either directly or indirectly to that young lady again," he said, calmly, "I shall throw you into the river!"

Felix shrugged his shoulders.

"At least remember," he said, as Wolfenden walked away, "that I warned you."

Wolfenden walked swiftly home to his room in Half Moon Street. His servant admitted him as usual, and took his coat.

"I beg your pardon, my lord," he said, as Wolfenden was turning away, "but were you expecting a young lady?"

The man coughed discreetly. Wolfenden looked at him in amazement.

"A young lady, my lord?"

Wolfenden frowned.

"Of course not," he answered. "What the mischief do you mean?"

Selby proceeded to explain.

"A young lady arrived here a short time ago, my lord, and asked for you. Johnson informed her that you would be home shortly, and she decided to wait. Johnson, rather imprudently, admitted her, and—she's in the study, my lord."

"A young lady here—at this time of night?" Wolfenden exclaimed, incredulously. "Are you mad, Selby?"

"You were not expecting her, then, my lord?" Selby said, a little anxiously. "She gave Johnson to understand that you were."

"You are a couple of silly fools, both you and Johnson," Wolfenden exclaimed angrily. "Of course I was not expecting her! Haven't you been long enough in my service to know that a lady who comes here is a young lady?"

"I am exceedingly sorry, my lord," Selby said abjectly. "The young lady's appearance misled me. She is quite a young lady, my lord, and if you permit me to say so, I am sure she is quite a lady. There is probably some mistake."

Wolfenden crossed the hall towards the study, and he was surprised to find where you are until I ring, Selby, he said. "I never thought that you were such a consummate ass."

He opened the study door, and closed it again. Selby waited for the bell, but it did not ring.

CHAPTER IV.
At the Russian Ambassador's.

The brougham containing the man who had figured in the "Milan" table-lit as Mr. Sabin, and his companion, turned into the Strand and proceeded westwards. Close behind it came Harcourt's private cab—only a few yards away followed Denham's hansom. The procession continued in the same order, skirting Trafalgar Square and along Pall Mall in a different manner, the three men were perhaps equally interested in these people. Geoffrey Denham was attracted as an artist by the extreme and rare beauty of the girl. Wolfenden's interest was at once more sentimental and more personal. Harcourt's arose partly out of curiosity, partly from innate love of adventure. Both Denham and Harcourt were exceedingly interested as to their probable destination. From it they would be able to gather some idea as to the status and social position of Mr. Sabin and his companion. Both were perhaps a little surprised when the brougham, which had been making its way into the heart of fashionable London, turned into Belgrave Square, and pulled up before a great, porticoed house, brilliantly lit, and with a crimson druggist and covered way stretched out across the pavement. Harcourt sprang out first, just in time to see the two pass through the open doorway, the man leaning heavily upon his stick, the girl, with her daintily gloved fingers just resting upon his coat-sleeve, walking with that uncommon and graceful self-possession which had so attracted Denham during her passage through the supper-room at the "Milan" a short while ago.

Harcourt looked at them, watching them disappear with a frown upon his forehead.

"Rather a well, isn't it?" said a quiet voice in his ear.

He turned abruptly round. Denham was standing upon the pavement by his side.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed tensely. "What are you doing here?"

Denham threw away his cigarette and laughed.

"I might return the question, I suppose," he remarked. "We both followed the young lady and her companion to find out where they lived—and we are both sold!"

"Very badly sold!" Harcourt admitted.

"What do you propose to do now?"

"No, Harriet! I'm going to church with you."—Indiana Journal.

Denham hesitated.

"No, we can't do that," he said. "Have you any plan?"

Harcourt shook his head.

"Can't say that I have."

They were both silent for a moment. Denham was smiling softly to himself. "Watching him, Harcourt became quite assured that he had decided what to do.

"Let us consider the matter together," he suggested, diplomatically. "We ought to be able to hit upon something."

Denham shook his head doubtfully.

"No," he said; "I don't think that we can run this thing in double harness. You see our interests are materially opposed."

Harcourt did not see it in the same light.

"We can travel together by the same road," he protested. "The time to part company has not come yet. Wolfenden has got a bit ahead of us. After all, though, you and I may pull across a neck, and another. You have a plan, I can see! What is it?"

Denham was silent for a moment.

"You know whose house this is?" he asked.

Harcourt nodded.

"Of course! It's the Russian Ambassador's!"

Denham drew a square card from his pocket, and held it out under the gas-light. From it, it appeared that the Princess Lobenski desired the honor of his company at any time convenient between two and two.

"A card for to-night, by Jove!" Harcourt exclaimed.

Denham nodded and replaced it in his pocket.

"You see, Harcourt," he said, "I am bound to take an advantage over you. I only got this card by an accident, and I certainly do not know the Princess well enough to present you. I shall be compelled to leave you here. All that I can promise is, that if I discover anything interesting I will let you know about it to-morrow. Good-night."

Harcourt watched him disappear through the open door, and then walked a little way along the pavement, swearing softly to himself. His first idea was to wait about until they came out, and then follow them again. By that means he would at least be sure of their address. He would have gained something for his time and trouble. He lit a cigarette and walked slowly to the corner of the street. Then he turned back and retraced his steps. As he neared the crimson strip of druggist, one of the servants drew respectfully aside, as though expecting him to enter. The man's action was like an inspiration to him. He glanced down the vista of covered roof. A crowd of people were making their way up the broad staircase, and among them Denham. After all, why not? He laughed softly to himself and hesitated no longer. He threw away his cigarette and walked quickly in. He was doing a thing for which he well knew he deserved to be kicked. At the same time, he had made up his mind to go through with it, and he was not the man to falter in nervousness or want of savoir faire.

(To be continued.)

MAY CHOOSE THEIR TONGUE

Belgium Has a Choice Between French and Flemish Languages.

The question whether Flemish or French shall be the prevailing language in Belgium is a matter that is regarded quite seriously there.

It cannot be agreed, even in Belgium, whether or not Flemish is a language.

Some of the leading authorities, among whom are prominent Flemings, declare that Flemish is nothing but a corrupt form of Dutch, a dialect spoken in Flanders, just as the tongue of Yorkshire is an English dialect or any petting corruption of the language of the country where it is spoken. The theory that Flemish is a corruption of Dutch is consistent with the history of the country and its people and, above all, its literature.

The grammar of the Flemish language is the Dutch grammar, the dictionary is the Dutch dictionary, and yet the radical Flemish faction has been clamoring in the Senate and Chamber for years to have Flemish made the official language of Belgium, when not one-half of the inhabitants of the country understand it.

At present all laws, official rules, regulations and decrees are printed in both languages, and in court a Fleming can insist on being heard in Flemish if he so desires.

Three languages, or rather one language and two dialects, namely, French, Flemish and Walloon, are spoken in Belgium.

Flemish is confined to the north of the country, including all Flanders; Walloon prevails in the south, while French is the official and commercial language and the language of choice among all the well-educated classes and is spoken throughout the country generally.

It is said on good authority that the purest French is to be heard at Liège. In fact, the French, spoken there is far superior to that of Paris, and anyone who has resided in the two cities will recognize this fact at once.

There is no doubt that the language of Flanders is formerly identical with the Dutch, but that after the separation of Flanders until now the Flemings, no longer being accustomed to pure Dutch, wish to raise the dignity of their dialect by calling it a language.

Holland has a literature of its own. There are Dutch poets, novelists and historians, whose works have been translated into nearly every European tongue.

Flanders, until fifty years ago, had neither poet, novelist nor historian, and it was only as recently as 1887 that Hendrik Conscience began to write for the people of Flanders. He wrote well and was talented, though he wrote in the Flemish tongue, in order that the people might read, for the Dutch of Flanders had become so corrupt that the Flemings were unable to read their mother tongue, and so had no literature for themselves.

Others followed in the wake of Conscience, but even now the Flemings can boast of but few literatures of merit and can show but a very small library of Flemish works.—Philadelphia Press.

Men are So Tantalizing.

"Harriet, I'm going to give you a joyful surprise Christmas day."

"Oh, Harriet! A new seal coat?"

"No, Harriet! I'm going to church with you."—Indiana Journal.

A HALF DOZEN GOOD STORIES.

There is one story (according to M. A. P.) which Mr. Sims Reeves was very fond of telling. It concerns an early engagement at Glasgow, which had been arranged through a metropolitan agency. One of the items was "Hall, Smiling Morn," and Mr. Reeves was naturally set down for the solo portion. The chorus consists of an echo, and the London agent assured the soloist that a satisfactory chorus had been engaged. The whole matter was arranged very hurriedly, and Mr. Reeves was at first disinclined to accept, as his other engagements precluded him from reaching Glasgow in time for a rehearsal with the choir. "Don't worry about it, my dear sir," said the agent, "you will find the choir note perfect. Mr. Reeves was perforce obliged to make the best of the bargain, and he journeyed to Glasgow, ever hoping to make mistakes when out well. The concert was a success, and all went merry as a marriage bell until "Hall, Smiling Morn," was given in performance. When the soloist came to the lines demanding an echo, he delivered them in his best manner—"At whose bright presence, Darkness flies away. What was his name? I can't recall it now, but I'll give you his name in the broadest Doric: 'Flees awa, flees awa.'" Yet Sims Reeves averred that not a soul in the audience smiled or saw anything incongruous. He put the case to a bailie afterwards, who assured him, "That's just nothing at all. You were wrong a little in your pronunciation, and the echo was correct. You see, it was a Scottish echo."

"Why is it?" she asked "that when you are playing whist against papa you make so many blunders? You never seem to make mistakes when he isn't in the game. Are you awed by him?"

"Well, not exactly that, Miss Rockingham," he answered. "You see, I am not so good as you are. My father likes to win, and I want him to have a kindly feeling for me. I hope to—to have a favor to ask of him one of these days, and—"

"It seems to me," she looked up into his face, and then, somehow, his arm got around her, and she whispered: "Oh, Edward, how did you ever guess that you had any reason to hope?"

"What are your financial prospects?" demanded the old gentleman.

"I will not deceive you, sir," replied the honest young man. "I think they are reasonably good."

"I would be glad if you were more explicit."

"Certainly. If you will accept me as a son-in-law you will readily understand that my future is assured. If you do not, your daughter has promised to elope with me, and we feel that we may reasonably expect your forgiveness. Altogether, I think I may safely say that the outlook is quite promising."

"It seems to me," returned the old gentleman thoughtfully, "as if you thought you had a mortgage on my fortune."

"That's how it seems to me, too," answered the honest young man.

Netta was a little girl who lived in a founding asylum, a place where homeless children without relatives are cared for. A visitor who often came to the founding had taken a great fancy to Netta. It was the birthday of Muriel, the lady's little girl, and permission was asked for Netta to take tea with Muriel.

As it was Muriel's birthday Netta wished to be very nice to her. At the same time Netta felt she had an advantage over Muriel, for it was not every one who was lived in a founding hospital!

"You were born, Muriel?" she asked.

Muriel nodded and smiled.

Up went Netta's head a little higher. "It is so common to be born," she said. "I was founded!"

This is told of a minister in England, who is said to have had an irritating temper—the churchyard was surrounded by a low parapet wall with a sharp-rigged coping, to which along which required a balancing of the body and was one of the favorite feats of the neighborhood boys. The practice greatly annoyed the minister, and one day, while reading the burial service at the graveside, his eye caught a chimney-sweep walking on the wall. This caused the eccentric chaplain abruptly giving order to the sexton to make the following interpolation in the solemn words of the funeral service—"And I heard a

voice from heaven, saying—knock that black rascal off the wall!"

Among the embassies, the law is the following, reported by the Rochester Post-Express, by the

At a term of the Circuit Court in one of the up-river counties, long ago, a horse case was tried, long well known "horseman" was called as a witness.

"Well, sir, you saw this horse," said the defendant's counsel.

"Yes, sir; I—"

"What did you do?"

"I just opened his mouth to find out how old he was, and I says to him, says 'O' feller, I guess you're purty good yet!'"

"Stop!" cried the opposing counsel. "Your honor, I object to any conversation carried on between the witness and the horse when the plaintiff was not present."

The objection was sustained.

CAN YOU SING IT?

"God Save the Queen" as it Sounds in Chinese.

Professor Salmons contributes the following to the London Post—

In 1897 I devised and edited a small publication entitled "The Imperial Souvenir," this being the translation of thirty verses of the National Anthem, metrically rendered into fifty of the most important languages spoken in the Queen's Empire. In the case of oriental languages the verse was likewise presented in Roman characters, so that every subject of Her Majesty is thereby enabled to sing, with heart and voice, "God Save the Queen" in the fifty languages referred to. It was naturally a huge task to obtain the translations of so many Eastern languages, but I eventually succeeded. Chinese, however, proved almost formidable. None of the Chinese scholars and my colleagues at the various colleges felt capable of undertaking so difficult a task, owing to the great divergence of the Chinese language from anything Western, as regards expression, idiom and metre. At last I applied to His Excellency Sir Chilchen Lofengh, and asked him to be good enough to recommend to me some one at the legation who would be able to undertake the work. In reply I received the following letter—

"49 Portland Place, Aug. 25, 1897.

"Dear Professor Salmons,—In conformity with the request contained in your note of the 21st inst. I have the pleasure to enclose to you the calligraphic copy of my translation of the third verse of the British National Anthem.

"I beg to call your attention to the fact that the Chinese version is also in rhyme, and in the same metre as the English original, and the calligraphic copy is made in strict accordance with the directions enclosed in your note. I have the honor to be, yours faithfully,

"Lofengh."

To say the least, it was a graceful act on His Excellency's part to undertake the translation of "God Save the Queen." If a few such men as Sir Chilchen had the supreme direction of affairs in China to-day that country could have vied with the best state in Europe.

I submit the transliteration of Sir Chilchen's rendering of the verse in question. It has been tested and pronounced accurate by some of the best musicians in Europe, as well as by the leading scholars of Chinese in Europe and America—one and all pronounced it as a most excellent rendering and a mastery performance. It was undoubtedly a courtly and friendly tribute to the good feeling existing between two of the greatest empires of the Eastern and Western hemispheres.

Shan Ts'ang chiang fu fang chang
Wan Shou au chiang
Yung shih Shen Jen yu yu
Shou fa pao pang yu yu
Ko kung sung tek wei yang
Ten yu Chun Chu.

Unjudicial, But Human.

Not many weeks ago, says the Sydney Bulletin, two Australian judges—one of Supreme, the other of the minor Bench—settled a little difference of opinion on a question of honor in the good-old-fashioned way with bare fists. Preliminaries were fixed up in a few minutes at a fashionable club, and the legal luminaries retired with their seconds to a well-known private boxing hall, where they vigorously pounded one another for fifteen minutes. The minor Judge eventually established his claim to precedence—probably for the first time in Australian history—by knocking his opponent under the Supreme Court jaw.

Daniel Macaleese, member of the British House of Commons for the North Monaghan division, is dead.

DR. CHASE MAKES FRIENDS OF HOSTS OF WOMEN.

By Curing Their Peculiar Ills Dr. Chase's Nerve Food a Surprising Restorative for Pale, Weak, Nervous Women.

As a result of much confinement within doors, and the consequent lack of fresh air and healthful exercise, I would never close my eyes, and my head would ache as though it would burst. At last I had to keep to my bed, and though my doctor attended me from fall until spring, his medicines did not help me. I have now taken five boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it has done me more good than I ever believed a medicine could do. Words fail to express my gratitude for the wonderful cure brought about by this treatment."

Mrs. Margaret Iron, Tower Hill, N. B., writes—

"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the length of the house. Since using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I have been completely restored. I can walk as mile without any inconvenience. This is 76 years old, and quite fleshy, I do my own housework, and considerable sewing, knitting and reading besides. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has proved of inestimable value to me."

"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Babcock & Co., Toronto, Ont., Can. (L. C.)

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