

A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

"Not the least doubt about it, I should say," Dr. Wilmot replied carelessly.

The door opened and Lady Deringham reappeared.

"I have succeeded," she said. "He is upstairs now. I will try and keep him there for half an hour. Wolfenden will go take Dr. Wilmot into the study."

Dr. Wilmot rose with quiet alertness. Wolfenden led the way down the long passage which led to the study. He himself was scarcely prepared for such signs of unusual labor as confronted them both when they opened the door.

The room was in the center of the house and was a large and comfortable one. It was filled with books and a large desk with a lamp and a chair.

Wolfenden stepped forward at once to the desk. A sheet of paper lay there on which the ink was scarcely yet dry. Many others were scattered about, almost undecipherable, with marginal notes and corrections in his father's handwriting. He pushed some of them towards his companion.

"You can help yourself," he said. "This seems to be his most recent work."

Dr. Wilmot seemed scarcely to hear him. He had turned the lamp up with quick fingers, and was leaning over the sheet of paper, reading it intently.

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from that blithering idiot. Blatherwick? I want to know who he was?"

She glanced towards the doctor. Her head tilted slightly. Then she went up to her husband and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Horace, you are right," she said. "It is no use trying to keep it from me. I saw the papers upon me with a forged letter. He could not have been here more than five minutes, though. We found him out almost at once. It shall never happen again!"

The wisdom of telling him was at once apparent. His face positively glowed with triumph! He became calm, and the fierce glare, which had alarmed them all so much, died out of his eyes. The confession was a triumph for him. He was gratified.

"I knew it," he declared, with positive good humor. "I have warned you of this all the time. Now perhaps you will believe me! Thank God that it was not Duchesne himself. I should not be surprised, though, if it were not one of his emissaries! If Duchesne comes," he muttered to himself, "his face growing a shade paler. 'God help us!'"

"We will be more careful now," Lady Deringham said. "No one shall ever take us by surprise again. We will have special watchmen, and bars on all the windows."

"From this moment," the admiral said slowly, "I shall never leave the house until I have been personally guarded and handed over to Lord Sabin's care. If I am robbed, England is in danger! There must be no risks. I will have a sword-belted down, and a pistol in my pocket. I shall be ready to defend myself at any moment."

"You are going to be a watchman outside. Now will you please do a little favor for me. I have a little work for you to do. I have to reconstruct what has been stolen from me through your indiscretion. Send me in some coffee at eleven o'clock, and a box of cigars, you will find in my dressing-room."

They went away together. Wolfenden was grave and mystified. Nothing about his father's demeanor or the manner in which he had spoken, but for which, Wolfenden remarked, "we ought to feel remarkably grateful. So far the thing is plain enough! But what on earth did that man, whoever he was, expect to find in my father's study that he should make an elaborate attempt like this to enter it? He was no common thief!"

Dr. Wilmot shook his head. He had no elucidation to offer. The thing was absolutely mysterious.

"Your father himself," he said slowly, "sets a very high value upon the result of his researches."

"And on the other hand," Wolfenden retorted promptly, "you and my mother, Mr. Blatherwick, and even the girl who has been copying for him, have each assured me that his work is rubbish! You four comprise the only persons—and no ordinary thieves—either conspiring to obtain possession of them!"

"Wolfenden!"

"The two men started round. The Countess was standing in the doorway. She was pale as death, and her eyes were full of fear.

"Who was that man?" she cried.

"What has happened?"

"He was an impostor. I am afraid," Wolfenden answered. "The letter from Dr. Whitlett was forged. He has bolted."

She looked towards the doctor.

"Thank God that you are here!" she cried. "I am frightened. There are some papers and models missing, and the admiral has found it out. I am afraid he is going to have a fit. Please come into the library. He must not be left alone."

They both followed her down the passage and through the half-opened door. In the center of the room Lord Deringham was standing, his pale cheeks scarlet with passion, his fists convulsively clenched. He turned sharply round to face them, and his eyes flashed with anger.

"Nothing shall make me believe that this room has not been entered, and my papers tampered with!" he stormed out. "Where is that reptile Blatherwick? I left my morning's work and two models on the desk there, less than half an hour ago; both the models are gone, and one of the sheets! Either Blatherwick has stolen them, or the room has been entered during my absence. Where is that bound?"

"He is in his room," Lady Deringham answered. "He ran past me on the stairs trembling all over, and he has locked himself in and piled up the furniture against the door. He might be frightened himself to death!"

"It is scarcely possible," Dr. Whitlett began.

"Don't lie, sir!" the admiral thundered out. "You are a pack of fools and old women! You are as ignorant as rabbits! You know no more than the kitchen maids what has been growing and growing within these walls. I tell you that my work of the last few years, placed in certain hands, would alter the whole face of Europe—aye, of Christendom! There are men in this country to-day whose object is to rob me, and you, my own household, seem to be some and help themselves as though the labor of my life was worth no more than so many sheets of waste paper. You have let a stranger into this room to-day, and if he had not been disturbed, God knows what he might not have carried away with him!"

"We have been very foolish," Lady Deringham said pleadingly. "We will set a watch now day and night. We will run no more risks! I swear it! You can believe me, Horace!"

"Aye, but tell me the truth now," he cried. "Someone has been in this room and escaped through the window. I learned as much as that

is hard to imagine an open rupture between the two great Saxons nations of the world!"

"The ties of kindred," said Mr. Sabin's visitor, "are not worth the snap of a finger! So!"

He snapped his fingers with a report as sharp as a pistol-shot. Mr. Sabin started in his chair.

(To be continued.)

NEW COFFIN ATTACHMENT

To Avert Danger of Burial of the Living.

INVENTOR MAKES A TEST.

Emile Camis, once committed to the earth and willing to be again in order to show the efficacy of a device to save life in case of premature burial, arrived in New York yesterday on the French line steamer, the Champagne.

M. Camis is the associate of Count Michel de Karnice, who first evolved the idea of the apparatus. The Count is the Chamberlain to the Czar of Russia. The noblemen's attention was attracted by the attention of the necessity of having some device to succor those who have by accident been committed to the tomb before actual death. It was found when the grave of a Belgian girl was opened that the body had expired. The Chamberlain was so impressed by the occurrence that he immediately gave his attention to devising some means for preventing such a tragedy. The result was the Karnice system, which already has a large following in France.

"The device described," said he, "is far from intricate. It will not revolutionize the present methods of burial. It consists, broadly speaking, of a tube ten centimetres in diameter and a hermetically sealed box. The ordinary type of coffin may be used. In fact, the coffin is lowered into the grave to which the body according to the English measurement, is about three and a half inches in diameter, is fitted over an aperture in it. At the top of this tube is the hermetically sealed box. On the breast of the supposedly dead body is placed a ball, which is attached to a rod. The least movement of the chest or of the body, in fact, will be communicated to the signal box above ground. The ball is placed upon the chest because, owing to the resistance of the bony skeleton, that part of the body is not swayed by the gases of decomposition.

A Simple Affair.

"Exceedingly simple is the mechanism. Motion communicated by the movement of the body releases a spring which causes a door in the box to fall open, thus admitting light and air to the coffin. It would be possible for a man to live for two days under such conditions. The same motion causes a bell to ring half an hour. It also sets off a rocket, which in the night serves to call the attention of the persons in charge of the cemetery.

"Should the one who is entombed cry aloud for help the contrivance greatly increases the volume of the voice. In addition to this, there is always a lamp burning in front of the box. The light from it is reflected into the tube, and thus to the interior of the coffin. During the day sufficient light is admitted to the coffin to enable one to read the writing on a slip of paper.

Cost of Apparatus Small.

"This method is entirely practical," M. Camis continued. "The cost of the appliance is less than that of a floral wreath or a broken column. Any mechanic could put it in place. The apparatus is very small, comparatively small. The apparatus might cost ten or fifteen dollars in this country.

Buried to Test Works.

"I am sure that it works," replied M. Camis with a smile. "As I was myself buried in it, I might speak from experience of its efficacy. It was at the exposition in Turin a year ago. In the presence of several hundred persons the experiment was conducted. I was placed in the coffin and lowered into the grave. The sensation was startling. I did not realize fully what it meant until I heard the cold, hard clods dropping on the coffin—ones, twos, threes. It was a strange feeling, but it was hardly comfortable. Indeed, it was some time before I recovered my equanimity. I was in the grave an hour and a quarter before I gave the signal of distress. I was instantly rescued. The apparatus worked to perfection. I heard the sounds of spades and shovels in the earth above me. It was with a feeling of relief, I confess, that I saw the coffin lid raised. 'I am willing to repeat the experiment in this country, so great is my confidence in this invention.'"

Sponge in His Windpipe.

Sponges which are used in surgical operations once in a while are left in the body, and then death is bound to ensue sooner or later. A young English collier named Finney had eleven teeth extracted under ether by Dr. Griffiths and when efforts were being made to restore him to consciousness he sprang from the chair, fell back and died. Sponges had been placed in his mouth to absorb blood from the gums and one of them which was left in his mouth was captured by the charmer of Mrs. Shipple.

Putnam's Corn Extractor

Doesn't lay a man up for a week but quietly and surely does its work. Plenty of substitutes do this. Some of them are dangerous, no danger from Putnam's except to the corn. At all druggists.

Many will ask for your candid opinion, but none will thank you for it.

HERE IS HEALTH

For all who have Weak Lungs



This is a Positive Cure for all Throat and Lung Troubles, also

CONSUMPTION

THESE FOUR REMEDIES

Represent a New system of treatment for the weak and for those suffering from Consumption, wasting diseases or inflammatory conditions of nose, throat and lungs.

The treatment is free. You have only to write to obtain it. Its efficacy is explained as simply as possible below.

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According to the needs of your case, fully explained in the Treatise given free with the free medicine, you may take one, or any two, or three, or all four, in combination.

A cure is certain if the simple directions are followed.

The Remedies are especially adapted for those who suffer from weak lungs, coughs, sore throat, catarrh, CONSUMPTION, and other pulmonary troubles.

But they are also of wonderful efficacy in the upbuilding of weak systems, in purifying the blood, making flesh, and restoring to

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You or your sick friends can have a FREE course of treatment. Simply write to DR. T. A. SLOCUM, CHEMICAL CO., Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto, giving office and express office address, and the free medicine (The Slocum Cure) will be promptly sent.

When writing for them always mention this paper. Persons in Canada, seeing Slocum's free offer in American papers, will please send for samples to the Toronto laboratories.

CANADIAN CRIME AND ITS CLASSIFICATION.

Mr. George Johnson, Dominion Statistician, has prepared a statement giving the statistics of crime in Canada for the period 1877-99.

For the thirteen years there was an average of 37,250 convictions for offences of all kinds. In 1899 the convictions were 38,710. Both absolutely and relatively to population were very strange. It was higher than in 1898, as in 1898 it was higher than in 1897. Of the total number of 481,248 convictions for thirteen years 60,981 were for indictable offences, the charges numbering 85,223, so that convictions formed 68.9 per cent. of the charges. According to occupations the statistics warrant the following conclusions—

1. That compared with their numbers the agricultural class contribute a very small percentage to the criminal class.

2. That the commercial class commit more than their proportionate numbers in the body politic warrant, in the way of crimes under the head of offences against the person, forgery and offences against the currency.

3. That the domestic class commit crimes just about in proportion to their numbers.

4. That the industrial class have less than their proportion in all the six divisions of crime except in offences against property with violence, where they slightly exceed their proportion.

5. That the professional class provide a low percentage of criminals.

6. That laborers contribute more than their share to every class of crime, their percentage being—Crime, 39 per cent.; population, 12 per cent. About 60 per cent. of the convicted were born in Canada.

As the Canadian-born population is 86.1-2 per cent. of the whole population, the criminals in the Dominion born outside of Canada are more numerous relatively than the Canadian-born, forming but 13.1-2 per cent. of the population and supplying 40 per cent. of the criminals.

Those unable to read and write formed about 13.8 per cent. of the convicted in 1897-9 period, against 14.9 per cent. in the 1887-9 period.

Those possessed of an elementary education were 74.5 per cent. of the whole in 1897-9, against 76.6 per cent. in 1887-9 period.

Those having a superior education formed in both periods somewhat over one per cent. of the convicted. Cities and towns furnish 78 per cent. of the criminal class of Canada, and the urban population is about 30 per cent. of the whole population.

and is now enjoying his 81st year. During the long lease of life so far allotted to him, he has remained a bachelor until he was captured by the charms of Mrs. Shipple.

The bride has children and grandchildren who rejoice, but, of course, the bridegroom hasn't any.

The young couple will reside in the west end at the conclusion of their honeymoon, and will be at home to their friends.

Godard—There must be something in him. He's got a good reputation. Since—perhaps if his reputation wouldn't be so good.