

WED. STEAMER.

aneiro Lost Gate

FRANCISCO.

ank Almost Immediately for Life—U. S. Consul

When the boat was filled with water... Captain

where she had been... Captain

to see the Golden Gate... Captain

the morning when I heard... Captain

the lights on shore showing... Captain

the ship seemed to be... Captain

the ship was... Captain

the ship was... Captain

the ship was... Captain

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A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

"It is the tie of kindred," he con- duced, "which breed irritability, not kindness. I tell you, my friend, that there is a great storm gathering. It is not for nothing that the great hosts of my country are ruled by a war lord I tell you that we are arming to the teeth, silently, swiftly, and with a purpose. It may seem to you a small thing, but let me tell you this—we are a jealous nation! And we have cause for jealousy! In whatever part of the world we put down our foot, it is trodden on by our ubiquitous cousins! Wherever we turn to colonize, we are hated. England has already secured the finest territory, the most fruitful of the land. We must either take her leave of it, or we must go on. Wherever we would develop, we are held back by the commercial and colonizing genius of the nation. The world of to-day is getting cramped. There is no room for a growing England and a growing Germany! So one must give way, and Germany begins to matter. That it shall not always be her sons who go to the wall. You say that France is our natural enemy. I deny it! France is our historical enemy—nothing else! In military operations a war with England would be wildly, hysterically popular; and sooner or later a war with England is as certain to come as the rising of the sun and the waning of the moon! I can tell you that the first blow will be struck! It is fixed! It is to come. So."

"Not in Europe!" Mr. Sabin said. "Not in Europe or in Asia! The war torch will be kindled in Africa!" "The Transvaal!" Mr. Sabin's visitor smiled. "It is in Africa," he said, "that English monopoly has been most galling to my nation. We, too, feel the burden of over-population. We have one young blood making itself felt throughout the land, eager, impetuous, thirsting for adventure and freedom. We need new countries where these may develop and at the same time strengthen our Fatherland. I have seen it written in one of the great English reviews that my country has not the instinct for colonization. It is false. We have the instinct and the desire, but not the opportunity. England is like a great octopus. She is ever on the alert, thrusting out her suckers, and drawing in for herself every new land which offers her. No country has ever been richer for us as Africa, and behold—it is as I have said. Already England has grabbed the finest and most to be desired of the land—she has it now in her mind to take one step further and acquire the whole. But my country has no mind to suffer it! We have played second fiddle to a weaker power long enough. We want Africa, my friend, and to my mind and the mind of my master, Africa is worth having at all costs—even at the cost of war!"

Mr. Sabin was silent for a moment, there was a faint smile upon his lips. It was a situation such as he loved. He began to feel indeed that he was making history. "You have convinced me," he said at last. "You have taught me how to look upon European politics with new eyes. But there remains one important question. Supposing I break off my negotiations in other quarters, are you willing to pay my price?" The Ambassador waved his hand! It was a trifle! "If what you give fulfills your own statement," he said, "you cannot ask a price which my master would not pay." Mr. Sabin moved a little in his chair. His eyes were bright. A faint tinge of color was in his olive cheeks. "Four years of my life," he said, "I have spent in the perfecting of one branch only of my design; the other, which is barely completed, is the work of the only man in England competent to handle such a matter. The combined efforts of the two of us will never give me a secret. I give over the destinies of England. But the price is a mighty one!" "Name it," the Ambassador said, "a million, two million?" "For myself," Mr. Sabin said, "nothing." "The other man started. "Nothing!" "Absolutely nothing."

The Ambassador raised his hand to his forehead. "You confuse me," he said. "My conditions," Mr. Sabin said, "are these. The conquest of France and the re-creation of the monarchy in the persons of Prince Henri and his cousin, Princess Helene of Bourbon—" "Ach!" "The little interjection shot from the Ambassador's lips with sharp, staccato emphasis. Then there was silence—a brief, dramatic silence. The two men sat motionless, the eyes of each fastened upon the other. The Ambassador was breathing quickly, and his eyes sparkled with excitement. Mr. Sabin was pale and calm, yet there were traces of nervous excitement in his quivering lips and bright eyes. "Yes, you were right; you were right, indeed," the Ambassador said slowly. "It is a great price that you ask!" Mr. Sabin replied very softly. "Think," he said, "with the matter what! Mark first this fact. If I will give you has not the power I claim for it, our contract is at an end. I ask for nothing! I accept nothing! Therefore, you may assume that before you pay my price your own triumph is assured. Think! Reflect carefully! What will you owe to me? The humiliation of England, the destruction of her commerce, and such a war indemnity as only the richest power on earth could pay. These things you gain. Then you are the one supreme Power in Europe. France is at your mercy. I will tell you why. The Royalist party have been gaining strength year by year, month by month, minute by minute! Proclaim your intentions boldly. The counter will crumble up before you! It would be but a half-hearted resistance. France has not the temperance of a people who

little dull; he took a piece of clematis leather from the pocket of his bag and began polishing them. As they grew brighter, he whistled softly to himself. This time the opera tune seemed to have escaped him; he was whistling the "Marsellaise."

CHAPTER XVIII. "He Has Gone to the Emperor!"

The Ambassador, when he left Mr. Sabin's house, stepped into a hired hansom and drove off towards Arlington street. A young man who had watched him come out from the other side of the way, walked swiftly to the corner of the street and stepped into a private brougham which was waiting there. "To the Embassy," he said. "Drive fast!" The carriage set him down in a few minutes at the house to which Denham and Harcourt had followed Mr. Sabin on the night of their first meeting with him. He walked swiftly into the hall. "Is His Excellency within?" he asked a tall servant in plain dress who came forward to meet him. "Yes," Monsieur Felix, the man answered; "he is dining very late to-night—in fact, he has not yet risen from the table."

"Who is with him?" Felix asked. "It is a very small party, Madame la Princesse has just arrived from the Emperor, and His Excellency has been waiting for her."

He mentioned a few more names; there was no one of importance. Felix walked into the hall-porter's office and scribbled a few words on half a sheet of paper, which he placed in an envelope and carefully sealed. "Let His Excellency have this privately and at once," he said to the man; "I will go into the waiting-room and wait."

The man withdrew with the note, and Felix crossed the hall and entered a small room nearly opposite. It was luxuriously furnished with easy chairs, sofas and divans; there were cigars and pipes, and a table with a round table. Felix took note of none of these things, nor did he sit down. He stood with his hands behind him, looking steadily into the fire. His seeking was his most vivid, save for a single spot of burning color high up on his cheek bone. His fingers twitched nervously, his eyes were dry and glassily bright. He was evidently in a state of great excitement. In less than two minutes the door opened, and a tall, distinguished looking man, grey-headed, but with a moustache still almost black, came softly into the room. He was dressed in full court dress. He nodded kindly to the young man, who greeted him with respect.

"Is it anything important, Felix?" he asked, as he was looking down. "Yes, your Excellency, it is important," Felix answered; "it concerns the man Sabin."

The Ambassador nodded. "What is it?" he asked, "what of him?" "You have not heard of him? He has been talking with me. I trust, after our conversation, and your promise?" Felix shook his head. "I must confess," he said, slowly, "that you have fascinated me! You have done more, you have made me see dreams and possibilities which, set down upon paper, I should have mocked at. Mr. Sabin, I can no longer think of you as a person—a mere personage! We are here alone, and I am as secret as the grave; be so kind as to lift the veil of your incognito. I can no longer think of you as Mr. Sabin. Who are you?"

Mr. Sabin smiled a curious smile, and lit a cigarette from the open box across the table. "You may know in good time, if in commercial parlance, we deal until that point is decided, I am Mr. Sabin. I do not even admit that it is an incognito."

"And yet," the Ambassador said, with a curious lightening of his face, as though recollection had suddenly been vouchsafed to him, "I fancy that if I were to call you by name, you would be surprised. Mr. Sabin's resting hand was stretched across the table. "Excuse me," he interrupted, "let it remain between us as it is now. My interests are necessarily for the moment silent. Let it continue to be Mr. Sabin! Now answer me. All has been said that can be said between us. What is your opinion?" The Ambassador rose from his seat and stood upon the hearthrug with his back to the fire. There was a streak of color upon his olive cheeks, and his eyes shone brightly in the glow of his heavy brows. He had removed his spectacles, and was waving them lightly between his thumb and forefinger. "I will be frank with you," he said. "My opinion is a favorable one. I shall apply for leave of absence to-morrow. In a week all that you have said shall be laid before my master. Such as my personal influence is, it will be exerted on behalf of the acceptance of your scheme. The greatest difficulty will be, of course, in persuading the Emperor of its practicability—in plain words, that what you say you have to offer will have the importance which you attribute to it."

CEYLON AND INDIA TEA, GREEN OR BLACK, IS PURE TEA.

"Pure tea calms, restores and cheers those in distress." DRINK IT.

A free sample of delicious SALADA Tea sent on receipt of postal mentioning which you drink—Black, Mixed or Green Tea. Address "SALADA," Toronto or Montreal.

WOMAN VICTIM OF ADDISON'S DISEASE.

Her Skin Gradually Turning Bronze Colored.

It is reported from New York that a case of Addison's disease is in Bellevue Hospital. Mrs. Rose Lowe is the victim. She is but 28 years of age and had been in health up to the time, a few months ago, when she was attacked by this strange disease. Though in the hospital, she is treated as a private patient by Dr. Townsend that he may make a close study of the case. There would appear to be little hope of curing the woman, but it is thought her life may be prolonged a month or two. According to the latest account the skin of the patient is of the color of bronze, which marks the malady as undoubtedly one that, notwithstanding its rare occurrence, has come to be well known as Addison's. All the descriptions of it in the medical books are in professional language and hard to be understood by laymen, but herein an attempt is made to translate technical terms into terms that will be generally comprehended.

Addison's disease is a disease of the suprarenal capsules, which in the medical books are classified among the ductless glands. They are otherwise known as the adrenal bodies, and again as the atrilliary capsules from the fact that they have occasionally been observed in their medullary portion after death. Nothing is definitely known as to the functions exercised by these bodies. They are commonly believed to be part of the lymph system of the body. Neither, it is asserted, from physiological experimentation nor from pathological investigation has much light as yet been shed upon this subject.

Disease Lately Became Known. There was practically no knowledge of any value respecting the disease of the adrenal bodies till 1855, when Dr. Thomas Addison, of Guy's Hospital, London, first published his observations on the malady now known by his name. From that time careful study has been made of the organs, and their diseases are now well recognized. And yet it is affirmed that, despite all the knowledge, ignorance remains of the exact functions of these organs in health. It is only surmised that they act most probably as do other ductless glands in the body, and are more particularly a part of the lymph system. They bear a remarkable relation to the great abdominal nervous centres, and have in their intimate textures a larger portion of nervous tissue than is to be found in glands of any kind with which they are compared.

It is noted, further, that no morbid condition of the adrenals is capable of affording any detectable physical signs during life. With respect to the functions of these bodies, Dr. Addison of Glasgow found that many red corpuscles make their way into these cells, and are almost constantly there. He believes that certain of these corpuscles are selected and are carried by the chemical action within the cells. They there assume a greenish brown color and begin to break up into larger and smaller particles. Pigmenting particles are present. Dr. Addison therefore believes the adrenals is to destroy a certain class of effete red corpuscles of the blood.

He regards the suprarenal bodies as part excretory glands and the symptoms of Addison's disease are due to interference with these functions, leading to the circulation of decomposing products and inducing a tendency to pigmentary deposition. The most important disease of the adrenal bodies is Addison's disease or bronze-skin disease. It was discovered by Addison—or, rather, stumbled upon by him—while he was endeavoring to detect the cause of certain fatal cases of anæmia which he encountered from time to time. Such cases were taken note of by Dr. Chandler in New England in 1842. Dr. Addison says: "The leading and characteristic features of the morbid state to which I would direct attention are anæmia, general languor and debility, remarkable feebleness of the heart's action, irritability of the stomach, and a peculiar change in the color of the skin, occurring in connection with a diseased condition of the suprarenal capsules."

The adrenals were overlooked in early autopsies, and were not regarded with any special interest till Addison's researches led to a more careful scrutiny of these organs. Males are more frequently attacked than females by the disease. In 183 cases recorded in England 119 were males and 64 females. A majority of the cases occur between the twentieth and fortieth years. Injury, such as a blow upon the back and spine, has in many cases preceded the attack. The disease is especially rare in America. Some of the oldest physicians in Chicago say they have never seen a case.

Symptoms of the Disease. The pigmenting, or coloration, is the symptom which, as a rule, first attracts attention. The grades of coloration range from a light yellow to a deep brown, or even black. It is always deeper on exposed parts. At first it may be confined to the face and hands. Occasionally it is absent. Patches of atrophy of pigment may occur. The coloration is found on the mucous membranes of the mouth and of other parts. The anæmia is usually of a moderate grade. Other symptoms are gastric disturbances. The pulse is rapid and the heart's action is feeble. The patient complains of lack of energy, both mental and bodily. Headache is a frequent symptom, with giddiness and noises in the ears. With the advance of the disease the prostration becomes more marked, the patient remains in bed, the voice gets weak, the intelligence dulled and death finally occurs either by syncope or gradual anæmia. Occasionally there are convulsions. With the progress of the disease the patient becomes greatly changed in appearance, assuming the color of a mummy. The color, however, varies in degree and in depth of hue on various parts of the body, being usually more pronounced on the face, neck and back of the hands. The tint is never quite uniform all over the body, even in an extreme case of "bronzing." Patches of pressure and those exposed to friction become the seats of greatest attraction in this respect. The friction of a collar or braces, constriction of garters, irritation of blisters or of skin eruptions, all lead to greater intensity of coloration in the points affected. The patches of varying depth shade off gradually and have no abrupt margins. The disease is usually fatal. The cases in which the bronzing is slight or does not occur run a more rapid course. There are cases which prove fatal in a few weeks. In a few cases the disease has lasted for years, in some to six or ten years. In rare instances recovery has taken place and periods of improvement lasting

is a process excited by vanity, backed up by good, tight boots—you may lack fine vanity, but you have the good tight boots—you may wear any size boots you please up to three sizes too small, if you use Putnam's Finest Corn and Wart Extractor. Druggists sell it.

Rapid Railway Travel. Representatives of the Grand Trunk Railway Company had in their charge this morning two children, who probably made the quickest trip ever recorded between Toronto, N. S. and Com. Bluffs, Ia., covering the 2,033 miles on exactly sixty-six hours and thirteen minutes. The little tots were alone, and made the trip to join their parents, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Spron, in the city on the banks of the Missouri River. They left Toronto at 3:45 o'clock in the afternoon on the Montreal express arriving at Bonaventure station, Montreal, at 5:30 o'clock the following afternoon. While here they were entertained by representatives of the railway company. At 10:30 o'clock in the evening they boarded the "East Flyer," arriving in Des Moines station, Chicago, at 8:43 o'clock the following evening. They continued their journey the same evening, leaving for Council Bluffs at 10:30 o'clock and reached their destination at 8:45 o'clock the next afternoon. Their journey was uneventful, but they seemed to enjoy their month of men in charge, as well as the passenger cars, showed them every attention. The total time occupied from Toronto to Council Bluffs was seventy-two hours, from which, of course, a stop at Montreal and Chicago are to be deducted, as well as the difference of an hour in eastern and central time. The foregoing shows one of the possibilities of modern railroading.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diptheria. A NEW WHOLESOME TEA HOUSE. Mr. E. D. Ross, who has been for so many years prominently associated with the tea trade of Canada, originally with the "Salada" Tea Co., and latterly as manager of the "Monsoon" Tea Co., is launching out for himself into the tea business. He has secured importers and packers of Ross' high-grade teas. They have equipped a plant at 11 and 13 Front Street East, Toronto, with the latest and most up-to-date machinery for packing tea in lead packets, and with a capacity for a large output. Mr. Ross enjoys the reputation of being one of the best judges of Ceylon tea in Canada, and as his proposals to live up to, not on this reputation, a goodly measure of success should be the lot of the new company. Gutta Percha Too Costly. Gutta percha has become so scarce and its price, consequently, so high, that its use in construction of long-distance submarine cables has become too costly. Gutta percha costs over \$2 a pound, while rubber can be had at \$1.30. For long stretches of 2,000 miles or more, gutta percha, however, is requisite as insulating material, while for shorter stretches India rubber suffices. Hence it is now proposed as the more economical plan to lay the proposed cable line to the Philippines by way of Alaska, Siberia and Japan. Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.