

The House in Wilton Street.

"I've come to say good-bye, Mantouel," said Bob Tracey. "My Paris notes are getting thin, they tell me. Here's luck to you, and may you never get blown up or blow up anyone else!"

That nondescript, Henri Mantouel, smiled through his glasses at Bob. He had taken a fancy to the young Englishman.

"I do not," he said slowly, as he grasped Bob's hand, "blow up people's myself. I arrange, and do others do it. Dat is safest; and, besides, it suits best my mind. Ah, veil, mon cher, we meet again I hope. But—one ting!"

"Yes?" said Bob.

The other had assumed an interesting expression of intense gravity.

"You go back for de royal childishness, is it not? Prozessions, screams, drums, and drums, and de streets so full of drunks you fall over dem."

"Well, perhaps I may get my chance."

"Dere is no 'praps.' All I say is dis: Do not make your lodgings in Wilton Street. Dere is a certain one in one of de houses dere, vat you call a duke—a duke of Italy, dat is."

"Dukes of Italy are as numerous as olive trees on the Apennine slopes, aren't they?"

"Dat is not here, and not dere neither, mein friend," continued Mantouel, with increased seriousness. "I do not choke. I gift you advice. Dere will something happen in dat street, and I do not vant to lose mon cher Tracey chust yet."

After this they clinked glasses, and Bob returned to his lodgings. The next day he found himself in London again, and, as he expected, there was an opening on the Daily Spy for such notes of metropolitan life bearing upon the centenary celebration as he could furnish.

To tell the truth, Bob was smart rather than solid. He was impulsive, and memory was not one of his strong points. It was due to these defects in him that he had not troubled to record Mantouel's singular words at parting, and also that when on the very morning of his return to London he happened to find himself in Wilton Street he resolved all at once to fix his camp in that quiet, even obscure, thoroughfare.

"Anything that happens is food for my cannon," he said to himself.

It was later in the day when he began to hunt for quarters. By then he had recalled Mantouel's words more precisely. A house with an Italian duke in it—that was the one.

He asked a policeman if he could help him.

But the officer smiled. He expected, he said, that there was rubbish of that sort in the street—foreign ones. As every house was a lodging-house, and there were ninety-eight of them, Bob had his work cut out for him.

"I've got to keep a special look on the long-haired blokes," the officer added, "during the procession business."

Bob thanked the man and moved to number one, the corner house, which faced Prince's Avenue as well as Wilton Street. He meant to take the street house by house.

There was no 'Apartment' card in the windows of this house. There was plenty of dust, however, though the commonplace fittings of a commonplace dining-room could be seen from the doorstep through the nearest window.

A white face peeped at him from this window when he rang the bell. He saw it in a mirror fixed outside in the Scandinavian way. A white face with large dark eyes. Bob couldn't help staring at this mere reflection of a face came and went, and he started again when the door opened cautiously and the actual owner of the face stood before him. She was a lovely girl of twenty or so. Seen thus, her white face was a glory to her.

"Er—pardon," said Bob, "but do you by chance take boarders?"

"No, sir," the girl replied, with a quick rush of colour to her cheeks.

She was shutting the door, when Bob interrupted her.

"Excuse me," he entreated, "but perhaps the duke is in?"

The shot told.

"The Duke di Rimi?" asked the girl, with sudden interest of a kind in her splendid eyes. "Yes, yes," said Bob. "Herr Mantouel, of Paris, mentioned him. We are great friends."

His audacity scored, as audacity often does.

"Will you please to walk in, and I shall see?" said the girl.

Girl! Princess were the fitter word to describe her. At least, Bob thought so. He saw now that she wore a faded grey satin dress, and that her small feet were in satin shoes. But it was the amazing beauty of her face, for all its pallor, that most dazzled him.

"I'll go through it, whatever follows!" Bob determined.

They kept him waiting in the dining room for several minutes. Then two men appeared, polite foreigners. They questioned him, and finally consented to give him a bedroom. The duke was out, but the name Mantouel worked wonders.

Er—paint pictures and that sort of thing," said Bob, when they asked him about himself. It was true, too, though he did not sell his paintings.

To his stupefaction, the girl in grey satin was bidden to show him the bedroom, which was at the top of the house. She looked at him searchingly, sadly too yet, smiled when she opened the door of the somewhat bare chamber.

"It is not de luxe," she muttered. "We are not accustomed—"

"Oh, it will do excellently, excellently," said Bob. "But you, mademoiselle?"

"I live here with my uncle, Vasil Vasilovitch. There is no servant. I shall do

what is required, and my name is Stroma Nikoloff."

Something in her tone and her eyes compelled Bob to hold out his hand.

"You are unhappy," he said. "Let us be friends, and perhaps—"

She put one of her hands into his, and the forefinger of the other touched her lips. Bob would have given half of his worldly wealth to read the expression in her eyes while she thus let him press her fingers.

III

Bob puzzled himself about the lovely Stroma's signal all the rest of that day. He had his work to attend to however, and could not remain in Wilton Street, in spite of its agreeable mysteries.

That there were mysteries attached to this corner house he did not doubt, especially in view of Mantouel's words. And the more he thought about them the more convinced he was that he had got into a hobnob of Nihilists and other foreign conspirators. If so, well and good. It should be much to his discredit if he did not turn them into profitable "copy" sooner or later.

In the evening the Duke di Rimi was there, short and stout, and with a waxed moustache. He seemed surprised that Bob had no particular message for him from Mantouel.

"I do not is London call myself by my title," he informed Bob. "It cost much money, I find. I am only Signor Rimi, a poor student of chemistry at one of the colleges."

This, too, aided Bob's imagination about anarchy designs. Chemistry, of course, meant bombs. And one more circumstance convinced him in the matter. Herr Bischoff, who was nominally the tenant of the house, thought well to explain his conduct in letting the room to Bob.

"You will excuse me, Mr. Tracey," he said, "if I do not ask you to share the other apartments with us. You have your key for your own room, and you please yourself. There shall always be someone to let you in at the front. The truth is, my friends are experimenting in things, and the silly fools of the police think they smell a mischief. That is why we take you as a lodger."

Bob smiled and said "Quite so!" and marvelled afterwards at the gentleman's innocence.

But very soon he marvelled at little except Stroma's beauty. The girl had found opportunities of talking to him, and he learnt that she was in London against her will. Her parents were in Siberia, and her uncle Vasil was worse than unympathetic.

"The others treat me only as a servant," she said, "and there are times I wish I was dead."

When she said this to Bob on the landing upstairs, with her bizarre satin gown tucked up at the sleeves, and her dark eyes glistening with sadness, Bob fairly lost his head as he said—

"Do not wish that ever again. There is one man, at least, who would die for you."

He had learnt the trick of kissing a lady's hand gracefully; and Stroma went downstairs glorified by blushes that seemed as genuine as her sadness.

III

The sentiment in Bob grew rapidly to passion. It was characteristic of him. He neglected his work on the Daily Spy just that he might not leave Wilton Street of a morning without seeing Stroma. She was not always in his part of the house at an early hour. Sometimes, indeed, he found himself writing in his room as late as eleven o'clock ere her gentle footsteps could be heard. But he consoled himself, for he was writing a novel, and in his new enthusiasm he hoped the success of the novel might atone for his diminishing reputation with the editor of his paper.

A week passed, and the great procession itself was only six days distant when his tongue ran away with him.

"You are my earthly idol," he said to the girl in a whisper on that little upstairs landing which had become their trying-place. "Tell me that you love me, or will do so some day, and—and I shall feel more like a god than a man."

She let those great sad eyes of hers rest on his for a moment or two before answering.

"You are so kind and so good," she murmured, "that I cannot help loving you."

A mist came into Bob's eyes. "I am good and kind?" he whispered. "I did not know it. But we will live and die together Stroma."

He would have told her in his arms, but she held him aloof.

"No, no," she said. "I am unfortunate. You must not think of me like that."

"But I want you Stroma."

For answer she caressed his hand, laid it to her heart, and glided down stairs.

That day the Daily Spy people told Bob he was free to seek another engagement. He laughed gaily said "Thank you!" and returned at an unusual hour to Wilton Street. Little he cared for his dismissal: he had Stroma's love.

For many minutes there was no answer to his ring at the door. Then Stroma appeared, with red eyelids. She gasped at the sight of him, and hardly was the door shut when she dropped fainting, into his arms, soon to recover speech and explain that her uncle had been cruel to her. She showed him marks on her arms.

"He wishes me dead; and I, too, until you came. And the others also wish it, that the money which is—"

But, with an imprecation, Bob interrupted her. She had said that she was alone in the house. The opportunity was not to be missed. "Stroma," he pleaded, "come with me and be my wife. Give me the right. Stay, here is your cloak. As for my rubbish upstairs, all I want is the manuscript."

He flew to his room, descended, found the girl still dazed and undetermined, and was yet able to hurry her into a cab, and so to Euston. In two hours they were at

his mother's home, and this lovely Russian lady was persuaded that there might yet be real happiness in store for her.

Another fortnight and Stroma and her husband were in Paris, expecting a visit from Henri Mantouel, who had been advised of their arrival.

The great day of the procession had come and gone, and there had been no explosion. Bob had set a journalist friend on the clue that he thought he had, and his friend had reproached him for wasting his time.

Mantouel entered their room composedly, then started back with a "Mon Dieu!" as he stared at Stroma.

"Is it my daughter?" he asked in Russian, and the girl rushed to him.

The explanations that followed brought with them nothing but happiness for all three.

Mantouel, or Nikoloff had, in fact, escaped from Siberia and lived in obscurity in Paris, knowing nothing of his daughter's whereabouts. His property had been left in charge of her uncle Vasil, and Vasil had hoped eventually—there could be no doubt of that—to inherit it. But both Vasil Vasilovitch and Stroma had disappeared from Russia these three years.

As for Mantouel's warning about Wilton Street, it had to do only with the Duke di Rimi's scientific experiments, from which Mantouel had once suffered. The association of Vasilovitch with Herr Bischoff and the others was an accidental one in the interest of these experiments, which consumed much money.

By diplomatic aid Stroma's rights were secured, in spite of her uncle's opposition. And as in the meantime Bob's manuscript had been accepted, their first year of married life ended full of hope.

BORN.

Kings Co, June 7, to the wife of Geo. Baine, a son.

Amherst, June 19, to the wife of James York, a son.

Halifax, June 21, to the wife of A. M. Baid, a son.

Milton, June 17, to the wife of Harvey Kempton, a son.

Bridgetown, June 9, to the wife of Hugh Calder, a son.

Parabero, June 1, to the wife of C. Vaughan, a son.

Annapolis, June 12, to the wife of R. Stevenson, a son.

Windsor, June 11, to the wife of Alec Myers, a son.

St. John, June 24, to the wife of William T. Bell, a son.

St. Marys, June 23, to the wife of E. S. Haines, a son.

Digby, June 17, to the wife of Robert Cossett, a son.

Lunenburg, June 14, to the wife of Beniah Corkum, a son.

Bridgewater, June 17, to the wife of Charles Bowers, a son.

Nova Scotia, June 18, to the wife of Henry Latter, a daughter.

Halifax, June 20, to the wife of A. V. Cann, a daughter.

Waverly, June 21, to the wife of J. P. Flavin, a daughter.

Liverpool, June 16, to the wife of Joseph Evans, a daughter.

Parabero, May 29, to the wife of Cole Manning, a daughter.

Cumberland, June 6, to the wife of James Fife, a daughter.

Eastport, June 7, to the wife of J. J. Grady, a daughter.

Winnipeg, June 11, to the wife of Harry Rhodes, a daughter.

Chatham, June 21, to the wife of Sydney Boucher, a daughter.

Shediac, June 22, to the wife of Dr. Murray, a daughter.

Westville, June 15, to the wife of G. Munro, a daughter.

Islesboro, June 22, to the wife of Henry Rose, a daughter.

Toronto, June 7, to the wife of Jas. Jefferson, a daughter.

Gates Mt. June 13, to the wife of Major Hoffman, a daughter.

West Berlin, June 16, to the wife of John Darrow, a daughter.

Cumberland, May 31, to the wife of Johnson Reid, a daughter.

Nictaux Falls, June 22, to the wife of Chas. Willett, a daughter.

Cumberland, June 14, to the wife of John McLeod, a daughter.

Cumberland, June 10, to the wife of Henry Skidmore, a daughter.

Lunenburg, June 19, to the wife of Freeman Conrad, a daughter.

Cumberland, May 31, to the wife of Robert Manning, a daughter.

Little Bay Island, June 6, to the wife of Rev. Chas. Flemington, a son.

Bay du Vin, June 20, to the wife of Rev. W. J. Wilkinson, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Halifax, June 22, Capt. Arthur Forbes, to Frances Storey.

Drury Cove, E. Clinton Brown to Francis Mary Bennett.

Backville, May 31, by Rev. E. Daly John White to Ida Sears.

Boston, June 20 by Rev. J. Forbes, John Stewart to Annie Morrison.

Pictou, by Rev. J. W. Fraser, David Murray to Margie I. McLean.

Amherst, June 21, by Rev. J. L. Batty, Edna Robertson to Jessie Brooks.

Colchester, June 20, by Rev. A. B. McLeod, Jas. Irving to Laura Bala.

Halifax, June 20, by Rev. Father Daley, Albert Wilson to Edith Hall.

Guysboro, June 17, by Rev. G. Howcroft, Joseph Hadley to Mrs. Kinton.

Hants Co, June 20, by Rev. G. R. Martell, Curwin Crowe to Alice Burton.

Hopewell, June 22 by Rev. Wm. McNeil, Jas. A. Shaw to Bessie Fraser.

Oxford, June 20, by Rev. C. Haverstock, David McLeod to Maud Ullis.

Montréal, June 14 by Rev. Wood, Walter Arrow-smith to Edith McLeod.

Bellefleur, June 22, by Rev. F. H. W. Pickles, Walter Curran to Annie Hurder.

Wolfville, June 13, by Rev. K. C. Hind, Fred Bremner to Maria Bacon.

Halifax, June 15, by Rev. C. McKinnon, Obed F. Nicolson to Olive A. Mills.

Halifax, June 14, by Rev. W. Armitage, B. F. Anderson to Jessie Pierce.

Falmouth, June 14, by Rev. J. Reeks, Freeman Benedict to Olive Patterson.

Coldstream, June 20, by Rev. A. B. MacLeod, Jas. G. Irving to Laura H. Bain.

Newcastle, June 19, by Rev. Geo. Harrison, Albert Robertson to Jessie Brooks.

Main River, June 20, by Rev. D. Fraser, Margaret Lawson to Sukira Murray.

Waverly, June 21, by Rev. A. Lewis, Mr. Stewart McKee to Miss Adelaide Orr.

Centreville, June 7, by Rev. G. A. Sellar, Ephraim Skone to Edith Wilkins.

Newcastle, June 14, by Rev. T. Johnstone, Elmer Newman to Minnie Carnahan.

Lower Stewiacke, June 14, by Rev. Kaulbach, F. B. Parker to Mable Pooley.

Stellarton, June 21, by Rev. E. H. Burgess, Jno. X. Cameron to Caroline Fraser.

Westchester Station, June 7 by Rev. J. Clark, John Webster to Clara M. Webb.

New Glasgow, June 21, by Rev. A. Rogers, Rev. D. M. Lytle, to Florence H. Bailey.

Hebron, A. Co, June 15, by Rev. Chas. Comben, Wm. Sinclair to Margery Alcorn.

Scottdale, June 7 by the Rev. T. Cumming, Andrew J. McKay, to Janet McKay.

Boston, June 21, by Rev. W. T. McKelven, Walter Kenyon, to Annie M. Ferguson.

Great Village, June 21, by Rev. O. N. Chipman, Judson Layton to Alice Robertson.

Sydney, June 6, by Rev. P. M. Rose, Duncan M. McLennan to Katie E. McPeters.

Liverpool June 17, by Rev. A. Hayley, Mr. J. Westhaver to Mrs. Rachael Rafuse.

Bridgewater, June 14, by Rev. E. P. Churchill, Andrew Judge to Laura Eisenhart.

Ashland, Mass., June 1, by Rev. G. W. Lawrence, Louis W. Parker, to Josie H. Corbett.

St. John, June 21, by Rev. Henry W. Seward, Frederick R. Patterson to Bessie M. Gale.

Maitland, June 14, by Rev. S. J. McArthur, Rev. David A. Frame, to Ediz Steele Putnam.

Northville, June 7, by Rev. George R. Martell, Audison Henniger to Mary L. Henderson.

DIED.

Chicago, June 13, Michael Sherry.

Roxbury, Mass., Grace L. Ball 54.

Halifax, June 22, Esther Borden 39.

Upper Five Islands, Mrs. Sarah Blod.

Chatham, June 17, William Crobie 75.

Amherst, June 21, Joshua Chapman 69.

Lower Salsma, June 6, G. W. Corbett 64.

Amler, June 16, Alexander Fowle 65.

Halifax, June 21, Alexander Connors 55.

Falmouth, June 13, William Bowman 73.

Montréal, June 20, Stephen K. Foster 64.

Brooklyn, June 19, William C. Mumford.

Lynn, Mass., June 6, Alexander Fraser 23.

Springhill, June 17, Whitfield McCarthy 45.

Antigonish, June 10, Peter Shaughnessy 49.

Upper Stewiacke, June 15, Wm. Blaikie 83.

St. John, June 26, William W. Turnbull 71.

Lockhartville, June 14, Edward J. Kelly 71.

New Ross Road, June 19, Owen McGarry 88.

Summersville, Hants Co. Mrs. Mary Young 82.

Port Maitland, June 4, Mrs. Martha Trask 79.

Smith's Cove, June 19, Mrs. Henry Gilliat 67.

Kingston, June 22, Harry R. Prince 15 months.

Smith's Creek, June 22, George C. Stockton 70.

Brook Village, C. B., June 9 Rachel Miller 64.

Harmony, June 17, Betsy, wife of C. N. Smith 60.

Parker's Cove, June 18, Rev. Henry Achilles 83.

Boston, June 20, Ellen, wife of John W. White 54.

Truro, June 20, Amelia E., wife of Ernest Kerr 29.

Yarmouth, June 27, Randall, son of Seaton Annis 5.

Antigonish, June 14, Mary, relict of John Forbes 78.

Rothsay, N. B., June 26, Mrs. Fanny B. Domville 82.

Moose Mountain, Assiniboia, May 5, C. D. Urquhart 48.

Roxbury, Mass., June 20, Mary A., widow of John Cumford.

Glenwood, June 16, Lucy A. widow of Andrew Randall 73.

Black River, June 22, Sarah, widow of the late Robert Kiroop 89.

Randolph, Mass., June 17, Marjorie, daughter of Geo. MacLean 5.

Parabero, June 19, Glendon C., son of Robert Newcomb 8 months.

Brookfield, Colchester Co., June 22, Eliza, wife of Samuel Carter.

St. John, June 26, Susanna, widow of the late Jas. Westville, June 1