The House in Wilton Street.

'I've come to say good-bye, Manteufel,' 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 anvone else !'

That nondescript, Henri Manteufel, smiled through bis glasses at Bob. He had taken a fancy to the young English-

'I do rot,' he said slowly, as he grasped Bob's hand, 'blow up people's myself. I arrange, and de 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, drumpets and drums, and de sdreets so full of drunks you fall over dem.

'Well, perhaps I may get my chance.' 'Dere is no 'p'raps.' All I say is dis: Do not make your lodgings in Vilton 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 tress on the Apenine slopes, aren't they ?'

Dat is not here, and not dere neither, mein freund,' continued Manteutel, with increased seriousness. 'I do not choke. I gif you advise. Dere will something happin in dat adreet, 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 dayhe tound himself in London sgain, and, as he expected, there was an opening on the Daily Spy for such notes of metropolitan lite bearing upon the centenary celebration as he could furnish.

To tell the truth, Bob was smart rather that solid. He was impulsive, and memory was not one his strong points. It was not troubled to record Manteutel's singular | we take you as a lodger.' words at parting, and also that when on the very morning of his return to London | marvelled afterwards at the gentleman's he happened to find himself in Wilton innocence. Street he resolved all at once to fix his camp in that quiet, even obscure, thorough

Anything that happens is food for my cannon,' be said to himself.

It was later in the day when he began to hunt for quarters. By then he had recalled Manteutel's words more precisely

He asked a polceeman it he could help

But the officer smiled. He expected, he said, that there was rubbish of that sort in the street-foreign ones. As every house lost his head as he saidwas a lodging-house, and there were nintyeight of them, Bob had his work cut out

'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 fitments of a commonplace dining-room could be seen from the doorstep through the nearest window.

A white tace 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 tace with large dark eyes. Bob couldn't help starting as this mere reflection of a fece 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 tace was a glory to her.

'Er-pardon,' seid 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 Duca di Rimi?' asked the girl, with sudden interest of a kind in her splendid eyes. 'Yes, yes,' said Bob. 'Herr Manteufel, of Paris, mentioned him. We

are great friends. H's audacity scored, as audacity often

'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 peared, with red eyelids. She gasped at appeared, polite toreigners. They ques- the sight of him. and hardly was the door | Montreal, June 14 by Rev. Wood, Walter Arrowtioned him, and finally consented to give | shut when she dropped fainting, into his him a bedroom. The duke was out, but arms, soon to recover speech and explain the name Manteufel worked wonders.

Er-I 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 gray 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---

'Ob, it will do excellently, excellently,' said Bob. 'But you, mademoiselle?'

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 her eyes while she thus let him press her

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 | sian, and the girl rushed to him. of its agreeable mysteries.

That there were mysteries attached to with them nothing but happiness for all this corner house he did not doubt, especi- three. allp in view of Manteutel's words. And the more he thought about them the more convinced he was that he had got into a hotbed of Nibilists and other foreign conthem into profitable "copy" sooner or

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

'I do not is London call myself by my title,' he informed Bob. 'It cost much | the others was an accidental one in the inmoney, I find. I am only Signor Rimi, a terest of these experiments, which corpoor student of chemistry at one of the sumed much money. colleges.'

This, too, aided Bob's imagination about anarchic designs. Chemistry, of course, meant bombs. And one more circumstance convinced him in the matter. Herr Bisch, who was nomina'ly 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 yourselt. There shall always be someone to let you in at the front. The truth is, my friends are experimenting in things, and the silly tools of the police due to these defects in him that he had | think they smell a mischiet. That is why

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 Vasili was worse than unsympath-

'The others treat me only as a servant,' A house with an Italian duke in it-that | 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

'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 himselt, for he was writing a novel, and in his new enthusiasms be 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 trystingplace. '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 answer-

'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 and die together Stroma.

He would have folded her in his arms, but she held him alocf. 'No, no, she said. 'I am unfortunate.

You must not think of me like that.' ·But I want von 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 tree to seek another engaement-He laughed gaily said 'Thank you!' and returned at a unusual hour to Wilton street Little he cared for his dismissal: he had | Hants Co., June 20, by Rev. G. R. Martell, Curwin Stroma's love.

For many minutes there was no answer to his ring at the door. Then Stroma apthat 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 Coldstream, June 20, by Rev. A. B. MacLeod, Jas. not to be m sied, '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 I live here with my uncle, Vasili Vaslio- | was yet able to hurry her into a cab, and mitch. There is no servant. I shall do so to Euston. In two hours they were at

what is required, and my name is Stroma | his mother's home, and this lovely Russian lily was persuaded that there might yet be Something in her tone and her eyes real happiness in store for her.

Another formight and Stroma and ber husband were in Paris, expecting a visit from Henri Manteutel, who had been auvised of their arrival.

The great day of the procession had lips. Bob would have given half of his come and gone, and there had been no ex-worldly wealth to read the expression in plosion. Bob had set a journalist friend on the clue that he thought he had, and his friend had reproached him for wasting

Manteutel entered their room composed. ly, then started back with a 'Mon Dieu!' as he stared at Stroms.

The explanations that followed brought

Manteutel, or Nikoloff had, in fac', escaped from Siberia and lived in obscurity in Paris, knowing nothing of his daughter's where shouts. His property had been left spirators. If so, well and good. It should in charge of her uncle Vasili, and Vasili be much to his discredit if he did not turn | had hoped eventually-there could be no doubt of that-to inherit it. But both Vasili Vasilowitch and Stroma had disappeared from Russia these three years.

As for Manteutel's warning about Wilton Street, it had to do only with the Duca di Rimi's scientific experiments, from which Manteutel had once suffered. The association of Vasilowitch with Herr Bisch and

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 Hallax, June 21, to the wife of A. M. Bauld, Milton. June 17, te the wife of Harvey Kempton,

Bridgetown, June 9, to the wife of Hugh Calder,

Parrsboro, June 1, to the wife of C. Vaughan, Bob smiled and said "Quite so!" and Annapolis, June 12, to the wife of R. Stevenson,

Windsor, June 11. to the wife of Alec Myers, St. John, June 24, to the wife of William T. Bell, St. Marys, June 23, to the wife of E. S. Haines,

Digby, June 17, to the wife of Robert Cossett, a Lunenburg, June 14, to the wife of Benish Corkum

Bridgewater, June 17, to the wife fof Charles Bow-Nova Scotia, June 18, to the wife of Henry Latter a

Halifax, June 20, to the wife of A. V. Cann, a Waverly, June 21, to the wife of J. P. Flavin, a Liverpool, June 16, to the wife of Joseph Evans, a daughter

Parrsboro, May 29, to the wife of Cole Manning, a daughter Cumberland, June 6, to the wife of James Fife daughter. Eastport, June 7, to the wife of Dr. J. Grady, a

Winnipeg June 11, to the wife of Harry Rhodes, a Chatham June 21, to the wife of Sydney Boucher, a Shediac, June 22, to the wife of Dr. Murray, a

daughter. Westvill . June 15, to the wife of G. Munro, a Islesboro, June 22, to the wife of Henry Rose

Torbrook, June 7, to the wife of Jas. Jefferson, a daughter. Gates Mt. June 13, to the wife of Major Hoff nan, a daughter.

West Berlin, June 16, to the wife of John Darrow, Cumberland, May 31, to the wife of Johnson Reld a daughter. Nictaux Falls, Jane 22, to the wife of Chas. Willett

3 daughter Cumberland June14, to the wife of John McLeod, a daughter. Cumberland, June 10, to the wife of Henry Skid-

more, a son Lunenburg, June 19, to the wife of Freeman Con-Cumberland, May 31, to the wife of Robert Man-

ning, 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 Drucy Cove, E. Clinton Brown to Francis Mary Eackvide, May 31, by Rev. E. Daly John White to

Boston, June 20 by Rev. J. Forbes, John Stewart to Annie Morrison. Pictou, by Rev. J. W. Fraser, David Murray to Marga et I. Mclean. Amherst, June 21, by Rev. J. L. Batty, Edna Church to Al. x Clegg.

Colchester' June 20, by Rev. A. B. McLeod, Jas. Irving to Laura Baia. Halifax, June 20, by Rev. Father Daley, Albert Wilson to Edith Hall. Guysboro, June 17, by Rev. G. Howcroft, Joseph Hadley to Mrs. Kinton.

Crowe to Alice Burton. Hopswell, June 22 by Rev. Wm. McNicol, Jas. A Shaw to Bessie Fraser. Oxford, June 20, by Rev. C. Haverstock. David McLeod to Maud billis.

smith to Eme McDonaid. Bellisle, June 22, by Rev. F. H. W. Pickles, Walter Curran to Annie Hurder. Wolfville, June 13, by Rev. K. C. Hind, Fred Brember to Maria Bacon.

Halifax, Jane 15, by Rev. C. McKinnon, Obed F. Nickers to Olive A. Mills. Halifax, June 21, by Rev. W. Armitage, B.F. Anderson to Jessie Pierce.

Falmouth, June 14, by Rev. J. Reeks, Freeman Benedict to Olive Patterson. Newcastle, June 19, by Rev. Geo. Harrison, Albert

Robertson to Jessie Brooks. Main River, June 20, by Rev. D. Fraser, Margaret Lawson, to Sukirk Murray. Waweig, June, 21, by Rev. A. Lewis, Mr. Stewart McRae to Miss Adelaide Oir.

Centreville, June 7, by Rev. G. A. Sellar, Ephraim Stokoe to Edith Wilkins. Newenstle, June 14, by Rev. T. Johnstone, Elmer Newman to Minnie Carnahad. Lower Stewiscke, June 14, by Rev. Kaulback, F. B. Parker to Mable Pooley. Stellarton, June 21, by Rev. E. H. Burgess, Jno. X. Cameron to Caroline Fraser.

Westchester Station. Jane 7 by Rev. J. Clark, John Wilson to Clara M. Webb. New Glasgow June 21, by Rev. A. Rogers, Rev. D. M. Lyle, to Florence H. Bailey.

Hebron, A. Co., June 15, by Rev. Chas. Comben Wm. Sinclair to Margery Alcorn. Scotsburn, June 7 by the Rev. T. Cumming, Andrew J. McKay, to Janet McKay.

Boston, June 21, by Rev. W. T. McKelveen, Walter Kenyon, to Annie M. Ferguson. Great Village, June 21, by Rev. O. N. Chipman, Judson Layton to Alice Robertson.

Sydney, Jane 6, by Rev. P. M. Rose, Duncan M. McLennan to Katie E. McPherson. Liverpool June 17, by Rev. A. Harley, Mr. J. Westhaver to Mrs. Rachael Rainse. 'Is it my daughter?' he asked in Rus-

Bridgewater, June 14, by Rev. E. P. Churchill, Andrew Judge to Laura Eisenhaur. Ashland, Mest., June 1, by Rev. G. W. Lawrence, Louis W. Parker, to Josie H. Corbett.

St. John, June 21. by Rev. Henry W. Stewar' Frederick R. Patterson to Bessie M. Gale. Maitiand, June 14, by Rev. S. J. McArthur, Rev. David A. Frame, to Eliza Steele Putnam. Northfield June 10, by Rev. George R Martell Addison Henniger to Mary L. Henderson.

DIED

Chicago, June 13, Michael Skerry. Roxbury, Mas .. Grace L. Bail 25. Halifax, June 22, Esther Borden 30 Upper Five Islands, Mrs. Sarab Bird. Chatham, June 17, William Crosbie 75. Amherst, June 21, Joshua Chapman 69. Lower Salma, June 6, G. W. Corbett 54. Amberst, June 15, Alexander Fowlie 65. Halifax, Jun 3 21, Alexander Connors 35. Fa'mouth, June 13, William Bowman 73. Montreal, June 20, Stephen K Foster 61. Brooklyn, June 19, William C. Mumford. Lynn, Mass , June 6, Slexand r Fraser 23. Springhill, June 7, Whitfield McCarthy 45. Antigonish, June 10, Peter Shaughnessy 49, Upper Stewiacke, June 15, Wm. Blaikie 83. St. John, June 26, William W. Turnbull 71. Lockbartville, June 14, Ed ward d. Kelly71. New Ross Road, June 19, Owen McGarry 88. Summerville, Hants Co. Mrs. Mary Young 82. Port Maitland, June 4, Mrs. Martha Trask 19. Smith s Cove, June 19, Mrs. Henry Gilliatt 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 54. 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, Randail, son of Seaton Annis 5. Anticonish, June 14, Mary, relict of John Forbes

Rotheray, N. B., June 26, Mrs. Fanny B. Dom-Moose Mountain, Assinboia, May 5, C. D. Urqu-

Roxburs, Mass., June 20, Mary A., widow of John Cumeford. Glenwood, Jone 16, Lucy A. widow of Andrew

Black River, June 22, Sarab, widow of the late Rob-Randolph, Mass., June 17, Marjorie, daughter of Geo. Maclean 5.

Parrsbero, June 19. Glendon C., son of Robert New-Brookfield, Colchester Co., June 22, Eliza, wife of Samuel Carter.

John, June 25, Susanna, widow of the late Jas. Westville, June 18, Jessie, daughter of Walter Lloyd 11 montas

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Suburban Express for Hampton. 17 40
Express for Quebec, Montreal. 18.10
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney. 22.30

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