

[CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.]

'A Hindoo' repeated Cora, looking at him with the faintest stirring of a vague disturbance and apprehension that she could not have put into words. 'Have you ever spoken to him?'

'Oh, dear, no; Why should I? A man will travel with the same person for half a year and never speak to him. It might turn out to be an awful nuisance if I started him on to talk.'

'Oh, you thorough-going old Briton!' said Cora, laughing, her momentary uneasiness vanquished. 'You would be like the two men who lived on the desert island for years and never spoke because they were not introduced.'

'Very likely,' assented Douglas cheerfully.

'Oh! there is something I had to ask you, Douglas, and I was nearly forgetting it,' cried she, with sudden recollection. 'Mother wants to have all the presents laid out by to-morrow night. Aunt Eugenia wishes to see them, and she says she is no strong enough to be at the wedding, so she is coming round to-morrow evening. Oh, dear! I think a grand wedding is a dreadful fuss, but the girls would never have forgiven me if they had not been bridesmaids.'

'Never mind, sweetest, it will soon be over, and then we can slip away quietly by ourselves. Old Stoinway was a brick to lend us that little bungalow of his for the honeymoon, and, if it only keeps fine, we shall be able to have plenty of boating still. And so you want the necklace? Well, I think I had better go and fetch it to-night; I shall be awfully busy to-morrow, settling things up, and shall hardly have time.'

'Oh, but I thought you were coming back to dinner to-night!' said Cora.

'I shall have plenty of time for that, dear; I'll put you in a bansom now, and go off straight to Moorgate Street, get the necklace, and take the Underground to Baker Street. That is easy enough.'

'Thanks; if you don't mind, dear, I think that will be best,' said Cora, beginning to put on her gloves.

Douglas called a bansom, put her in, and hailing another for himself, drove off to Moorgate Street, where the establishment of Messrs. Faucet and Golding showed to the public an imposing display of plate glass windows.

He was so intent on his errand that he did not notice the figure of a Hindoo passing unobtrusively along the pavement, as he pushed open the heavy doors and went in.

It was late; already a couple of assistants were putting up the strong iron shutters for the night, and, when Douglas inquired for the necklace, it was only to be told that the manager had gone home, and that he had the keys of the strong room, it was unavailable until the next morning. 'What a nuisance!' said he irritably. 'Well I suppose there is nothing for it but to wait till the morning.'

He paused a moment, to light a cigarette out of the wind and then went briskly towards the Underground station quite unconscious of the dark, subtle figure that followed him.

At that time of the day there is a slackening in the traffic of the Underground line, and Douglas was able to secure a first-class compartment to himself, as he thought, but just as, the last moment, someone swung himself easily in, and, with an inward smile, Douglas recognised the Hindoo student of whom he had spoken to Cora.

He thought of her question as to whether he had ever spoken to him, and, on the whim of the moment said—

'Pleasant day, isn't it?'

'Yes, sare,' said the man, and Douglas thought he could read something like surprise in his dark eyes for a moment lifted to his.

But the Hindoo said no more; drawing a book from his pocket, he began to read.

They had just left Farringdon Street, and were once more plunging into the sulphurous darkness of the tunnels, when the man stood up as if to place something in a bag he had put on the rack.

Douglas, straining his eyes over an evening paper, was barely conscious of his movement, when suddenly he felt himself gripped hard, a heavy cloth was hung over his head, and a sweet, sickly odor was enveloping him.

He struggled furiously, but he was taken by surprise, and his antagonist was clinging to him with the lithe sinuous grasp of a snake, against which strength exhausts itself in vain.

He was suffocating under the heavy cloth and that all pervading odor was enveloping him.

senses with an overwhelming lethargy; noises roared in his ears, he felt slipping down to unknown depths, dazzling lights flashed before his eyes, the very oppression of death seemed weighing him down.

With a convulsive shudder he gave up the useless struggle, and sank into black unconsciousness.

He awoke to a sense of chill and uncomfortable nausea.

What were they doing to him? Why on earth could they not let him die in peace?

Where was he? Someone was shaking him roughly, someone else looking down on him with an expression of disgust.

'Come, come, sir; we cannot have this in our railway carriages' said a sharp voice; and another added—

'There, you see, inspector, just as I told you—he is speechlessly drunk.'

Douglas lifted a heavy head, and stared at the speakers.

He was sitting on a bench in one of the Underground stations, a uniformed inspector on one side, a fussy-looking old gentleman on the other.

'When I got in at Portland Road I found him in this disgraceful state,' the latter was saying. 'I cannot think how he was allowed to pass the barrier.'

'Where am I?' asked Douglas drowsily, trying with aching brain to take in the sense of what they were saying.

'Baker street, sir,' said the inspector. 'Come now, pull yourself together like a man.'

'Do you not think it your duty to give him in charge as drunk and incapable?' said the officious old man.

The inspector hesitated.

He knew it was more profitable not to give gentleman in charge if possible.

And, while he hesitated, Douglas began to gather the bearings of the case and to understand it was of him they were speaking.

'Do you imagine I am drunk?' he asked indignantly. 'I am no more drunk than you, sir, but I should be very glad if you should bring a policeman, as I have been assaulted and drugged in the train by a Hindoo.'

The two exchanged excited glances.

'Have you been robbed of anything sir?' asked the official.

Douglas began to search his pockets, his brain still whirling from the shock, while they watched him dubiously.

'No, I cannot find that there is anything missing,' he said at last, looking at a handful of loose change he had drawn from his pockets and feeling that his watch was still on his chain.

'No; I thought not,' said the old man sarcastically.

'You mean that you think I am telling a cock-and-bull tale? Well it is absolutely nothing to me what you think,' said Douglas contemptuously. 'If you had any sense, you would still smell that beastly stuff the scoundrel drugged me with. Have you never smelt chloroform in your life before?'

The sickliness of it still wrapped his senses, as in a veil of mist between him and the outer world.

'Well, I do notice a queer smell, now you mention it sir,' assented the official, sniffing gingerly. 'Shall I send for a policeman?'

'Yes, please—but no, no stop!' said Douglas, with a sudden thought of Cora and their wedding-day.

It he put this matter into the hands of the police now, who knew what vexatious delays it might involve him in? and Cora would be dreadfully alarmed.

He took a speedy resolve to hush the matter up—at least for the present.

'No; you need not trouble,' he said quickly. 'I will go to the station myself.'

'And if they do there duty, they will detain you there,' said the old man testily.

But here another train came in, and, anxious not to lose it, he had to get in, and Douglas was left alone until its departure brought the inspector back to him.

Meanwhile, he had felt in his pockets, and held out a half-sovereign to the man.

'Look here: now that interfering old fool has gone, I will tell you that I am most anxious that this matter should not get into the papers,' said he, speaking in a tone of quite authority. 'But, later on, I may want you as a witness in the affair. I will give you my card, and if you want to earn a sovereign, you may make cautious inquiries up as far as Farringdon Street of the men at the barriers as to whether a Hindoo, dressed as an Englishman, apparently about twenty-five years old, passed through this evening.'

'Very good, sir,' said the man, now quite respectful at the tip and Douglas's tone. 'I often say there is no good will come of letting all these foreigners into the country—naughty, deceitful, treacherous beggars, they are. You never know what they will be up to next.'

'Well, just keep your mouth shut for a time, that's all,' said Douglas getting up and walking away.

His legs still felt rather as if they did not belong to him, and his brain was a little dizzy; he was not much surprised that the old man should have concluded he was drunk.

The bustle and glare of the Marylebone Road seemed almost too much for him.

He made his way to the nearest chemist's and drained a stiff dose of ammonia, which seemed to clear his brain a little.

'I must not appear at the house like this,' he said to himself, 'or my expected future father-in-law will conclude I have been going on a pre-nuptial bend.' A little walk will pull me round.'

He was trying to account for the Hindoo's attack on him.

If his pocket-book or watch had disappeared, it would have been easy enough; but not even a shilling had been taken.

He wondered whether the explanation lay in the fact that the man was mad, and the more he thought it over, the more that seemed to him the solution of the mystery.

That would account for the manner in which they had always been meeting of late.

The man had taken a madman's causeless dislike to him, and had been following him until he found a favorable opportunity to attack him.

But still, having got him in his power, why had he not completed his work, and murdered him?

It was the most mysterious of affairs. A sudden memory of Cora's necklace occurred to him.

Could it, by any means, have been that which the man was after?

And yet how could he have known that it was likely to be in Douglas's possession that evening?

A vague presentiment of evil began to trouble him.

Could there be any connection between his cousin's strange death and this attack on himself?

In both cases, curiously enough, the necklace might have well been in their possession.

He was troubled and perplexed, and, above all, anxious that Cora should hear nothing of the matter; and the slight cloudiness of his faculties, the effects of the chloroform, still prevented his thinking matters out clearly.

Once or twice through the evening he saw Cora looking at him, her pretty face a little puzzled, and he did his best to pull himself together and seem as usual; but, when he was finding his hat in the hall, she stole out after him, and laid her hand on his arm gently.

'Aren't you well, Douglas, dear? or are you troubled about something?' she asked, looking up at him earnestly.

'Why, you fanciful child, I am all right,' he said, smiling down at her; 'I am a bit tired, that is all.'

'I ought not to have bothered you about getting that necklace to-day; and, after all you had your journey for nothing,' she said, with such a sweet penitence that Douglas stooped and kissed her warmly.

He slept the sleep of utter exhaustion that night, and woke late the next morning with the question of what he should do still unsettled; but the newspaper, lying folded on the breakfast table, solved it for him, in a very unexpected manner.

Down at the bottom of one column was an insignificant paragraph, setting forth how the dead body of a young man, dressed as a European, but, apparently, of Asiatic extraction, had been found on the District Railway, just outside Gower Street Station.

It was horribly mangled, but the guard remembered seeing a foreigner get into the train at Moorgate Station, earlier in the evening, and there was little doubt that he was the unfortunate victim.

What had induced him to attempt such a hazardous exploit as to leave the train while in motion, or whether it was a case of deliberate suicide would probably never be known.

Douglas laid down the sheet with a sigh of relief.

That was undoubtedly his assailant, and almost as undoubtedly the man had been mad.

He must have made a desperate attempt to escape from the carriage before the train ran into Gower Street, and had thus met a dreadful fate.

Well, it solved the matter thoroughly for Douglas.

Now the man was dead, and no one had anything more to fear from him, there was no need for anyone to hear anymore about it, and those vague, sinister misgivings about the emeralds were quite dispelled.

Some day, when they had been married a long time, he would tell Cora all about his adventure, but now there was no occasion, and this very day he would fetch poor Ewan's wedding gifts to take its place among the other presents.

(To be continued.)

Value of a Laugh.

The value of a good-natured laugh may be rated low by some people, but many writers have attested its worth in no measured terms.

It is not surprising that the merry Charles Lamb should have said, 'A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market;' but from the lips of the sombre Carlyle one is scarcely prepared to hear, 'No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether or irreclaimably bad.'

It was Douglas Jerrald who boldly stated that 'What was talked of as the golden chain of Jove was nothing but a succession of laughs, a chromatic scale of merriment reaching from earth to Olympus.'

'I am persuaded,' wrote Lawrence Sterne

Save the Babies.

Thousands of them die every summer who could be saved by the timely use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.



There is not a mother who loves her infant but should keep on hand during the hot weather a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

There is no remedy so safe and so effective for the diarrhoea of infants, and none has the endorsement of so many Canadian mothers who have proved its merits, and therefore speak with confidence. One of these is Mrs. Peter Jones, Warkworth, Ont., who says: 'I can give Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry great praise, for it saved my baby's life. She was cutting her teeth and was taken with diarrhoea very bad. My sister advised me to get Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I got a bottle and it cured the baby almost at once.'

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'that every time a man smiles—but much more so when he laughs—it adds something to his fragment of life.'

Last of all comes the verdict of Doctor Holmes given with his own inimitable humor: 'The riotous tumult of a laugh, I take it, is the mob law of the features, and propriety the magistrate who reads the riot act.'

BUYING FINE HIGH STEPPERS.

Wife of a French War Minister With the Pair on Their Yacht.

The count and Countess Boni Castellane, of Paris, the latter of whom was formerly Miss Anna Gould, of New York were prominent figures during the Dublin Horse Show last week. This is the most notable function of its kind in Europe. Buyers from all parts of the world come to it, as well as the representatives of all European Governments and Dublin is thronged with the smartest society.

During the week the Comte and Comtesse have lived aboard the steam yacht Valhalla, at Kingstown, dined with Viceroy Cadogan at the viceregal lodge, and entertained the Viceroy, Vicereine and court and the Valhalla, which was beautifully illuminated for the occasion.

Comte Boni was deeply interested in the horse show, and bought two pairs of splendid carriage horses for \$5400.

He expressed himself as being delighted altogether with his visit to Ireland, promising that he would surely attend the horse show next year.

They sailed to-day later Trouville, their party including the Duc and Duchesse De Luynes and Duchesse de Gallifet, wife of the French War Minister, whose presence on the Valhalla shows that Comte Boni does not carry his violent anti Drefus, anti-Republican animus into his private relations.

Lady Randolph Churchill's engagement to young Cornwallis West, despite all the newspaper contradictions, was perfectly true. Moreover, the announcement was made prematurely by his mother to prevent the match.

Mrs. West's generalship was rewarded by at least a temporary victory, for Lady Randolph has gone to Aix les Bains, and young West, whose mother is two years younger than Lady Randolph, has left England and promised not to see his fiancée for a year.

If at the end of that time, however, they both remain constant they will be married; but it is believed that even if West's mind is unchanged Lady Randolph has been so affronted by the criticisms her engagement has evoked that she will never come to the scratch.

Winston Churchill sternly opposes the marriage, and West has been notified by his father that if he marries without his consent his allowance will be withdrawn, and he must consequently resign his commission in the Guards.

It will surprise every one if the marriage ever takes place.

By the way, the Wests are jubilant at the prospect of their beautiful daughter, Princess Henry of Pleiss, providing an heir to her husband's title and estates. She has now been married five years, without children.

P. C. K., the American promoter, who resides at Glens Falls, N. Y., and who was reported to have been negotiating for the purchase of the Lakes of Killarney, in order to aid Richard Croker's alleged scheme of gaining possession thereof and laying out an estate for the erection of millionaire mansions, has not carried out his bargain. It now seems probable that the estate will be bought for the Irish nation by subscriptions raised by a national trust. In the meantime, Sir Edmund Antroub, the owner of Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain—the most perfect Druidical remains in the world—has offered it to the State for \$625 000. The price is deemed preposterous, especially as Stonehenge cannot be used for any other purpose, even if the curious wished.

A curious craze has cropped up for the protection of landmarks and places of historical interest against the mythical assaults of American millionaires. An official of the Antiquarian Society says an American speculator has already made an

offer, with the view of transporting the stones of Stonehenge to the United States.

A committee supported by the Prince of Wales, is trying to secure for the nation the late Lord Ligonier's house. This is also threatened, according to rumor, by American capital. But it is rather believed that the furor originates in the shrewd methods of selling agents, who, wishing to stimulate the market, invent reports of American enterprise while appealing to British patriotism.

All the tourist agents here agree that this has been the record year for American visitors to Europe. Charles Alvan Gillig, director of the American rendezvous, established by the Great Eastern Railway Company on Cockspur street, says:

'From now to January, or possibly December, I reckon that we shall have 70,000 American visitors. Probably they will on an average have spent \$1500 on their European trip.'

The Marquis of Bute, the original of Disraeli's Lothaire, is lying stricken with paralysis in one of his Scotch mansions. Although is only 52, his conversion to Catholicism was the beginning of the steady inflow from the Anglican community which still continues.

He is immensely wealthy, his income from his Cardiff estates alone being estimated to be worth \$1,000,000 a year; but he is a disappointed man, never having come to the front in public life, despite his undoubted abilities, owing to his impracticable, dreamy character.

His son, Earl of Dumfries, will be one of England's wealthiest aristocrats.

The annual week's holiday of Oldham cotton operatives, known as 'the Oldham Wakes,' begins to-day. These operatives subscribe throughout the year to the fund, which has this year reached \$800,000, the whole of which will be spent by them during the week at the popular seaside resorts on the Lancashire coast, Isle of Man and Scotland.

The Earl of Dunraven's splendid but remote mansion, Glamorganshire Dunraven Castle, is to be turned into a hotel and the park laid out with golf links. Dunraven much prefers his Irish seat, in County Limerick, and intends to pass most of his time there hereafter.

Don't experiment—buy Magnetic Dyes which have been successfully used in Canada for twenty-five years. Price 10 cents for any color.

A Brief Trial.

French Judge—'Prisoner at the bar, you are accused of a great crime.'

Prisoner—'I am innocent.'

French Judge—'Evidently you are a hardy offender. You deny the charges of the government, and therefore must be a traitor to France. I sentence you to five years' imprisonment for entering into relations with the German Government.'

Mistaken Mercy.

'Has your master,' said the ox to the horse, 'done anything especially kind since he joined the Humane Society?'

'Yes, and no,' replied the horse; he has prevented much suffering among the flies by docking my tail.—Life.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.

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C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.
S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B.
N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B.
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