

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

trouble about me. 'Some day I will repay you for what you have done,' he muttered. 'For now—he took her in his arms, and kissed her passionately—that will prevent your forgetting me.' She laughed again as she freed herself, not at all displeased with his preliminary expression of gratitude, though she said—'You are presumptuous, cousin. But go—go—go!

CHAPTER VI.

'Here he is, taking a quiet afternoon nap, I declare, as if he was a gentleman of leisure! Up with you, Number Nine-hundred-and-fifty! Hul los!' The speaker's kick made Zebra spring to her feet with a cry of pain. She had been shamming sleep as she lay amongst the bushes, listening for the footsteps she knew must come sooner or later. Her eyes looked heavy, and tears lingered in them—tears artificially produced. She had lain there long enough to realize the strength of her sudden love for her convict cousin, and the knowledge taught her that he must be saved at all costs. So when she heard his pursuers approaching, she forced tears into her eyes, and simulated timidity and an outraged sense of modesty at being discovered in masculine attire by these very naturally astonished men. Her story sounded fairly plausible, even in their ears. 'I am the Lady Zebra Beaudesert, sister to Lord Darkhaven,' she began tremblingly, when they asked for an explanation of her extraordinary attire. 'I was strolling along the common, when I was startled by seeing a man in this dress appear above the bushes. He called to me, but I turned away and began to retrace my steps. He ran after me, and said I must help him, or he would kill me. He made me go into that shed yonder and change clothes with him, and then he hurried off in the direction of the Demon's Pool. I felt so ashamed of myself in these things that I could not walk home, so I lay down amongst the bushes to wait until it was dark.' The men listened respectfully enough, but not entirely without suspicion. 'Would you mind going with us down to house yonder, so that his lordship may identify?' asked one. 'I certainly object to move a step in these clothes,' she replied. 'You may fetch the earl, if you like, or Mr. Beaudesert, my uncle.'

'I do say so; but how are you to know that I am really Lord Darkhaven's uncle? Perhaps, my dear niece, if you were to let down your hair, it might prove the simplest way out of the difficulty.' With one of her own daring laughs, Zebra complied. Down tumbled her black hair over her shoulders and below her waist. 'That's no wig,' said the spokesman warden. 'I beg your pardon, my lady, for seeming to doubt; but the gentleman would have his joke at our expense, and we drink in suspicion with the very air we breathe. Come on, Moore, we are only losing time. Which way did your ladyship say?' 'He went towards the Demon's Pool; over there, you know.' Zebra stood with her back to her mother's cottage, pointing in the opposite direction, and the wardens promptly departed. When uncle and niece stood alone on the common, the former said musingly—'Quite sure he went that way, Zebra? The cottage would have been handier, I should have thought, for Mercedes Calzados's nephew.' 'Uncle Serge! How did you—?' 'How did I recognise him? Well, partly by his likeness to his father—whom I remember with good reason—and partly by his apparel. I confess it was the sight of your frock covering long-striding legs, evidently masculine in action, and the sight of a hat resembling the one you had gone out in, covering a very closely cropped head, that drew my attention to him. He was mounting the steps by the churchyard, and I waited at the top to let him pass me, which he appeared reluctant to do, until your mother, with whom I had been having a little chat concerning Emilio, exclaimed, in mingled fear and relief—' 'Jose! Rash boy! What folly is this?' 'The young wolf in sheep's clothing looked askant at me but made no reply. Whereupon I informed him that I recognized his borrowed plumes as being the lawful property of my niece, and demanded to know what he had done with yourself. Mercedes gave him a hint that he might venture on the truth, and so I learnt his story, also where to look for you. Truly, the Beaudeserts of this generation have much to be thankful for. The present Earl of Darkhaven had for grandfather a sea robber—a man on a par with a clever burglar, who is not above using violence on occasion; and for first cousin he has the burglar himself, a man convicted of robbery with violence. There is one thing, the Calzados have plenty of brains. Even as the father escaped the due of justice over a dozen years ago, so now the son has contrived to effect his release from a convict prison after only a few weeks' residence there.'

'You will let him go, Uncle Serge?' 'Yes. He will probably remain with his aunt until he sees an opportunity of joining some of his seafaring brethren, who are cruising about the coast just now, seeking whom he may devour.' 'You are very good, Uncle Serge.' 'We entered into a compact this afternoon, my dear Zebra. This is my first move in what promises to be an interesting game. Don't forget that you owe me a good turn when the time comes. Here is Mrs. Hanlan with a dust cloak, which will serve to cover your inartistic garments, and a hat to cover your very beautiful hair. You need not be afraid to trust Mrs. Hanlan; she knows Jose Calzados's story, and your share in it. 'It strikes me she knows everything,' said Zebra. Mona surveyed her with an amused and appreciative smile. 'You would make a capital boy if you would part with your hair,' she said. 'Rather a novel idea for a fancy dress!' 'Precisely my own opinion,' returned Zebra, coolly. 'Thank you, Mrs. Hanlan, for coming to my rescue with wrap. I am getting awfully hungry, and I shall be glad to get back and put on something cooler; these things are too warm for anything.' As far as Beaudesert and Mona knew the Jose Calzados incident had ended when Zebra appeared at dinner in a more than usually elaborate get-up, as though to mark the contrast between the immediate present and the immediate past in the matter of appearance. But the cousins found opportunities of meeting, and of exchanging vows of love and fidelity, which led to an occurrence undreamed of by anyone. Nearly a month had passed since Mona Hanlan took up her abode at Darkhaven. She was conscious of being keenly watched by the woman who lived her solitary life in the cottage above the old churchyard; though Mercedes, Countess of Darkhaven—for such she is in very truth, though she neither claimed the title, nor was it ever given to her—took care not to cross her path willingly. Beaudesert watched her, too, every bit as keenly, and more openly. Mona felt his constant guardianship, but neither of them made any reference to it. No further news had come from Tony, and his young wife was preparing herself for one of two things, either of which must come as a shock. One was that she would hear of his death; the other, that he would appear suddenly one day to claim her. The suspense was beginning to tell on her; she was losing her pretty color, and growing thinner. Beaudesert saw the change; but though his heart ached for her evident anxiety, he dare not trust himself to speak of it. In return for the close watching to which she felt herself subjected to by Emilio's mother, Mona stood guard at her bedroom window night after night, on the lookout for the occasional nocturnal interviews between Mercedes and her son. The reason for them remained as great

Seal Brand Coffee (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) Every bean effuses fragrant Coffee of absolute purity. It is largely imitated. Examine your purchase closely. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

after all,' she said demurely. 'He is so careless. He spent the night at the cottage, you know—he told me he should—and he must have forgotten to lock the gates behind him.' Something that was not a blessing came through Beaudesert's clenched teeth. For a moment he stood irresolute, visibly chafing at his impotence, and plainly giving no thought to his niece's interrupted elopement. Inwardly congratulating herself on this fact, Zebra ventured on a suggestion. 'The Santa Eulalia may be still in the bay, waiting for a chance to put Mrs. Hanlan ashore.' 'That was enough for Beaudesert. He made for the stairs leading to the observatory, where an excellent telescope was kept. A single glance sufficed to show him the all-too-familiar evil-looking vessel drifting with the tide down Channel; no smoke came from the funnel, so she was evidently awaiting somebody or something. Beaudesert's yacht, White Witch, was in the little harbour, ready to put out to sea at any moment; there were few days in the week when Beaudesert did not cruise about for an hour or so. Laughing softly, Zebra returned to the breakfast-room and told her grandmother that Uncle Serge had gone out to look for Mrs. Hanlan. The countess sat with her back to the window; but Zebra saw the yacht leave the harbour. Beaudesert had, himself, taken the helm. He steered straight for the Santa Eulalia, and rejoiced as much as he wondered, when she made no attempt to get away. But suddenly his heart gave a throb, and then seemed to stop beating. The possibility of Mona not being on board the Santa Eulalia had occurred to him. What if she should be needing him on land somewhere? What if he were only wasting time in seeking her on the seas? The evident indifference of the Calzados and their crew to his approach almost decided him to return to the harbor. But just then something happened that made him more than ever desirous of steaming ahead. A boat, with two persons in it, put out from the schooner, and Beaudesert's heart gave another wild throb as he saw that one of these was a woman, and that she was waving her handkerchief towards the yacht. The White Witch slowed down to allow of the boat coming alongside. Its occupants were soon recognizable as Mona and Jose Calzados. An eager, anxious expression mingled with the thankfulness in Beaudesert's face as his eyes met those of the woman he loved so madly and so hopelessly. She smiled reassuringly as she called up to him—'Did you think I had eloped, Mr. Beaudesert? Please believe that it was a mistake.' 'I know it was,' he answered. 'It was my niece whom Senor Calzados does us the honor of wishing to carry off.' 'He means to have her too,' declared Jose, with a flash of his black eyes. 'Now Mrs. Hanlan, I will wish you good morning, with many thanks for your charming company. You will remember your promise?' 'Yes; also its proviso,' replied Mona, giving him her hand in farewell. Raising his voice he said to Beaudesert—'I thought it as well to come and meet you before you get within firing distance of our little craft. Our guns are small and do not carry far, but our crew are rather given to practice without waiting for permission.'

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Aunt Wood. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below. Very small and as easy to take as sugar. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

districts of Werchojansk, Kolymsk and Yakutsk, the most northern parts of Siberia inhabited by the white race. It is winter in these districts for nine months in the year, and we have little idea of the severity of this long winter season and the misery it brings upon the poverty-stricken Russian peasants and the Yakuts. In the district of Werchojansk is situated the pole of greatest cold in the northern hemisphere; in other words, the records of extreme cold show a little lower temperature than has ever been observed by Arctic explorers. And yet in the brief summer season the Russians and Yakuts ripen a few vegetables and cut a little hay for the miserable cattle that are kept in that far away land. The mini-grocery is not important, and about the only interest that keeps white men there is the collecting of skins and furs and the trade with the natives who live nearer the Arctic ocean and exchange a good many skins for European commodities. The poor white residents and Yakuts also engage in fishing. In the best of years they earn but a scanty subsistence; but their misery is great indeed when their meagre crops fail. Then starvation stares them in the face. At such times the Yakuts often beg from door to door in the little towns or take to robbery. At such times also the father of the family will sell his children to the Russian peasants, his nearest white neighbors, if he has any to sell. The price is a mere pittance, varying between \$2 and \$25. The well-to-do Russians of the official or merchant class are the final purchasers of the children. They pay the middlemen who buy the children from the Yakut families about one-third more than the Yakuts receive for them. The children are purchased to be servants. Such sales are against the law and are made secretly. When the children reach their majority they are free. They can no longer behold in restraint; nevertheless, they are slaves in their younger years. It is not to be wondered that the Yakut population hate the whites who dominate over them. They know that most of the white population are conaicts sent out of their country for their country's good; and they see in the better class of Russian's only slave-holding officials and merchants.