

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

vain; not a trace could they find.  
'What is your theory on the subject, Emmie?' enquired Vere, who rather believed in what he called 'women's intuition.'

'I think,' she replied, 'that he made tracks for his own country, whichever that was—Italy, I suppose.'

'I always thought there was more of the Eastern than the Italian about him,' said Vere. 'Those cold, cruel eyes, that subtle look—'

'Don't talk of him!' cried Emma. 'It has been a lesson to me I will never again so long as I live take up anyone without knowing all and everything about them.'

'Rather a large order, dear, isn't it? But a wise resolution, all the same.'

'I can never forgive myself for spoiling your life, Vere,' said Emma remorsefully. 'Well, I have forgiven you, it, indeed, there was anything to forgive,' returned her cousin.

'How did old Mr. Durer take it?' Vere asked after a pause.

'It killed him; it did indeed. We were all surprised, because none of us thought he cared so much about poor Magda. He died six months after.'

'And all this was the work of one scoundrel!'

'We are going to Lady Vivian's party tonight,' said Emma presently. 'You will come with us, won't you. I want to introduce my soldier cousin to her ladyship, and you will meet your old friends, Jack Leslie and his wife too.'

'Leslie's wife! The pretty little widow Mrs. Norton, I suppose.'

'Yes, they made a match of it after all, and are devoted to each other. She still flirts, of course.'

'She would do that with the undertaker who came to measure her for her coffin, I verily believe,' answered Vere, smiling. 'Yes, Emmie, I will go with you.'

By 10.30 that night Lady Vivian's rooms were crowded.

Conversation, music, and light refreshment commenced the evening, and people began to ask each other what was the meaning of the announcement which took up one whole page of the daily programme each guest was provided with.

'Signor Cararini and the wonderful clairvoyante, Signora Madeline.'

Lady Vivian flitted up to Lady Emma Trelawney, who, with her cousin, had taken up her position near the door.

'Am I not fortunate?' she said, 'to have secured Signor Cararini for tonight? Positively his first appearance in London.'

'Who is he, and what does he do?' enquired Vere Tempest languidly.

'What does he not do?' for, rather, the girl—the clairvoyante. She is marvellous, I am told. We are all going to adjourn to the picture gallery. Do get a good seat. So many—Ah! there is the Duchess of Sumpton—ta ta, and her ladyship floated towards a mountain of flesh blazing with diamonds.

'We may as well go, I suppose?' said Tempest, yawning.

'Go? Of course we'll go,' replied Emma. 'Give me your arm, you lazy boy.'

When they reached the gallery they found it already nearly filled, so were obliged to content themselves with seats some way down the room.

'After all, we shall see better here,' remarked contented Emma, who was looking her prettiest to night in pale blue satin and pearls.

'If there's anything to see—' began Vere but the words died on his lips.

Signor Cararini was upon the stage, and was bowing low to the aristocratic audience.

Emma felt her arm gripped as though by iron.

'Good Heavens!' she exclaimed.

The man before them was Adrian Crawford.

The same slow subtle smile, the old inscrutable expression, the same half foreign grace of bearing, the man himself.

'Hush! not a word. Do not speak,' whispered Vere hoarsely. 'Watch, listen!'

What were they about to see, to hear?

The signor was speaking in the clear vibrating tones both knew so well.

He was introducing to the notice of the company the wonderful clairvoyante, Signora Madeline, who had by her marvellous gift taken half the capitals of Europe by storm.

With a quick movement he swept aside the heavy velvet curtains which draped the back of the stage.

In the centre stood the clairvoyante—a tall, slender figure in classic garments.

One white hand was raised to her eyes, as though to shut out the glare of the electric light; the other was outstretched to wards the audience.

Vere Tempest sat as though turned to stone, unheeding the excited whisperings of his companion, for on the stage before him stood the woman he loved with an abiding love—the woman whom all, save himself, had mourned as dead—Magda!

Alive—but how changed!

His heart beat to suffocation with mingled emotions.

A great and terrible fury rose within him against the man who had made her this.

He rose from his seat, vengeance in his eyes.

Emma, divining his intention, stayed him.

'Remember where we are,' she implored. 'Remember Lady Vivian.'

He sat down mechanically; the performance began.

It was certainly very wonderful.

After the usual tests of thought reading by the clairvoyante, Signor Cararini, making a few rapid passes with his hand before the lovely face, proceeded to throw his medium into a trance.

'Tell us what you see,' he commanded.

'I see,' began the sweet, monotonous voice, 'a troubled lake, upon the surface of which are lumps of ice. I see a woman—young, despairing—'

She got no further.

A strange light broke over the beautiful face, like one awaking from a long sleep.

She trembled violently.

The mesmerist was quickly at her side.

Taking her hand, he led her behind the curtains, returning almost immediately to the front of the stage.

'There is some disturbing element present,' he said. 'The medium is troubled by it. She will be well presently. The trance is not yet deep enough.'

'By Heaven!' exclaimed Vere, in Lady Emma's ear, 'it shall be no deeper. Villain that he is, his day is over!' and, before she could check him, he had left her side.

Outside the picture gallery Tempest came in contact with a young footman, who was doing his utmost to peer into the long room.

'Will you direct me to the back of the stage he said.'

'It's private to-night, sir; I mustn't,' replied the man.

'See!'—and Vere produced a five pound note—'this is yours if you will take me round. I will tell no one who directed me. They will think I found my way myself.'

The note changed hands, and in another minute Captain Tempest found himself outside a door over which fell a heavy curtain.

'I'm afraid you'll find it locked, sir,' whispered the man.

It was true. Vere turned the handle; it resisted his efforts.

He could hear Signor Cararini's clear tones.

He was going through some feats of Indian jugglery whilst his medium was resting.

'Bring me a chisel, and you shall have another sovereign,' said Vere to his ally. James flew to do his bidding.

The lock, which was a slight one, gave way beneath the wrench and twist of Tempest's powerful wrist.

The door flew open.

Vere found himself in a small room, one door of which opened on to the stage.

It was closed.

Quick as thought he turned the key.

He was alone with Magda.

She rose, like some priestess of old, in her white flowing draperies a wild new light in her beautiful eyes.

Fear and hope seemed to be struggling for the mastery.

She was in no trance now.

The material presence of her lover had broken the spell.

Vere held out his arms.

With a stifled cry she sprang towards him, and was clasped to his wildly throbbing heart.

He bore her from the room, and five minutes later was driving rapidly through the lighted streets in Lady Emma Trelawney's brougham, Magda still held tightly in his arms.

A scribbled note had been handed to Lady Emma by James.

'I am taking Magda home in your brougham,' it ran. 'Follow as soon as you can. There need be no scandal.'

'We shall have to take a hansom,' said her ladyship to Sir George, with a comic look; 'and the sooner we are out of this the better. When that villain finds that he has been balked—well, then—'

An expressive shrug completed the sentence.

They left the gallery quietly, no one noticing their departure, so taken up were they with the wonderful feats of the Signor.

Beneath the fostering care of her old friend, Magdalen Durer rapidly recovered her mental tone, but for some weeks she was in no condition to be questioned.

At times her abject terror was pitiable. Emma deemed it advisable that Vere should be banished.

'You do not know what has happened. She may be as lost to you as though you had never found her,' she said meaningly. Vere groaned in spirit and waited.

But the day came when, lying on a sofa in Emma's boudoir, she told her story to her sympathizing friend.

'You owe your recovery to Vere,' said Emma firmly.

'He will care for me no longer when he hears my story,' sighed the girl, the tears standing in her eyes.

'Let him be a judge of that,' replied her friend, who was nevertheless terribly shocked, but set herself to work to extract the history of the past two years.

Magda's story was briefly thus—

Some years previously the man Crawford whose real name was Cararini, was engaged to teach Italian at Madame Dupont's. Emma had left the school at this time.

From the moment his eyes lighted on Magda he saw in her an instrument suited to his purpose.

In addition to this he fell violently in love with the beautiful dreamy girl.

So great was the ascendancy he obtained over her that, even out of his presence, he could 'will' her to do most things he chose.

Chance threw him in Lady Emma's way. He obtained an invitation to Trelawney Court, and determined to use his influence to persuade Magda to fly with him.

Her engagement to Tempest somewhat upset his influence to persuade Magda to fly with him.

He was successful, and Magda consented to join him in London.

'But—the lake!' said Emma, at this point of the narrative.

'Yes; I threw myself into the lake,' replied the girl. 'I felt that death was preferable to the life I should have to lead with him.'

'How were you saved?'

'He—Cararini—had a presentiment of what I should do, and returned just in time to save me. He wrapped me in a long cloak of his own, and took me up to town.'

'And then?'

Emma could not keep the anxiety out of her voice.

'He took me to a lodging in Soho. His mother was there—a vulgar, dirty old woman.'

Magda shuddered at the remembrance. You are not—not his wife?'

Emma could contain herself no longer.

'His wife!' echoed Magda. 'Why, he has one. I do not think he expected her to turn up, though; he had left her for some years. Oh! Emmie! you cannot realize the relief it was to me to find he was married; that put my worst dread away, and Madame Cararini was not bad to me. They used to have fearful scenes. She wouldn't let him out of her sight a moment. She was terribly jealous; but, strangely enough never of me. She used to pity me. 'You are but the instrument of Jules,' she would say. 'He does not care for a white-faced doll like you.' I made heaps of money for them—always abroad. They had some reason for keeping out of England.'

'A reason not far to seek,' put in Emma. 'Do you know that he is "wanted" on a charge of forgery? That scene at Lady Vivian's—for which, by the way, she never will forgive me—put the police on his track. It seems there was a detective in the house looking after a diamond brooch Constance Vivian had lost, and he spotted his man; but Crawford, or Cararini, or whatever his name is, got clean away. The "spooks" helped him, I suppose!' ended Lady Emma, who was in high spirits at finding matters even as they were.

'Do not laugh at such matters, dear Emmie,' besought Magda earnestly. 'You don't know the strange things I have seen and heard.'

'And which I won't listen to!' cried her friend, laughing. 'You shall tell them to Vere—he will hear you; but he will stop your mouth.'

'No. Oh! no.'

'With kisses!' concluded unsympathizing Emma.

Lady Emma Trelawney evidently knew her man.

Vere literally stopped Magda's mouth in the manner alluded to, but not till he had heard the whole strange story of the years when she had been dead to him.

'Thank Heaven that I am no longer under a spell!' exclaimed the girl, as, lying in her lover's arms, their lips met in a long passionate kiss of love.

'Not under a spell, my dearest? Indeed you are; but it is the spell of love—the most wonderful of all spells.'

And Magdalen Durer was content to remain under that sweet spell for all time.

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Raising Lions in Dublin.

The Zoological Garden in Dublin has a remarkable specialty, namely, the raising of lions for the trade. More than 200 lions have been raised in the Irish capital city since the first experiments were made, more than 20 years ago. Singularly, the race to which these lions belong has disappeared from its original home in Natal, South Africa, while it has been perpetuated under artificial conditions in the atmosphere of Ireland. The Zoological Society of Ireland contemplates an extension of its business of lion raising, and recently it has added a male lion from Nubia to its stock, hitherto exclusively of Natal blood, and an attempt is being made to interbreed the two varieties.

Long Lived Birds.

It used to be believed that ravens lived longer than any other species of birds, and it was said that their age frequently exceeded a century. Recent studies of the subject indicate that no authentic instance of a raven surpassing 70 years of age is on

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record. But parrots have been known to live 100 years. One lost its memory at 60 and its sight at 90. There is a record of a golden eagle which died at Schoenbrunn at the age of 118. Another golden eagle was kept in the tower of London for 90 years. A third died at Vienna aged 104 years. Geese and swans are tenacious of life, and extraordinary accounts exist of the great age that they have attained. Buffon and other authorities have credited them with 80 and 100 years of life.

HAVANA'S YELLOW FEVER NESTS  
Cleanliness a Certain Preventive of All Diseases, Says Dr. Doty.

'There is no reason in the world,' said Dr. Doty, 'why Havana should not be as free from yellow fever as New York. Let the streets be asphalted so that they can be flushed with water, and let the old sewers be swept away and a new system of outlet be put in. After this tear or burn down a few centres where the disease seems always to lurk, and we would hear no more of yellow fever in Havana.'

'Havana causes us more troubles and requires more vigilant watching than any other port from which vessels come to New York. And it is all unnecessary. They talk about the yellow fever belt, or the fever zone. They might as well say filth belt or filth zone. Find me a place where yellow fever thrives and I'll find you a place full of filth. Exterminate the filth and you exterminate the yellow fever. And it is the same with bubonic plague and typhus as it is with yellow fever. All have their source and thrive in filth. I know from my own observation of several houses in Havana that should come down. Boarding houses of some sort they were. Every year the fever breeds in them and spreads from them. They should be wiped out of existence, and the places on which they stand should be cleaned and disinfected.'

'Havana will always be a menace to the health of this country until it is swept clear of its filth and made clean and wholesome. There is not so much reason for their having yellow fever there by a good deal as there is in New Orleans. A great part of New Orleans is below the level of the river. They have problems of drainage there that are unknown in Havana.'

'It is a serious thing to have a threat of a disease like yellow fever always hanging about the southern part of our country—such a threat as we constantly have with Havana still only partly cleansed. And it is not merely the illness and death that are serious. It is the great financial loss. Let one case of yellow fever be reported in the South and I venture to say it would mean \$1,000,000 lost. One place would quarantine against another and so on until with anything approaching a fairly scattered outbreak of the disease there would be something like a general paralysis of business, meaning incalculable loss. The loss, furthermore, would be wholly disproportionate to the actual danger and to the actual ravages of the disease. It is fear that actuates men in such cases—fear in many instances of the unknown. That is particularly the case with this matter of the bubonic plague.'

The bubonic comes with an awful name. It comes with the record of its appalling ravages in Asia, where conditions exist for its development and spread that never could exist here. Then there are the awful stories of the ravages of the disease, the black plague, as it was called, in London in the time of Charles II., which Pepys and DeFoe have immortalized. People forget that the conditions that existed in London then are as different from what exist there and here at the present time as day is from night. They do not think of this or do not appreciate it in its full force. They only stop to consider that it is the same disease, the same awful bring out your dead plague and they become alarmed. The plague is not by a good deal so dangerous as the typhus, yet the typhus has not been painted in such black colors, and there might be a number of cases held up here on a ship at

Quarantine and people would not begin to be so much alarmed as they would be by one case of bubonic. As a matter of fact there is absolutely no possibility of either the bubonic or the typhus getting a foothold here. The conditions of cleanliness and the state of development in sanitary science do not permit it. Yet there is always the danger of commercial loss in the South from fear of yellow fever. And this last is a danger that will exist until Havana is cleansed.'

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From Judge's Dictionary.

Autobiographer—One who strives to make a hero of himself with becoming modesty.

Annotator—A false friend; a person who confuses the text and who is not a believer in the proverb, Let bad enough alone.

Memoirs—Reminiscences of great men written by little men to show on what familiar terms they were with the objects of their worship.

Literary syndicate—An institution which employs young men to re-write the current encyclopedias.

Critic—A literary pope gifted with infallibility; an individual who seems to take a negative enjoyment out of life by pulling down what others have built, and who seldom commits himself to the jeopardy of any positive performance. Also a sort of safety valve or withholding force preventing an over production of genius.

Mohawkit, a New Ore.

In the copper district near Houghton, Michigan, a new ore of nickel, to which the name Mohawkit is given, has been discovered. It contains arsenide of copper and arsenide of nickel, and its composition is such that it is said to promise well as an alloy of copper and nickel, for which a demand already exists in the arts.

A Misunderstanding.

Ting Tong—'Wantee check P' McGue (the contractor)—'Wantee check! Yez paynut eyed haythin! d'yez tink O'd be after drawin' me check ter th' price av wan shir-rt?'

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