

ALL FOR GOLD.

(Continued.)

"Mr. Ellis! Is it Mr. Ellis, the stockbroker, to whom I am indebted for this kindness?" asked the lady.

"Yes, madam, my master has his offices in Coleman Street, and is a member of the House. He was just returning from Paris when he was fortunate enough to render you this little assistance."

For a while the two chatted together and then, as the housekeeper was preparing to leave the room, the lady said:

"Is your master still in the house?"

"Yes, madam."

"Would you kindly tell him that I would like to speak to him?"

"Certainly, madam."

A few minutes later on Ellis entered the room and was greeted with these words:

"Mr. Ellis, I feel quite myself now and wish to thank you before leaving for the great kindness that you have shown me."

Don't mention it, madam. Pray, don't mention it. And he gazed on the fair face before him, lost in admiration.

"My father, Lord Oxendale, will, I am sure, wish to thank you in person and will call."

"Lord Oxendale! Then it is Miss Spencer who has honoured me?"

"Yes, that is my name."

"I am indeed fortunate. I have had the pleasure of meeting your father several times in business."

And thus commenced an acquaintance which had a serious bearing on the events hereafter to be recorded.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Man Balbi.

Some weeks later the mail steamer Milesia had ploughed its way across the Atlantic, round Cape Horn, and up the Pacific, until, at the port of Mollendo on the arid, rainless coast of Peru, where it had landed two passengers, Guelfo and his satellite, Ellis.

The voyage had been uneventful, and as the stockbroker had acquired his sea legs and was able to appear on deck, many had been the consultations and discussions held by the two.

Before they had embarked Ellis had met Pauline several times, and the fascination she had exercised over him that afternoon at his house in Sussex Place had steadily grown.

Lord Oxendale had called upon him, and had insisted on his dining at Mount Street, and making the acquaintance of Lady Oxendale. This first visit had been followed by one or two calls, in which Ellis had been able to impress her ladyship greatly in his favor. There was no doubt about it, Ellis was a man who shone in society. He was a gentleman, well read and with a cultured mind, knowing how to display his knowledge to the greatest advantage.

But with Pauline it was different. She merely regarded him as a man who had rendered her a service and to whom it entailed her being civil. Moreover, she knew that Ellis had thought it was only for a few hours, been associated with the man to whom she had given her love in a matter which she regarded as the cause of his death. Indeed, in her eyes, there was a cloud of suspicion hanging over Ellis. She felt that she might be most unfair in thus viewing the matter, but, nevertheless, she could not shake off the curious feeling, and never once, when in his company, did she refer to her dead lover to see any information as to what had taken place between the two men.

Nor was Ellis himself at ease. He admired Lord Oxendale's daughter immensely, and recognized that this admiration was rapidly giving place to a stronger feeling. But at the same time, he felt what a mean, despicable traitor he was.

He would have given much if he had never met Vipan, and more if he had never entered into the fatal compact with Guelfo, which was daily pressing more heavily upon his soul. A great fight was going on within him—a fight between honor and dishonor—and he was miserable. Money with him came first, and Guelfo was his stream of Pactolus. It was this man who brought him his wealth; without him Ellis would be poor, and he could not afford to break with him. He had entered into a compact which he must go through with, weakly comforting himself with the thought that something might occur which would enable him to cast off the bonds which had, in the light of love, commenced to gall him so bitterly.

And so the two, one a hardened, cold villain, the other a weak coward with some grains of a better nature lying dormant within him, set sail on their search for the riches to which they had no vestige of right.

During the voyage they had carefully arranged their plans, or rather, Guelfo had laid them down and Ellis had fallen in with them. Removed from the influence of Pauline, he had given himself over more fully to his tempter, and was now determined to carry the thing through without hesitation.

At Mollendo, on making enquiries for Balbi at 4 Strada Regia, the address upon the letter, they were informed that he had left there some time for Cuzco, in the centre of the country, where his letters were forwarded to the Hotel Pizarro, and where further information regarding him could doubtless be obtained.

"There! What do you think of that, Ellis?" exclaimed Guelfo, in a tone of disgust. "I suppose we are going to have a game of follow your leader all over that infernal, dried up country."

"Well, you didn't suppose that you were going to drop on him all in a second, as though he had an office in Old Bond Street, did you?" replied Ellis, laughing. "We've come a considerable number of thousands of miles and a few hundreds further won't matter much; so let's make our way up to Cuzco as fast as we can. They have got a railroad there; that

is something to be thankful for."

"You're keener on the game than you were! Ellis, I notice," said Guelfo.

"Well, we're getting close up now, and that might be the reason."

On the following day the two men were in the cars crossing the twenty miles or so of sandy waste that lies between the sea and the western foot of the Andes—that strip of land on which rain never falls, from June to November, is watered every morning by the gale, or thick, damp fog; and thence up the steep ascent to Arequipa and from there through the marvellous passes and canons of the giant Andes, where the line seems to bend on the sides of the precipitous more like the threads of the spider's web than anything else, until the glorious lake of Titicaca, bosomed in a giant hollow, fringed on all sides by lofty, snow capped mountains, was reached.

Here, at the City of Puno, a pause of some hours was made, and then a further ascent was commenced, past Pucara and Santa Rosa into the defiles and gorges of the Vilcanota Mountains, until, at length, after long hours of snake like progression, they emerged on the high tableland of Cuzco and noticed that that rivers were now flowing in a contrary direction to those they had passed earlier in the day. Though this district is described as tableland, yet in its appearance it gives anything but that idea to the traveller, for the surface is very uneven, being traversed by several ridges of hills, and the city of Cuzco itself nestles at the foot of the lofty hill of Sacsaguanman.

But at this time the physical appearance of the country had little interest for Guelfo and Ellis, and when, at last, weary and travel stained, they drove from the Cuzco railway station to the Hotel Pizarro, they positively loathed mountain scenery and were inspired with a longing for their first enquiry was for Balbi.

They heard that he was staying at the hotel, though, at the moment, was away at a village a few miles distant but was expected back the following day.

"Come, that's better!" exclaimed Guelfo. "It really looks as though we had run him to earth at last."

"Yes, I don't think that we can be far from him now, and I'm glad not to have met him today. One must be a little off colour after such dazzling heat and a tiring journey like we had. A good night's rest and I shall be double the man that I feel at present."

(To be continued.)

AN OCEAN ENIGMA.

Mystery of the Fate of the Crew of the Ship Marie Celeste.

Undoubtedly the most extraordinary of all the mysteries of the sea is the fate of the crew of the ship Marie Celeste, a more fantastic creation apparently than novelist ever wrote. She left New York in 1887 for Europe, her personnel being thirteen, including the captain's wife and child. Two weeks later a British bark sighted her in the Atlantic. There was no sign of life on board. A boat was sent to her, and a most exhaustive search proved her to be as silent as the tomb, as deserted as a pesthouse. Everything was in its place, even the boats at the davits. The hull was undamaged, the cargo untouched. Rigging and spars were intact; the sails were all set. The crew's weekly wash hung above the forecastle; an awning covered the poop. Binnacle and wheel and rudder were complete. The sailors' kits and dinners were seen in the forecastle. In the cabin was a sewing machine, with a child's garment under the needle, and on the table a half eaten meal. The chronometer ticked undisturbed in the chartroom; the cash box was unopened. The logbook, posted to within forty-eight hours of the visit, showed the passage to have been favorable; the ship's appearance proved there had been no storm. Evidence of a struggle or piracy or murder there were none. Yet thirteen people had disappeared as if spirited away by some supernatural agency, and from that day to this the mystery has never been unraveled, though the United States government spared no effort to solve it.—P. T. McGrath in McClure's Magazine.

AN EMPEROR'S FURY.

Paul of Russia's Order to His Regiment of Horse Guards.

On one occasion during a parade of his horse guards the Emperor Paul of Russia was extremely dissatisfied with the manner in which the troops performed their evolutions. At length, after a more than ordinarily stupid blunder on the part of the troops, the czar could stand it no longer, and he determined to preside over the drill in person. The troops were well aware that the czar's temper was on the verge of bubbling over, and the knowledge so unnerved them that things went from bad to worse until at last a blunder supervened—a blunder in which officers and men shared alike—which proved the climax.

Galloping up to the disorganized lines and reining up his charger at their head, livid with fury which he no longer attempted to suppress, Paul gave vent to the following original and effective speech: "Officers and troopers of the Imperial horse guards, right about face! Quick—march—to Siberia!"

The entire regiment, with unbroken composure and dignity, wheeled to the right and started off then and there upon their terrible march into exile. By the time they had arrived at a point lying some few days' march from the capital, the czar's temper having cooled down, swift couriers were dispatched after the exiled guards with news of the imperial clemency, and the troops were allowed to return.

JOYS OF MATERNITY

A WOMAN'S BEST HOPES REALIZED

Mrs. Potts Tells How Women Should Prepare for Motherhood

The darkest days of husband and wife are when they come to look forward to childless and lonely old age. Many a wife has found herself incapable of motherhood owing to a displacement of the womb or lack of strength in the generative organs.



Mrs. Anna Potts

Frequent backache and distressing pains, accompanied by offensive discharges and generally by irregular and scanty menstruation indicate a displacement or nerve degeneration of the womb and surrounding organs.

The question that troubles women is how can a woman who has some female trouble bear healthy children?

Mrs. Anna Potts, of 510 Park Avenue, Hot Springs, Ark., writes:

"My dear Mrs. Pinkham:—During the early part of my married life I was delicate in health; both my husband and I were very anxious for a child to bless our home, but I had two miscarriages, and could not carry a child to maturity. A neighbor who had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advised me to try it. I did so and soon felt that I was growing stronger, my headaches and backaches left me, I had no more bearing-down pains, and felt like a new woman. Within a year I became the mother of a strong, healthy child, the joy of our home. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is certainly a splendid remedy, and I wish every woman who wants to become a mother would try it."

Actual sterility in woman is very rare. If any woman thinks she is sterile, let her try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free to expectant or would-be mothers.

The Triumphant Spider. A little garter snake about five inches long went to sleep in a wheelwright shop, and a big black spider spun a web around the reptile. When the little snake awoke it was literally in the toils and began to struggle. It finally managed to free its body, but not its head. Meanwhile the spider was industriously spinning fresh threads, stopping occasionally to give the snake a bite. Then the real fight commenced and lasted for an hour. The snake could not get away, but it tried its best to bite the spider, without avail. Weakened by its futile efforts and the successive stings of the insect, it gradually ceased to struggle and finally died. Then the spider, presumably triumphant, disappeared under the wall.

Good Horse, Good Rider. Judging from the following story which Arthur J. Smythe tells in his biography of William Terriss, it is evident that the practice of betting on horse races was among the great dislikes of the popular actor.

When any one asked him what horse he was going to back he would say: "I'm going to back a little filly I've often backed before. I've never won anything on it; yet, strange to say, I've never lost a penny."

"Oh, whatever horse is that?" might have been the inquiry.

"A little filly called Common Sense, ridden by Tommy Let It Alone," was the invariable answer.—London Telegraph.

Blanket Policy. Pausing uncertainly before a desk in the big insurance office, the Hibernian visitor said to the clerk, "O! want to tek out a pawley?"

"Life, fire or marine?" drawled the dapper clerk, with infinite sarcasm.

"All three, O'm thinkin'," retorted the applicant. "O'm goin' fer a stoker in th' navy."

Permanent Ideals. To live in the presence of great truths and eternal laws, to be led by permanent ideals—that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him and calm and unspooled when the world praises him.

A Surprise In Store. Sweet Innocence—Papa says that you can't afford to marry. Guileful Youth—Oh, how absurd! Why, it only costs a few dollars! Sweet Innocence—Is that so? How foolish papa is! I'll tell him.

Little Brains. Biggs—To think that a man should put an enemy in his mouth to steal a man's brains! Griggs—Yes, and think what a hunt it must be for the enemy sometimes!

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, Sept. 17th, 1905 trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE FREDERICTON

No. 303 Mixed for Chatham and Loggieville	6.00
No. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville	12.25
No. 317 Suburban for Marysville	6.15
No. 319 Suburban for Marysville	10.00
No. 321 Suburban for Marysville	11.15
No. 323 Suburban for Marysville	15.00
No. 325 Suburban for Marysville	17.10
No. 327 Suburban for Marysville	18.25
No. 329 Suburban for Marysville	21.00

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

No. 302 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville	12.05
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham Junction, Chatham and Loggieville	16.30
No. 318 Suburban from Marysville	8.15
No. 320 Suburban from Marysville	11.00
No. 322 Suburban from Marysville	13.25
No. 324 Suburban from Marysville	17.00
No. 326 Suburban from Marysville	18.20
No. 328 Suburban from Marysville	19.15

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Twenty-four hour notation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight.

SPECIAL NOTICE. THE LAST RUN OF OCEAN LIMITED (SEASON 1905)

No. 200 from Montreal, Friday, Sept. 15
No. 99 from Halifax, Saturday, Sept. 16

Moncton, N. B., Sept. 16th, 1905

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