

A MYSTERY OF THE NEVA.

A STORY OF RUSSIAN INTRIGUE.

(Continued.)

"In Russia! Ah! signore, for her sake, don't allow the young lady to remain there. The Baron is all-powerful. He does what he wishes in Russia, and the more noxious he is to the people he governs the greater rewards he receives from the Czar. I have never been in Russia, but surely it must be a strange country, signore!"

"Well," I said, sitting upon the edge of the bed and looking at him, "are you prepared to denounce them if I bring the Signorina Heath here to England?"

"But what is the use, if we have no clear proof?" was his evasive reply. I could see plainly that he feared being himself implicated in some extraordinary plot, the exact nature of which he so steadfastly refused to reveal to me.

We talked on for fully half an hour and from his conversation I gathered that he was well acquainted with Elma.

"Ah! signore. She was such a pleasant and kind hearted young lady. I always felt very sorry for her. She was in deadly fear of them."

"Because they were thieves?" I hazarded.

"Ah! worse."

"But why did they induce you to go to that house in Lambeth—why did they so evidently desire that I should be killed?"

"By accident," he interrupted, correcting me. "Always by accident," and he smiled grimly.

"Surely you know their secret motive?" I remarked.

"At that time I did not," he declared. "I acted on their instruction being compelled to for they held my future in their hands. Therefore, I could not disobey. You knew too much, therefore you were marked down for death—just as you are now."

"And who is it who is now seeking my life?" I inquired, gravely. "I only returned from Russia yesterday."

"Your movements are well known," answered the young Italian. "You cannot be too careful. Woodroffe has been in Russia with you, has he not?"

I replied in the affirmative, whereupon he said:

"I thought so, but was not quite sure."

"And Chater?" I inquired; "where is he?"

"In London."

"And the Leithcourts?"

He shrugged his shoulders with a gesture of ignorance, adding: "The Signorina Muriel returned to London from Eastbourne this morning."

"Where can I find her?" I inquired eagerly. "It is of the utmost importance that I should see her."

"She is with a relation—a cousin, I think—at Bassett Road, Nkling Hill. The house is called 'Holmwood.'"

"You have seen her?"

"No. I heard she had returned."

"And her father is still in hiding from Chater?"

"He is still in hiding, but Chater is his best friend."

"That is curious," I remarked, recollecting the hurried departure from Rannoch. "They've made it up, I suppose?"

"They never quarrelled, to my knowledge."

"Then why did Leithcourt leave Scotland so hurriedly on Chater's arrival—you know all about the affair, of course?"

He nodded, saying with a grim smile, "Yes, I know. The party up there must have been a very interesting one. If the police could have made a raid on the place they would have found among the guests, certain persons long 'wanted.' But the arrival of Chater and the flight of Leithcourt had an ulterior object. Chater has never been Leithcourt's enemy."

"But I can't understand that," I said. "Why should Leithcourt have attacked Chater, rendered him unconscious and shut him up in the library?"

"Was it Leithcourt who did that?" he asked dubiously. "I think not. It was another of the guests who who was Chater's bitter enemy. But Philip Leithcourt took advantage of the fracas in order to make believe that he had fled because of Chater's arrival. Ah!" he added, "you haven't any idea of their ruses. They are amazing."

"So it seems," I said nevertheless only half convinced that the Italian was telling me the truth. If it was really, as he had said, that the arrival of Chater and the flight was merely a "blind," then the mystery was again deepened.

"Then who was the man who attacked Chater?" I asked.

"Only Chater himself knows. It was one of the guests, that is quite evident."

"And you say that the flight had been prearranged?" I remarked.

"Yes—with a distinct motive," he said. Then, after a pause, he added with a strange, earnest look in his dark eyes, "Pardona me, signor commendatore, if I presume to suggest something—will you not?"

"Certainly. What do you suggest?"

"That you should remain here in this hotel and not venture out."

"For fear of something unfortunate happening to me?" I laughed.

"In really not afraid, Olinto," I added. "You know I carry this, and I drew out my revolver from my hip-pocket."

"I know, signore," he said, anxiously. "But you might not be afforded an opportunity for using it. When they lay a trap they bait well."

"I know. They're a set of the most ingenious scoundrels in London, it is very evident. Yet I do not fear them in the least," I declared. "I must rescue the Signorina Heath."

"But signore, have a care for yourself," cried the Italian, laying a hand upon my arm. "You are a marked man. Ah! do I not know?" he exclaimed, breathlessly. "If you go out you may run right into—well the fatal accident."

"Never fear, Olinto," I said reassuringly. "I shall keep my eyes wide open. Here, in London, one's life is safer than anywhere else in the world, perhaps—certainly safer than in some places I could name in your own country—eh?" at which he grinned.

The next moment he was serious again, and said:

"I only warn the signore that if he goes out it is at his own peril."

"Then let it be so," I laughed, feeling self-confident that no one could lead me into any trap. I was neither a foreigner nor a country cousin. I knew London too well.

He was silent and shook his head; then, after telling me that he was still at the same restaurant in Westbourne Grove, he took his departure, warning me once more not to go forth.

Half an hour later, disregarding his words, I strode out into the Strand and again walked round to the "Union." The short November day had faded, the gas-lamps were lit, and the darkness of night was gradually creeping on.

Jack had not been to the club and I began now to grow thoroughly uneasy. He had parted from me at the corner of the Strand with only a few minutes' walk before him, and yet he had apparently disappeared.

My first impulse was to drive to Notting Hill to inquire of Muriel if she had news of him, but somehow the Italian's warning words made me wonder if he had met with foul play.

I suddenly recollected those two men who had passed by as we talked, and how the features of one had seemed strangely familiar.

Therefore I took a cab to the police station down at Whitehall and made inquiry of the inspector on duty in the big, bare office, with its glaring gas-jets in wire globes. He heard me to the end, then, turning back the book of "Occurrences" before him, glanced through the ruled entries.

"I should think this is the gentleman, sir," he said, and he read to me the entry as follows:

"P.C. 462A reports that at 2.7 a.m., while on duty outside the National Gallery, he heard a revolver shot followed by a man's cry. He ran to the corner of Suffolk street, where he found a gentleman lying upon the pavement suffering from a serious shot-wound in the chest and quite unconscious. He obtained the assistance of P.C.s 218A and 343A, and the gentleman, who was not identified, was taken to Charing Cross Hospital, where the house-surgeon expressed a doubt whether he could live. Neither P.C. recollects having noticed any suspicious-looking person in the vicinity.—John Percival, Inspector."

I waited for no more but rushed round to the hospital in the cab, and was, five minutes later, taken along the ward, where I identified poor Jack lying in a bed, white-faced and unconscious.

(To be continued.)

Curried Veal.

Veal is one of the meats especially adapted for curries. Here is an admirable recipe, recommended at the New England School of Cookery: A slice of veal half an inch thick, weighing a pound and a half, is cooked quickly in a frying pan without any butter. The surface should be quickly seared. Take out of the pan and cut in pieces about an inch and a half square. Make the curry sauce as follows: Fry two sliced onions in half a cupful of butter, take out the onions and add to the butter the meat, half a tablespoonful of curry powder and boiling water to cover. Cook slowly until the meat is tender. Thicken when done with flour stirred into cold water and season with salt, cayenne and a squeeze of lemon juice. Serve with a border of boiled rice. Always serve some kind of preserve, such as chutney or ginger, with curries.

A Successful Playwright.

When one realizes the difficulties of successful playwrighting and the fact that the number of women who have written for the stage can almost be counted upon the fingers of one hand the success achieved in this line by Mrs. Lottie Blair Parker is quite remarkable. Coming of a family largely imbued with Puritanical prejudices against the playhouse and all that pertains to it, Mrs. Parker's plays appeal strongly to persons of that type, as they deal with simple, natural subjects and people, depicting the wholesome and humorous aspects of life rather than its sophisticated side. "Way Down East" and "Under Southern Skies" are the best known, of Mrs. Parker's plays.—Pilgrim.

Carrying a Watch.

There is no prettier or safer method for carrying a watch than when it is securely set into a bracelet, which is usually made of bars of gold or silver interlaced diagonally, as are the iron bars of a street car gate. These bars can be opened wide or closed tightly so as to fit snugly about any wrist. Another way for carrying a watch is to have it set in a leather bracelet which buckles around the wrist.

Forgiveness is a woman's privilege, is it not? And to need it is a man's.—Beatrice Heron-Maxwell.

The Ohio River.

The Ohio river was so called from the Iroquois word Ohio, meaning beautiful. It appears on various early maps as the Albach, Cubach-O-o, Ochlo, Sabogungo, Causissepione, Kintono-cape, Ohupeekhanna, Ohni, Opeek, Alliwego-Sepe, Oheezuh, Hozio and Youghiogheny.

A Tartar.

Xantippe, the wife of Socrates, sometimes emptied buckets of slop from the windows on his head as he entered or left the house.

Horses, Cattle and Wolves.

Horses and cattle are believed to have an instinctive fear of wolves. On a recent afternoon the wolves in the London zoological gardens howled so ferociously that a horse in the street blocks away was panic stricken by it.

Earthquake Warnings.

Noises of various kinds usually precede, accompany or succeed an earthquake. These have been likened to the howling of a storm, the growling of thunder, the clanking of iron chains, the rumbling of heavy wagons along the road, the shattering and crashing of enormous masses of glass and the like.

Japanese Prayers.

The Japanese religion demands that a man must worship "on the soil" every day. Princes and rich men evade this by sprinkling a little dirt in one corner of a room, sometimes on a square of cement made for the purpose.

Contraband of War.

During the war between Spain and Holland those powers acted with so much vigor toward ships of every nationality conveying goods to the belligerents that England felt bound to protest. The resistance provoked by England led to the first use of the term "contraband of war" when the treaty of Southampton was drawn up between that country and Spain in 1672.

When a bride is being given away it is hard for her to look self possessed.—Philadelphia Record.

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HIT BY A SHELL.

A Writer in a Boer Engagement Describes His Feelings.

Soon their gunners got our distance, and shells were screaming and bursting over the convoy, says Robert McCaw, in "A Prisoner with De Wet," in the National Magazine. Several wagons in front of us were blown up and the oxen scattered in writhing masses on the road. The Kaffir who led our team took fright and bolted; the oxen swerved as a shell burst in front of them, and the wheels suddenly going into a deep rut, the heavy wagon turned completely over, grinding me beneath its weight. My head bursting, I was falling down through blackness in the midst of a thousand crimson serpents; somebody held my heart in his hand, was squeezing it, and then—thank heaven, this is death!

Ages after, there was a roaring of waters far beneath me. Then it thundered on my naked brain. A faint star was shining somewhere; it rushed toward me, growing bigger and bigger, until I was swallowed up in it—and my eyes were open. The wagon was righted. I was dripping wet, for the drivers had thrown water upon us. I heard the boom of the guns and the crash of bursting shells. I tried to rise but my head seemed to float away from me, and I felt myself striking the ground, but I did not feel myself falling. They lifted me on the wagon, and the oxen moved off. My head and face were sticky with thick blood and dust, and I was in such pain that I did not know where the pain was.

R. Beverly Maddison died in the Moncton hospital Friday afternoon, as a result of injuries inflicted in the lower part of the abdomen by a kick from a horse. Deceased was a farmer near Bonnet's Corner, and while harnessing his horse Thursday morning was kicked in the lower part of the abdomen. He was 32 years old, a brother of George W. Maddison, city editor of the Moncton Times and leaves a wife and one child.

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