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PRINCESS ZARA

BY ROSS BEECKMAN.

(Continued.)

'Among your acquaintances there is another officer, one who is as great a favorite at court; and within the palace of the emperor, as you are. He is of good family, handsome, accomplished, and rich. Nevertheless, you dislike him, principally because he is in love with your sister and you know that he is, in every way, unworthy of her. She shares the aversion which you feel for this man, declining all his advances, and at last refuses to receive him. Beginning with that time, he persecutes her with his attentions, to the point where you are led to interfere; but this man has already been to the czar, and has secured his royal aproval of the marriage. He laughs at you when you remonstrate. You also go to the czar, who listens attentively to all that you have to say, finally consenting that Yvonne shall not be forced into the marriage against her will. This officer, when he hears of it, is furious, and one night, at the club, he publicly insults you, so that you have no other course than to challenge him. He is a practiced duelist, and believes that he can kill you easily; thus he would leave the coast clear for his further machinations. In the affair which follows, you surprise everybody by wounding your adversary quite seriously; and during a few months that succeed the duel, you are relieved of further anxiety concerning the matter. But he recovers; he returns to his former position at the palace; and misjudging his power and influence, insults you again, almost in the presence of the emperor. For that, he is banished from the palace, and degraded in the army; and quite naturally he attributes his misfortunes to you, upon whom he vows vengeance. You hear of his threats, but laugh at them—and forget them. He does not.

"This man becomes a nihilist and a dangerous one. He plots and plans for your overthrow, and for the posession of your sister whom he continues to persecute in many ways. She does not tell you these things, fearing the consequences if you were to fight another duel. At last, however, more or less of it comes to your attention, and the consequence is that you publicly horsewhip him, for which act you are suspended from attendance at the palace for thirty days. During that interval a horrible thing occurs. It is at the time when the extremists among nihilists are rampant, and when the secret police does its deadly work unquestioned; a time five years ago. People are arrested and spirited away, from among the highest and the lowest. Victims are found in the palace as well as in the hovel. No person is sacred from these mysterious arrests; no tribunal hears a victim's defense; no official dares to interfere. Even you may at any moment become a victim of this awful method. A complaint is lodged against a wholly innocent person, no matter by whom; it may even be anonymous. In the dead of night police from the Third Section visit the house of the person complained against, a search is made, and if incriminating documents are found, that person disappears forever. Where? nobody knows save those who carry out the secret decree. I will not worry you with the useless details; in fact you have had sufficient introduction to the story already.

"Twice each week since your expulsion from the palace you are compelled to remain on duty over night, and at last the morning comes when you return to your home after one of these vigils to find yourself face to face with a horror which you knew existed, but which you had never before comprehended. Ah, it is pitiful; but listen. You find when you arrive, that all is excitement. The servants are running hither and thither; they whisper among themselves, and at first you can get no explanation from them. In vain you call for your sister. Frightened glances, sobs, and groans, are the only replies you get, and you rush to her apartment, only to find that it is empty—that she is gone. The room is in the utmost disorder. Clothing is scatered everywhere. Yvonne's most sacred treasures are strewn upon the floor. The contents of her dressing case are tumbled in confusion upon the furniture. Chairs are overturned. The cushions of the chairs and couches are ripped open. The bed is a ruin, dismembered, torn apart, and heaped in a corner. The carpet has been pulled from its fastenings, and is rolled and tumbled into a mass in the middle of the floor. The pictures are torn from the walls; vases have been overturned; even the French clock, on the mantel, has been ruined in the awful search, and the very walls of the room are dented by the hammer which has pounded them in the effort to find a secret hiding place. You know only too well what has happened, and yet you do not realize it. You are dazed. You think that you will awake and find that it is all a dream. You cannot believe that it is the sleeping room of your own sister that has been thus invaded and desecrated. At last from one of the older and most trusted servants you hear the truth, and while he speaks, you listen dumbly, wonderingly."

Zara left her place beside me on the divan, and stood facing me, near the center table, and in the intensity of her story, lowered her voice perceptibly. She bent forward a little, unconsciously throwing over me the same sort of spell that now dominated her. In my own eagerness I leaned forward, my right elbow resting upon my knee, and with bated breath, waited for her to continue. When she did resume, it was with a suppressed intensity that is indescribable.

"This is what the old servant told you: An hour after midnight there was a peremptory summons at the door, and when he opened it he discovered beyond the threshold, one of those terrible details of fiends which the Third Section sends on its foulest errands; but he did not dream that they were after your sister; he only thought that you were in trouble. The officer in charge went straight to the door of your sister's room, as if he were as familiar with the internal arrangements of the house, as were its regular inmates. He threw the door ajar without a warning, and followed by the scoundrels who accompanied him, entered the room where your sister was in bed. Sleeping innocence was aroused by a brutal command. Your sister, as pure, as sweet, as guiltless of wrong, as beautiful in spirit as the angels in heaven, was dragged from her bed by the rough hands of those human devils. Her shrieks and cries, were answered by jeers. Her piteous appeal that they would leave the room until she clothed herself, was refused with curses. She was compelled to dress in their presence, underneath the blazing glare of every light in the room, and before the eyes of those inhuman wretches whose gloating, bloodshot gaze befouled her sweet purity, as a drop of filth will befoul a limpid spring."

"If you had entered the room at that moment, and the czar had been there, would you have killed him, Dubravnik? Have you a sister? Answer! Would you have killed the czar, if he had been there? THE CZAR WAS THERE!"

Zara raised herself to her full stature as she cried aloud this statement. Her right hand was raised high above her head, her attitude was one of righteous denuncement, and the wrath of an outraged goddess glowed like living fire, in every attribute of her being. Then she came a step nearer to me, and continued:

"He was there in the spirit of the outrage. He creates and upholds the law which permitted it. Yes, you would have killed him, and you would not have been called it murder. You would have given the deed another name; you would have called it retribution. I see it in your face; it flashes in your eyes. I am not telling you a romance in order to excite your compassion, or to create sympathy. I am relating an actual occurrence. I am telling you the story that made me a nihilist."

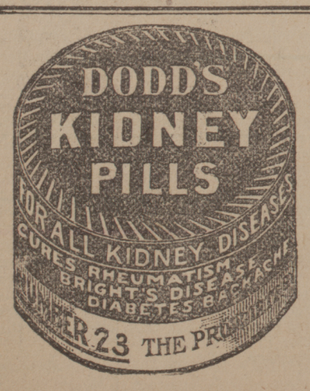
What a woman Zara was at that moment! She seemed the embodiment of vengeance—of righteous retribution; the personification of the cause she so splendidly advocated. I looked upon her almost with awe, at the same time realizing that I was thrilled almost into active acquiescence to her demands. She continued:

"There are not words to describe the emotions that sweep over you, as you listen to the servant's story. You became benumbed, dazed. You hear it through to the end, and there is not much more.

"You learn from him that papers of incriminating character were found among your sister's effects; that a letter was there, which told that she was engaged in a conspiracy to assassinate the czar, by poison; that she, being a welcome guest at the imperial palace, had agreed to put poison in the wine that he should drink on the following day—a deadly poison—cyanide of potassium; that the poison itself was found with the letter—a harmless looking powder, but a deadly one. You are told that Yvonne was dragged away by those men, and taken—ah, the servant could not tell you where they took her; but he could tell you how she sobbed, and moaned, protesting her innocence repudiating all knowledge of the things they had found, crying out for you, in her agony; and how one of the men struck her a brutal blow in the face, because she would not be quiet. That is all the servant could tell you. Yvonne was gone. That one truth glared at you from every hideous corner of the desecrated room. Hours—many of them—have passed since then. You laugh wildly, insanely, as you brush the servant aside, and dash from the house in pursuit.

" 'The czar is my friend! He is her friend! He will save her!' That is what you cry aloud as you run along the streets towards the palace, forgetting your britzska, in your haste, and agony. You forget that you have been suspended from attendance at the palace, and that the guards have been ordered not to admit you, but you are made to remember it when you arrive. They stop you. You cannot get past them. In vain you tell them of the arrest of your sister, and that you must see the emperor, but you only give them an added reason for keeping you out. They order you away. You refuse to go. They attempt to force you, and you strike one of them knocking him down."

(To be Continued.)



Fashion Hint for Times Readers

SILK FROCK WITH BRAIDED BODICE.

Inexpensive stripped silk and braided net are combined here to form a delightful summer afternoon frock, which has the merit of being at once dressy and low in price. The skirt shows simple lines with a waistline at the normal position, an extension of the skirt over the left side of the bodice adding length and emphasizing the one-piece effect of the costume. The bodice is of white net braided with soutache in the color of the striped silk—in this instance a dark heliotrope. The hat is trimmed with lavender velvet, and under the brim are little flower clusters combining pale pink roses and purple heliotrope.

THE SLAYER OF ELSIE SIGEL HAS NOT YET BEEN CAPTURED

The Authorities are Still Silent About New York's Mysterious Case—Missionaries are Certain Dead Girl Was Innocent of any Wrong But Was Lured to Her Death By Jealous Chinaman.

New York, June 23.—After a day of conflicting statements, the district attorney's office, acting under instructions from Mr. Jerome and the police department, under orders from Commissioner Bingham, refused tonight further to discuss what progress has been made in the search for Leon Ling, the Chinaman who is wanted for the murder of Elsie Sigel, whose body was found in a trunk in a room in Eighth avenue chop suey restaurant last Friday night. Nor would they talk about the results of the examination of Chung Chin, Leon Ling's former roommate who has been variously reported as having witnessed the crime, having helped to rope the trunk and finally having merely seen the girl's body. There have been hourly reports of clues from all parts of the country, but none of them on close examination, brings the authorities any nearer to the murderer.

What progress has been made with Chung Sin, who this afternoon underwent another four hours' cross-questioning by Captain Carey and his men of the homicide bureau and Mr. Ward of the district attorney's office, is due as much as anything to the offices of Quon Yick Nam, a Chinese merchant who volunteered as an interpreter and in whom the police have every confidence. It is said that he told Chung Sin, with an earnestness that carried conviction that no Chinese society would aid him in suppressing the facts or in concealing Leon Ling; that, on the contrary, every Chinaman of influence and responsibility in the country felt that the case was bringing disrepute on their race and they were all united with the police in efforts to run down the murderer.

With more to gain than to lose by the truth, Chung Sin then talked freely, if not frankly, but that he has not been actually implicated in the crime is indicated by the fact that tonight he is still held in the house of detention for witnesses and not in the Tombs, charged with being an accessory in the murder.

Whatever be the whole truth concerning the information Chung Sin yields it is practically all the police have to go on. Chu Gain, the restaurant proprietor and admirer of the dead girl of whom Leon Ling was jealous, is out on $1,000 bail, pumped dry; the other restaurant keeper, Sun Leung, and his waiters and cook, above whose place the body was found, are also out on bail in the sum of $100 and the minor importance attached to their knowledge is measured by the small amount.

Thus the case revolves around Chung Sin, at first thought to have told so much but whose alleged confession became far less sensational upon further investigation.

To all questions he reiterates that he occupied the room next to that of Leon and that on the afternoon of June 9, the day of the murder, he wakened early after a natural sleep to find Leon standing beside him. Leon was in trouble and wanted help. Chung Sin soon understood why when he saw the body lying across the bed. There was blood on the girl's lips and a stained handkerchief was stuffed into the mouth of the girl. The features, he said, were strained and black, but he saw no rope around the young woman's neck. Leon explained to him that the girl bit her tongue and bled to death.

When asked if that seemed plausible to him, Chung Sin admitted that he felt terrified and that his first impulse was to get out of the house as soon as he could. Before he left, however, Leon borrowed $200 from him, he said. They both belonged to the same secret society, he explained, and he felt bound by his oath to do that much for a fellow-member. Then he hurried to the rooms of his cousin with the intention of passing the night, but his curiosity got the better of him and after two uneasy hours, he sneaked back to the house, climbed the stairs, lifted himself to where he could peer through the transom and saw the room empty save for the trunk. That was enough for him. He hurried back to his cousin's and slept there that night. The cousin, when questioned, substantiated the story.

The next day he left for Amsterdam (N. Y.), to work, near which he was later arrested.

The foregoing version of what Chung Sin said and did is as given out by Assistant District Attorney Ward. Whether Chung Sin is telling the truth remains to be seen, but of all the widely-varying accounts that come from the criminal courts building after the first inquisition the version as made public today seems to be a conservative one.

Before the order went out that the case was not to be discussed further, Assistant District Attorney Ward was emphatic in denying that Chung Sin was "put under the screws" or that he was in any way threatened or intimidated by the district attorney's office.

Those who knew Elsie Sigel best believe that she was sincere in her mission work and her relations with the Chinese up to the day of her death. Mrs. Florence Todd, of the Bowery settlement for girls, has never varied from her assertion of that belief. Chu Gain, who lived in terror of his jealous rival, Leon Ling, and knew both the girl and her mother for years, is of the same belief. Assistant District Attorney Ward is inclined to the theory of Quon Yick Nam, the interpreter, who thinks that the girl was lured to Leon's room by a report of his feigned illness and there chloroformed after Leon had been angered by her coldness and her refusal to see no more of Chu Gain, his wealthier rival.

The chloroform, Quon believes, worked too well, and when Leon found he could not revive Elsie, he bound her with a cord and wedged her into the trunk. In support of this theory is the pathetic and moving prayer written on a mission letter-head, which the girl left for her mother on the day she went to her death. It seems impossible, it is argued, that a girl going on any but a righteous mission could have written such a note.

Today Captain Carey paid another visit to the room where the body lay, and found ashes in the stove, which may account for the missing skirt and waist and the missing handkerchief which Chung says he saw between the girl's teeth.

The discovery today that Leon was bred an actor and the knowledge that all Chinese actors are trained to take female parts, did not, on second thought, greatly impress the police with the idea that he would so disguise himself. Chinese women in this country are noticeably scarce, and the very fact that one had been seen traveling would be enough to excite curiosity. It is much more probable, the police believe, that their man either shipped as a sailor or cook, or has worked his way south into some of the obscure Chinese colonies on the outskirts of New Orleans, Baltimore or Galveston. A report from Schnectady that a Chinaman wearing a long quilted silk coat, beneath which a woman's skirt could be seen at times, has not developed so far as the police here were concerned tonight.

To Be Dyspeptic Is To Be Miserable.

Dyspepsia is the prevailing malady of civilized life. It is largely due to gross errors in diet, over-eating, too free indulgence in stimulants and over-taxing the stomach with indigestible food, eating too rapidly without chewing the food sufficiently, indulging in hot biscuits, pastry, pickles, confectionery, etc.

Constipation, headache, heartburn, sour stomach, distress after eating, belching of wind, faintness, and fullness and distention of the stomach are a few of the many distressing symptoms of the poor, weary dyspeptic. Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the stomach, stimulates the secretion of the saliva and gastric juice to facilitate digestion, removes acidity, purifies the blood, and tones up the system to full health and vigor, and thereby cures dyspepsia and all its tributary diseases.

Mr. Amos Sawler, Gold River, N.S., writes:—"I was greatly troubled with dyspepsia, and after trying several doctors to no effect, I commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters and I think it is the best medicine there is for that complaint."

For Sale at all Druggists and Dealers.

Health!!!

Every drop of *Magi Water* is bubbling with life and health. A delight to the eye---a pleasure to the palate---of benefit to you physically.

Drink
MAGI WATER
for Its Purity,
wholesomeness and delightful flavor.

Magi Water is a pure, natural mineral water bottled exclusively at the Springs. A delicious table water—a pleasant soda fount drink. Superior to soda with whiskey—both for flavor and healthfulness. Comes in pints, splits and half gallons. Can be had at cafes, hotels, bars, chemists', on all R. R. cafe cars and at your grocer's by the bottle or the case.

An interesting booklet about *Magi Water* will be sent free on request

Sold from Coast to Coast

CALEDONIA SPRINGS COMPANY, Ltd. 5
Caledonia Springs, Ontario

WITNESSES SPEAK IN FAVOR OF MRS. GOULD

Thirty Six of Them Have so Far Declared That Her Conduct Was Always Discreet

New York, June 23—Counsel for Katherine Clemmons Gould, who is suing Howard Gould for separation and $250,000 a year alimony, labored long and late today, and it was 11 o'clock when court adjourned tonight. This, the first nocturnal session since the trial began more than three weeks ago, was granted by Justice Dowling, in order to clean up the remaining testimony in rebuttal by the plaintiff's witnesses, excepting, perhaps, Mrs. Gould herself, if she so desire to testify. But after tonight's session, Clarence J. Shearn announced that he still had two witnesses to call. The case will go on tomorrow when a deposition of Dustin Farnum, the actor, who has figured so prominently in the case, will be submitted in Mr. Gould's behalf.

The testimony submitted and depositions read for Mrs. Gould today and tonight taken as a whole, cover in rebuttal all the incidents of the various motor trips that she is alleged to have taken to cities in which Dustin Farnum was playing. Also it sought to prove that Mrs. Gould drank moderately, principally with her meals; that she was not affected by the wine she took; that her language was never other than what it should have been; that she saw Dustin Farnum only in the company of others and that there was nothing out of the ordinary in her attitude toward him.

Thirty six witnesses in rebuttal have thus far been called and it is expected that Mrs. Gould will again take the stand tomorrow in the hope of weakening her husband's counter-charges.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
Sold by druggists. Price 75c. per bottle.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

BOSTON PARKS WERE OPEN TO SLEEPERS

More Victims Added to the Death List as the Result of the Third Day's Heat

Boston, June 23—The third successive day of excessive heat added a fifth and sixth fatality to the total of the sun's victims today, while twenty-seven persons were treated for heat prostration at the various hospitals of gerater Boston.

Today's dead are Miss Catherine Head, 35 years old, of 213 E street, South Boston, who was overcome near her home early in the day and died at the Carney Hospital. The second victim was Michael J. Murray, 42, of 37 Portland street, who collapsed on Causeway street and died at the Relief Hospital.

As last year, the parks of the city were opened to those who cared to sleep in them.

The official maximum temperature in Boston today was 90 degrees, somewhat lower than yesterday, but the additional moisture in the atmosphere caused much greater discomfort.

Rheumatism promptly driven from the blood with Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy. Rub-on's never did cure Rheumatism. The blood must be reached—and Dr. Shoop's Remedy is made expressly for the blood. Test it and see! Sold by all Druggists.

PRINCE OF WALES' SON WILL SERVE IN ARMY

Prince Edward Celebrated His 15th Birthday Yesterday—Will Go to Naval College First and Then to Army

London, June 23—Prince Edward, oldest son of the Prince of Wales, was fifteen years old today. His royal highness, having finished his course at the Royal College at Osborne, is now to enter the Senior Naval College at Dartmouth, where he will spend a year or more learning practical seamanship.

Prince Edward will not, however, make his career in the navy as did his father. In the course of time he will enter the army, and probably will serve in more than one branch of the service, but in the first place he will be gazetted direct to a cavalry regiment without the usual preliminary of passing through Sandhurst.

POISONED BY CATARRH

Many Who Have Bad Breath, Headache and Disordered Stomach, Suffer With Catarrh.

The poisonous secretions from Catarrh are dangerous because they affect the stomach and bowels giving rise to an unhealthy condition of these organs. Catarrh is a source of much ill health and was considered practically incurable until it was demonstrated that by the use of Catarrhozone any case of nasal or throat trouble can be permanently cured. Catarrhozone by its unusual merit has enlisted the support and endorsement of the most prominent medical authorities, who freely state that any one giving it a trial is sure to be cured. For asthma, bronchitis, throat irritation, chest weakness (all types of catarrh) nothing is so certain to quickly cure as the large dollar bottle outfit of Catarrhozone. Trial size 50c. All dealers or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

FINED $100 OR THREE MONTHS TERM IN JAIL

Before Justice Masson in Fairville yesterday, Robert Hickey was fined $100 and costs or three months jail, for selling liquor without a license. It will be remembered that some time ago Hickey was fined for carrying on a business selling liquor from a bottle carried in his pocket. At the time the court arose yesterday the fine had not been paid, and a commitment to jail was made out against Hickey. Chief Inspector Geo. R. Vincent prosecuted.

Among the passengers on the express from Montreal yesterday were a Scotch farmer and his wife and family, eight all told. They were brought here by the superintendent of immigration and sent to Morris Scovil's farm at Cambridge, Queens county. Last week a Scotch family numbering six went to Chas. Peters' farm at Elmhurst, Kings county.

One of the patients in the provincial hospital wandered away yesterday afternoon and was found by Policeman Lawson in Main street, Fairville, about midnight. The man's appearance indicated that he had been in hiding. He was taken back to the institution by the policeman.

TOURISTS DROWNED IN LAKE KILLARNEY

Large Rowboat Containing 13 People Capsized and Eleven Were Drowned

Killarney, June 23—A large rowboat, carrying five Americans and four English tourists and four Irish boatmen, was swamped in a gale while crossing lower Killarney Lake this afternoon. All of the tourists and two of the boatmen were drowned.

The victims were Mrs. A. A. Hilton and son, of Tacoma (Wash.); Mr. and Mrs. Longhead or Loughead, of Boston; Miss M. H. Catum or Cotum, of Massachusetts (town not known); Rev. B. Barton and sister, of London, and Miss Florence Wilkinson and cousin, of Brentwood, Essex; boatmen Con. Tooney and Con. Gleeson. None of the bodies was recovered tonight.

The boat was a four-oared craft, used for taking visitors about the lake. Most of the passengers were guests of the Great Southern Hotel. The party started out this morning sight-seeing. When the lower lake was reached, it was found that a heavy wind from the northwest was blowing. Several other boats which had started over the same course put back. It was not long before anxiety began to be felt concerning the boat which had continued on the course and searchers who put out, when the wind died down a little, discovered her overturned, with two of the boatmen clinging to the keel.

The Rev. Mr. Barton and two of the woman could be seen in the distance supported by an oar, but they sank before the rescuers could reach them. The others had already disappeared. The two boatmen who were saved were too exhausted to give an account of the accident.

Boston, June 23.—The names of two of those drowned today in Lake Killarney are undoubtedly Robert C. Loughead, head of the teaming firm of C. Butler & Company, of 214 Purchase street, this city, and Mrs. Loughead. The Lougheads were prominent residents of Charlestown and were well known in Methodist church circles.

AN AUTO FOR GOUIN

Friends of Quebec Premier Present Him With a Handsome Automobile

Montreal, June 23—Sir Lomer Gouin, premier of the province of Quebec, was this evening presented with a handsome six cylinder automobile by a number of his Montreal friends and admirers who had raised the price of the machine within two days. The presentation took place at the St. Denis Club, when speeches were made in both French and English, and after the ceremony Sir Lomer took a trial spin in the machine with several of his friends.

Interest in the Island of Ceylon has been quickened to a remarkable extent by the phenomenal success of "Salada" Tea. Naturally everyone is anxious to know more about the country that produces such a delightful and delicious beverage. 77

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

A HOT-DAY LUNCH.

Some bread and milk,
Ice cream, iced tea
And a cooling breeze—
'S'nough for me.

Find the ice cream man.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Left side down, at right arm.