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OR

BY EMERSON HOUGH

AUTHOR OF THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE

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SYNOPSIS.

The story is told by Nicholas Trist, his ward, Rosalie Du Pont, adopted, after the portrayal of secretary of state in Tyler's cabinet, Nicholas Trist, and Jim Bell, a boy waif. Rosalie is a girl who is large ready to die, and if homeopathy fails of her it means that Texas and Oregon must be added to the Union. We plane to learn the circumstances of Rosalie's illness in Alaska through Baronness Rita, secret agent and reputed mistress of the English ambassador, Sir Richard Pakenham, who is trying to discover in California agents and mines a meeting with his sweetheart, Lady Clare Chetwyn, who is searching for the baroness' house a cure for Rosalie. Rosalie is invited to assist.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"Your name!" she again demanded.

I told her the first one that came to my lips—I do not remember what. I did not deceive her for a moment.

"Of course, that is your name," she said. "Because it does not fit you. You have me still at disadvantage".

"And me, madam? You have me by the nilles out of my way. How can I help you? Do you perhaps wish to go hunt mushrooms in the Georgetown woods when morning comes? I wish that I might join you, but I fear—"

"Too much so," she retorted. "Very good. Let me tell you it was not your personal charm which attracted me when I saw you in the gardens." "Twas because you were the only man in sight."

I bowed my thanks. For a moment nothing was said, and I began the pitter of hoofs on the ragged pavement. At length she went on.

"I am alone. I have been followed. I was followed when I called to you by another carriage. I was followed the first gentleman I saw, having heard this American in my gardens."

"True," said I; "I do not blame you. Neither do I blame the aboriginal of the other carriage for following you."

"I pray you, leave aside such claiet!" she exclaimed.

"Very well, then, madam. Perhaps the best way for me to be let out straightforward. If I cannot be of service I beg you to let me down. For I have business which I must execute tonight."

She dismissed this with an impatient gesture, and continued.

"See, I am alone," she said. "Come with me. Show me my way—I will pay—I will pay anything in reason. Actually I saw her fumble at her purse, and the hot blood flew to my forehead.

"What you ask of me, madam, is impossible," said I, with what courtesy I could summon. "You oblige me now to tell my real name. I have told you that I am an American gentleman—Mr. Nicholas Trist. We of this country do not offer our services to ladies for the sake of pay. But do not be troubled over any mistake—it is nothing. Now, you have perhaps had some little adventure in which you do not wish to be discovered. If, in any case, you ask me to shake off that carriage which follows us, if that is all madam, I very easily can be arranged."

"Harriet, then," she said. "I leave it to you. I was sure you knew the city."

I turned and gazed back through the rear window of the carriage. True, there was another carriage following us. We were by this time nearly at the end of Washington's limited pavements. It would be simple after that. I leaned out and gave the driver a brief orders. We led our chase across the valley creeks on up the Georgetown hills, and soon we possible abandoned the last of the pavements and took to the turf, for there the sounds of our wheels was dulled. Rapidly as we could we passed on up the hill, the going, which was all of earth or soft turf, now will worked by the rain. When at last we reached a point near the summit of the hill I stopped my horses. Hearing nothing, I told the driver to pull down the hill by the side street, and to drive about. When we finally came into our main street again at the foot of the Georgetown hills, not far from the little creek which divided that settlement from the main city, I could hear nowhere any sound of our pursuer.

"Madam," said, turning to her, "I think we may safely say we are alone. What, now, is your wish?"

"Home!" she said.

"And where is home?"

She looked at me keenly for a time, as though to read some thought which perhaps she was suggested either in the tone of voice or in some glimpse she might have caught of my features as I uttered it. For the moment she made no answer.

"Is it here?" suddenly I asked her, presenting my inquiry in the form of a mistake which I bore.

"I cannot say," she quite dark," she said hurriedly.

"Is it in this door on M street, as you go beyond this other street?" I asked her "Come—think!"

Then I thought I saw the flush upon her face, even as the match flickered and failed.

I leaned out of the door and called to the angry driver "Home, now, hor—and drive fast."

She made no answer.

CHAPTER V.

One of the Women in the Case.

There is a woman at the beginning of great things—Lamartine.

A quarter of an hour later, we slowed down on a rough brick pavement, which led toward what thus was an outlying portion of the town—one precisely shabby, but by no means fashionable. There was a single lamp stationed at the mouth of the narrow little street. As we advanced I could see outlined upon our right, just beyond a mature pavement of a brick, a low and not more than semi-respectable house, or rather, row of houses; tenements for the middle class or poor, I might have said. The neighborhood, I knew from my acquaintance with the city, was respectable enough, yet it was remote and secluded, and none of any station. Certainly it was not to be considered fit residence for a woman such as this who sat beside me. I asked I was puzzled.

"This will do," she said softly, at length. The driver already had pulled up.

So, then, I thought, she had been here before. But why? Could this indeed be her residence? Was this indeed the covert embassy of England?

There was no escape from the situation as it lay before me. I had no time to ponder. My duty was here. This was my message; here was she for whom it was intended; and this was the place which I was to have sought alone. I needed only to remember that my business was not with Helena von Ritz the woman, professional, fascinating, perhaps dangerous as they said of her, but with the Baroness von Ritz, is the hostel of my chief the ally and secret emissary than ally of Pakenham, in charge of England's interests on this continent.

I descended at the edge of the narrow pavement, and was about to hand her out at the step, but as I glanced down I saw that the rain had left a puddle of mud between the carriage and the walk.

"Pardon, madam," I said; "allow me to make a light for you—the foot log is bad."

I lighted another lorifer, just as she descended at the step. She made as though to put out her right foot, and withdrew it. Again she shifted, and extended her left foot. I hastily saw proof that nature had carried out her scheme of symmetry; I had not allowed wried and arm to forswear themselves". I saw also that this foot was clad in the daintiest of white slipper, suitable enough as part of ball raiment, as I doubted not was this she wore. She took my hand without hesitation, and without her weight upon the step—an adorable ankle now more frankly revealed. The briefness of the lorifers was merciful or merciless, as you like.

"Be careful, madam; be careful," I suggested. But still she hesitated.

A laugh, half of annoyance, half of amusement, broke from her lips. As the light flickered and failed, I made though to take the step; then, as luck would have it, a bit of her loose drapery, which was made in the white-hirted and much-hooped fashion of the time, caught at the hinge of the carriage door. It was a chance glance, and not intent on my part, but I saw that her other foot was stockinged, but not shoe!

"I beg madam's pardon," I said gravely, looking aside, "but she has been very nicely outlined that her other slipper is lost in the carriage."

"Nonsense!" she said. "Allow me your hand across to the walk, please. I'll be here, yet."

"But lost—where?" I began.

"In this other carriage!" she exclaimed, and laughed freely!

Half hoping, she was across the walk, through the narrow gate, and up at the door before I could either offer my arm or ask for an explanation. Some whim, however, seized her, some feeling that in fairness she ought to tell me now part at least of the reason for her summoning me to her aid.

"Sir," she said, even as she hand answer, "I know that this message I to the Baroness von Ritz. I guess I ought to be frightened, and I know you are the Baroness von Ritz."

"Well, then," said she, pulling about her half-clad shoulders the light wrap she wore, "let me be as free as you! If I have intruded one shoe I have not lost it wholly. I lost the slipper in a way not quite fashioned on the program. It hurt my foot. I sought to adjust it behind a curtain. My gentleman of Mexico was in view. I had yearning my escort, and he followed. I called to me. You know the rest. I am glad you are less in wise, for I know not what I should do."

"I do not yet know my answer, madam."

"Come!" she said, and at once I followed her into the house.

I shall not soon forget the surprise which awaited me when at last the door swung open suddenly at the hand of a wrinkled and brown old serving woman—not one of our colored women, but of some dark foreign race. The faintest trace of surprise showed on the old woman's face, but she stepped back and swung the door wide, standing submissively, waiting for her orders.

We stood now facing what could to have been a narrow and dingy little house, with the door opening directly each of two stories and so shallow in extent as perhaps not to offer space for more than a hall down rooms. Instead of what should have been, however, there was a little room, which the each building would have been from the light thrown out, but longer than a half dozen of them would have been! I did not know then, what I learned later, that the partitions throughout this entire row had been removed, the material serving to fill up one of the houses at the farthest extremity of the row. It was thus defined a long and narrow room, or series of rooms, which now I was beyond possibility of doubt constituted the residence of this strange woman whose chance had sent me to address; and whom still stranger chance had thrown in contact with me even before my errand was begun!

I stood looking at me, a smile flitting over her features, her stockings kept extended, one down, one to balance her on her high-heeled single slipper.

"Pardon, sir," she said, hesitating, as she held the wrinkled old hand in her hand. "You know me—perhaps you follow me—I do not know. Tell me, sir, I pray, sir, I ask that Pakenham hang."

Her words and her tone startled me. I had supposed her bound to life and liberty, I had supposed her the bluntness and independence purified from them, I had supposed herself unrapured me. I tried to forget both.

"Madam, I am sy of no man, unless I know my errand is evil. Allow me, Calhoun of the United States senator—I say of that man Pakenham, Mr. Tyler's cabinet."

I saw, as she turned, bobbed to a tiny marquetry table, and toofed the note down on the top, smoothing it out patiently, looking about me meantime, I discovered that the windows were of stained glass, and that the room was, although covered with heavy drapery, a little larger than I had first the sheet of iron covering the door by the hinge of the door.

"Your cage, madam?" I inquired with a smile. "Perhaps I may make it so secret and strong?" If so lovely a prisoner were mine, I should double lock it."

"The swift answer to my presumption was a little laugh, a little pouting and bite lip. She caught up the key from the table, and I followed her out to the door. But now I smiled in turn, and I, too, laid my hand upon the key on the table. "You will pardon me, madam," I said—"but "Surely it is no disgrace to represent Great Britain and Jamaica. They are not at war. Why should we? We are friendly enough to each other.

The old servant had disappeared when at length her whitness chose to pick up the dropped handkerchief. I liberately she broke the seal and read. Her face showed her anger gone, she was laughing gaily

"See!" said she, bubbling over with laughter, "I am to be your prisoner. I should say good-by at my curb, my apartment, but I cannot, for I am to what this stranger asks; that I shall go with him, I am to be his prisoner. I wise unattended, to see a man, perhaps, I know not, perhaps a friend, perhaps a stranger to me, at his own rooms—alone! Oh, I'm! Sir! Surely thou assurance hold so high!

"Assuredly we do, madam," I answer. "Shall I not be your guide, or be your own carriage, or shall I return with one for you?"

She put her hands behind her back, holding in them the crumpled note, from my chief. "I am tired. I am bored. Your Washington amuses me, and your errand is not your fault. Come, sit down. You have been good to me. Perhaps you, too, have some refreshments brought for you. I felt a sudden call upon me, as sources as I found myself in this singular situation. Here, indeed, more easily reached than I had dared, hoping was the answer to my chief, one half of my errand, the easier half, was done.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Sense of Direction in Animals.

The remarkable sense of direction in dogs, pigeons and other animals possess of returning in a straight line to a point of departure, is one of the most curiously on the part of natural has. Some refer it to instinct, some to intelligence similar to man, some to an innate sense of direction, and makes the animal simply automata, but none of these explanations satisfactions does anything toward solving the mystery. Some of the most prominent scientific writers suppose that when an animal is carried to a great distance in a basket the light falling entirely attention to the different odors which it encounters on the way, and that the return of fresh odors, in inverse order, furnishes the needful guide.

In Fig-Leaf Days.

First Prehistoric—Where did Adam get such an awful grouch?

Second Ditto—He's feeling because his spring clothes don't make him look as broad shouldered as the fellows in the advertisements.—Puck.

FAMILY PRIDE.

First Stork—And how are we getting on with our studies, Ernestine? Have you been promoted to the big class yet?

Young Miss Quacker—Oh, no, professor. Mother has decided that I should not take that course. She says anybody can fly—but only the best families take to water naturally.

WOULD LIE AWAKE ALL NIGHT WITH ITCHING ECZEMA

"Ever since I can remember I was a terrible sufferer of eczema and other irritating skin diseases. I would lie awake all night, and my suffering was intolerable. A scaly humor settled on my head, and my face and child, I naturally scratched it. It was a burning, itching sensation, and utterly intolerable, in fact, it was so that I could not possibly forget about it. It did not take long before it spread to my shoulders and arms, and was almost covered with a mass of raw flesh on account of my scratching it. I was in such a condition that my hands were tied.

"A number of physicians were called, but it seemed beyond their medical power and knowledge to cure me. Having tried numerous treatments without derriving any benefit from them, I had given myself up to the mercy of my dreadful malady, but I thought I would take the Cuticura treatment as a last resort. Words cannot express my gratitude to the one who created The Cuticura Miracle. I am a well boy today. I now my I feel as if I never suffered from even a pimple. My disease was routed by Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and I shall never cease praising the wonderful merits they contain. I will never be without them, in fact, I can almost date any skin trouble that attacks me so long as I have Cuticura Remedies in the house. I know that this letter will give other sufferers an idea of how I suffered, and also hope that they will use the Cuticura Life Saving Station." (Signed) C. Louis Bonnet, 1 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 29, 1910.

A Matter of Bliss.

Wife—I wish you, darling, a happy husband.

Shopkeeper—Yes, madam. What size does he wear?

Wife—Well, I really forget. His collars are size sixteen, though I expect he'd wear about size twenty-one or twenty to a cap, wouldn't he?

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Fortunate.

Mrs. Woggs—She is enormously wealthy.

Mrs. Boggs—Yes. She was an only wife, you know.

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To render your neighbor a service willingly shows the generosity of your character; to render a service over it, the grandeur of your soul.—Pyrsleut.

You will sneeze; perhaps feel chilly. You think you have a cold. Don't wait until you know it. Take a dose of Bromo Quinine Cold and Grip. Stop catch cold.

Improvidence in trifles never made a millionaire nor swelled a bank account.

In the Spring cleanse the system and purify the blood by the use of Garfield Tea.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. You pay 10c for cigars not so good.

Loud apparel naturally proclaiming the man.

IMPORTANT CHANGES IN PASSENGER DEPARTMENT GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

On account resignation Geo. W. Vaux, Mr. Harry G. Elliott has been appointed general passenger agent at Montreal, and is succeeded in Chicago by Mr. J. D. McDonald as assistant general passenger agent.

Mr. McDonald has a wide acquaintance with the railway and passenger fraternity, having for many years represented the company at Buffalo as agent in charge, Niagara Frontier, and for the past eight years as district passenger agent at Toronto, where his territory embraced the Highlands of Ontario resorts, including Muskoka, Lake of Bays, Temagami and the Georgian Bay.

Mr. McDonald was secretary of the entertainment committee at Buffalo when meeting of the American Association of General Passenger Agents spent three prior to opening of Pan-American exposition; was one of Geo. H. Heafford's right bowers, the general passenger agents at their Portland, Me., Dep, and also two years ago when they had two special trains to the Canada resorts.

Mr. McDonald's territory embraces what is known as the western division, being that portion of the Grand Trunk Railway System lying west of Detroit and Port Huron, also all territory west of Chicago to the Pacific coast and southwest to the Gulf of Mexico.

Modern application is likely to extract the teeth of an old saw.

All druggists sell the famous Herb remedy, Garfield Tea. It corrects constipation.

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Biggest organ of the body—the bowels—and the most important—It's got to be looked after—neglect causes constipation, the cause of misery. CASCARETS help nature keep every part of your body healthy and strong—strengthen they act right—means health to your whole body.

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Backache

is only one of many symptoms which some women endure when suffering from inflammation, ulceration or displacement. Mrs. Lizzie White of Memphis, Tenn., wrote Dr. R. V. Pierce, as follows:

"At times I was literally able to be on my feet. I believe I had every pain and ache a woman could have. Had a very bad female trouble, organs were very much diseased and my back ached so that I was almost crazed at times. I was nervous headachey, in fact, I suffered all over. The same my condition when I wrote to you for advice. After taking your 'Favorite Prescription' for about three months one day this my health was better better."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

is a positive cure for weakness and disease of the feminine organs. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration and soothes pain. Tones and builds up the nervous. Do not permit the advice of some well-meaning but selfish friend to induce you to accept a medicine which has a record of 40 years of success. "No, thank you, I want what I ask for."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Pellets induce mild natural bowel movement once a day.

"And Where Is Your Home?"