

CHAPTER XIII .- (Continued.) "If, on the same day," replied Mr. Zeno, "twenty different men left twenty different Continental ports and arrived at twenty different English ports with a sim-Har contrivance, they would carry a good

"That's true," said Frost, "that's true. But what do you want to help dynamite into England for? That's no part of your game."

"It will be part of my game to know who carries the parcels, and by what ports they enter," Zeno answered, with a smile which looked uglier than ever. "Oh! I see," said Frost. "But I

thought-"You are growing curious again, good

Frost. Do not grow curious again. Do mot. Please."

"Give me my orders then," replied Frost, sullenly. "They're all I want to know.

"You will produce your invention this evening," said Zeno. "You will advise its immediate employment. The pretended book parcels can be made up any-You can carry the necessary where. books over with you, and can cut out the insides, and fit in the tin boxes in Paris."

"I'm not in that show," Frost interrupted, rapidly; "I'm on English ser-

"Very well. Your friends can do it then. The date of departure can be fixed beforehand-of departure from the Continental ports, I mean. Each man must know from what port he is to sail, and at what port he is to arrive. Let me know all their names, their ports of departure and arrival, and the date. That is all you need to attend to for the moment. And now shall we go to dinner?"

"I'm thinkin'," said Frost, "that this especial bird will not enter the arena, and if he did, he would not fight when he got there."

'Translate, my friend, translate," said Zeno.

"It might have acted, last week. It might even have acted the night afore last. But that old mudhead of a Dobroski has got 'em for the moment dead set against it. And they're after him to a man, pretty nearly."

"Why, what is this?" cried Zeno. "There was a meeting the night before last," said Frost, "and Dobroski was there. Sullivan, who's the bloodthirstiest of the whole bloodthirsty assortment, wanted to do a score of simultaneous explosions. Up gets Dobroski, and swears he won't have it. Says he won't make war against the innocent. Says he won't run an indiscriminate Malay muck against the wide, wide world. Says it's indecent and improper and indiscreet, and likely to bring the cause into general disrepute with respectable people. Says he wants to kill off all the tyrants privately, and enlist the sympathies of the churchgoing community, while he prepares his plans for a general assault against authority everywhere and all along the line. Then Brennan gets up on his hind legs and swears Dobroski's in the right. Then up gets Faulkland on the same lay. Then the whole boiling got converted, bar Sullivan, and took to hymn singing and passed a resolution that they would only lay out for the slaughter of crowned heads and commanders-in-chief, and such like.

In a bad way for the moment.' Zeno sat down and looked hard at Frost. "Is this true?" he asked, when the other had finished.

In short, sir, the trade in explosives is

"True as the rule of three," said Frost. "I reckon," he added, shiftily, after a pause, "that the old man himself was to have carried one of them parcels."

"Perhaps," returned Zeno, rising suddenly. "But if he will not, he will not, my good Frost. And now, shall we go

CHAPTER XIV.

Angela and Major Butler were standing on the platform at Janenne Station when the little engine with its freight of three carriages steamed in. Mrs. Spry was so eager to open the door herself when the train came to a standstill that she gave O'Rourke no chance to render her that small service. The widow fell upon Angela with great fervor, kissed her, held her at arm's length to observe her, and then embraced her. O'Rourke busted himself in collecting Mrs. Spry's belongings and his own. Whilst the two women were still locked in their second embrace, the major caught sight of him, and came to his assistance, unwittingly.

"Ha!" cried the major, heartily "You're back again? Glad to see you!" "You know Mr. O'Rourke, don't you?" said Mrs. Spry, drawing Angela forward. "You don't know how kind he has been. I'm sure I cayn't tell what I should have done if it hadn't been for him."

O'Rourke emerged from the rallway carriage and raised his hat to Angela, who responded to his salute somewhat coolly, as he fancled.

"What?" said the discerning young gen tleman to himself. "Does she object already to my traveling in the same carriage with all those dollars? I wonder

if I shall have trouble with her?"

During Mrs. Spry's visit Angela heard more than enough of O'Rourke's praises. The fortunate young gentleman was always doing something which, in the pretty widow's fancy, was worthy of admiration, or saying something which was worthy to be repeated. Angela had a genuine liking for her guest and a genuine unlik-ing for O'Roarke; but she could not see her way to exposing his tactics.

The friendship which was forming between Angela and Lucy was of a very different and more deep-rooted sort than that which existed between the little American lady and either of them. The married woman had her own experiences to guide her, and she saw that the girl was sad at Maskelyne's prolonged absence. She more than guessed, too, that the young American had retired before O'Rourke's advances, which had been sufficiently apparent to the observant wom-And now that O'Rourke was so plainly paying court to a richer woman than Angela, his old friend's wife, who had known him for years and had regarded him with an almost sisterly affection, began to think ill of him, and found it a painful and grievous thing to do.

Before Maskelyne's departure Angela's manner to O'Rourke had been that of open friendship, and now it was marked by a disdain so ill-concealed that, so far as Lucy was concerned, it might as well not have been concealed at all. The girl's mingled sadness and anger had been so evident one afternoon, when Lucy and O'Rourke had visited the chateau together, that her new friend's heart grew hot with sympathy for her and with indignation at the patriot, and on reaching home she marched straight to her husband's room.

"Ah, little woman," he said, brightly, looking up at her, "you are back again. Wait half a minute, and I shall be done for to-day."

"Austin," returned his wife, seriously, 'I want to speak to you."

"Is there anything the matter? You look quite grave."

"Austin," she began, "I don't like the patriot, as you call him."

"Don't like O'Rourke?" cried Austin. in surprise.

"I do not like him, Austin. He is playing a mean part here. I am sure of it. And he makes me help him play it. He has done so, until now, but I am so ashamed and unhappy about it that he shall never do it any more."

"Tell me everything," said Austin, standing over her with a troubled face. "Let me understand."

"You remember young Mr. Maskelyne, the American? Did you ever notice him and Angela together? There was a serious attachment between them. Then came Mr. O'Rourke, and made love to his friend's sweetheart, and I am certain he knew that Mr. Maskelyne cared for her." "Well, well, my dear," said Austin, laughing. "Let the best man win. I

should have thought you would have been pleased to see O'Rourke settled. Why, I've heard you advise him to mar-

"Yes," she answered, somewhat hotly; "but I never advised him to be treacherous to his friend. And that isn't all, Austin, Listen. It is no laughing matter. He made love to Angela-I watched him, and I saw it all. Young Mr. Maskelyne is no sooner driven off the field and the girl made miserable than Mr. O'Rourke comes here with this wealthy American widow, and, under the very nose of he poor girl whose sweetheart he chased away, he is making love to Mrs. Spry. He is a fortune hunter, Austin. He is using me to get near this poor little widow. She's a dreadful simpleton, but she's a dear little creature, all the same. I own that Mr. O'Rourke has delightful manners. He is very clever, and he can be very charming. Austin, fortune hunter is a creature I despise."

"Look here, my dear, I'll go and have a talk about this with O'Rourke himself." "Austin!" cried his wife in genuine feminine horror. "I wouldn't have you speak of it for the world."

"You'd have me suspect an old friend and not tell him of it? An odd proposal, isn't it?"

"Austin! you make me angrier than I was. I will never speak to that base man again."

"Now, come," said Austin. "This is growing serious."

It had grown so serious that Mrs. Farley absented herself from the supper table that evening and declined Austin's entreaties to join O'Rourke and himself in the little garden afterward.

"You can tell him that I have a headache," said Lucy. Austin nodded and walked straight into his study, where he solemnly set down this memorandum: "To be observed. Candor and verac-

ity. Feminine." Then he descended to the garden and sat with O'Rourke over a cup of coffee. "O'Rourke," he blurted out, "what's

the matter between you and my wife?" "Ah!" said O'Rourke, as well and as readily as if he had seen the bludgeon falling, and had waited to parry it. "You've noticed it, have you? What is it? She's annoyed with me. She gave me a real snub this afternoon on the way back from Houfoy. And you know, old man," he went on, with an air of half comic, half earnest regret, "she and I have always been such friends. Do me a good turn, Farley. Find out for me what's

the matter and let me make my peace."
"You've no idea what it is?" said Austin. O'Rourke noticed a sound of relief

"Not the remotest in the world. meant to ask you about it," said O'Rourke, genially, "but I didn't like to do so for fear of seeming to exagger-

He felt the situation to be awkward, but he faced it with his usual courage. At the worst he could feign a recall. He must take time to think, and must think | catcher.

ate the thing."

clearly. "If Mrs. Farley hasn't forgiven me by to-morrow morning," he said, ris-ing and setting both hands on his friend's shoulders, "I'll ask her where I'm wrong and beg her pardon. You and I can't afford to quarrel after all these years, anyhow."

He rocked Farley to and fro for a little as he spoke, and looked at him with a smile so frank and kindly that the novelist rose and shook hands with him in a little heat of renewed friend-

"No, no," he said, with a laugh, "you and I won't quarrel."

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Zeno rose somewhat later than the lark, but gay and blithe as he, and during the progress of his toilet chanted a selection of scraps from the songs of all nations. Mr. Zeno, as befitted a man of his profession, was of an unconquer-able hopefulness. His scheme of yesterday had failed, notwithstanding that it had seemed delightfully simple and cer-tain, and so far he had not even hit upon another. Yet he was cheerful and good of heart, for he had at least achieved a triumph in becoming familiar with

Attired in a frock coat, a glossy silk hat, spotless linen, and shining boots of patent leather, he looked eminently respectable as he emerged upon the street and took his way along the sunshiny side of the road to his customary restaurant. In a little while he hailed an omnibus, and climbing to the roof, hummed and smiled all the way to one of the gates of the Regent's Park, where he alighted and strolled like a gentleman at large into the refreshing expanse of green. Here he encountered Mr. Frost, who was also eminently respectable in aspect, though sad of countenance.

"Why, hillo!" cried Zeno in his slightly marked foreign way. "Who would have thought to see you here? How do you do?"

"Hillo!" said Frost. "How are you?" Mr. Zeno's gay surprise was intended for the benefit of a passer-by. It was his creed never to neglect a precaution, and near at hand was a man who had mounted the omnibus after him and had alighted at the same point.

"Why, I've got a lot of things to say to you," he cried, with a genial, careless loudness which could only belong to an unscrupulous open-hearted fellow who had nothing to conceal. "Come along. Let us have a good long talk together."
"I don't like the game you're playing," said Frost. "I haven't closed an eye all night. Seems to me I'm running into danger all ways." Zeno turned to

smile at him, but said nothing. "Oh, you can grin, but I'll be hanged if I can."
"Ah!" said Zeno, smiling still, and hugging his companion's arm, "how one pities the poor Frost, who cannot grin, and cannot sleep of nights, and is running all the ways at once into danger. Come then,

he shall be taken out of danger."
"I wish he might be," returned Frost,

with a sulky air.
"He shall be," returned Zeno. "We will go by and by and make a call upon our dear friend and leader, Mr. Dobroski, and we will make complete submission to him and admire his patriotism and his humanity, and swear to live and dle for hm and then we shall be safe, shall we not?"

"I'm not afraid of the Dobroski lot." said Frost; "but the other crowd is dangerous, let me tell you. As for Dobroski, he's neither more nor less than a fool."
"Very well. Very well," returned into squares and roll at once on the "Very well. Very well, returned no. "He shall be as cunning as he stick.

likes, and we will be as cunning as we can. Eh? We will go and see Dobroski first and will swear to live and die with

"And how long do you think you're going to play that double game?" "Suppose that in my capacity of at-

tached friend to Dobroski, countryman to Dobroski, trusted entirely by Dobroski, I deputed myself to watch him for the other side? Suppose, again, that being enthusiastic for Dobroski"-Zeno's smile was a study in villainy and craft-"I volunteer in his behalf to watch the others, and to know their schemes, and to warn him if he should be in danger?"
"Well," said Frost. "What's my "Well," said Frost. share?"

"You are entirely devoted to Dobroski." said Zeno, with his constant smile. "You are as devoted as I am. But you are also devoted to the others, who know you better. You will be a little suspicious and careful about me, and you will watch me if you please whilst I watch Dobroski. You will report to your old friends whatever conversations I have with Dobroski, and you and I will arrange the reports together so that they shall be nice and accurate.'

"They'll nail us at it," said Frost, mournfully. "They're bound to nail us

"Ah !" returned Zeno, cheerfully. "But we must not let them nail us at it."

"Couldn't we split the thing?" demand-ed Frost. "Couldn't I stick on with the old lot, and you-"Be found in your nasty, dirty, muddy

Thames? No, dear friend, no. Let us work together, my good Frost. It will be so much pleasanter! Oh, ever so much pleasanter. See how nice that will be." "I can see what you want the old one

for," said Frost wearily. "He's been playing old gooseberry with the Czar and all his family arrangements ever since I left the cradle. But I don't know what the other lot have got to do with you, unless you're on for Scotland Yard as well."

"Now you are curious again!" cried "I know what I want with the Zeno. other lot. Let that be enough for both, dear Frost. And now shall we go and strain. swear to live and die with Dobroski?

(To be continued.)

Occasionally you meet a man so unpopular he might as well become dog



Pineapple Preserve. No pineapple preserve is so delicious as the old-fashioned grated sort, rich and flavorous. The fruit is pared, grated and measured, and a pound of sugar allowed to each pint of pulp. Add the sugar to the fruit in a porcelain kettle and put it on the range, grading the heat so that it is moderate for the first twenty minutes. After that time the kettle may be drawn to a hotter part of the range, where it should still cook gently for about threequarters of an hour. It should be clear and transparent when done, and about the consistency of marmalade. If a specially juicy variety of the pineapple is used the pulp may be drained in a sleve before it is cooked, the finished preserve being the richer for it. The juice thus taken out is useful to flavor sauces, or with particularly agreeable results an apple compote.

Beef Tea.

Take a pound of good round steak, remove all the fat, wipe the meat with a damp cloth, and cut it into pieces about 1 inch square. Put this in a glass fruit jar, pour over it two cups of cold water, and salt, and let it stand for half an hour. Into a deep saucepan put several thicknesses of news paper and set the jar on this. Pour water into the saucepan so that it will rise to the same height as the liquid inside the jar. Let the water reach the simmering point, and let it stand for two hours, then increase the heat a very little, and cook a little longer. Pour off the liquid, strain, add more salt, if necessary, and serve very hot.

Mushrooms and Cream.

Get very large mushrooms and remove the stems; peel them and put each one on a round of toast in a baking dish, first covering the toast with thick cream and seasoning with salt and paprika. Turn the cupside of the mushroom up, and fill this with more thick cream, paprika and salt; cover tightly and bake in a hot oven forty minutes; remove, but let the dish stand covered four minutes that the mushrooms may absorb the steam; serve in the same dish without the cover; the mushrooms may also be put in individual dishes.

Molasses Waters.

Cream well together one cupful of butter and one cupful of sugar, add one pint of molasses and one pint of flour. This will make a thin batter. Have flat pans well buttered. Drop a few spoonfuls on each pan and place in a moderately hot oven. The butter will run together. Bake until the mixthen take from the oven, cut quickly

Prune Pudding.

Mix three and a half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg mixed and rub into one cup of suet chopped fine, one cup of prunes stoned and cut emall; add one cup of sweet milk, then one cup of molasses, with one teaspoonful of soda. Turn it into a buttered mold and steam three hours. Serve with snowy sauce.

Fried Tomatoes.

Slice the tomatoes into thick pieces and fry in butter until done. Transfer to a hot platter, sprinkle with salt and pepper and keep hot while you add to the butter in which they were fried a tablespoonful of flour and a pint of milk, cook, stirring, to a smooth white sauce and pour over the tomatoes.

Apple Taffy.

Wipe small apples carefully and run a thin skewer through each. Make a sirup of a pound of sugar and a small teacupful of water, and, when a little hardens when dropped into iced water, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and dip the apples into the sirup. Lay on waxed paper to dry.

Rhubarb Fool.

Two bundles of rhubarb, half a pound of sugar, half a pint of water, quarter of a pint of cream, a little lemon rind. Cut the rhubarb into small pieces and stew gently with the water, lemon rind and sugar for about one hour; then rub it through a fine sleve and when quite cool add the cream.

Mint Sauce.

For roast meat. Use the tips and tender leaves. Wash dry on a cloth, and chop very fine. To three table spoonfuls of chopped mint add two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar. Mix, and cover with six tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Leave an hour, squeeze and

Cottage Cake.

One and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, one-half teapoon of soda, one teaspoonful of cream artar, two cups of flour, two-thirds oup of milk : flavor to suit taste.

## A Hair Dressing

Nearly every one likes a fine hair dressing. Something to make the hair more manageable; to keep it from being too rough, or from splitting at the ends. Something, too, that will feed the hair at the same time, a regular hair-food. Well-fedhair will bestrong, and will remain where it belongson the head, not on the comb! The best kind of a testimonial— "Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass ers SARSAPARILLA.
PILLS.
CHERRY PECTORAL.

Sagacity of Ravens. A case of remarkable sagacity in a pair of ravens is related in the Field. Two collie dogs were hunting rabbits and the ravens were soaring overhead. As the dogs drove the rabbit out into the open near the top of a hill it ran straight into a trap and was caught. As the dogs came near the ravens came down and by loud croaking managed to drive away both. They then started to devour the rabbit, which they quickly dispatched.

"Bumper."

The word "bumper," meaning a drinking vessel, derived its origin from the Roman Catholic religion.

It was the custom in England in anclent times to drink the health of the Pope after dinner in a full glass of wine. This was called "au bon pere," from which we have the contraction "bumper."

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Southing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Wily Woman.

"Women are such convenient liars," declared Mr. Jefferson Judd. "When the Wigginses were here to dinner you kept saying Mrs. Wiggins didn't eat enough to keep a bird alive. You know that wasn't so.'

"Well," retorted Mrs. Judd. "There's different kinds of birds. You may have had a canary in your mind while I was referring to an ostrich."-Kansas City Times.

St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases berve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kilne, Ld., 331 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

His Ensy Job.

"Isn't this a wearisome sort of occupation?" asked the customer. "You have to remember so much, and answer so many questions."

"Not at all, madam," answered the book store salesman. "All I have to remember is the titles, names of authors, and prices." "You sell a great many of the popular

novels, don't you?' "Yes, ma'am, but I don't have to read

No Right to Complain.

"See here!" cried the trate man. "I purpose to sue you. Look at my head! You processed to cure-

"Walt a minute," interrupted the maker of Fakeley's Balsam; "we advertise merely that we cure partial baldness and not-"

"Well, I was only partially bald when I started using your stuff; now I haven't a hair!"

"Well, then you're cured of your partial baldness, aren't you?"

Shake Into Your Shoes Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Sold by all Drugglists. Price 25c. Trial package mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, New York.

Candor.

Borem-Hello, old man! What's the matter? You look disgusted. Cutting-Yes, I feel that way.

Borem-Why, what have you run up

Cutting-You. I didn't see you soon enough to escape.—Philadelphia Press.

against now?

