

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.



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BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

on a look of dismay and disappointment.

"If you think it will fail," he said, "perhaps it would be better not to do it by writing at all."

Camilla smiled, but made no answer beyond a shrug of indifference.

"I might put it to him in words of the same plain fashion," he suggested, "I have made an appointment with him for 11 o'clock tomorrow morning, at Great Russell street; at least, I left a verbal message asking him to meet us, and I've no doubt that he'll be there."

She looked up as though she did not quite follow him.

"I could ask Carnac and Rabodanges to come too," he explained, "and then take the opportunity to bring the scheme before him while we are all together."

She was upon the point of vehemently rejecting this proposal, but two considerations made her pause.

"Then you entrapped the man rather than persuaded him?" she asked.

"I certainly did not intrust him with my secret," he replied, "that can be easily explained at any time before we reach St. Helena."

"And you have no fear that he will draw back when he finds out the real nature of the service required from him?"

And all the time, in the room beneath, the colonel was relentlessly planning his downfall.

For no sooner had Dick and Camilla passed upstairs into the drawing room, which contained the more valuable paintings, than M. Carnac and the count arrived almost together.

The colonel took them into the dining room and closed the door.

"You will remember," he said, "our last meeting, and the resolutions then arrived at."

They bowed.

"I am happy," he continued, "to be able to report that my efforts have been crowned with complete success. I have engaged a daring and competent seaman to work my submarine boat, and I have secured an officer to command our vessel who is personally known to and esteemed by the admiral commanding at St. Helena."

M. Carnac looked flustered; this news had quite taken away the poor old gentleman's breath. But the count was enthusiastic, and warmly congratulated the colonel, plying him with strings of eager questions.

M. de Montaut stopped him with a smile.

"Not so fast, my friend," he said; "the gentleman is in the house at this moment, and I shall have the pleasure of presenting him to you immediately. Of one thing however," he continued, "I must warn you beforehand. He has given, so far, no more than a tacit assent to my invitation to join us, and it will therefore be as well to make no reference to the matter at present, beyond, of course, giving a cordial greeting to so invaluable an accomplice."

M. Carnac started; the word "accomplice" appeared to disagree with him unpleasantly. But both he and the count acquiesced, and M. de Montaut led them upstairs. Their voices, as they approached, startled Dick and Camilla in their seclusion, and the faces of both clouded at once.

"This is too bad!" he exclaimed, impatiently.

She looked troubled, and said in an anxious and deprecating tone: "It only shows friends whom we asked to meet us here."

LIFE'S SUNNY SIDE.

SOME JESTS OF THE PASSING HOUR.

Bright Sentimentations of Wit From the Pens of the Professional Fun Makers—Humorous Reading for Young and Old.

Some little time ago an elderly man called at the shop of a Mr. Muirhead, a jeweler in Glasgow, and said that he had come for his watch, which had been left to be repaired.

"Oh," said the other, "I didn't leave it in this shop, for ye were over by in Nelson street when ye got it."

"That must have been a long time ago," said Mr. Muirhead, "for we left Nelson street in 1878; that is seventeen years since."

He was asked for the name and number of the watch, which he described, and on opening the repository it was found safe and sound.

Exactly twenty-two years had passed away since the man handed the watch in for repair, yet he called for it at the end of that time as if he had only left it the preceding week.—Pearson's Weekly.

Another Whiskey Trust.

"What are you so cross about?" said one card shuffler to another.

"That duffer did me out of \$10," he growled.

"That's nothing. You'll get it back off the next man that you meet."

"Oh, it isn't that; you see he has nothing but short coats to wear with it."—Chicago Record.

Artificial Leg for a Canine.

Nearly a year ago a valuable Newfoundland dog belonging to Max Beale of Norfolk and valued at \$400 had one of his legs cut off by a coal train, and it was decided at the time to shoot the animal, but Dr. Ralph Bendon went to work and arranged a leather leg with such success that the dog now walks as well as ever.—Newport News-Commercial.

Would Necessitate a Tailor's Bill.

"Smedley's best girl gave him a tall hat as a present on his birthday, and he's awfully embarrassed."

A Played-Out Cyclist.

First Cyclist—Are you pneumatic-tired or cushion-tired?

Second Cyclist—Damn tired!

Very Doubtful Assurance.

Away out West:

Conductor—See here, we don't stop at that station.

Tenderfoot—But you see my ticket calls for you to stop there.

Conductor (after a moment)—Well, let it go; we'll probably be held up along there somewhere, anyhow.—Chicago Record.

Not Always Symmetrical.

"Has Clara taken to wearing bicycle bloomers yet, Jennie?"

"No, not yet. I don't think she will, either. Do you, Mame?"

"No, those sawdust leggings they sell are so unreliable."—New York Recorder.

A Place for Everything.

Its Mother—Oh, John, John! What shall we do? Baby has swallowed his rattle.

Its Father—Do nothing. Now he'll always have it with him, and we won't have to be forever looking for it when he cries.—Town and Country Journal.

Moved.

Tourist—Everybody Irish here?

Native—Yes. We used to have one Chinaman.

Tourist—What became of him?

Native—He moved to make it unannounced.—Detroit Tribune.

Additional Torture.

How He Judged Character.

"So you want a situation?" said the business man.

"Yes, sir," replied the applicant.

"Hum—do you ever go fishing?"

"Occasionally."

"When were you fishing last?"

"Day before yesterday."

"Catch anything?"

"Not a thing."

"You can come to work next Monday if you like. If you keep on telling the truth like that you may be a partner in the firm one of these days."—Washington Star.

Cruelty.

"Oh, dear," sobbed Mrs. Huannimune, "I knew it would come to this, but I didn't expect it so soon."

"Has your husband been mistrust-

To My Joy

Hood's Sarsaparilla overcame the effects of the grip, cured me of dyspepsia, and nervous prostration. I treated with three different doctors without realizing relief. I resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla and shortly my appetite was improved and my rest was not so much broken at night, getting up in the morning greatly refreshed. After taking three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I was entirely cured and today feel as well as ever in my life. R. B. BARTON, Kansas, Gets Hood's because

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