

in. To-night she was certain to be

at home. This last reflection decided

Dick. He left his rooms again, and

walked quickly to Bedford Square. He

after seeing the shadow on the blind. .

"Is Madame de Montaut at home?"

"Colonel de Montaut, then?" said

"Not at home, sir," repeated the man,

"Thank you. I'll call to-morrow."

The footman nodded after him, and

grinned maliciously. Then he closed

the door and went to report to his mas-

ter. M. de Montaut took out his watch.

man left the room, the colonel, too,

smiled with secret satisfaction.

nine minutes!"

to the light.

within.

asked.

nantly.

tory tone.

ruption.

"Very good," he said; "don't forget

"My poor friend," he murmured,

gently; "my poor young friend does not

know Captain Estceurt as well as I do.

"As for a rebuff or two at the door,"

he continued, with the same noiseless

mind that. We shall all meet again

before long! Au revoir done!" And he

tossed off the wine and went upstairs.

The same footman came to the door.

"Madame de Montaut is not at home,

sir," repeated the man, in the same in-

Dick thought he detected imperti-

nence in his voice, and flushed indig-

that I was intending to call upon her?"

"She said that she was not at home."

choking with rage at the man's grow-

"Not at home to me?" said Dick,

"Particularly not at home to you."

replied the footman, caimly closing the

Dick stood for a moment petrified

with anger and dismay; then with an

effort he roused himself and walked

that he could yet believe any serious

harm to have been done; his reason told

and that it still needed but a few words

sharply hurt, and would not let him

hear the voice of reason without inter-

To the colonel, as distinguished from

her, he did not give a thought. If he

had done so, he would hardly have

for he had been unable, from the first

be genuinely mistaken as to the duty

be excused for not thinking of such con-

ally to a soldier, they should have ap-

pealed at once, and with unanswer-

He decided that he must see Camilla

at once. He would write a note beg-

ging for an interview, insist on its be-

and, if absolutely necessary, make his

way to her presence in defiance of this

insolent servant. In twenty minutes

after coming to this resolution he ap-

peared for the third time upon the door-

step of the house in Bedford Square,

with the note in his hand, and a look

of determination upon his face. This

a wagon that stood before the house;

the cook was standing by, with arms

akimbo, superintending the work. She

was a stout person with a red, good-

with an eye of kindly commiseration.

him good afternoon with an affable

"If you're looking for madame or the

Dick's heart stood still. "Too late?

"Yes, sir; I'm afraid so. They've been

"Gone?" he echoed. "Where have

"Ah, sir, that's more than I know

myself; and we's all had strict orders

Dick's face fell so hopelessly at this

"I'm sure I'm sorry, sir; and I don't

spoken a gentleman.

gone more than an hour."

they gone?"

in good part, and in spite of all would | that she was moved to pity him afresh.

him that Camilla was merely mistaken,

"What do you mean?" he said.

"Well, and what did she say?"

"Those are my orders, sir."

"Not at home, sir."

variable formula.

"Certainly, sir."

ing insolence of manner.

door in his face.

and he turned mechanically away.

The servant appeared.

"Not at home, sir."

in the same formal tone.

BY PERMISSION OF RAND, MENALLY & CO. . CHAPTER IX.

ERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

ICE'S letter to the colonel was soon written. He put it in his pocket and walked to Bedford Spare. It was growing rapidly dark, but lights as he spoke. were only just beginning to appear in 'most of the houses.

In No. 23 the shutters of the dining-

room windows were not yet fastened, but the blinds had been already drawn stammered Dick, in utter astonishment. The bright lights inside threw upon one of them the shadow of a man who was evidently sitting at the near end of the room; his left arm was thrown over the back of his chair, and its image was partly merged in the darkness which represented the latter; his head was in full profile, and bent downward in an attitude of deep thought. He was probably at some little distance from the table, upon which the lights behind him were placed, for the shadow thrown upon the blind was sharp in outline and scarcely more than life-size. The figure was in fact recognizable beyond a doubt as that of Colonel de Montaut himself, and Dick, as he stood upon the doorstep, was almost startled at seeing him apparently so close. At the same time he saw that he had here a good laugh, "my poor young friend must not chance of ascertaining at once that his letter was safely delivered. He dropped it into the box and rang the bell, intending to retreat a few steps across the road so as to be out of sight him- was late in the morning when he awoke, cessful in his inquiries, and was about dow stopped him. The colonel had caught the sound of the bell and had disappeared from the room with astonishing rapidity; one might cimost have thought he had been waiting for the signal. Dick heard a quick, stealthy tread approach the door on the inside; the letter was snatched from the box in an instant, and when he looked at the window again there was the shadow once more in its former position, but with both hands raised, as if in the act of holding up a paper to read. And now another step was heard coming to-

ward the door; it was, no doubt, that of a servant answering the bell. The shadow figure hastlly lowered its hands and the letter disappeared. The servant at the same moment stopped suddenly and went into the dining room; to which, no doubt, his master's voice had summoned him. The conversation which followed was inaudible to Dick. Had it been otherwise, the colonel's labor would have been worse than lost, and of this story there might have been little or nothing to tell. Between understanding and misunderstanding, between the light within and the darkness without, there was but a pane of glass; but it was enough, and Dick remained in the outer darkness. He was, for the present, satisfied. The colonel had read his note, and tomorrow would set all to rights. Alas for Dick! this hope was | griping at his heart the while. Not but a shadow too. The truth, which in this deceptive light cast so false an

saying to his servant. The man apologized for mistaking between the two bells.

"It was I who rang," the colonel was

image of itself, may be guessed from

what was actually passing inside the

house as he turned away to go home.

"Go up to Madame de Montaut," continued his master, "and tell her that Captain Estcourt is coming here in about half an hour. Ask whether she wishes to come to the drawing room, or would rather not be disturbed." The man took the message at once.

When she heard it, Camilla's heart of an English officer. A woman might hardened. She was angered at the idea of Dick's callousness in coming so soon | siderations, but to a man, and especito discuss the details of his treason, and what she had said to her brother-in-law she still meant very decidedly. She would not work in league with a traitor such as she supposed Estcourt to be.

"Tell M. de Montaut," she replied to the servant, in her iciest tones, "that I | ing delivered to her while he waited, prefer to be alone this evening. And remember yourself that from this moment until we leave London I am not at home to any one."

"Very well, madame," said the man. And added, hesitatingly, "But if Captain Estcourt should ask for Madame--?"

"I am not at home to ar one," she repeated, with deliberate emphasis. "And particularly not to Captain Estcourt.'

He bowed, and returned to report to the colonel, who seemed neither surprised nor dissatisfied at hearing what Camilla's answer had been.

"Very well," he said; "then I too am

not at home to Captain Estcourt." Dick, in the meantime, was on his homeward way. The farther he went the more impatient he became for the night to be over and the present uncomfortable state of things ended. He went over this ground again and again, | smile. and longed for the explanation to be done with, that he might be free to for- colonel, sir," she said, "I'm afraid get himself once more in the enjoy- you've come too late." ment of her society. How long it seemed since they parted! What an he said, in a faltering voice. age since their delightful meeting this morning! That absurd but annoying interview with old Wickerby had come between, and all this worry about the colonel's preposterous invitation. However, by this time the colonel, at any rate, was undeceived. Probably he had not to say, if we do happen to know." accepted the rejection of his proposals

welcome Dick again as a friend to-

a word to their best friends. There's SELLS, DOESN'T BUY. impatiently she left the history of Albert's delinquency and returned to the subject at hand. "I may be doing wrong, sir," she said, "because I've my orders the same as the rest, but if I was you I'd turn over some o' them packages in the cart, and see where they're going to."

Dick turned quickly round to the wagon, which was already half loaded. He examined package after package, but all were unlabeled. The men were coming out again with a fresh load, but that, too, had no direction upon it. In fact, as all the luggage was bound, no doubt, for one and the same destination, it was unnecessary that it should be addressed.

Still there was one person-the driver of the wagon-to whom the secret must have been confided, and Dick determined to get it from him by bribery or force.

He resolved to make an attempt at once, risking all on persuasion and the power of gold. He overtook the wagon and asked the driver to give him a lift for a mile or two.

The man readily assented, and Dick reached the doorstep flushed and was no sooner up beside him than the breathless, and rang the pell. It was horses doubled their pace. He was a litexactly half an hour, to the minute, tle surprised at this, but he would have since he had turned away to go home been much more so if he could have known that the wagoner had been holding in his team all this time with the express object of taking him up, and asked Dick, stepping forward to enter would in a few minutes more have been had not come forward.

The colonel had foreseen that this man, who could alone give any clew to the direction of the De Montauts' flight, must sooner or later be run down and questioned by Dick, and he therefore used him as the surest agent for decoying the latter along the way he wished him to take.

The man followed his instructions well, and Dick found it impossible to get more out of him than an admission that he was going that day as far as again to-morrow." And then, as the Guildford. It was, at any rate, something to know this, and Dick resolved to go to Guildford too.

With this object he patiently endured some time the joltings of the wagon, but when the coach passed he was glad He says 'to-morrow;' I say, 'in half an | to stop it and secure a more comforthour,' and here he is again in twentyable sear and a quicker journey for the remainder of the way. He intended to He rose and went to the table, took | lie in wait for the wagoner on his arup his half-empty glass and raised it rival in Guildford, and, if necessary, to travel with him again on the following

The coach stopped in front of the White Lion in Guildford High street. Dick dismounted and began to question the hostler to find out if the De Montauts had passed through or were That night Dick slept uneasily, and it staying in the town. He was unsucself while still keeping the window in However, by half-past ten he was again to turn away disappointed, when he view. A sudden movement of the sha- in Bedford Square, and rang the bell heard some one asking for him by with an outward appearance of calm- name.

> ness, though his heart was beating fast He looked round and saw a man on horseback, with a small valise in front of him upon the saddle "Is Madame de Montaut in?" Dick "Did I hear you inquire for me?" he

asked. "Captain Estcourt, sir?" said the "Has she gone out this morning alman, touching his cap.

"That's right," said Dick; "what is The man dismounted from his horse,

which was covered with foam and dust. He lifted the valise down, and took a letter from the saddle bag. "That is for you, sir," he said, and handed it to Dick, who opened it in as leisurely a fashion as if he knew its "Did you tell Madame de Montaut | contents already, and betrayed not a sign of the tempest of wonder and ex-Dick asked this in a still more peremp- citement that was raging within him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AUNT ALICE'S NIECE.

All the Folks in the Car Wondered If She Got That Balloon.

A handsome young woman with a beautiful little girl of 4 years sat in a crowded street car.

"You've got on mamma's dress, haven't you, Aunt Alice?" remarked steadily away, but with a terrible pain the child.

Aunt Alice flushed and called attention to a balloon man on the corner. "Yes, the last time mamma wore that dress down town she bought me a from him to change her disappointment ballcon. Will you buy me one, Aunt

into sympathy; but his feelings were Alice?" "Yes, if you'll be good." "Oh, I'll be good. Do you like mamma's hat? It makes you look aw-

ful pretty, Aunt Alice." "There, be a good girl. See that woman out there with a little girl."

treated him with the same leniency; There was a period of silence and moment, to think it possible for him to Aunt Alice breathed a sigh of relief. Then the child inquired:

"Did mamma say you could wear her pin, Aunt Alice? She wouldn't let me wear it, 'cause she was afraid I would

"Yes, of course. Do be quiet, Nellie." "Will you buy me a balloon then?"

"Yes." "And can I carry it?"

"All right; then take mamma's parasol. I don't want to carry it any

balloon too. Haven't you got any dress of your own, Aunt Alice?" Aunt Alice yanked the little girl out time the door was open, and some men of the car by the arm, and the chances were carrying out heavy packages to are that she got no balloon.

longer, 'cause I couldn't carry it and a

A Valuable Counterfeit.

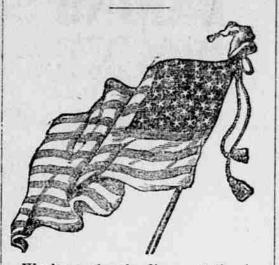
"Sometimes," says a Philadelphia barkeeper, "a bad coin is a very good humored face, and she looked upon Dick thing to have. We had a brass 10-cent piece here for two years that was worth for she had heard in the servants' hall \$1 a week to the bar. I knew the man of his present turn of ill-fortune, and from whom it was taken, and, of course. thought her mistress unaccountably hard upon so handsome and pleasant- gave it back in charge. He was a good customer before, but much better afterward. Ten times a week he would So she came out to the door, and bade come in and either give me that brass coin av get it given to him. One day the psyprietor looked through the drawer, and, finding the bogus coin, threw it away. When I told him that it was worth \$50 a year to the house he kicked higself. We not only lost the coin, but the customer as well. He felt hurt cecause I couldn't give him our pet piece."

In water in which decaying vegetables have been infused the microscope discovers creatures so minute that ten thousand of them would not exceed in bulk a grain of mustard.

Attorney-General Harmón's midday morrow morning. To-morrow. Why know what some folks mean by the luncheon usually consists of a slice of not to-night? It was now some time, way they go off of a sudden and never | ple with a glass of milk.

FREE TRADE ENGLAND REFUTES ALL DEMOCRATIC TRADE THEORIES.

She Sells Us More Manufactures but Buys Less of Our Products-Ships Shoddy Goods Here and Buys Food Elsewhere-Takes Less Cattle, Wheat, Flour, Beef and Bacon.



We have already discussed the free trade theory that if we do not buy we cannot sell. We have shown by our own import and export statistics that, driven to make the offer himself, if Dick | since the Gorman tariff went into effect with its first approach to free trade, we | tion in his system. He has already sufhave been buying very liberally from | fered from serious attacks, the last of foreign countries, but, on the other hand, we have been selling less than extent that Uncle Sam is still a very usual in the markets of the world. As the results of our actual experience have proven different to free trade theories and promises, we thought it best

has bought from us during the first eight months of the present year to the extent of \$15,000,000 less than she bought from us last year. With larger sales of woolen goods by \$17,500,000 and smaller purchases of half a dozen food products by \$15,000,000, it is evident that England is doing pretty well since the Gorman tariff went into ef-

But unfortunately the theory of American free traders that "if we do not buy we cannot sell" still remains to be proven, for England is buying much less from us and selling us more. We are buying more and selling less; they are selling more and buying less. Our statistics show that although we are doing the buying, we are not doing the selling that we used to under protection. Their statistics show that they are doing the selling, although they are not doing as much buying as

when we had protection. We should like some free-trade editor to explain the why and the wherefore of this condition of affairs, which contrasts so strangely with the freetrade theories and promises of the past.

Uncle Sam's Sickness.

We regret that our artist has been compelled to bring Uncle Sam's serious condition so forcibly to our attention. There is evidently a failure of circulawhich impaired his vitality to such an sick man.

Uncle Sam's advisers, not satisfied with the treatment which was being administered by the family physicians, to examine the results of England's called in the services of Dr. John Bull, buying and selling. There we have an giving him complete control over their absolute free trade country, while here | patient and curtly dismissing the doc-



GETTING THE DEMOCRATIC SINGLE GOLD STANDARD CURE.

the free traders might claim that their | tors who were formerly in attendance. theories have not assumed practical | By the injection of strong doses of gold shape because the Gorman tariff is par- | cure, Dr. Bull was enabled to restore tially protective. Without going into | Uncle Sam's vitality to a normal condiall the details of British foreign trade, tion, but weakness has again shown we take their exports of woolen goods itself. His circulation has become seand their imports of some food products, these being possibly their two | The Man Who Sees the Benefit of Free most important lines of trade. Here are the figures for the eight months ending Aug. 31 of the present year:

ENGLISH EXPORTS OF WOOLEN GOODS. Eight months to Aug. 31. Increase, Quantities— 1894. 1895. 1895.

Woolen and w'st'd yarns lbs 64,900 1,164,600 1,099,700 Woolen tissues, yds...1,095,600 9,200,700 8,105,100 Worsted tissues, yds...9,475,500 48,425,100 38,949,600

Carpets, yds., 108,100 447,400 339,300 Values-Woolen and w'st'd y'rnsf 7,159 f 114,289 f 107,130 Woolen tis-• sues 220,699 1,046,790 826,091 Worsted tissues 704,498 3,234,900 2,530,402 Carpets 17,011 80,865 63,854

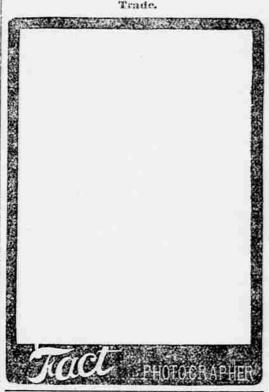
Totalsf 949,367 £4,476,844 £3,527,477 Value of English imports from United

Eight months to Aug. 31. Decrease. 1894. Articles-Cattle£ 4,883,612 £ 3,167,828 £1,715,784 Wheat and flour 9,558,080 9,004,163 Bacon 2,510,019 Salt beef.. 223,125 3,222,172 175,615 Fresh beef 2,526,187 2,289,517 Cotten 15,506,529 15,299,266

Totals ...£36,307,552 £33,158,561 £3,048,991 Since our new tariff on wool and woolen goods went into effect England has increased her sales of woolen goods

More Cotton Coming.

how is it with her buying? are given above, we find that England | Troy Daily Times.



riously impaired, as the following statistics show:

MONEY IN THE UNITED STATES. Total. Per capita. October 1, 1893....\$1,701,939,918 \$25.29 October 1, 1894.... 1,655,038,982 24.07 October 1, 1895.... 1,585,593,599 22.72

Decrease since

1893 \$1,116,346,409 \$2.72 A loss of upward of \$116,000,000 in circulation, within a couple of years, would kill many people, but Uncle Sam's extraordinary strength and resources have enabled him to pull through, although his reserve force has again fallen below what is usually regarded as a safe limit to sound health.

The agony that Uncle Sam appears to endure is probably increased by the knowledge that, in his weak and helpless condition, Doctor John Bull has pocketed a ten million dellar fee. There is a mingled look of pain and disgust upon his honest old countenance. He will recover, however, with better treatment from wiser counselors.

A Free Trade Trust. In spite of the fact that the duties on window glass have been reduced nearly one-half by the provisions of the new Tariff, the manufacturers have formed in the United States to the extent of \$17 .- | a trust. The trust has already ad-500,000 more than she has sold us of vanced prices nearly 18 per cent. And similar goods during the corresponding another advance of 5 per cent is likely months of 1894. It is thus evident that to follow. What becomes of the argu-England is increasing her sales with our ment that Protective Tariff fosters first approach toward free trade, but trusts, and that a revision of duties according to Democratic ideas would be a In the half-dozen food products that death blow to such combinations?-

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And constipution troubled me for over a year. I grew worse and could hardly perform my household duties. I had severe pains in my stomach, especially at night. I treated with our physician six months without avail. I resorted to Hood'sSarsaparilla

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