FORCING FATE SE EDITH M. WHALLEY.



O' I don't say the scheme would not

a success it is the doing of the whole thing that I object to. Why, Bestrice, if it got noised abroad as should never dars to show ourselves in workers again as long as we lived."

"But it never will get noticed abroad. How should it? rush around teiling his friends, and I don't think we shall mention it," she added, laughing daringly.

As Beautice Vane spoke she crossed the pretty morning room, in which she and Madge Lester were sitting, and kneeling by her friend's chair she continued, all the laughter gone out of her voice.

"O! My dear, it you only knew what it means to me you would never think of refusing to help me. Why! If you were in my place I would go through fire and water for your happiness.

Madge put her arms round the impulsive girl by her side and kissed ber tenderly. The two women made a beautiful picture, the one sitting, the other kneeling at her feet. The sun which was shiring brightly into the room. It up the two fair heads and cast a halo round them, as if it loved them. They are strangely alike, so much so that strangers always take it for granted that they are sisters. All resemblance ends, however, with their appearance, for two natures more dissimilar it would be difficult to find. Madge Leaver is a bright, capable woman, well pleased with herself and her surroundings. sufficiently intelligent to be interesting, with an even. amiable disposition, a capacity for deep affection, and a

lived the world is always the better. Beatrice Vane is a mixture, as complex as she is bril-Bank, full of fire and restless activity, with laterst powers and capabilities, which, up to the present time, have lain, the sun had sunk to rest and the shadows crept into the dormant for lack of opportunities. The motherless ohild room and warned them day was doneof an indulgent father, her life had been one continued opens, her father died, leaving her, instead of the large fortune she had afways been led to expect, merely a small had gone to her friend and begged her to share her home. but Beatrice had said, in her quick, decided manner:

"Don't ask me that dear, as you love me. I must be independent or die," and there the matter had ended,

A year later Beatrice surprised Madge by culmiy walkthe ereand on which she had come. In the emphatic, slightly fictatorial manner to which Madge was so accustomed, Beatrice recounted how Eric Hamilton, the man with whom she was deeply in love, and who-alcovered she was as pour as himself, fearing to ask her to share his poverty, knowing how unsuited her bringing had been to the makings of a poor man's wife, had left her, not daring to tell her of his love. Bestrice, hav-Madge to go to the pince where he is staying and to induce him, by fair means or otherwise, to ask her to Beatrice Vane. marry him, and then, on the wedding day Beatrice, takpily ever after, as the audactous girl winds up her rapid

" If I were sure the furtherance of your plan would be help you." Madge continues, "but I see nothing but humiliation and puts for you at the end of it all, and that is why I say the thing is impossible."

Bearing rose to her feet, her face flushed with exditement, her voice trembling with engerness.

"O! Madge, why will you not understand? I tell you be loves me. I know he does! Why, only the day before father's death he had begun to propose to me, when we were interrupted by Mrs. Fulham calling upon me. Think of it, Madge! My whole life spoiled by the chance intance. That is," she added hastily, unless you will help me to force fate and undo the evil that woman unconsciously did." "But Beatrice, surely, if this man loved you, he would

prevented him asking you to be his wife."

"How could be, a beggarly artist, ask me, a poor woman, to marry him?" Bestrice retorted, almost angrily. "He of course thought me quite incapable of have never heard of him since, until yesterday, when Mrs. Casson wrote to me, and in her letter mentioned that 'Mr. Hamilton, the artist, was staying at the lake for the summer months, painting some delightful local scenary. It was then-that night-as I walked my room, being unable to sleep, that the idea came to me that he should be induced to propose to you, and that we would change places on the wolding day. Once his wife, Madge, will soon convince him how capable I am of helping him to the success which must be his one day. O' my you will do it, dear. For pity's make, say you will do it, for I think my wretched impotence will drive me mad."

With a hitter cry, almost like an animal in pain, she flung herself into a chair, and burying her head in her arens on the table beside her she burst into tears. Madge waiked over to the weeping girl, and, gently

stroking the howed head, she once more tried to show her impulate friend how altogether impracticable her wild plan was. Beatrice choked down her tears, but did not

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"It is nothing of the kind. Madge, if a man who you lost so sure will sek me to marry him only you will do as I ask you. The scheme samply because I am a rion woman." Then she turned guickly, and nuching back the hair

from her tear stained face, she said heatily

No! I do not think he will do that. He is an ambius man, but he is not a mid. He must like you-you resemble me so strongly. And having once made up his mind that marriage with me is impossible he will soon imagine he cares for you-O, don't sneer, Madge: 1 know When we are once married you may be sure Eric won't to a woman like you such a man appears contemptible, but I am content to realize, even while I love him, that he is only a mun, and love is not, to him, the all that it is

Madge passed her hand wearily over her eyes. The scene was becoming almost more than she could bear. As a last argument she faltered:

But suppose he has ceased to care for you'?" Bestrice laughed, almost scornfully—she had not lived for twenty-five years without knowing her power over

men, especially this man of whom they are speaking.
"Help me to become his wife," she said. "I know he will love me- Of Madge, he must love me-fit shall love me. Think what men, and women, too, have dured for those they love. Surely I, too, may throw high

for a stake which means more than life itself to me." As she spake she stood erect, her whole frame locattified to an almost ethereal intensity with the lave light in her glorious gray eyes, her full, rich voice ringing triumphant with a passion which thrilled the calmer woman as she listened and made her throw her better judgment to the winds. Taking her friend's hands in

been she excluimed: Perhaps gou're right. And come what may I will do sincers belief in God. The type of woman of which the all in my power to help you be become the wife of Kric true wife and mouther is made, and for whose having Hamilton. Surely he must be other than man if he fall

With a happy laugh Beatrice kissed her friend, and then the two girls set and talked over their plans until

Having once given her promise Madge Lester was not round of pleasure, and when, a year before my story the woman to shirk the consequences. Before a week had passed she had taken a pretty comage at Lake Geneva and had moved late it, taking with her a number of annuity, she had surprised her acquaintances by the cheer- servants and her carriage and horses, feeling it was ful alacrity with which she had accepted her change of part of the game she was playing to let it be known that dreumstances. At the time of Mr. Vane's death Madge she was a wealthy woman. She also invited an elderly and partially deaf aunt, named Miss Knox, to spend the getting all but that she loves, and is beloved, she is summer with her and play propriety when necessary. Thus equipped, she, figuratively speaking, sat down and waited for events to evolve themselves.

Soon the cottagers called upon Miss Lester and her ing into the room where she was sitting in her beautiful kunt, and Mrs. Payne gave a pleasant dinner party in country home on the aboves of Lake Winnebago, and her their honor, at which function Madge was introduced to surprise deepened into consternation as Bentrice unfooled. Eric Hamilton. She thought he gave a slight start as he looked at her, and she felt the color rush into her face as she returned his polite acknowledgments. Her hostens hurried her on to present her to other guests, and for walk to where Miss Knex is sleeping in her chair. the rest of the evening she had no chance of sgain though he leved her-when her father died and he dis- speaking to him. She noticed, however, that, aithough a comparative stranger, he seemed to be a general favorits with every one thers, and she was not surprised, for not only was he a distinctly handsome, well bred man, but he was also a briffiant conversationalist, and us ing discovered her lover's whereabouts, now implores Madge listened to him she began to realize how this man white to the lips, and neither says one word. had so completely won the love of her impulsive friend,

After that evening she met him almost every day ing advantage of her personal resemblancy to Madge, is either at pictures, tennis parties, yachting, or other social be change places with ner friend and herself marry Eric events, to which they were both invited. At the begin-Hamilton, trusting to the love she knows he bears her ning of their acquaintance Madge had fest a deep conto gain his forgiveness for her deception, and to live hap- tempt for this great, handsome man, who had run away from the girl he loved rather than share his "little all" with her. She had, in conversation with him on one occasion, led up to the subject of love matches between for your happiness. Beatrice, I would gladly consent to poor men and women, and he had expressed himself so acrongly upon the selfishness of men forcing wamen they pretended to love into such a life of care and trouble that she had come to think Beatrice was right, and her tragic scheme was indeed the only why in which she could ever become this man's wife. The two soon secame excellent friends, and Madge decided that the task of gaining Eric Hamilton's affections would be by no means an unpleasant one. That Eric both admired and liked Madge was patent to all beholders, and she, wishing to hasten matters, both for her own sake-for at times the part she was playing filled her with dread-and also for that her friend, she commissioned him to and one month after that eventful conversation in her lakeside morning room Madze found herself seated for her first sitting. Her sunt domed over a book at the far end never have allowed your altered diroumstances to have of the long drawing room, and her artist friend sketched with an easy grace and chatted to her of his work and his ambition with a natural frankness which Madge found delightful to listen to:

Madge had written to Beatrice mimost daily, telling making a poor man's wife, and so be went away, and I her how their plan was succeeding, but as sitting followed sitting she found each letter more difficult to write than the last, until they dwindled down to barely two each

> Madge did not attempt to explain to herself why writing to Beatrice had become so difficult. With the character she had assumed, also had submerged her own extratemperament, and with a rash abandonment, wholly inlike her former self, she lived for each day as it came, and left the morrow to take thought for itself.

Her aunt remarked how her niece was changed, and noting her unusual excitability she wendered if Mudgewas going to be ill. In unswer to her inquiries, her niece always laughingly informed her she had never felt better in her life, and so Miss Knox once more subsided into her

sabitual state of culm content. The last sitting is over. And Eric Hamilton and Madge Lester are discussing the finished portrait. Madge, wearing the gorgeous gown in which she has been posting. stands by the open fireplace, with one foot resting grace-

fully upon the funder. The artist's epe travers from the I cannot understand a girl of your spirit caring for picture to the fiving woman by his side, and, as he drinks in, as only a true artist can, the becaty of the living, colode face, he feels his art is but a cold, crude thing after all, and with a quick breath of disappentment, he turns away and walks to the window.

With a woman's intuition she understands his action, and, following him quickly, she places her hand upon his arm, and with eyes bright with excitement and juy; as she realizes the squeezs he has achieved, she excluims, in dissolutied sentences:

It is purfect, your fortune is made. Every woman who sees it will beg you to paint her portrait. And now you can-" she had almost said "marry Beatrice," when, with a shudder, she remembered her compact with her friend, and so rather himely concluded, "I know I am right. You will be the greatest partrait painter in Amer-

Madge had by no means overrated his work; it was beautiful beyond description. Catching some of his admirer's anthusingm, Eric strule over to the picture, and. as he again looked at it, his heart gave a great bound. for he realized that Madge was right. He has indeed painted a masterplees. She watched him almost breathlessing and, as she can the look which oversproad his fince, she excluded:

All! You, two, one how perfect it is, He turned quickly towards her, and in a voice which thrilled her with a wild joy, he said quietly

Yes, if is beautiful. It is the best work I have ever home in my life, or ever shall do, though I work for all

eternity. I have painted the woman I love She never moved but stood with hands clusped nogether, her face strangely, pale, after not former excitasent, her eyes fixed on his waiting, walking for him to tell her of his love. Loving him, as she now knows she does, with all the strength of her strong unitare-and knowing she must accept his love-and pass it on to another woman. God help her. For he alone can-

The man continued, his come staking almost to a whilsper, as he leaned towards her, and took her willing

Madge, dear, I think you are right. That dear portrain of my love will bring my fund, so that I shall not be ashamed to ask you to link your rare with mine. I should I know, have waited until that fame is mine, but, my dayling, I am only a man, and your profes made me forget

She is in his arms. His lips have found here, and, partient. But only for a few short moments, for suddenly like a crash of thunder on a summer day, the memory of her terrible compact rushes to her mind, and with an effort of self-central she disenguges berself from her lover's arms, and says, gently:

"Erie, we are forgetting my aunt. Let us make her. and show her your picture, and tell her our news." One more kiss, sweetheart. Just one more. " He begs, and then, still bolding each other's hunds, they turn to

As they are crossing the room a woman comes towards them from the curtained doorway, and with a cry, in which love and terror are strangely mixed, Madge recog-

The two women, who have loved each other since they were children, stand and gage one at the other, both Realizing that there is something uniss, Eric turns

towards Madge, and as he does so, Beatrice for the first. time looks into his face. With a suppressed scream she catches the surprised man by the arm and half drags him to the window.

Who are you?" she asks breathlessly. "You have his voice, you have his figure, but you are not he. Madge. tell me! Who is this man, who calls himself Eric Hamil-

Madge stands intently watching her excited friend. utterly bewildered, out with a feeling of exultation growing in her heart. She motions to her lover to speak, and looking pitifully at Beatrice. Eric says gently:

May I ask if you are Miss Vane?" The girl note an eager "Yes," still watching his face with a painfully intent gaze, and he continues:

I think you have mistaken me for my cousin, who bears the same name, and who is exactly my own age. nd who is also an artist." Here he stops, nervously, and Beatrice says brusquely: "Go on! Go on

Eric hurries on, rather disjointedly: Poor aid Eric told me of you the night before he

sailed as war artist fourteen months, ago. He said by had not asked you to be his wife because he leved you too well to drag you into the miseries of domestic poverty He hoped to make a name for himself during the war. and then to return, and ask you to share it." Once more he stops, and again Beatrice implores him to continue

Passing his hand through his hair, and turning his eyes from the besteching face looking up at him, he says softly, and with great reverence Miss Vane, our noble hid was killed in one of the

first battles of the Japanese-Russian war." Beatries makes no sound: Mindge would give words to hear the tortured girl cry out, or give some expression to her grief, but her eyes show the agenty she is suffering, as she stands, as

though turned to stone, her hands lightly gripping the back of a chair before her Madge gently put her arms around the girl, and Eric. sking down a sob turned and left the friends orgether. Miss Knox wakes at the sound of the door closing. and, seeing her more sugaged with a stranger, she silently passes from the room, ashamed of being cought naming in broad daylight. And so the two women are left slone.

past endurance, her own newly born love gives Madge an inspiration, and site mays softly: You were right, my darling. Your Eric did love you

The hideous spell which threatened to overthrow her

At last, when the terrible silence has become almost

Madge, and as the pittful tears at length burst from those tortured eyes she sinks into a chair and moans: Yes, Madge, he loved me-and-I doubted him?

For some time she continues to hear reproaches on perseif for having so misjudged her dead lover, and Madge flushed checks. Madge exclusined listens, thankful for any change from that weird, awful When Beatrice at length ceases to upbraid herself,

Madge, anxious to keep her friend's mind occupied, questions her as to how she came to enter the room when

With a start, Beatrice sits upright, and says huskily: tened, that you had that for ever-'Ah! I had forgotton. I came, Madge, because your hist letters told me you had learned to love this man, who thought was my Eric-and I wantel to judge for myself to win you and your keen. If he, too, loved you. So I chose the time you told me Huse, don't interrupt me. Let me tell you all. It dreamly before her: does me good to talk. You both stood in the shadow, so your hands in his. No pity entered into my heart for the me-for all eternity.

reason is broken. With a bitter cry she turns towards position L moself, had forced you into. I only knew you had won the love I had staked more than my life to win. And-and I hated you-you, my little Madge, whom I have loved since we were natites."

With the great tears racing each other down her "You didn't hate me more than I hated myself. But dear, she added. "I meant to keep my faith with you, even though I loved him so.

Ah, yest I felt that." Beatrice said flerosly, " and that only made me have you the more, for it was not the man I wanted, it was his love, and I anew, as I lis-

" But. Beatrice, you are forgetting that man is not your Eric, he is only mine. Your Eric gave his life trying

The flerce excitement gradually died out of the sufyou always and your sittings, and, teiling the servant I fering girl's eyes, as she listened to her friend's words. would announce myself. I hid in the curtains by the door and with a sigh, such as a tired child might give as its -and I listened. O. my God! what I have suffered this head is laid upon the pillow, she said softly, gaging

"Yes! You are right dear. Crouching behind that I could not distinguish your faces, but his voice was my curtain thinking his lave could never be mine, I langed to Eric's voice, and I never doubted but that it was he. die, but now I will pray to live, that I may become worthy The devil possessed me. Madge, and I prayed God to at his dear love. And then, when we meet in the great strike you dead, as you stood there, looking into his eyes. beyond, perhaps God, in his mercy, will give him back to

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A Message in Cipher.

vern, an attaché to the British embassy. train there. Return with the answer as soon as you can, and be prepared to start tonight," my favorites." So saying. Sir Jusper hunded Malvern a small packet, and dismissed him.

Hurriedly bidding his man pack up his value, the young attache descended to the drawing room, where a few guests were assembles, among them being the beautiful to the Russian embassy. Malvern at once approached her, for he had formed a great liking for the lovely girl.

" Ah." said the girl, immediately brightening as he approached. "I have not seen you for some time. Doubtless you have been busy, and have been unable to call?"

"War has far reaching influences," he returned, with a bright smile, " and even touches a humble attaché like myself. War is doubly crue; when the demands it makes upon my time keep me from you," he added, in a whisper,

"You English have not lost the art of pay- English Pigeonsing pretty compilments," returned Vera-Ivanovitch, with an appreciative little laugh. At this moment two Russians entered the roum, and, after greeting their hostess, came towards Vera and Malvern. The girl shrank back almost imperceptibly, and a half fright-

ened look showed momentarily in her face. Malvern at once noticed it, and wondered at the cause. The next moment the two Russians had exchanged greetings with Vera herself. The younger he immediately idenified as a rich and well known at Petersburg man of fashion, who moved in the best of diplomatic circles, but whose pecord was not altogether an enviable one. No one know how he became possessed of his money. It was he from whom Vera had shrunk on secing him approach.

His companion Malvern did not remember having seen her before. Exactly why Malvern couldn't tell, but he was suddenly svined

Hir Jasper Hule to Harold Mai- the bandsome young Bussian over her?

I will take every care of the book," and he lowed the others into the drawing room. ommenced turning over the leaves, pausing at certain pages which Vera had murked.

of the letters had a tiny dot, no bigger than wre. daughter of Paul Ivanovitch, chief secretary a pin's head, penciled over the top. He paused for a moment, vaguely wondering if plot and counterplot, and that her secret

> tte dots. What did those dots over the letters mean? Did they come by accident or design? Was Vera endeavoring to sonvey to him a silent message? His attention became riveted onthem. He began slowly to read; By perfumed meadows and purling streams.

The cows are browsing lazily: 9999999999

USEFUL

GLAZED PIGEONS .- Pluck. draw. and cleanse the birds, and blanch them. Frepare sufficient forcement for the number of pigeons with the following ingredients: Minced weal, green onlong, and mushruoms, seasoned with fine spice and well mixed with bread crumbs and a little milk. Stuff the birds with this, and wrap each in a siter of bacon and then in a sheet of paper, and roast them. But out and trim as many fillets of veni as you have pigeons, larding them nearly with good bacon. Put them in a pan with a green nunch of herbs, three cloves, the moistening it all with a little stock. When these fillets are cooked, drain well, and strain off the liquor into a clean pan, and boil it sharply till reduced to haif. Now return the fillets to this, and set the pan over hot cinders so that they may glase. When all are ready remove the hacon with the pigeons, and dish them afternately with the west nilets, pour a little essence of ham over the birds and serve hot.

bassador, London, without a mee by every conseivable means, but no, she intuition hes singled out the down and feverisally perused the book of ninet sear; and set quietly on the grass, then made for some ment's unnecessary delay," said would not meet his gage. What power had There was been until dotted. In a powers which he had put into his pocket and him all agogmoment he had it. "Be careful" These searched for further revelations. "O. by the way, Mr. Maivern," she said were words that startled him. It was indeed. Paris. "You are to cross from Calais, but presently-as the attache thought, with as- a message from Vera-a message from the market about the pages were pursuit." The motor rapidly approached, and The market bear had been left near the gate for suddo not entrain at Paris. Drive, walk, or sumed indifference-" you recollect I wanted ing. God bless her! She was as loyal and as other dotted words, which when deciphered, ride to one of the outlying suburbs, and en- you to read my mother's poems? I have true as steel. Other letters were dotted over read: "You are being watched. Be on your brought the book with me and have marked the leaf, but just as he was about to try to guard against the two. decipher the rest his hostess led the way to "Thank you," he said: "It's good of you. dinner, and, offering his arm to Vera, he fol- his pulses, and set him throbbing with ex-

Save for a gentle pressure on his arm the girl gave no indication of any wessage or ling whit to England with the dispatches? As he read he suddenly noticed that some sign, so Malvern merely returned the press-He well knew that Russia was the center of

there were any hidden meaning in those mys- service was unnipulated by some of the cleverest, most satute and ingenious seoun-With such thoughts crowding in on him.

and with a sense of insecurity and mystery put on an overcoat and a capsurrounding the whole business, it is not surprising that the young attache was stient and to excite any suspicion, told the driver to exhausted, following the trail of the car on preposeessed at dinner though he did his proceed slowly to an outlying suburb, whence level best to appear cheerful and at case.

citement.

Was Vera acquainted with his forthcom-That was a question he asked himself renestedly, but found to satisfactory solution. Weil, he had received a warning, and hoped to profit by it. He would start on his mission without an instant's delay. For greater accurity he placed the dispatches firmly

fastened, under his shirt. Without waiting to change into tweeds, he

he intended to entrain for Calais. He had

000000000000000000000000000000000 RECIPES FOR DAINTY Good Gumbos-

Fanciful Codfish-Okra Gumbo.—Put into a saucepan a BALLS.—One cup raw sait figh, one pint spoonful of pure lard and one of flour. Stir potatoes, one egg well beaten, one-quarter it well until it is of a light brown. Chop an spoonful pepper, and more sait if needed onion fine and throw in; cut a fat capon or thicken into small pieces and put it into the in one-half linch pieces, and free from beneat sauceput with the flour and lard. Stir it all Pure potatoes and out in quarters. Put fight the while until the chicken is nearly done. and pointness in stewpan, cover with boiling When the whole is well browned add a slice water. Buil twenty-five minutes, or until

of ham out small. Throw in two or three potatoes are soft. Do not allow potatoes to get soggy. Drain off all water: much an pods of red pepper and sait to taste. Add one quart boiling water and leave it on the beat until perfectly light. Add butter and fire two and a half hours. During that time sait, and, when slightly cooled, the eggs and more sait if liked. Shape them without smoothing much. Slip off into frying but take either a can of okra or the fresh okra and chop it up a bit. Put in a sandepan with a little water and let simmer one-quarter of minute. Fry only five at a time. an hour stirring all the while. Then add to CAKES .- Take six good sized putate pare, and boil: one gound codfish. Put over fire in cold water: do not let it bot it either six fresh tomatues or one-half can of tomatoes and let cook on a slow-fire one sour ancovered. When your gumbo has been cooking two and a half hours take it Mash fish and potatoes together. When he season with sait and pepper to taste, add off to cool and skim off all the grouse. Then piece of butter, two eggs beaten light with return to the saucepan, add the skrn and to- fork. Fry in boiling lard five minute mato, and let simmer slowly one hour, or on sheats of brown paper. Serve hot with until the okra is thoroughly cooked. aristo fried bacum.

Then he stopped. With a quick fash of Malvern at once sought his room, locked the hour, when the sound of a sharp but dis-

"Be careful," he spelt out ugain and Vera's opplier had syldently referred-inspeed. As security against possible accident window he suddenly became aware that a That was all; but it was enough to quicken and watched for the motor to pass. In an- and that the woman was Vera Ivanovitch. other moment the motor was on them, and ust, the back left wheel caught the right rout wheel of the carriage. There was a sharp wrench and a jerk, and the front of

the cab was a complete wreck. Heedless of the driver's cries and curses, Mulvern sprang out, flung him his fare, and started to run after the motor at topmost speed, for he thought he had caught a glimpse t a huddled female form in the car as it dashed by: and he also fancied he recognized: He chartered a closed cab, and, so as not both the Russians. He can on until almost the muddy road as best he could, until the

wheel marks turned off into a narrow drive 00000000000

DISHES. Savory Sandwiches-

ELITE.-Take cold beef, builed tongue. ham, and sold roast turkey in equal properchop fine, and stir together in a bowl. that's chop the, and staffed alives, were in the secret service and were watching those a schol dressing and pour over the the young attache. It was she who had whole, mix well and place between thin slices

chicken, three clives one gherkin, and one undon. On pretense of driving her home militaryoun of capers, add to this one-half after the dinner, they had kidnaped her in

or bread, roll and the SPANISH -Bone tweive oil preserved unvies and cut into inch length strips. Make Malvern. ate with one ounce capers and a sprig of pareley; add a dash of paprika one-half tenspoon mixed mustard, one tablespeen tarragen vinegar, one tablespeen oil, the yelks of two hard belief eggs, and sait. Mix smooth; chop the whites of the eggs. Botter thin slices of bread and spread with so two dangerous men were routed from furpaste, sprinkle over them the chopped whites.

Trim and the with narrow ribbons.

By JOHN SCHOLFIELD.

He cautinusty entered the drive, stepped bushes, and, pushing them aside, stood, half Were these Russians-" the two " to whom concealed, looking at the only lighted window to be seen. The front door was left upon. was evidently wharring along at terrific den emergency. As he looked at the lighted the driver stopped well to the left of the road woman was peering out into the darkness.

Cautiously he stepped from his place of whether by accident or design Malvern could concessment and endeavored to attract the never determine, but just as the car whimsed attention of Vern. At last she both saw and recognized him. Quietly she opened the window and let down a "rope" made from a couple of rugs which she had securely factened inside. Then, with desperate pluck, the brave girl swung over the sill, caught on to the rugs, and scrambled down to Malvern. who caught her us she fell the last few feet.

"Quick" she whispered. "The car" She half dragged him to the motor into which they both leaped. It was the work of a moment to start it, but no sooner and Mulvern done so than two men-the Russiansrun out of the house. Two bullets whizzed harmlessly past the car, and in another moment Malvern and his precious charge were tearing back roward Paris, safe from our suit. The young attaché safely delivered the

And that's how it was that Malvern got promoted in the diplomatic service and married Vera Ivanovitch.

Vers had known that the two Rugeta : were in the secret service and were watching endeavoyed to warn Malvern with her secret. FRENCH -Chep one cup white ment of cipber, and so had practically saved the sitmayonnaise divesing, thin with one order to make her reveal anything she might pant may make the pound of the pound attache's movements, for tablespoon tarragon vineway. Spread on this know of the young attache's movements, for they suspected that she was in league with

> They intended keeping her a prisoner in tha house, under the strict surveillance of two female custodiane, until her father had offered a sum of money for her release. Both were ultimately suptured and bunished; and ther injury to the interests of England and Japan.



