



SYNOPSIS.

Senator Jo. C. Calhoun is offered the portfolio of secretary of state in Tyler's cabinet. He declares that if he accepts it means that Texas and Oregon must be added to the Union. He plans to learn the intentions of England with regard to Mexico, through Baroness Von Ritz, secret spy and reputed mistress of the English ambassador, Pakenham. He sends his secretary, Nicholas Trist, to bring the baroness to his apartment. While searching for the baroness' home, a carriage drives up and he is invited to enter. The occupant is the baroness, who says she is being pursued. The pursuers are shaken off. The baroness consents to see Calhoun. Nicholas notes that she has lost a slipper. She gives Nicholas the remaining slipper as a pledge that she will tell Calhoun all, and, as security, Nicholas gives her a trinket he intended for his sweetheart, Elizabeth Churchill. Nicholas is ordered to leave at once for Montreal on state business, by Calhoun, who has become secretary of state, and plans to be married that night. Tyler warns Pakenham that interference by England in the affairs of this continent will not be tolerated. The west demands that the joint occupancy of Oregon with Great Britain cease, and has raised the cry of "Twenty-four or Forty or Fight." The baroness tells Nicholas she will do her best to prevent his marriage. She returns the trinket and he promises to return her slipper. Nicholas enlists the services of Congressman Dandridge, a rejected suitor of Elizabeth's, to assist in the arrangements for the wedding and entrusts him with the return of the slipper to the baroness. The congressman gets drunk and sends the slipper to Elizabeth. The wedding is declared off, and Nicholas is ordered from the house by Elizabeth's father. Nicholas is ordered to gain access to a meeting of the Hudson Bay directors in Montreal and learn England's intentions regarding Oregon. Nicholas sees the baroness leave the directors' meeting in Montreal, where he had failed to gain admission. She warns him that his life is in danger and he accepts an invitation to pass the night at her home.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"Yet you spoke of others who might come here. What others? Who are they? The representatives of Mexico? Some attaché of the British embassy at Washington? Some minister from England itself, sent here direct?"

She smiled at me again. "I told you not to go back to your hotel, did I not?"

"I got no further with her, it seemed. You interest me sometimes," she went on slowly, at last, "yet you seem to have so little brain! Now, in your employment, I should think that brain would be somewhat useful at times."

"I do not deny that suggestion, madam."

"But you are unable to analyze. Thus, in the matter of yourself. I suppose if you were told of it, you would only say that you forgot to look in the toe of the slipper you had."

"Did you credit the attaché of Mexico with being nothing more than a drunken rowdy, to follow me across town with a little shoe in his carriage?"

"But you said he was in wine."

"True. But would that be a reason? Continually you show your lack of brain in accepting as conclusive results which could not possibly have occurred. Granted he was in wine, granted he followed me, granted he had my shoe in his possession—what then? Does it follow that at the ball at the White House he could have removed that shoe? Does monsieur think that I, too, was in wine?"

"I agree that I have no brain! I cannot guess what you mean. I can only beg once more that you explain."

"Now listen. In your most youthful and charming innocence I presume you do not know much of the capabilities for concealment offered by a lady's apparel! Now, suppose I had a message—where do you think I could hide it; granted, of course, the conditions obtaining at a ball in the White House?"

"Then you did have a message? It came to you there, at that time?"

She nodded. "Certainly, Mr. Van Zandt had almost no other opportunity to meet me or get word to me."

"Van Zandt! Madam, are you indeed in the camp of all these different interests? So, what Pakenham said was true! Van Zandt is the attaché of Texas. Van Zandt is pleading with Mr. Calhoun that he shall take up the secretaryship. Van Zandt promises us the friendship of Texas if we will stand out for the annexation of Texas. Van Zandt promises us every effort in his power against England. Van Zandt promises us the sternest of fronts against treacherous Mexico. Van Zandt is known to be interested in this fair Dona Lucrezia, just as Polk is. Now, then, comes Van Zandt with his secret message slipped into the hand of madam at the ambassador's ball—madam, the friend of England! The attaché of Mexico is curling—furious—to know what Texas is saying to England! And that message must be concealed! And madam conceals it in—"

She smiled at me brilliantly. "You come on," she said. "Should your head be opened and analyzed, yes, I think a trace of brain might be discovered by good chemistry."

I resumed impatiently. "You put his message in your slipper!"

She nodded. "Yes," she said, "in the toe of it. There was barely chance to do that. You see, our skirts are full and wide; there are curtains in the east room; there was wine by this time; there was music; so I effected that much. But when you took

54-40 OR FIGHT

BY EMERSON HOUGH
AUTHOR OF THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAGNUS G. KETNER
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"Then You Think There is a Chance of Trouble Between Our Country and England Out There?"

the slipper, you took Van Zandt's note! You had it. It was true, what I told Pakenham before the president—I did not then have that note! You had it. At least, I thought you had it, till I found it crumpled on the table the next day! It must have fallen there from the shoe when we made our little exchange that night. Ah, you hurried me. I scarce knew whether I was clad or shod, until the next afternoon—after I left you at the White House grounds. So you hastily departed—to your wedding?"

"So small a shoe could not have held an extended epistle, madam," I said, ignoring her question.

"No, but the little roll of paper caused me anguish. After I had danced I was on the point of fainting. I hastened to the cover of the nearest curtain, where I might not be noticed. Senor Yturrio of Mexico was somewhat vigilant. He wished to know what Texas planned with England. He has long made love to me—by threats, and jewels. As I stood behind the curtain I saw his face, I fled; but one shoe—the empty one—was not well fastened, and it fell. I could not walk. I reached down, removed the other shoe with its note, hid it in my handkerchief—thank Providence for the fashion of so much lace—and so, not in wine, monsieur, as you may believe, and somewhat anxious, as you may also believe, expecting to hear at once of an encounter between Van Zandt and the Mexican minister, Senor Almonte, or his attaché Yturrio, or between one of them and some one else, I made my adieu—I will warrant the only woman in her stocking feet who bowed for Mr. Tyler at the ball that night!"

"Yes, so far as I know, madam, you are the only lady who ever left the east room precisely so clad. And so you got into your own carriage—alone—after awhile? And so, when you were there you put on the shoe which was left? And so Yturrio of Mexico got the other one—and found nothing in it! And so, he wanted this one!"

"You come on," she said. "You have something more than a trace of brain."

"And that other shoe, which I got that night?"

Without a word she smoothed out a bit of paper which she removed from a near-by desk, and handed it to me. "This was in yours! As I said, in my confusion I supposed you had it." I spread the page upon the cloth before me; my eyes raced down the lines. I did not make further reply to her.

"Madam," went on the communication, "say to your august friend Sir Richard that we have reached the end of our endurance of these late delays. The promises of the United States mean nothing. We can trust neither Whig nor Democrat any longer. There is no one party in power, nor will there be. There are two sections in America and there is no nation, and Texas knows not where to go. We have offered to Mr. Tyler to join the union if the union will allow us to join. We intend to reserve our own lands and reserve the right to organize later into four or more states, if our people shall so desire. But as a great state we will join the union if the union will accept us. That must be seen.

"England now beseeches us not to enter the union, but to stand apart, either for independence or for alliance with Mexico and England. The proposition has been made to us to divide into two governments, one free and one slave. England has proposed to us to advance us moneys to pay all our debts if we will agree to this. Settled by bold men from our mother country, the republic, Texas has been aversé to this. But now our own mother repudiates us, not once but many times. We get no decision. This then, dear madam, is from Texas to England by your hand, and we know you will carry it safe and secret. We shall accept this proposal of England, and avail ourselves of the richness of her generosity."

"If within thirty days action is not taken in Washington for the annexation of Texas, Texas will never be one of the United States. Moreover, if the United States shall lose Texas, also they lose Oregon, and all of Oregon. Carry this news—I am persuaded that it will be welcome—to that gentleman whose ear I know you have; and believe me always, my dear madam, with respect and admiration, yours, for the state of Texas, Van Zandt."

I drew a deep breath as I saw this proof of double play on the part of this representative of the republic of the southwest. "They are traitors!" I exclaimed. "But there must be action—something must be done at once. I must not wait; I must go! I must take this, at least, to Mr. Calhoun."

"Have I been fair with you thus far?" she asked at length.

"More than fair. I could not have asked this of you. In an hour I have learned the news of years. But will you not also tell me what is the news from Chateau Ramezay? Then, indeed, I could go home feeling I had done very much for my chief."

"Monsieur, I cannot do so. You will not tell me that other news."

"Of what?"

"Of your nuptials!"

"Madam, I cannot do so. But for you, much as I owe you, I would like to wring your neck. I would like to take your arms in my hands and crush them, until—"

"Until what?" Her face was strange. I saw a hand raised to her throat.

"Until you told me about Oregon!" said I.

I saw her arms move—just one instant—her body incline. She gazed at me steadily, somberly. Then her hands fell.

"Ah, God! how I hate you both!" she said; "you and her. You were married, after all! Yes, it can be, it can be! A woman may love one man—even though he could give her only a bed of husks! And a man may love a woman, too—one woman. I had not known."

"Monsieur, adieu!" she added swiftly. I bent and kissed her hand. "Madam, au revoir!"

"No, adieu! Go!"

CHAPTER XVII.

A Hunter of Butterflies.
I love men, not because they are men, but because they are not women.—Queen Christina.

There was at that time in Montreal a sort of news room and public exchange, which made a place of general meeting. It was supplied with newspapers and the like, and kept up



ELIJAH MEETS AHAB

Sunday School Lesson for Feb. 25, 1911
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—1 Kings 21. Memory verses 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Take heed, and beware of covetousness." Luke 12:15.

TIME—Four or five years after the last lesson. Prof. Beecher puts this story in the 20th year of Ahab, B. C. 906 (or 863, Assyrian) between his Syrian campaign, 1 Kings 20 and the war described in 1 Kings 22.

PLACE—Ahab's house in Samaria, and Naboth's vineyard in Jezreel, 20 miles to the north.

by subscriptions of the town merchants—a spacious room made out of the old Methodist chapel on St. Joseph street. I knew this for a place of town gossip, and hoped I might hit upon something to add me in my errand, which was no more than to see, it seemed. Entering the place shortly before noon, I made pretense of reading, all the while with an eye and an ear out for anything that might happen.

As I stared in pretense at the page before me, I fumbled idly in a pocket, with unthinking hand, and brought out to place before me on the table, an object of little at first I was unconscious—the little Indian blanket clasp. As it lay before me I felt seized of a sudden hatred for it, and let fall on it a heavy hand. As I did so, I heard a voice at my ear.

"Mein Gott, man, do not! You break it, surely."

I started at this. I had not heard any one approach. I discovered now that the speaker had taken a seat near me at the table, and could not fall to see this object which lay before me.

"I beg pardon," he said, in a broken speech which showed his foreign birth; "but it is so beautiful; to break it is wrong."

I pushed the trinket along the table towards him.

"'Tis of little value," I said, "and is always in the way when I would find anything in my pocket."

"But once some one has made it; once it has been valued. Tell me where you got it?"

"North of the Platte, in our western territories," I said. "I once traded in that country."

"You are American?"

"Yes."

"So," he said thoughtfully. "So. A great country, a very great country. Me, I also live in it."

"Indeed?" I said. "In what part?"

"It is five years since I cross the Rockies."

"You have crossed the Rockies? I envy you."

"You meesunderstand me. I live west of them for five years. I am now come east."

I was afraid my eyes showed my interest; but he went on.

"I had been in the Columbia country, and in the Willamette country, where most of your Americans are settled. I know somewhat of California. Mr. Howard, of the Hudson Bay Company, knows also of the country of California. He said to those English gentlemen at our meeting last night that England should have something to offset California on the west coast; because, though Mexico claims California, the Yankees really rule there, and will rule there yet more. He is right; but they laughed at him."

"Oh, I think little will come of all this talk," I said carelessly. "It is very far, out to Oregon." Yet all the time my heart was leaping. So he had been there, at that very meeting of which I could learn nothing!

"You know not what you say. A thousand men came into Oregon last year. It is like one of the great migrations of the peoples of Asia, of Europe. I say to you, it is a great epoch. There is a folk-movement such as we had not seen since the days of the Huns, the Goths, the Vandals, since the Cimri movement. It is an epoch, my friend! It is fate that is in it."

"So, then, it is a great country?" I asked.

"It is so great, these traders do not wish it known. They wish only that it may be savage; also that their posts and their harems may be undisturbed. That is what they wish. These Scots go wild again, in the wilderness. They trade and they travel, but it is not homes they build. Sir George Simpson wants steel traps and not plows west of the Rockies. That is all!"

"They do not speak so of Dr. McLaughlin," I began tentatively.

"My friend, a great man, McLaughlin, believe me! But he is not McKay; he is not Simpson; he is not Behrens; he is not Colville; he is not Douglas. And I say to you, as I learned last night—you see, they asked me also to tell what I knew of Oregon—I say to you that last night McLaughlin was deposed. He is in charge no more—so soon as they can get word to him, he loses his place at Vancouver."

"After a lifetime in the service!" I commented.

"Yes, after a lifetime; and McLaughlin had brain and heart, too. If England would listen to him, she would learn somethings. He plants, he plows, he has gardens and mills and houses and herds. Yes, if they let McLaughlin alone, they would have a civilization on the Columbia, and not a fur-trading post. Then they could oppose your civilization there. That is what he preaches. Simpson preaches otherwise. Simpson loses Oregon to England, it may be."

"Then you think there is a chance of trouble between our country and England, out there?"

"I do not know. I have heard nothing of the kind. I have heard only of the evil of covetousness in the hearts of men, and how it leads to ruin. I have heard only of the evil of covetousness in the hearts of men, and how it leads to ruin. I have heard only of the evil of covetousness in the hearts of men, and how it leads to ruin."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MRS. SPELL'S SICK SPELL

Happy Ending to Experience That Might Have Developed Fatal Results.

Hayne, N. C.—"I was in a very low state of health last spring," writes Mrs. Z. V. Spell of this place, "and was not able to be up and tend to my duties. We consulted our family doctor, and he advised me to try Cardui, which I did, and soon began to feel better. I got able to be up and help do my housework."

"I continued to take your medicine, and I am now able to do my housework and to care for my children, and I do not feel as though I could ever thank you enough for the benefits I have received. I shall heartily recommend Cardui to all similarly afflicted, for I think your medicine a Godsend to all women."

Cardui is successful, because it contains ingredients that act on the weak womanly organs. They are imported especially from Europe, by us, and are not in general use nor for sale at drug stores, except in the form of Cardui. As a result of the experience of over 50 years, Cardui is now known as a medicine for women, of high merit, that can always be depended on.

Please try it.

N. B.—Write to Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

Didn't Care.

Hewitt—I guess you don't know who I am.

Jewett—No, and I haven't any woman's curiosity about it.

Simple, Rather.

He—You are the only woman I ever loved.

She—Do you expect me to believe that?

He—I do. I swear it is true.

She—Then I believe you. Any man who would expect a woman to believe that cannot have been much in the company of women.

Queen Mary's Trousseau.

Queen Mary is following the example set by her mother, the duchess of Teck, who at the time of her daughter's wedding with the present king declared that for the trousseau "not a yard of cambrie or linen, of flannel or tweed, of lace or ribbon, should be bought outside the kingdom," and who kept to her word. Queen Mary is having her coronation robes and gowns for court functions as well as the opening of parliament gown made by a British firm or all British material. She has ordered eight dresses so far, and work on them has commenced.—London correspondent New York Sun.

And It Was All Imagination.

"I wonder how much imagination governs some persons' senses?" remarked a visitor at the St. Regis yesterday. "For a Christmas present I sent to a young woman of my acquaintance one of the most elaborate sachet cases I could find. It was such a beautiful thing that I didn't put perfume in it, for some women prefer to use a certain kind all the time, and I thought I would leave it to the recipient to put her own particular sachet powder in the case. You may imagine I was somewhat amazed to read this in her enthusiastic letter of thanks: 'Its perfume has pervaded the whole room.'"—New York Press.

IT'S FOOD
That Restores and Makes Health Possible.

There are stomach specialists as well as eye and ear and other specialists.

One of these told a young lady, of New Brunswick, N. J., to quit medicines and eat Grape-Nuts. She says: "For about 12 months I suffered severely with gastritis. I was unable to retain much of anything on my stomach, and consequently was compelled to give up my occupation."

"I took quantities of medicine, and had an idea I was dying, but I continued to suffer, and soon lost 15 pounds in weight. I was depressed in spirits and lost interest in everything generally. My mind was so affected that it was impossible to become interested in even the lightest reading matter."

"After suffering for months I decided to go to a stomach specialist. He put me on Grape-Nuts and my health began to improve immediately. It was the keynote of a new life."

"I found that I had been eating too much starchy food which I did not digest, and that the cereals which I had tried had been too heavy. I soon proved that it is not the quantity of food that one eats, but the quality."

"In a few weeks I was able to go back to my old business of doing clerical work. I have continued to eat Grape-Nuts for both the morning and evening meal. I wake in the morning with a clear mind and feel rested. I regained my lost weight in a short time. I am well and happy again and owe it to Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pligs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.