

you think he can have got the letters? The miserable wretch! When I think of that poor creature living over at the Chalet in her fool's paradise—"my wife's voice broke; the word she had used to describe Miss Horton was the same as before, but her accent on it was different.

The music inside stopped with a crash. "What has happened?" cried Angela, darting through the French window into the salon. A little crowd was gathered round someone, something on the floor. Mr Trochner was holding Cherry Degrey in his arms; Mr Morton and Jack Lennox-Martin were trying to raise a prostrate figure, which Mrs Baddeley was aimlessly flapping with a newspaper, under the impression that she was supplying fresh air. My wife knelt down. "Don't try to raise him," she said authoritatively, "the less exertion the better." Then she slipped her hand under the lapel of his coat, and a moment later, lifting her eyes to Mr Morton's face, gave him a look which he understood. Somehow the room was cleared of the girls and ladies. The Count's best chance was air and perfect quiet, Morton said, driving them all before him, and when Angela and half a dozen gentlemen were left we lifted the poor lifeless body on to the sofa, and straightened the limbs and closed the eyes which but ten minutes before had been so gay among us all. Again I saw my wife slide her hand in the dead man's breast, and this time she drew out a delicate gossamer handkerchief, worked with a coronet, and covered the white mask, that already looked like a face carved in stone.

"Heart," said Morton laconically, "they used to say so in Rome last winter, and he was ordered never to

dance, or hurry, or get excited, but I suppose he felt better, and forgot the warning. Someone must write to the father, or go—by George, there is the governess and the children at the Chalet! Poor things, a terrible shock for them—is there any necessity, do you think, Serafin, to tell them they'll all be in bed, and it isn't as if the tie were a very close one."

"I will undertake to tell Miss Horton and the poor little step-sisters," Angela volunteered. "If Monsieur Gerard sees that the news is not taken to them before I can go over to the Chalet at eight o'clock," and then Gerard, and the doctor from the village, and the two gendarmes took possession of the Salon, and began locking and sealing the doors, and writing depositions in their notebooks, and by degrees we found that there was nothing more for us to do or say, and we melted away from the scene of the tragedy to our own rooms.

"Look here," said my wife, when we were alone together. "I don't know what you will say, but I took these, and I know I did right."

She held up a little shabby packet of old letters, tied with a narrow ribbon. They were in their foreign covers, and as I peered closer I read, "Miss Horton, Poste Restante," on the outside one.

"You didn't?"

"I did, and I maintain that I was right. You heard what those policemen said about searching his pockets. Think of the talk, the scandal, if these had been found with her name on them! It came suddenly into my head that he had them. Such inspirations are not sent for nothing, and when I took out his handkerchief I slipped them out too, and into my pocket. No, it wasn't robbing the dead. The letters are Miss Horton's, and to-morrow I shall take them to her. Please don't say anything more, for I know I have done the wisest and the kindest thing."

I do not think I had said very much, and I certainly said nothing more. Next morning my wife and I went across to the Chalet at eight o'clock, and I waited while she went in alone. She was to call me if I were required, that is, if poor Miss Horton's grief took a violent form. As for the children we did not expect them to feel much, for they and their English brother had little in common. In about twenty minutes Angela returned. There had been no scene. The governess had been wonderfully self-controlled.

I could almost fancy that visit to the Church yesterday was a dream, only when she took the letters she suddenly looked at me with her face all altered and smiling, and said, "He did love me, you see. Sometimes he flirted with other women, but I was his real love, for all that, and yesterday he wrote for the license for our marriage." Something like that she said, poor thing! Poor thing! And though I burst out crying she did not shed a tear."

I took Angela back to the Hotel and made her lie down quietly in her room for the rest of the morning. Later on I saw Miss Horton, and she asked me in a dry, businesslike way to telegraph and stop the license. "There is no need now for that matter ever to come out. I should like to stay with the children, and Count Simondi need never know anything which might annoy him and alter his feelings towards his son."

There was sense in this, and I acted on the suggestion without saying a word to anyone. My telegram was in time to cancel the letter, and a letter of explanation following closed the whole affair.

On the following day Count Simondi arrived and carried his son's coffin down to Geneva. There was some talk of holding a funeral service at our own little church, but rather to my relief the idea was abandoned. God knows I did not grudge the poor fellow our prayers, nor his family any possible comfort, but the idea was distasteful to me, though only Angela knew why, and I was pleased that it was not carried out. Miss Horton and the children left with the Count. The Countess was nervous, it appears, and could not bear her children to be out of her sight. Our hotel party melted away somewhat rapidly, Cherry Degrey and her Aunt being the first to

set the example of leaving. The girl had suffered a great shock and gave herself almost the airs of a newly-made widow. By degrees I saw all my congregation disappear in different directions. Monsieur Gerard was in despair. The Chalet empty, the Hotel almost deserted, his season ruined by this desolating catastrophe! But the next week end a large party of Americans came down from the Tete de Loup, which had closed for the season, and the shutters were thrown open again, and the piano in the salon was once more in requisition. In these come-and-go places even tragedies like the sudden death of Julius Simondi soon slip out of mind, and a fortnight later only Angela and I remained to remember the strange, sad episode, to whose strangest, saddest side we alone held the key. But for a long while Angela's eyes would fill with sudden tears at the recollection of Miss Horton's face as she took the packet of letters that Julius Simondi had written her.

"Thank God, Henry, she never knew that he was false! Perhaps, after all, fate has been kind to her, poor creature."

**The Land of Earthquakes.**

There are certain generally accepted conclusions that are entirely wrong. One of these is as to the land of the most frequent earthquakes.

Ask almost any person and he will tell you that the most earthquakes are in Japan; but he is wrong.

It seems as though we hear more about earthquakes at or near Japan than at any other place; but when the cold facts are tabulated we find that Greece is away ahead of Japan in seismic disturbances.

The latest complete reports cover a period of six years from 1893 to 1898, and during that time 3187 earthquakes occurred in Greece and about one-half of that number in Japan. The island of Zanta alone had 2018 shocks during the six years!

**Read What Vitadatio is Doing.**

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY FROM FIJI.

THREE DOCTORS FAILED TO DIAGNOSE HIS DISEASE, BUT VITADATIO CURED HIM.

Levuka, Fiji, January 8, 1900.  
S. A. PALMER, Agent for Vitadatio.

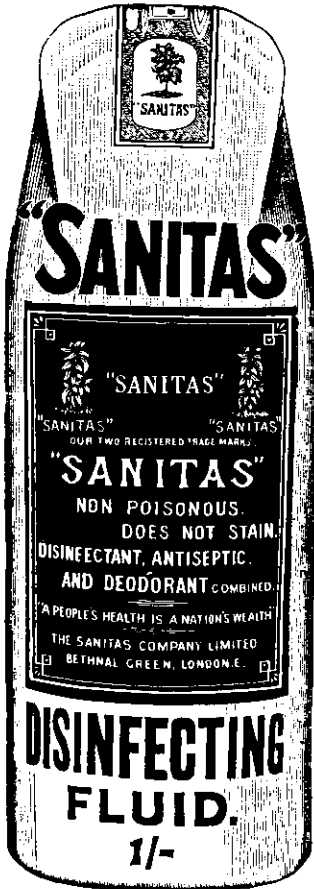
Dear Sir,—At the time your letter with invoice for case of Vitadatio arrived, I was on my back under the doctor and his knife, so I was unable

until now to attend to any business. I previously wrote to you for one bottle of medicine and informed you that I had been for months suffering from a succession of abscesses in the groin incapacitating me from activity. Experiencing some slight relief from the one bottle I sent for a case, but prior to its arrival I was so seriously ill, and fearing the abscesses might break inwardly, I sent for a medical man, who commenced cutting me. Two days after his first operation I received the case of Vitadatio, and without informing the doctor I commenced taking it, but I could not send the medico away, as I had so far submitted to his operations. Within three weeks he operated on me three times, as he put me under chloroform, and worked at me for an hour, but, as he confessed, without much hope of success. As neither he nor two other medical men of repute could diagnose my disease, medicine was prescribed and supplied, but I took only the VITADATIO. The doctor was surprised. He could not get much pus after opening me. Three days after the first opening, and about ten days after I had commenced taking VITADATIO, nearly a small cup of pus passed from me, and daily for four days small quantities. Then commenced the healing process, and the medico was delighted, saying he was much surprised at the rapid decrease in the swelling of the gland, which he had cut, and proclaimed on several occasions that his medicine was producing the cure. I asked him if he really thought it was the medicine or his operations, and he replied, "The medicine has done you more good than any operations; continue taking it for some time," and he then asked me if I did not remember how it commenced doing me good from the very first time I took it. I have not yet told him I threw his medicine away and took only VITADATIO, but I purpose doing so shortly. I am now, after seven months' severe illness, feeling well, and daily getting stronger, and I am sure it is the VITADATIO that has produced the present state. I have been for thirty years in Fiji; my system has run down; I am well advanced in life, and I am convinced that I am (apart from untoward circumstances) likely to enjoy renewed health again for some time. Some of my friends look upon my case as a very strong testimony to the healing properties of your medicine, and I agreed with them. I am obtaining permission from the Government to sell Vitadatio, and when this is obtained will order from you such quantities as I think may be sold.

I have written you fully, as I think you should be pleased to hear the result of a Bona-fide Cure.—Yours faithfully,

(Signed) ALEX. EASTGATE.

For further particulars,  
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