Panama Exposition To Be Greatest World's Fair Ever Held

In the Pan-American Bulletin of recent issue, Mr. Barrett gives a complete description of the plans for the Panama Exposition, which he believes will be the greatest world's fair ever held. It is estimated the cost of the preparation and decoration of the grounds, the buildings, and setting of the show will amount to $50,000,000, and the exhibits to come are valued at $50,000,000 more.

The exhibition grounds include 625 acres in what is known as the Harbor View district of the City of San Francisco, forming a natural amphitheater above San Francisco Bay and its Golden Gate entrance from the Pacific. These grounds include part of the United States military reservation, the Presidio on one side and Fort Mason on the other, and extend two miles on the water. They are half a mile wide.

Work Being Pushed.

Construction is proceeding with prodigious rapidity. All of the eleven main exhibit palaces are under construction. Thousands of applications for exhibit space have been received from all parts of the world, assuring exhibits of the highest character—many of the exhibits will range in value from $250,000 to $350,000, and are coming from all parts of the globe. Commissions appointed by the President of the United States are meeting with enthusiastic receptions abroad and are the recipients of signal honors.

More than 7,000 applications for concessions privileges have been received. The installation of concessions in the amusement center is estimated as exceeding $10,000,000, assuring he most spectacular amusement feature ever presented.

Thirty-one foreign nations have announced their intention to participate in the exposition, and thirty-five states have selected sites for state pavilions.

The Case of Lady Broadstone

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE, MONEY AND INTRIGUE.

Arthur Marchmont

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Dorrison, in dire need of money, goes to Broadstone and finds his cousin in the same fix. He conceives the idea of getting rid of Eva's brother, Jack, whose money will go to Eva.

"Cast-iron John" Petherly, a multi-millionaire, forces his daughter, Eva, to marry Lord Broadstone, exiling her lover, Don Stuart. Lord Broadstone had been married in America under an alias, and left his wife for dead, having tried to poison her. His cousin, Gilbert Dorrison, heir to the title, discovers she is living. Meanwhile, she has a son, and has inherited wealth. She goes to England to search for her husband, Dorrison, who is on the steamer, tries to marry her for her money, but she knows his intention and cleverly humiliates him.

Sadie, the first wife, discovers her husband is Lord Broadstone. Under the name of Margaret Hutchinson she gets a position as Eva's maid.

Jack, while visiting Eva, goes sailing with Dorrison. Sadie, through a field-glass, sees the boat capsize.

Jack was brought in dead. Sadie takes from his wrist a silk cord. Eva is ill from the shock. She sees Don at the funeral.

Sadie finds a book on poisons lying open in the library, and later finds arsenic in some candy her husband gave Eva. She keeps careful watch over Eva, being afraid of Dorison's intentions.

Dorison and Lord Broadstone plan to kill Eva but Sadie prevents it. Dorison goes to London but returns and is foiled in an attempt to kill Sadie.

With something like a sigh of relief, she closed the window. It was perhaps the best ending to the incident, after all, she reflected. She could still bring both charges against him in case of need, and it would strengthen her case that, just as she had threatened to denounce him, he had fled. That she did not at once rouse the house after her flight would be quite plausibly explained by her reluctance to take any steps which would disturb Eva.

She had scarcely closed the window before she was conscious of a strange feeling of weakness, and had to slip into the nearest chair and rest while she steadied her nerves. She had gone through the ordeal of the encounter with Dorrison without a tremor; she knew that if he had forced her she would have shot him without a qu m of hesitation, and her nerves had been as steady as steel.

But now that the tension was relaxed she began to tremble like a scared child. In a flash she seemed to realise, with vivid and alarming distinctness, the danger through which she had passed.

She had been as close to death once before—when her husband had made that dastardly attempt years ago out in Helena. But she had not known of her danger until it was all past, and she had not had to fight for her life as Dorrison had forced her to fight.

A cold chill seized upon her till she shivered and her teeth chattered; every vein seemed a channel of ice, while the perspiration stood thick on her forehead. She tried to rise, and her knees shook under her so that she could not stand, and she sat gripping the arms of the chair, confused and half dizzy, in sudden, almost paralysing faintness.

With an effort, the strain of which astonished her, she succeeded in dragging herself to where her eau-de-cologne bottle stood; and after drinking a few drops mixed in water, and bathing her temples and face, she threw off the hysterical feeling, and sat down again, and soon was able to smile at her weakness.

To that mood a feeling of intense thankfulness succeeded. She had not only escaped from the peril of death, but had saved Eva. The danger had been real and terrible, but it was over now. The last of the fearsome risks had been met and beaten. And she began to count up the advantages she had gained in frightening Dorrison from the house.

She had indeed won the very thing she most desired. It was all-important for her plans that he should be absent from Broadstone for the next few hours, and it was out of the question that, after such a s are, he would venture to return until she and Eva were well away on their journey. Once away, she would have no difficulty in dealing with him.

But she would take no risks even for the rest of that night. She would continue her watch. Not that she feared Broadstone, now that his evil genius was gone. He was a coward of cowards at heart, too despicable to be feared in any open encounter. But she would keep her vigil.

She set the door between the two rooms open, therefore, and laying aside her black cloak sat down to wait for the daylight and think out her course in detail.

In this way the time slipped past until she heard Eva cry out. She hurried in and found her sitting up in bed. "You called, dear?"

"Ah, you, Margaret. How good you are. I thought I heard a noise. I had been dreaming and woke up in a fright. Were you watching?"

"I could not sleep. That's all. I was in my chair."

"I thought someone tried my door. I was dreaming, of course. Just a nightmare, I suppose. But I seemed to be awake when I heard it."

"There is no one, dear." Sadie switched up the lights and showed her the room was empty save for themselves, and that the door was locked. "You see?" she said, smiling.

"I am so foolish, I know," declared Eva. "But it seemed so real. I shall be so glad when we get away. I think I want some sort of change. I am so stupidly nervous."

"I'll sit here till it is light, Eva. I can't sleep, so one place is as good as another;" and she drew her chair to the bedside. "Shall I read you off to sleep again?"

She began to read in a low tone, and presently, as Eva was about to doze off again, Sadie heard, or thought she heard, a faint movement in the corridor outside the door of the room. She stopped to listen, but Eva woke at once; and, unwilling to rouse her fears, Sadie continued to read until her charge had dropped asleep.

Putting the book down, Sadie went to the door and listened. All was still outside. Yet it was singular that they both should have heard some sort of movement. Could anyone be about at such a time? If so, for what purpose? Was the attempt to be renewed in some form?

Softly and silently she passed back through the room and entered her own. The door leading from the corridor stood ajar. She could have taken an oath that she had not only closed it, but locked it also.

She turned up the lights. The room was empty. A touch of unusual nervousness came to her, and she closed and locked the door now, without venturing to go outside into the passage.

Then she examined the room. Everything was as usual, and nothing out of its place even.

Suddenly she gave a start. The black cloak she had worn was missing. And with it the two pieces of cord—the evidence against Gilbert Dorrison.

Someone had been in the room then, while she had been reading to Eva.

Who could it have been, and what could it mean?

CHAPTER XXIV

A DASTARDLY BLOW

Dorrison's first impulse as he rushed away from Sadie's room was to continue his journey to London; but as he reached the shelter of some shrubbery, he paused to see if any alarm was raised in the Towers.

He chose a spot which gave him a full view of Sadie's bedroom window, and stayed there watching and thinking, his heart full of hatred for the woman who had foiled him. She held his fate in her hands, and while she lived and held that damning evidence over him, his life was not safe.

The great house remained dark, and when he had satisfied himself that she had not raised the alarm his courage began to revive. He had been profoundly frightened by the outcome of his attempt, but he was no coward, and now his desperate situation rendered him almost reckless.

His plight was so bad that nothing could make it worse. He even regretted that he had not put everything to the hazard of an attack on her in her room. He could at least have got those cords which she had shown were on her at the time, and that would have turned his defeat into a victory. He had been a coward and a fool. But was it too late even now to get them?

For a short time he thought this over, and soon came to a decision. He could get into the house again easily enough. He had the key of one of the side-doors, and regretted now that he had not used it to enter before, instead of seeking to make it appear that the attack on her had come from the outside.

He would take the risk of going to his room, and in the morning could use the excuse he had vamped to Sadie—that he had forgotten some papers and had left the train at Westchester to return for them.

He reached his room without difficulty and sat down to meditate his next move. He must get those cords and so "draw that she-devil's teeth" at any cost. He dared not let them remain in her possession. His life was the stake; and he gritted his teeth as all his fighting instinct revived.

One great advantage he had over his enemy. She would never believe he had returned to the house. She would be far less on her guard than before, and the sooner he could make his effort, the more likely was she to be caught by surprise.

He must do nothing violent, if it could be avoided. He had how lost the chance of proving an alibi. He must have a story that would ring true in the face of his return to the house. He must content himself with regaining possession of the evidence. Robbery only this time—not violence.

She had shown that she had the cords in her pocket during their encounter, and he recalled that she had worn the black cloak when he had caught her eavesdropping. What would she be likely to do with it?

He knew from Gardiner and his own observation that Sadie had left her boxes in the old room, when changing to that next to Eva's, and it was not a difficult guess that she would hide the cords in one of them. To get to them, she would have to cross the corridor; and with this thought, his plan was soon ready.

He would wait outside the door until she crossed from the one room to the other, and use the darkness to take the cords from her, by stealth if possible, force if necessary.

He took off his boots and set out at once for his place of ambush. He knew the house so well that the lack of a light did not trouble him at all. As he passed Eva's door he stopped and listened. He hoped to have heard something to show that Sadie was with her, but there was not a sound.

Then he passed on to the door of Sadie's room and, lying at full length on the ground and putting his ear to the floor, he could hear her movements.

The suspense tried his patience to the uttermost, and at length he began to fear that she was not coming out of her room at all. The fear started a fresh perplexity. If she did not come out, he must find some way to enter the room. The door was locked. With deft and noiseless movement he ran his finger up to the keyhole, and felt the protruding end of the key.

He cursed himself for not having thought of this before. He had had to open locked doors before, and there was no difficulty in it. He had in his room a pair of pliers specially adapted for such work; but, to get them he must leave his post, and in the meantime she might come out and his chance would be lost.

But those pliers he must have at any cost. Taking a postage stamp from his pocket, therefore, he fastened it so that if anyone opened the door in his absence it would be torn. The stamp would have to act as sentry while he was away.

He was soon back; and as he passed Eva's door, he stood again to listen, tried the handle very gently, finding the door locked like the other. Then he passed on to his old position.

The stamp was intact. No one had passed out, and he resumed his watch with an inward smile of satisfaction.

Soon afterward's his sharp ears caught the sound of Eva's voice; and putting his ear to the ground again he heard Sadie go into the other room, and then the voices of the two as they spoke together.

In a moment he was at work on the key. Cleverly and noiselessly as a skilled burglar, he went about the work, and, while the two were speaking, he turned first the key and then the handle of the door and opened it.

He could then easily hear all that passed, and as soon as Sadie began to read, he crept into the room to search for the cloak.

This was a difficult task. The room was all but in darkness, and he had to move about with the greatest care and stealth, as the door between the two rooms was ajar. Success was so long in coming that he had at length made up his mind to risk the daring step of shutting the door of communication, turn up the light, trust to fortune to get what he sought, and then braken the thing out.

In rising for his purpose he made a slight noise, and Sadie, hearing it, paused in her reading. Then luck befriended him. Putting out his hand to steady himself where he stood, it came in contact with the cloak as it lay on the back of a chair.

He waited until Sadie began to read again and then picked it up and felt for the pockets. While he was doing this, Sadie stopped again and rose. With a smothered curse at the turn of the luck, he hurried out of the room, taking the cloak with him, and leaving the door open.

He hurried straight to his room and uttered an exclamation of delight at finding that he had after all been successful. He had only half-gained his end, however. He had meant to take the cords from the cloak, replace it, and shut and lock the door behind him, thus covering his movements. But the turn of matters had prevented that, and the open door would reveal the fact that he had been in the room.

Only half a victory though it was, he breathed a sigh of intense relief and satisfaction. He had drawn Sadie's teeth. She could do him no harm now. She might tell what story she pleased about his visit or about his part in Jack Petherby's death. She had no proofs, and his position and reputation would easily carry him through any trouble.

With feverish fingers he tore apart the strands of the two incriminating cords, and kindling a fire in the grate, watched with gloating eyes while the flames consumed them. When the last strand had been destroyed, he gave another deep sigh of profound relief, and, with a chuckle of triumph, he undressed and got into bed.

He woke early and lay thinking. What should be his next step? He had a plausible story ready to explain his return, but there was something still to be done. He must find out what Sadie's intentions were now, in face of his success in recovering the cords; and with characteristic assurance resolved to interview her and get the facts for himself at first hand.

He could laugh at her threats now; and, having dressed himself with his usual care and neatness, he left his room to find her. His eye caught the cloak as he was going out, and with a grin he threw it over his arm, determined to return it to her in person.

With a jaunty step he passed along the corridor which had been the scene of the previous night's venture, and, finding Sadie's door ajar, he pushed it open without ceremony. Then he paused. Sadie and Eva were at breakfast and were gleefully discussing the telegram calling the former to Paris, and the arrangements for their immediate departure.

In an instant he saw through the flimsy pretense of the summons, and scented fresh danger to himself. Instead of waiting to see Sadie, he threw the cloak down and returned to his room to consider this new development.

Cordially as he hated Sadie and much as she had feared her, he had a great respect now for her shrewdness, and he sat pondering over the puzzle, seeking in vain for the key to it. It was, of course, a fresh blow aimed at him, and probably also, at Broadstone, and at any hazard it must be prevented.

If Eva once left the Towers, all chance of carrying out their plans in regard to her would be at an end.

There was one way to checkmate the move, and only one that he could see. That was to tell Eva the truth at once—that she was not Broadstone's wife.

Broadstone would be furious at his taking such a course; but his cousin's anger did not count by the side of his own interests. If Broadstone had not been a fool and a coward, there would have been no need for drastic measures.

He would tell her; and no sooner had he made the resolve than he went off to carry it out.

The luck was with him in one respect. He found Eva alone in her room, Sadie having gone away to give some instructions in connection with their departure.

Eva was intensely surprised at his entrance. "They told me you had gone away, Mr. Dorrison."

"I came back this morning. I have something to say to you which cannot be put off. I have very serious news, and you must not go away in ignorance of it."

"Serious news?" Eva had grown to fear him, and his stern looks now increased her alarm and disgust. "Bertram is coming here in a moment; wait until he comes," she said.

He paused, thinking how to strike the blow so that it should do the greatest harm.

"Oh, Bertram knows all about it. He has done it all. You have been grossly deceived. I am the next heir to Broadstone, you know, and I held my tongue until this news of your child came. You are not Bertram's wife. His first wife is living, and I can't surrender my rights to your illegitimate child."

His cunning had not betrayed him. It was a dastardly blow, and he had chosen the most cruel way of striking it.

The blood left her face. She reeled back, leaning against a table for support as she stared at him helpless and almost fainting.

"Illegitimate?" The word came faltering through her livid, trembling lips, and had he been other than the callous brute he was, the sight of her pain would have checked his brutal words. But it had the opposite effect, and with coldly calculated cruelty he turned the sword in the wound.

"Yes, illegitimate," he repeated with sneering emphasis on the word. "I'd do a lot for Broadstone, but I won't give up my birthright to the child of his mistress."

"Oh, God!" she cried, shrinking and shuddering, as her hands clenched in agony.

Lord Broadstone came in then.

"Gilbert! You here? Eva! Why, whatever's the matter?"

"I have just told her that she is not your wife, Bertram."

"Bertram! For God's sake, say it isn't true."

"He can't unless he lies," said Dorrison, with another sneer. "I warned him before he committed bigamy in marrying you."

Sadie, hearing voices, hurried in, and ran to Eva and put her arm round her. "Dearest!"

"He tells me I am not Bertram's wife. And that my child—oh, Margaret, Margaret!"

"She knows it, too," declared Dorrison.

But Eva did not hear that. She had fainted in Sadie's arms.

"You had better send at once for the doctor, Lord Broadstone; and take that villain out of the room."

Dorrison shrugged his shoulders. "You've forced this," he said. "You tried to hurry her away. Now you can see the result."

"It may kill her. And you will then have murdered her as you murdered her brother."

Dorrison made no reply, but with another shrug of the shoulders followed Broadstone, who had already hurried away to summon the doctor.

CHAPTER XXV

BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH

Dorrison had struck his cowardly blow only too cunningly, and Eva went down before the shock of it like a wilted lily. From one fainting fit she passed to another, with only brief intervals of miserable consciousness, during which she lay at one time like a child numbed with suffering and at another convulsed by a storm and passion of hysterical grief.

She clung to Sadie at such times, sobbing and moaning, and praying vehemently to be allowed to die. In vain Sadie sought to calm and soothe her, knowing too well that, in her weakened state of health, a crisis might come at any moment which would not only imperil Eva's life, but that other embryo life, the hope and prospect of which had alone saved Eva from despair.

And early in the evening the crisis came. "There will be no heir to Broadstone," whispered the servants one to the other; and the great house was hushed in suspense as the shadow of death hovered in the big corridor and paused on the threshold of Eva's sick-room.

Lord Broadstone went often to the door, and the servants meeting him on the stairs and near the sick-room noted his face, white and strained with agitation, and whispered one to another that it evidenced his remorse for his past treatment of their beloved young mistress.

But his agitation and suspense came from far other causes.

He and Dorrison had had a short interview after the scene with Eva, and Broadstone had begun by reviling his cousin, coldly for what he had done.

But Dorrison laughed. "You always were a fool, Bertram, and you always will be. She had to know the truth some time," he said callously; "and if it kills her, so much the better for her. Better a quick death than a lingering life with an illegitimate child. To such a woman that would be like hell."

"You are an infernal villain—nothing less."

"Very well. You're not such a saint that a few curses from you will do me much harm. You don't want her to live, do you? She'll make it pretty hot for you if she does."

"You must leave Broadstone at once."

"Of course. I'm no fancy for a sick-house with such a plaster-saint as you, very much the worse for wear, at the head of it."

"Why did you come back at all?"

"To look after my own interests; and, having done that, I am going again. But what are you going to gain by quarrelling with me in this sudden rush of virtuous indignation?"

"I'll have no more to do with you as long as I live."

"Well, that won't be long unless you get sent to goal as a bigamist. I believe the prison routine is very healthy."

"It won't be long if you have your way."

Dorrison laughed. "You needn't be in such a hurry to show the white feather about me. Now, look here, I'm off directly; but before I start I want to put a little common-sense into your head. The best thing that can happen for you all—especially for you—is that Eva should die."

"I don't want to hear any more of that sort of common sense."

"She is the only one who can punish you for the first marriage. If she recovers, you may trust that she-devil upstairs, who calls herself Margaret Hutchinson, to do her worst against you. She can twist Eva round either of her little fingers; and, if Eva gets better, you'll stand in the dock and lose a million and a half sterling into the bargain."

"Go to the devil, Gilbert!"

"You've got a chance the devil himself might have sent you. Use it, and don't be a squeamish fool. She won't wish to live—help her to realise her wish."

With that parting counsel of evil, Dorrison went out to the carriage that was waiting to take him to his train. He was in a quite comfortable self-congratulatory mood. His return had been a complete success. The proofs against him were destroyed, and he had nothing now to fear.

Gardiner might swear himself black in the face, and Mrs. Porlock might tell any tale she pleased to the whole world. Nothing could touch him. That night-attempt would be laughed away as a sleepy woman's dream. No motive for any such attempt could now be proved, and without a motive there were not a dozen men in the country, to say nothing of inside a single jury box, who would believe such a charge for an instant.

There might be some gossip on the score of the bluntness with which he had told Eva the truth. But if she lived it could be easily explained as the result of excitement. It was the news itself that mattered, not the way of telling it. While if she died, no one would ever know it!

Moreover, he had made his succession to Broadstone certain. Bertram would try no more matrimonial ventures even with Gertrude Hamyl.

On the way to town, therefore, he mapped out his movements. He would have a little trip to Paris and Vienna—he liked Vienna—as soon as the result of Eva's illness was known. What would be the result? Would she die? Much better for her, if she did. And much better for Bertram, too. And with a cynical smile he sat back smoking in the corner of his carriage and speculated as to what Bertram would do.

If his lordship got a chance, the odds were pretty heavy against Eva's recovery. But then he was a coward, and one never could prophesy what a coward would do. Anyway, he himself was safe; and, tossing away the stump of his cigar he went to sleep, to make up for his broken night.

Lord Broadstone was asking himself the same question as to the chances of Eva's recovery; but in place of Dorrison's comfortable feeling of success and security, he was profoundly agitated by the consciousness of his own danger.

Dorrison's "common-sense" had moved him to the core. Upon Eva's life or death his safety depended. He drank freely to dissipate his fears, but the drink depressed instead of exhilarating him. He saw himself in the dock; and in a fit of morbid curiosity he got down a law book and read the penalty for bigamy. As he read he turned chill and sick with fear.

There was the chance that she might not prosecute him, of course, but even then his case was as black as it could be. He would be a pauper. He had mortgaged Broadstone up to the last farthing, and that last five thousand pounds for Dorrison had taxed him to the utmost. He had other personal debts, too, running up to thousands.

(To be Continued)

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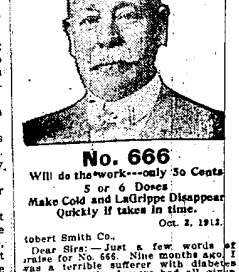

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