

Two Blooming

The Adventures of Two Criminals.

BY DOUGLAS WINTON.

"I have seen the wicked... spreading himself like a green bay-tree."—Psalm xxvii. v. 35.

Bay Trees.

(Continued.)

"Sit down, Mr. Schmidt—sit down and have a glass of wine," said Van Coortvelt, as Pawkins closed the door. "I shall be glad to see your invention, though I must say you have chosen a curious time—"

"Ach! I must apologize," said Piggy, wisely only attempting a very slight German accent. "I was in the neighborhood about something else, when I heard you were here, and having but a short time—"

"That's all right, sir, say no more. Now about this invention. Your note says a new alarm. Does that mean an alarm to awaken people in the morning?"

"Ach! no, sir; mine is a new burglar alarm to awaken honest people in the middle of the night, or any other time, when robbers are at the gate."

"But it seems to me that it will be pretty hard to show anything new in that line," said Van Coortvelt. "I've used 'em, every brand of 'em, in N'York, and I guess they all amount to about the same. Windows open, makes connection, bell rings somewhere, at the police office p'raps, and that's all there is to it. Bell always rings all right when you're testing 'em, and, once in a while, I believe it rings when the crooks test 'em. But I got so I didn't take much stock 'em, after a while. Get a good watchman, and pay him a good price, that's what I say."

Long before he had finished speaking Piggy, by vigorous head shaking, was trying to make it plain that his invention was no more variant on the ordinary electric burglar alarm. When the other stopped he began at once.

"But my alarm is not of that kind at all, sir; it is not for windows and doors, and it is not electrical; it is mechanical—no wires to cut—and it is for safes, and it is inside. By its use, everyone in an office knows, each time the safe is opened, and dot is got. For it is not, on'y robbers, dot open safes dot shut should stay. Piggy, who had got very voluble, and very German, while saying this, here paused.

"That's true enough," said Van Coortvelt.

"I think of him on board a man-of-war ship," said Piggy. "When seeing a look of bewilderment on the faces of his hearers, he proceeded to explain. "I am a commercial traveller, and, when at Portsmouth last, I go on board one man-of-war ship with a friend. Gentlemen I assure you it is one big bunch of machinery; but the piece of machinery that strike me most is, not the guns or the torpedoes, but one great big black board

in the captain's cabin. Just a big black board, with Magazine Closed printed across it in great white letters. But whenever anyone, even the captain himself, open the magazine, then hey! presto! as he turns the key, a great red board fall over the black board, and on the red board are great black letters that say Magazine Open. And I say, Schmidt I say, dot one dam clever dodge. And afterwards I think, and I say to myself, could I not make something that would do that for the magazine of a business home? And you, gentlemen, know that the magazine of a house of business is the safe. In the money, and the securities, lot are there, are stolen, den de captain—dat is de kauffmann—de merchant—cannot his battles win. So dot is how I come dis apparatus to invent. And Piggy began to unpack his black bag, putting the various parts of his invention on the table.

"I think first," he said, "of something electric; but then I think no. Electric, dot means wires, and wires can be cut. So I say, electricity good for many things, but not good here; what is want is something like the brake, what you call the pneumatic brake of a train."

All this was Greek to Jack. Van Coortvelt had an idea, but not very clear. Both watched the unpacking process with much interest.

"The principle of the pneumatic brake of a train is dis," said Piggy. "The brake wants to act all the time, but the pressure in de tube keeps it from coming into play. But if anything goes wrong the tube is smashed, and the brakes act. Well, dis thing is wound up and put in the safe—here he wound up some clock-work in a wooden box—and dis rattle is connected, so—so saying he fitted a wonderful brass affair into a socket—and it is only the pressure of dis rattle dot prevents de rattle from going into play. I release him, choost one leettle minute, und—"

Rang-tang-tang-rattle-rattle—br—br—br—"

"Great snakes," ejaculated Van Coortvelt. "Well, sir, I reckon you've got the alarm part of it all right."

"Loud? Well, nod had I think," said Piggy. "but I haf blanned a louder rattle dan dot. Well, I put him all, box, rattle, und rod, in de safe, und I adjust de length of de rod, so dot de door of de safe joost keeps him bress on board one man-of-war ship with a friend. Gentlemen I assure you it is one big bunch of machinery; but the piece of machinery that strike me most is, not the guns or the torpedoes, but one great big black board

ed on his auditors, and paused, as if waiting for their appreciation.

"By Jove! it's awfully ingenious," said Jack. "Mr. Van Coortvelt, you ought to be sporting, and give Mr. Schmidt a chance to try his apparatus on your new safe."

"Well I guess we can accommodate him to that extent, and welcome; Schmidt to stay a couple of days; when the company arrives, and explain it a bit. We'll go and fix it up right now."

So a lamp was hung for, and preceded by Pawkins, the whole party made their way to the new strong-room. It was a special addition, adjoining the pantry; a lean-to it would have been called, if it had been a flimsy structure; but certainly there was nothing flimsy about the new strong-room. Walls of granite, nearly two feet thick, and a floor of solid cement. The only approach was by the pantry; and the only other opening at all, a small, heavily-barred window, high up in one corner.

"Nod much fear of breaking in here, sir," said Piggy, as he cast an admiring glance round the apartment.

"No, sirrae!" replied Van Coortvelt. "No breaking in, and no burrowing under neither. And when my guard, down to my office in N'York—sleeps here, there ain't no doin' nuthin' much, not o' no kind, I reckon. Six foot high, shoots through his pockets and sharp as a weasel; always sleeps with one eye open; there ain't no flies on Dwyer."

"But he might be knocked down," said Piggy gravely. "It is good to be a big, strong, brave man; but when dot big man is knocked down from behind, and de key taken from his pocket, he is no more use than a child. Und dot is vere my alarm goes in."

"Even if anyone knocked Dwyer out of time, he would not find himself much forrader," replied Van Coortvelt. "You see, in this case there ain't no taking no key out of his pocket, because there ain't no key to take. It's a combination lock, and Dwyer'll be the only human being who knows what the combination is."

"Ach! dot alter de case, of course," said Piggy. "Now I will fix up my little albaratur, even if there is no seed of him here, it will do chow me workings of him."

After a few trials the alarm was satisfactorily adjusted, so that, as a test showed, it needed the door of the safe to be open but a hair's breadth to start the rattle going fit to awaken, the seven sleepers of

Ephesus. "Now," said Piggy suddenly. "I will fix him so."

And before Van Coortvelt could demonstrate he had taken some angle irons, a flash of light from his bag; then took off his coat, as if for an hour or so's hard work.

"But, I say, Mr. Schmidt," said Van Coortvelt. "I don't know that I want one in my own house. You see, I keep a special watchman, and—"

"Und suppose your special watchman nod quite so honest as you think?" said Piggy. "Dot happen before now."

Van Coortvelt seemed struck by the force of this remark.

"Dwyer's all right," he said; more to himself than to Piggy. "Still, the principle is right. Keep all the checks and cross-checks you can, or your men'll rob you. I guess it's easy to see that you're a commercial man, Mr. Schmidt. Well, go ahead, sir; but you'll have to excuse me now; I reckon this place strikes a little chilly on my rheumatics. We'll fix up the damage in the library afterwards, I guess; you've seen all you want to, too, Mr. Deimser."

Jack caught a quick glance from behind the spectacles.

"Thanks," he said; "I'm awfully interested; I think I'll watch a bit longer."

CHAPTER VI.

Tony Croft—The Assault.

"See the pantry door is closed too," said Piggy, as soon as Van Coortvelt was out of hearing. "Now, don't talk too loud, it's just possible someone might pass outside; well, isn't it scrumptious! Dear, innocent old man! Oh, these clever Yankests! However, to come to business, what day will the house be fullest?"

"Big hall is on Saturday, say Friday, Saturday and Sunday," replied Jack.

"Then, in that case, the affair is for Sunday night," said Piggy. "Hold the light, Jack, and don't interrupt me or take my attention for a few minutes; I have some rather delicate adjustment to make in a part of this mechanism that I have not explained to Mr. Van Coortvelt. By the way, you have no idea of the dig out I have had to get this thing designed and finished in time. The rattle and the greater part of the clockwork I got made by two different firms of London model-makers, and I've had a country watchmaker helping me with the putting together, and other details. We've worked pretty well day and night. There! I've got that done. This thing will signal a robbery at 3 a. m. on Monday morning next. The next thing is to fix it so well that Mr. Dwyer, or whatever his name is, can't get fiddling with it; it's going to be a job, too," he said, as he felt round the hard steel lining of the safe. "However, if I can get one angle iron firmly fixed in the corner, that will be enough to anchor it to. Hand me that drill."

For the best part of an hour Piggy worked in silence; at last he said—

"There! It's not a neat job, but it's firm, which is the main point. Now, Jack, I think it would be in order for you to take Mr. Schmidt to your room for a wash and brush up. After that you can trot him down to wherever the master of the house

may be, and suggest a whisky and soda."

(To be continued.)

THERE IS GREAT DANGER IN CATARRH.

Let to Run Its CourseUnchecked, it Often Causes Death.

Catarrh scatters its poisons throughout the entire system. The stomach and lungs are affected by the droppings that fall into the throat and are swallowed during sleep. Dyspepsia, inflammation of the stomach, bronchitis, and consumption are the results. The blood also becomes contaminated and carries the poisons to all parts of the system. Frequently in the more advanced stages, the bones of the head become decayed and the air passages are a putrid mass and create a stench so foul and offensive as to be unbearable. The expression, "rotten with catarrh," is not overdrawn or exaggerated.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets strike at the root of this terrible odious disease and eradicate it from the system. They are a constitutional remedy that cleanses the system thoroughly of all poisons and purifies the blood. Under their influence the head becomes clear, the discharges at the nose and droppings into the throat cease, the lost sense of smell is restored, the eye brightens, the foul breath becomes pure and sweet and the odious, disgusting disease is thoroughly expelled from the system.

A Cincinnati man says: "I suffered the misery and humiliation of catarrh for twelve years. My case became so aggravated that it seriously interfered with all my business relations. The disease became so offensive that I would not venture into any one's presence unless it were absolutely necessary. I tried every remedy that I could get hold of. Some helped me temporarily, but as soon as I ceased taking them, I would relapse into the old condition."

"Finally a friend told me of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets and insisted that I try them. I had about despaired of ever finding help, but bought a box anyway. I began to notice the improvement within twenty-four hours after I began taking them. Before the first box was gone I felt like another man. I kept up the treatment, till I had taken three boxes and was entirely cured. I have never had a recurrence of the trouble from that day to this. My head is clear and well and none of the offensive symptoms of the disease ever trouble me. It has been two years since I stopped taking them."

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are for sale by all druggists at 50 cts. a box.

The Statue of Liberty in New York Bay, which has rapidly been becoming more and more an eyesore, is to be repaired. For several years the appearance of the statue has been growing worse.

The British Postal Department uses 80,000,000 envelopes yearly for telegrams alone.

HALL CAINE IN SELF DEFENCE.

His New Novel Does Not Refer to Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

London, Nov. 12.—Hall Caine replies to the criticism that in the novel, "The Prodigal Son" he has mislead the public as to the private history and personal character of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. It will be recalled that when Rossetti's wife was dying from an overdose of opiate he placed the manuscript of his poems in a coffin between her cheek and hair. Seven years later he yielded to the urgency of friends and suffered the poems to be examined and published.

In Caine's novel Oscar Stevenson buries the manuscript and music in the same tragic way. It is only when he requires money to win with at Monte Carlo, and in order to regain favor with his mistress he causes the music to be recovered. Caine admits that the incident in the novel was founded on the Rossetti episode, "but," he says, "if I am accused of ascribing to a friend, from whose life I have taken one fact, other facts which lead my prodigal down to duplicity, disgrace and crime, I answer, No, I have not intended to do it and have not done it, and to charge my book with such an offence is to be cruel to me and to outrage the theory of imaginative art."

Caine says he is sure he is not dishonored by ascribing baser motives to his imaginary character than those which moved Rossetti. On the contrary, he has tried, he says, to explain his impulse to interpret his feeling and to bring his otherwise mysterious and wayward conduct within the range of human sympathy. Caine says the accusation against him causes him great sorrow.

A Big Majority.

St. Johns, Nfld., Nov. 12.—St. Barbe, the last district in Newfoundland to be heard from in the elections was reported, yesterday, and the Government nominee wins, defeating Noseworthy, Independent, and Bradshaw, opposition by a plurality of 281. The Bond Government holds thirty seats in the new Legislature and the opposition only six. All the departmental officers were re-elected, making bye-elections unnecessary.

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