

Two Blooming

The Adventures of
Two Criminals.

BY
DOUGLAS WINTON.

Bay Trees.

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

(Continued.)

But no one ever called him a nigger again. Nor would an Englishman, looking at him, imagine that there was any justification for applying such an epithet. Certainly many Spaniards were darker. And yet—and yet—to an observer who had lived long where the races mix, a certain coarseness of the hair, a bluish tint at the bottom of the nails, a sort of line, like a high-water mark, along the sides of the fingers where the darker tint of the black met the lighter of the underside, told their own tale. The black blood was three generations away; but there it was, and, by such marks, could its presence be told, and that is how it came about, that a blow with an iron bar, enough to have left a white man of pure descent unconscious for an hour, meeting the hard negro skull of Mr. Van Coortvelt's watchman, stunned him for a minute or two, and that was all.

He came to, to find himself in darkness. But no American but keeps a few sulphur matches in his ticket pocket; and to rub one of these on his trouser-leg was the work of an instant. Then, staggering to his feet, he turned on the electric light. No need of a prolonged survey to understand what had happened. An empty safe, empty broken jewel-cases, scattered all about.

Tom Dwyer's weakness was gone in a moment. He snatched for his Winchester, and cast a second look round the room as he did so. And now he saw something that puzzled him. A chair had been placed on his bed, and there were evidences that someone had stood upon it to reach the little window; yet, unless the place had been burgled by a bird—! And nothing less like a bird than the fat German, who, he felt sure, was the culprit, could be imagined. He took to the idea of a confederate. If he could get a shot at him! It would make him a minute or so later in arousing the house; but it was worth it. So, as it is hopeless to peer in to the night from the window of a brightly lit room, he turned off the light, and, as he did so, stepped lightly on to the bed, and thence on to the chair. Not he was not mistaken; a noise, a clinking noise, as of someone handling metal articles, could be plainly distinguished. For a minute, he waited, holding his breath; then fired. A curse told him that he had not missed. Then, jumping down, he sprang to the door; but this was one more case of more haste less speed; the door would not open. It needed the electric light again; to show him that a peculiar spring bolt had been screwed on to

it. And, as no way was provided for drawing this back, he had to hunt up a screw-driver, which he kept with the cleaning gear of his rifle, and waste nearly another five minutes before he could get it off.

Hurried steps and clamourings for admission were now distinguishable. He opened the door, to be besieged by questions. For answer he pointed to the litter in the room.

"Outside!" he said roughly. "I saw the chap, and I've got my bullet in him."

"It seems to me, that, if you saw this individual, you might have stopped him," said Mr. Pawkins.

Jack eagerly took up the cue.

"Yes," he said. "It seems to us that you are in a great deal too great a hurry to be going away. You ought to explain to us how this has happened. That chair on the bed, for instance, wants a great deal of explaining. It looks to me very like a case of dishonest watchman and a sham burglary."

Most of those present seemed to be of this opinion. Dwyer was beginning to reply savagely, but Jack did not wait to hear him.

"You fellows stay here and watch him," he said. "I'll go outside and see what is happening."

"Hi! sir; there's the backdoor close here, and much easier to open than the front." Pawkins called out after him, having seen Jack going off towards the region of the front hall and reception rooms.

"Thanks," he replied, and turned accordingly. He had, thoughtlessly been going out by the drawing-room window.

Feverishly he fumbled with the back-door bolts, a candle, taken from the pantry, placed on the ground serving him for light. Before he could get the door open he heard Van Coortvelt's voice amongst the others in the strong room, and knew that even seconds were precious. What had happened, what had gone wrong with the scheme? He could not conceive; but something had miscarried, and for all he knew, Piggy now lay dying. Let us do Jack Demerse justice; loyalty to his friend was his sole thought at this moment. To be at his side, to help him, or to fail with him, was all he cared for. The treasure, his own safety, no longer mattered.

After what seemed like an age he got the door open and dashed out. A few steps brought him to the shrubbery, where the lower end of the wire was fastened. The motor-bicycle leaned against a tree; Piggy sat groaning; but looked up at the figure which approached. A pistol lay by his side, but he made no attempt to use it to do so now

would not help his escape, and would but make the case go harder with him. Then he recognized who it was.

"Quick, Jack!" he cried. "Take the cycle. All the swag is in this wallet. You are blown on as my lost. Quick! Good God, man! what are you waiting for?"

"But you, Piggy; what will you do? Are you badly hurt?"

"Hurt, no! Leg smashed with a bullet—all right in a month; but I tried to mount with it, and that was torture."

"But they'll take you!"

"Of course they will; but better one than both. You'll get me out of quod. Good heavens, man! every moment's precious. Go!"

"By God, I'll not leave you, Piggy!" said Jack. "Come, I'll lift you on." And so, despite the other's protests, he did.

A path ran close to the shrubbery. Jack ran a few steps with a cycle, as Piggy could not pedal. Then Piggy touched off the motor at low speed, and Jack, just as he was—bareheaded in evening dress and smoking jacket—jumped on behind.

It took the whole talking power of every living soul in Tony Croft, guests and servants, a good hour to make up its mind as to what had really happened. One thing, and that was the only one, seemed above dispute; the jewels were gone. As for Jack Demerse, had he been able to get away but a minute or two sooner, it would have been thought that he had taken a second bicycle, belonging to a confederate, and was chasing the thief. But Tom Dwyer, who had dashed out of the house a minute or two after Jack, had been near enough to swear positively that but one cycle had started, with two men on it. Even so, there might be some explanation, especially as Dwyer himself was held to have much to explain. Still, as Arty Henshaw remarked, it was all damned odd. No pursuit could be organized, as every motor in the place had been tampered with; so the police were sent for, and there for the time, the matter rested.

At the bottom of the drive the cycle had to halt while Jack opened the little wicket at the end of the big gates. Piggy then turned to the right, where there was a very short, but very steep hill—so steep that the motor, with its double load, refused to negotiate it. Jack jumped off and ran.

"Why didn't you turn to the left?" he gasped.

"You'll see, trust me," Piggy replied. "I've been learning every yard of these roads, and I have a plan. Here we are at the top. Jump on!"

Then Piggy set the motor at its best. Five minutes after passing the

summit of the hill he turned sharp to the left, through a lane; then, two minutes later, to the left again, into another high road going South.

"Now," said Piggy, "if they were in time to see us at all, they were certainly not in time to see us slip off into this road, and will go on chasing us along the other. Is there a motor in the house?"

"Three," replied Jack, "but they need not trouble us."

"How so?"

"One is set to pieces, being overhauled; and I put in a little work on the other two myself this afternoon. I forgot to tell you, but it occurred to me that it would be a good sort of extra-precaution to take."

Jack, between us we think of everything. If it wouldn't upset the machine to do so, I'd turn round and pat you on the back. Now I'll give you an idea of what we are going to do. In less than half-an-hour we shall be at my inn, 'the Goat and Compasses,' at Little Sunningdale."

"Surely you're not going there, of all places?"

"Not into the house; but I've got to get my trailer. We can't ride all night like this, and I've got to re-assume my natural appearance. I've made all the arrangements—that is, all for myself. It's a pity I didn't know you were coming, and then I might have had at least an ulster for you."

"We shall have to be decent quiet," said Jack. "Inns are pretty populous places, and there is generally someone more or less awake all night."

"Never fear," Piggy replied. "I've made all the arrangements. We don't even go near the actual inn, but get into the yard through a garden which backs up on it. There are dogs, but, like you with the motor-cars, I've taken precautions."

"Poisoned?" queried Jack.

"No," replied Piggy. "That might have been found out too soon. I did better. I set my chemical knowledge to work, and gave 'em all a slow-acting opiate. I didn't spare the stuff, so perhaps the effect will be much the same as strychnine in the end. The main thing is that there will be no barking tonight."

In just twenty minutes they came to the outskirts of a village. Piggy shut off the power, and Jack then helped him off the bicycle, which they left carefully propped up in as dark a spot as they could find by the roadside. Then, leaning on Jack, Piggy guided him through a cottage garden, then over a fence—though the pain at this point nearly made him sob—and so to the large, rambling stable-yard which lay behind the Goat and Compasses.

"In here," whispered Piggy, indicating a disused shed. "Shut the door. You'll see a lantern—light it; no light can show outside, I've blocked the window—I—" and Jack could feel that Piggy had quietly fainted.

He had a little silver match-box on his key-chain; so, gently guiding Piggy to the floor, he made haste to strike a match, and at once saw the lantern and lit it. He could see nothing in the shed, except a pile of big coal's turnips, such as are used, sliced-up, for feeding sheep, a bucket of water, and, on the ground near the

bucket, a piece of yellow soap. Some of this water he now dashed on Piggy's face as an effect of which the latter slowly opened his eyes. He seemed about to go off again, but, evidently by a terrible concentration of will-power, managed to keep himself from doing so.

"Under the turnips, Jack," he whispered; "a suit case. There is a flask in it, to, though I did not know I should want it."

(To be continued.)

PUTTING IT STRONG.

But Doesn't It Look Reasonable?

This may read as though we were putting it a little strong, because it is generally thought by the majority of people that Dyspepsia in its chronic form is incurable or practically so. But we have long since shown that Dyspepsia is curable, nor is it such a difficult matter as at first appears.

The trouble with Dyspepsia is that they are continually dieting, starving themselves, or going to opposite extreme, or else deluging the already overburdened stomach with "bitters," "after-dinner pills," etc., which invariably increase the difficulty even if in some cases they do give a slight, temporary relief. Such treatment of the stomach simply makes matters worse. What the stomach wants is a rest. Now, how can the stomach become rested, recuperated and at the same time the body nourished and sustained.

This is a great secret and this is also the secret of the uniform success of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. This is a comparatively new remedy, but its success and popularity leaves no doubt as to its merit.

The Tablets will digest the food anyway, regardless of condition of stomach.

The sufferer from Dyspepsia, according to directions, is to eat an abundance of good, wholesome food and use the tablets before and after each meal, and the result will be that the food will be digested no matter how bad your Dyspepsia may be, because, as before stated, the tablets will digest the food even if the stomach is wholly inactive. To illustrate our meaning plainly, if you take 1,800 grains of meat, eggs or ordinary food, and place it in a temperature of 9 degrees, and put with it one of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets it will digest the meat or eggs almost as perfectly as if the meat was enclosed within the stomach.

The stomach may be ever so weak, yet these tablets will perform the work of digestion and the body and brain will be properly nourished, and at the same time a radical, lasting cure of Dyspepsia will be made because the much-abused stomach will be given, to some extent, a much needed rest. Your druggist will tell you that of all the many remedies advertised to cure Dyspepsia none of them have given so complete and general satisfaction as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets; and not least in importance is these hard times is the fact that they are also the cheapest and give the most good for the least money.

IN TELEGRAPHIC AND GENERAL NEWS THE TIMES LEADS.

GREAT GAME COUNTRY.

The Forest Primeval
Back of Grand Falls—
A Happy Hunting
Ground.

Grand Falls, Nov. 17.—The November term of the Victoria County Court will open at Andover on Tuesday next. There will be no criminal matter to engage the attention of the court, and the civil docket may consist of one or two important cases.

There is now excellent sleighing, and farmers are taking advantage of it to haul their products to market.

Burgess & Sons have sent a large number of crews to the lumber woods and are still engaged in hiring men. Their operation this winter will not be curtailed any. Mathew Burgess went to St. John yesterday on a business trip.

Game has been very abundant in this vicinity this fall, and every sportsman who entered the woods from this point succeeded in shooting a bull moose, and several obtained their full quota of game, namely a bull moose, a caribou and two deer. Besides a number of bears were shot. The Salmon river country, adjoining Grand Falls, is undoubtedly the best game country in the province, since, when game is molested on the Tobique, it flees back to Salmon river, which is also the route traveled by big game in their migrations to and from the Restigouche county. Within thirty miles of Grand Falls is a truly primeval and virgin forest, as yet undisturbed by the woodsman and untroubled by hunters, who usually seek game nearer civilization.

A solitary trapper may have skirted its boundaries in following the meanderings of some otter or mink frequented stream; otherwise its confines have never been trodden by local or visiting sportsmen. Needless to say, this wilderness is a veritable paradise for large game, and its manifold advantages in this respect needs only to become generally known to render it the mecca for sportsmen.

The bank and schools are closed today. Otherwise there is no observance of Thanksgiving.

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Don't miss this Ladies, and come early to obtain first selection.
\$2.75 B. MYERS, 695 Main Street. \$2.75



RECEIVED THIS MEDAL.



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