

THE STORY OF A GREAT SECRET.

Millions of Mischief.

By HEADON HILL.

Author of "By a Hair's Breadth," "The Duke Decides," "A Race with Ruin," Etc., Etc. "And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, millions of mischief."—Julius Caesar, Act IV., Scene 1.

(Continued.)

Herzog nodded approval when I took the latter course, and after first taking the precaution to glance round each corner of the wheel-house along the deck, he laid his smooth, fat hand impressively on my arm.

"Now please pay particular attention to me while I fetch out your future course," he went on. "I place no restrictions on you, but I have rendered you a service which I am sure that you will do your best to repay. There are reasons, vital to my own safety, why, as Herzog, I should not appear in the matter at all. Are you willing to keep me out of it?"

"If you will show me how it can be done," I answered, "I am ready to do anything. Had he not been the prime mover in, if not the original instigator of, the plot against Lord Alphington, with which Arthur's escape from Winchester was inseparably bound up?"

"He must have read my thoughts. I have no objection to be known in the business under my alias of Doctor Barrables," he said. "Captain Rivington has consented to repay my service by sinking all reference to Herzog, and it was to ascertain from you if Sir Gideon had said or done anything which would make it necessary to drag me into his son's case that I was obliged to stipulate for your confidence before handing you those proofs. What I propose is this. As Roger Marske's supposed representative I shall bid Captain Belcher put you ashore at Totland Bay. You will go straight to Lord Alphington with the proofs and tell him the whole story exactly as you know it, merely substituting the name of Doctor Barrables wherever you should say Herzog."

"But Roger Marske is aware of your real identity, and will disclose it when brought to bay," I said. "Not so; as it will not be material to his own defence, there are the best of reasons why he should not disclose it," replied Herzog, with such a meaning smile that light broke in on me, as I believe he intended it should.

"Sir Gideon was the instigator—" I began in an awe-struck whisper, which he checked with a wave of his hand. "My dear young lady," he purred, "let us draw a veil over all that. I do not even admit that the Prime Minister was ever in any real danger at all. But this I do know—that your lover is, and that unless we can get round to Totland by the early afternoon he will probably be recaptured, when even those proofs

which you hold will be too late to save him. And I am afraid we may have difficulty with the captain. He gives me the impression of having an axe of his own to grind—of wishing to keep you on board."

"I am terrified by him; the first night I spent on the ship he got drunk, and I heard him talking to the mate," I said.

"Well, you heard me talking last night, so you must not be too greatly alarmed," replied Herzog, with a solemn wink. "All the same I agree with you that the man is a hog—" "Who are you calling a hog on my ship?" came the suspicious inquiry from behind. And, turning quickly, I saw that Captain Belcher was casting baleful glances at us round the corner of the wheelhouse.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A Fight Against Time.

How long had Belcher been standing there, and how much had he overheard? I began to tremble violently, but with characteristic readiness Herzog stepped to the front, and, shielding me with his broad person, turned the awkward question aside with a jest. The individual to whom he had applied such a harsh term, he avowed, was the steward Antonio, who had only given him a teacupful of water to wash in.

Belcher scowled and muttered, as though only half believing, but he went on to say that the tide served, and to inquire whether Herzog wanted to be put ashore at that point, or whether he was going on in the steamer.

The question did not elicit an immediate reply, for Herzog capped it with another: "You are bound, in ballast, for Barcelona. I understand from Mr. Marske—to fetch home a cargo of fruit?"

"You've hit it, mister—first time," assented Belcher gruffly. "Very well, then here is your programme," proceeded Herzog. "I have made terms with this young lady on behalf of my principals and yours. You will therefore start immediately, and, shaping your course inside the Isle of Wight at your best speed, you will land Miss Chilmark in one of your own boats at the pier at Totland Bay. I myself shall enjoy the pleasure of your company considerably longer, captain, for I propose to go on with you to Barcelona."

Belcher had been staring at him open-mouthed, but now his jaw closed

with an ugly snap, and he seemed on the point of an angry outbreak. I had been thinking of Arthur and Arthur's safety hitherto, but now I was free to rejoice at the near prospect of escape from this wild animal's domain. His visible disappointment at that moment brought home to me how doubly grateful I ought to be for Herzog's intervention. Had I been the passenger to make the voyage I could see that the waves would have been my best friends before we were out of the Channel. So I told myself in the exaltation of the moment, without reflecting that as long as I was on board the Nightshade such congratulations might be premature.

Belcher, for the present, restrained his wrath, and, muttering that he would go and get the anchor up, turned on his heel and went forward to the bridge. Shortly the steamer began to move, and as she crept slowly from creek to creek out to the open sea, Herzog filled in the blanks of his narrative. He told me how Roger Marske had attempted to murder Arthur; how, fearing that, as he had failed to silence my lover by that direct method, Marske would take measures to have him recaptured, he, Herzog, had hidden him in a vacant house and had started to try and trace me and procure evidence against Marske. He had intended to see Arthur again before leaving Totland, to take food to him, but finding that Marske was leaving for London, by the first boat he had been compelled to alter his plans in a hurry. Instead of going in person he had been compelled to trust a local fisherman named Croal with the duty

of conveying provisions to Arthur's retreat. The limited confidence he had had to place in this man was disquieting, but he hoped and believed that the man was both stupid and trustworthy, and would not betray the trust. He had enlisted Croal's sympathies by telling him that Arthur was a runaway debtor, and it was hardly likely that the fisherman would connect the case with the fugitive convict, who was supposed to be on his way to America. At any rate, it was the best he could do, as it was imperative not to lose sight of Roger Marske. Only by sticking to him could he learn my whereabouts.

With persistent cleverness he had carried out that self-imposed task, travelling up to London in Roger Marske's company. Marske, of course, had heard from him already that Arthur's escape had been arranged by Sir Gideon; and, doubtless, his father, on the memorable night at Marske Hall, had supplemented the information, so that Herzog had no difficulty in approaching the matter. He had therefore informed Roger Marske, what he knew already, that the affair which had caused Arthur's release was at an end, and had gained the villain's confidence by warning him of the charge which I was working to bring against him.

Falling into the trap, but without admitting his guilt, Roger Marske had thereupon disclosed to Herzog what had befallen me—how I had come to Marske Hall, of all places in the world, to lay an information against him, and how advantage had been taken of this to inveigle me on board the Nightshade, over whose brutal skipper Sir Gideon had a firm hold. Roger Marske had also fully stated his plans regarding me. He was going down into the evening to board the ship in Chichester Harbour, when, unless I signed a document withdrawing all aspersions on him, especially as to what had happened at the Mill House, I was to be left on board at Belcher's disposal.

Herzog was of opinion that the Nightshade's rendezvous at that lonely spot unknown even to the captain till after he had sailed, had been chosen against the contingency of Roger Marske having to fly after the desperate effort he meant to make to silence Arthur by violence. The attempt having failed, and Arthur being unable to accuse him of it, he had no reason for flight, and would not have remained on board.

"Then came my masterpiece," added Herzog, with a touch of vanity that was natural to him. "I induced him to consent to take me down with him, so that I might avail myself of the opportunity of keeping out of the way in Spain for a time. I also persuaded him to allow me to wait in his rooms while he went out to give secret information at the Home Office as to the fugitive's whereabouts. The result you know: I successfully ransacked his rooms with the aid of my bunch of skeleton keys, and later on prevented his designs on you with a knock on the head."

(To be continued.)

THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL.

Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carried them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables. Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminent safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better blood, and the beauty of the skin, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges to stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefitted by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal by Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

REPAID WITH INTEREST.

(New York Sun.) Like Sir Thomas Lipton, Andrew Carnegie seldom carries much money about with him. Not long ago he boarded a Madison avenue car. When the conductor called for fares Mr. Carnegie was without even a nickel. A passenger offered him the necessary coin.

"I have to return this way. Would you extend that loan to a dime sir?" asked the ironmaster. The man gave Mr. Carnegie his card. A few days later a case of champagne was sent to his club, with Mr. Carnegie's compliments.

Kate—And you are really going to marry Fred Squanders? They say he never does anything. Corithus—That's where they do him a great wrong. Why, he is one of the most active of men. It was only yesterday morning that I heard he had painted the town the night before. Just think of that!

A VETERAN DEAD.

James Streten Had Served His Country in Many Climes—An Honorable Career.

James Streten a resident of Lake wood, St. John County, who died on January 3rd last of pneumonia, in the 64th year of his age, was well known and much respected citizen. He was a man who had seen considerable of the world, and had served his country faithfully. He was born in the Manor House, Chatham, Kent county, England. At the age of 18 he joined the 3rd battalion, 60th Royal Rifles, afterwards transferring to the 1st battalion.

In 1863 he formed part of the guard of honor to Queen Alexandra on her arrival in London, and later formed part of the guard of honor at the marriage of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. Among the many other places at which his regiment was stationed were the Tower of London, Kensington barracks, Dublin, Malta, Gibraltar, Aldershot, Quebec, Montreal Ottawa and Halifax, getting his discharge at the latter place.

When the 60th was stationed at Ottawa the Riel rebellion broke out in the northwest and the battalion was one of the first ordered out and took part in the Red River campaign. As a memento of this campaign the deceased brought home with him a live bear.

After severing his connection with the Royal Rifles the deceased entered the employ of the James Robertson saw works at Montreal, afterwards going to Toronto and then to this city. He held the position of saw grinder with the company here for many years, and about two years ago gave up the works to take up farming.

The deceased leaves a wife and two daughters to mourn their loss, as well as many friends and acquaintances, who always found him to be a ready and willing friend when required.

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