

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 I.

(Continued.)

"Undoubtedly, and they will take precious good care to effect your recapture in such a way that you don't have a chance to open your mouth. They will not, however, attempt to take you till I have cleared out. That was the arrangement if the scheme broke down, and they don't know that I have rounded on them yet. They won't squander me by arresting you in my company, for they may want me again. But if I left you here at Mrs. Krance's, you would be taken to-morrow and strung up the day after."

"Then," I hazarded, with one of those gleams of reason which stupid people sometimes get at a pinch, "why shouldn't I lay up in one of the empty houses here? I have noticed several, and it is too late in the season for them to be let to summer visitors now."

Herzog jumped up and barely restrained himself from winking the household by slapping his fat thigh in his excitement. "My friend," he wheezed genially, "that is the first lucid suggestion you have made since our acquaintance began. Get into your clothes, while I go and get in to mine. You must be out of this and safely encephalated before daylight breaks."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Risky Hiding-Place.

The secrecy of our departure from Mrs. Krance's hospitable abode was aided by the fury of the storm, which drowned all other sounds but its own. Luckily the front door was on the sheltered side, so that we were able to slip out without admitting an inrush of wind.

"Had you any particular house in your mind?" Herzog asked, when we had got clear of the premises into the rain-whipped road.

I told him that I had noticed a furnished house, standing in its own grounds, beyond the green walk on the way to the Warren. It had the advantage from my point of view of being some little distance from the populous parts of the village in a comparatively secluded position, and as its garden in the rear backed on the edge of the cliff there would be no fear of being surprised from that quarter. I should have only the front of the house to patrol in keeping watch for the officers of the law.

"One of those stone houses, eh?" said Herzog, with swift comprehension. "The very place of all others, provided no systematic search is made for you here, and I shall endeavour to prevent that by drawing a herring across your trail. And even if they do go in for a house-to-house visitation, you would have a better

chance of a run for it there than at this end. Come along, and take cover if we meet anyone."

But at two o'clock on such a tempestuous night there was no one abroad in that community of pleasure-seekers, and we passed unmolested along the deserted walk, with only the great winking eye of the revolving light at Hurst Castle on the mainland opposite to watch our progress. Arrived at the house—a long, low, somewhat gloomy-looking structure, on its landward side, since all the best rooms faced the sea—we naturally found the doors locked against us, but Herzog's penknife soon slipped a window fastening, and we entered what from the feel of the furniture we judged to be the drawing-room. It was as yet too dark to see anything, and Herzog would not risk lighting so much as a match.

"Now I must return to 'Springfield' before dawn breaks," said my companion. "It will not do for that early bird, Mrs. Krance, to find me out, or the lies I mean to tell her about your having left by the first boat when she comes in with the breakfast things will miss their mark. And, talking about breakfast, reminds me that you mustn't starve in your lonely citadel. As soon as the shops are open in the morning I shall buy a stock of provisions and bring it along before I start for London by the mid-day boat. So long."

With an agility wonderful in one of his bulk he swung himself through the window and was gone, leaving me to grope about in the dark and put on as best I could the dry clothes I had brought in a small portmanteau. The wind howled and the rain pattered outside; but, feeling that at any rate I was secure for an hour or two, I felt about till I found a sofa, and, flinging myself on it, lay down and slept from sheer weariness.

When I awoke it was broad daylight, and, glancing at my watch in full recollection of the events of the night, I saw that it was seven o'clock. My immediate surroundings claimed my first attention. The room in which I found myself was of moderate size, furnished with the unhomelike gimcrackery prevalent in houses which are let rather than lived in. Extending my explorations to the other rooms and floors, I found the same note struck everywhere. This was no man's home, but an investment, to be let with all its appurtenances and made money out of. And, judging by the musty smell of unoccupation, it had not found favor with temporary tenants for a considerable time.

So much the better for me. There was less likelihood that an enterprising house-agent would bring clients to look at it, and, barring the systematic search of which Her-

zog had spoken, that seemed the only danger of my lair being disturbed.

The front of the house abutted on a leafy lane, but from the back I got a glorious view of sea and sky, with an untended but luxuriant garden in the foreground. No fence was needed on this side, either as a boundary or as a protection against intruders, for the cliff dropped straight from the grounds running sheer for a score of feet only, and then continuing in a gentler, verdure-clad slope to the beach below. At that height above the sea-level the shore was invisible from the ground-floor windows, but from those above I could just see the line of high water-mark, and, almost immediately below me, the lifeboat-house and launching slip.

In learning so much of my surroundings I was careful not to disarrange the drawn blinds, my research being restricted to peering from behind them. A face at the windows of an unoccupied house would have set tongues wagging if seen from one of the yachts or pilot-cutters anchored in the bay, where the rain having ceased, the sailors were busily swabbing down the decks of the larger craft.

Before long a healthy hunger turned my thoughts to Herzog's promised return with a supply of provisions and I stationed myself at the window where we had effected our entrance, as it was at the back of the house and he might be expected to make for it. Sure enough at about half-past nine there came a tap on one of the lower panes, and I drew aside the blind a little to start back in dismay.

He who stood without was a bearded, blackvisaged man, whose blue gurnsey and seafarer's cap stamped him either as a fisherman or one of the longshore loafers who pose as such.

On perceiving that it was not Herzog, I had dropped the blind like lightning, but the man must have seen me, for he drummed lightly on the glass again, and kept on drumming while I wracked my distraught brain for the best course to pursue.

Janet's Narrative Continues.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Sir Gideon's Bargain.

When the footman had departed with his master's orders to fetch "Mr. Roger," the old man turned to me with a suave courtesy that somehow struck the first real note of failure in the task I had undertaken. If he had thrown something at me, or abused me, for bringing an accusation of murder against his son, I should have felt more comfortable than under his polite:

"Do, pray sit down. You must be fatigued after the experience you have gone through."

There was no satire or incredulity in his tone now, but there was an undefined something in it that frightened me into obeying his behest. I was not, however, so frightened that I was unable to perceive the very careful preparations he was making to receive "Mr. Roger." He rearranged a reading-lamp on his table, so that the light was shaded from his own hawk-like face, but fell full on the door, and he slightly wheeled his chair in the same direction.

It was not long before a quick step sounded outside, and my fear of the old man was momentarily effaced by an all-consuming curiosity as to how the young one would behave in such trying circumstances. To most people, I presume, it would be distinctly embarrassing to be confronted with a woman whom you thought that you had just succeeded in burning to death; but those Marske, from what I knew of the son and seemed to dread in the father, were evidently out of the common ruck.

The door opened, and surely enough it was Roger Marske who entered. "How are you, sir?" he began, without seeing me. "I have been in London all day on business below me, the lifeboat-house and launching slip."

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The younger Marske shot a furious glance at the older, who returned it with a stony stare, as it seemed to me watching him sideway. But Roger must have read something in his father's countenance to expedite his departure, and also to inspire a calmer mood. For as he swung round on his heel to the door, I thought that I detected the gleam of another expression in his cruel eyes. What it was I could not exactly define, but it seemed to me that the fierceness had been replaced by a blend of cunning and curiosity.

As soon as the door had closed on him, Sir Gideon rose from his chair and approached me, all the fire and vehemence gone from his demeanour. Do what he would he could not make himself a pleasant personality, but at

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How many women are troubled with a weak heart? How many lie, night after night, trying to sleep, and can't? Perhaps you are one of them? If so, read what Mrs. Herkimer says. It may save you years of suffering if you take her advice:—

"I am now enjoying the best of health, after having used Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I was troubled with a weak heart, and was afraid to draw a long breath, for the pain it would cause me. I could not sleep at night, and it was impossible for me to walk ten yards without resting myself. I cannot speak too highly of your Heart and Nerve Pills; they are the greatest pill I have ever used, and can recommend them to all sufferers."

The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25. For sale by all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price.

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that moment I could find it in my heart to pity him—such a picture of despair and grief did he present.

"I need hardly say what a blow this is to me, Miss Chilmark," he faltered in a broken voice. "I fill a high station in the service of the State; my ambition for my son was boundless. Your news to-night has shattered all that, and much more besides. I shall never hold up my head again. For my son's behaviour on entering the room leaves me no option but to accept unreservedly your account of his treatment of you to-day—whatever may be his guilt in that other affair."

"I am sorry for you," was all the answer I could muster.

"That is kind, and—encouraging, because we are entirely in your hands, and I have a favor to ask. I should wish to hear my son's version from his own lips, alone and uninterrupted. Have I your permission to join him for that purpose? I will give you my word of honor that he shall not leave the house."

(To be continued.)

A GOOD BREAKFAST.

There is no disputing the excellence of "SWISS FOOD." Its enormously increasing sales prove its quality. P. McIntosh & Son, Millers, Toronto.

**THEY WANTED
THEIR MONEY.
Excited Hebrews in a
Run on Bank in New
York East Side.**

New York, Jan. 11.—Five hundred excited Hebrews who had deposits in the State Bank in Grand street, waited at the doors of that bank all night last night, and today more than a thousand persons were waiting anxiously to withdraw their deposits. Since daylight the number of excited depositors had doubled and police reserves had been called out to maintain order in the crowd. The run on the bank which began yesterday afternoon, was resumed as soon as the doors were opened today. The trouble began yesterday from a rush of depositors to place their money in the bank. The excitable depositors of the east side misunderstood the nature of the rush to the bank and mistaking it for a run, joined in it and began taking out their money. The bank officers at first tried to explain the situation and then accepted.

A BLAZE IN NEW JERSEY.

Camden, N. J., Jan. 11.—One of the largest buildings of the plant of Farr and Bailey Company, manufacturers of oil cloth and linoleum, which occupies an entire block in the southern section of this city, was destroyed by fire today, involving a loss estimated at \$175,000. The building was used for storing oil cloth and linoleum. The fire is supposed to have been caused by spontaneous combustion.

Slight Sprains Grow Worse

Unless promptly treated, the great strength of Nerviline enables it to quickly cure all manner of sprains and strains. "I sprained my wrist," writes Leonard E. Milford, of Rockland, "while working in the mill but had to lay off, it became so painful and swelled. I rubbed my wrist thoroughly with Nerviline twice a day and put on a bandage. The pain soon went away and frequent rubbing with Nerviline soon cured. Nerviline is undoubtedly an excellent liniment and the best pain reliever I ever used." Nerviline certainly is extra good. Price 25c.

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PORTER 4c.**

Per Glass or Tankard.

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20 Mill Street.**

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