

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 Rain," Etc., Etc. "And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, millions of mischief."—Julius Caesar, Act IV., Scene I.

(Continued.) CHAPTER XXI. In Dead of Night.

Any confirmation that I needed of my suspicion that Herzog had divined my interest in Janet was furnished by his demeanour while I received the staggering blow contained in Mrs. Krance's news. I could feel that my consternation was an open book to him, which he was reading without the slightest attempt at concealment. Strangely enough, searching as was his scrutiny of me, it had in it, rather pity than menace.

Seeing that I was capable of nothing but an incoherent exclamation, he turned to the garrulous landlady. "I presume that the Colonel thinks that the first telegram was a bogus one, sent by some miscreant in Miss Chilmark's name?" he said. "That's exactly what the poor old gentleman does think, sir," Mrs. Krance replied. "She may have been made away with, up in that wicked town, and then the person that did it sent the telegram to keep the Colonel quiet and prevent inquiries for some days.

"Humph, that's one way of looking at it, but there is another," Herzog grunted, and then he added after a pause, "See here, Mrs. Krance, it is a privilege to help people who cannot help themselves. Convey my compliments to Colonel Chilmark, and say that I have had some experience of this kind of case, and that I shall be pleased to place it at his disposal if he would like to see me." The landlady sped across the passage, and was back immediately with Colonel Chilmark's grateful compliments, and he would be glad to avail himself of "Doctor Barrable's" kind offer.

Without a word to me, Herzog left the Colonel and after a vain attempt to discuss the matter with me, Mrs. Krance also departed. Left alone, I had to bring all my manhood into play to keep from breaking down utterly. That Roger Marske was the author of the telegram received by Colonel Chilmark in the morning was to me self-evident. That, without handing myself over to the hangman, I could not make it evident to anyone else was my dilemma. That Marske had fallen foul of Janet on her quest, sent the telegram to defer inquiry, and hurried back to the Isle of Wight in order to prove an alibi if necessary, seemed beyond question. And that Marske alone could have sent the telegram was only too obvious. The author of it was aware of Janet's ostensible reason for going up to London, and Marske had travelled up by the same train, doubtless meeting her on the way

and hearing from her the only explanation of her journey which to him of all people in the world she would be able to furnish. If she had fallen into the clutches of any chance bird of prey, bent on vulgar robbery, or worse, there would have been no such intimate knowledge of her affairs as was disclosed in the morning telegram. To me it all seemed as clear as noonday—that she had followed a hot scent after "Danvers Crane," which had led her into the power of the man who had used that alias during his relations, whatever they may have been, with my unfortunate sister.

Yes, with this well-founded thesis to work from—a clue which a village policeman could not have missed—I was powerless to move a finger, unless I gave myself up to justice. And if I did that, well, I knew that the word of a convicted and escaped felon would not weigh for a single instant against that of a man in Marske's position—the son of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the guest of the Prime Minister. My story would be set down at once as an impudent fabrication, without even the recommendation of being plausible; besides which, as the day fixed for my execution was already past, it was very doubtful if I should get a chance to tell my story to anyone in authority. As a condemned prisoner I was already dead in the eye of the law, and I should go straight to my doom without a hearing.

No, the heroic course would be to wipe myself out of existence, and to leave Janet at the mercy of her enemy—if she was still alive. An appeal to my kind sympathiser, Lady Muriel, would fare no better, for with all the will in the world she would be impotent to help me, unless she could show grounds for suspecting Roger Marske and that she could not do unless I could be produced as her authority. Thus again, in the absence of any light Janet might have thrown on the matter, there would be nothing but the unsupported accusation of a condemned convict against a highly-placed gentleman to trust to—the same broken reed as if I gave myself up directly.

I could see no way out of it. Despair, for myself a little, for the girl that had gone forth to fight for me a whole ocean, hedged me in on every side. I was wishing myself dead, when the now familiar face of the telegraph boy appeared at the garden gate. A minute later Mrs. Krance entered with a message for Herzog, and she had hardly retired when the owner hurried in and tore it open.

As he read he drew a long breath, and as he reread the telegram he expelled the draught of air from his lungs as though he were ridding himself of a nausea. From the brief time he took over the perusal I guessed that the message, unlike the others, which he had been receiving, was not in cipher. In his treatment of it, too, I noticed a difference. The cipher telegrams he had instantly destroyed by tearing them into infinitesimal fragments or burning them in the grate. This one he carefully folded and put it away in his pocket-book.

Then, without any reference to it, he looked up at me, his broad features breaking into a slow, almost paternal smile. Heaven, how I hated him! "I have been comforting the Colonel," he said, in his most cynical tone. "Let me also comfort you, my friend. I have been telling him that young ladies who wish to prolong their—shall we call them—holidays, are sometime driven to strange shifts and expedients. In short, I pointed out to him that, far from having met with some disaster, his daughter might very well have sent that first telegram herself, having good reason for not returning to sleep last night at the house of the old servant with whom she was to stay. She might, for instance, though I did not moot this to the Colonel, be engaged in trying to pull chestnuts out of a very hot fire for a sweetheart unable to perform the operation for himself."

"You devil!" I snarled, guessing that his impromptu kindness had had for its object the pumping of the Colonel. Herzog continued to smile. "You are rude," he said, "for a man who ought to have been hanged the day before yesterday. Yes, I comforted that invalid warrior, and I would have you also take comfort, my gallant captain, for I know that your trouble is the same. After a little discursive talk, the Colonel cleared up a point that has been puzzling me by admitting that Miss Janet knew the notorious Rivington slightly—is it not right to emphasise that word my friend?"

"You must make what use you choose of your cunningly-gained discovery, but expect no information from me," I replied curtly. He looked at me for a moment about to make an angry remark, but checked whatever he had been about to say, and remained silent for the rest of the evening, smoking, and evidently thinking deeply. Even in my sore distress about Janet, I derived some amusement from his knitted brows and impatient ejaculations, which I

attributed, quite erroneously as I was to learn later, to his sudden discovery that I was an innocent man, and therefore useless to him as an assassin. The problem perplexing him touched me more nearly, and if I had only known it I should have done better by helping him to a solution.

It was only as we lit our candles to go upstairs that he flung at me the remark: "You will have cause to regret your reticence before many hours are over, Rivington!"

"You mean that because you have found out there is an honest girl who believes in me your plot against the Prender stands revealed as hopeless, and that you will therefore have me recaptured?" I retorted.

But he shook his head almost sadly. "I cannot tell you whence your danger will spring—for the good reason that as yet I do not know," he answered. "Not from me, for in that case I should fall with you. This case has been a surprise packet all along, but I have not given up hope yet."

Hope of what, in all conscience? I wondered, as I undressed and prepared for a night of wakeful unrest. Hope that, guiltless though I was of previous crime, I should fulfil the dreadful mission for which I had been released rather than be hanged? If so he would be grievously disappointed. Or could he mean that he hoped to save himself from the consequences of association with me during that fateful week? I could not tell, but as I flung myself on the bed I groaned in spirit at the thought that whatever hope there might be for him there was not a single ray for me.

It had begun to rain heavily during the evening, and now the wind rose, raising a swell on the beach that broke with a rhythmical cadence which would have lulled me to sleep at any other time. As it was, the wild voice of nature, the drip from the sycamores in the garden, the steadily increasing thunder of the waves, and the sob of the westerly gale, braced my senses to unusual alertness. I had left my window open, and so gained the full effect of the storm.

Lying wide awake on the bed, I was watching the ragged clouds chase each other across the angry sky, when suddenly the lower half of the open window was darkened by the shape of a human head. I remained perfectly still, staring at the motionless head and wondering grimly if after all this was the kind of danger Herzog had prophesied for me. If so, it was a welcome change from the anticipated knock at the front door by a posse of policemen.

For upwards of two minutes the head remained as still as I did, and then it began to shift a little to the right and left. I knew quite well what was going on. The owner of the head, having satisfied himself that I was asleep, was endeavouring to locate my person on the bed; I could not discern his features, because they were towards the darkness of the room, and such a faint light as came from the storm-wracked sky was behind him. He kept his full face inwards, preventing me from getting so much as the effect of an old-fashioned daguerrotpe, which his profile would have yielded. This was not the arm of the law,

but someone who wanted to murder me, and whom I should be justified in throttling. I told myself with a suppressed joy that glowed through my veins. I knew then how fiercely I had wanted to strangle someone—Herzog for choice—all the evening, and it was with savage anticipation that I watched the head desist from its focussing movements and rise higher with the clear intention of creeping through the window. The splash of the rain and the howling of the wind drowned any sound the intruder might have made, giving the impression of something sinuous and snakelike creeping in on me as one long leg was lifted over the sill. I waited breathless, ready to spring and then the door of my room opened with a jerk, and a shaft of light from a bull's-eye lantern, held by Herzog, fell full on the face of my nocturnal visitant. It was the face of Roger Marske.

(To be continued.)

HE HAD FAITH

and it was Justified.

"In reply to your letter of recent date, will say that I am cured as sound as a dollar. I used about three of the fifty cent packages. I was going to write you, but was holding up to see if the piles would give me any further trouble. I feel no signs of the piles and believe I am cured entirely. I had faith in Pyramid Pile Cure at the start, and stuck right to the treatment. You can refer anyone to me you like. I can soon tell what Pyramid Pile Cure has done for me. Wishing you much success, I remain, J. C. Kin-kaid, Mgr. for Fleischman & Co., Agency at Knoxville, Tenn."

It is a well recognized fact that the best advertising an article can have, is that which is known as "word of mouth," this rightfully carries more weight than all the claims which can be set forth. It follows that Mr. Kinkaid, while his wide acquaintance, will largely promote the sale and use of Pyramid Pile Cure because—and here is the vital point—he knows whereof he speaks, and not only advocates its use but does so with enthusiasm; this is not to be wondered at, and in point of fact can anyone, reading his letter, doubt that this remedy cures?

Pyramid Pile Cure is sold by druggists for the low price of fifty cents a package; it is in suppository form is applied directly to the parts affected, and does its work quickly and painlessly; there is no other remedy "just as good."

A little book describing the causes and cure of piles is published by Pyramid Drug Co., Marshall, Mich., and will be sent free to any address for the asking.

R. L. Borden will continue to be leader of the Conservative party in the parliament which meets on Wednesday to elect a speaker and on the following day to begin the work of the session. It is understood that Mr. Borden will sit for Carleton county. Mr. Kidd, the member elect, will retire for him. A writ will be issued without delay and in about two weeks after the house meets Mr. Borden will be back in his old seat.

GIN CAUSES A CHILD TO DIE.

Father Taught His Five Year Old Boy to Drink and it Killed Him.

Hartford, Conn., Jan. 9.—Because of the death of his five year old son, Francis, from the effects of gin drinking, John Garrity, a teamster, has been placed under arrest. The boy's death occurred in the Hartford Hospital to which he was taken from his home on Sunday morning after the police had learned of the case through the child's mother. The father is said to have admitted to the medical examiner that he had given the child a quantity of gin, although the boy had not asked for it.

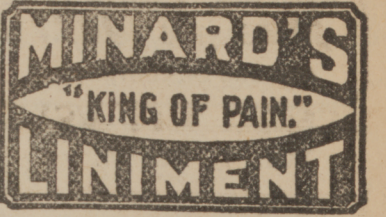
NOTED OLD TIME ACTRESS DEAD.

San Francisco, Jan. 9.—Miss Nellie Cummings an old time actress of note died here today, in poor circumstances, of asthma. Miss Cummings was leading lady for John McCulloch and Lawrence Barrett at the old California theatre in this city during the palmy days of the drama. After that time she drifted east, playing with many companies, notably those of Richard Mansfield, Frederick Warde and Edna Wallace Hopper. She had been playing brief engagements of late until her health broke down.

A QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

New York, Jan. 9.—A Rome despatch to the Herald dated January 8 says: "The city is decorated today in honor of the birthday of Queen Helena. She has received congratulatory despatches from all important cities in Italy and abroad. Especially cordial was a message from Mde. Loubet. Special fetes were organized in Rome and other Italian cities. The Circle Militaire of Rome gave a banquet in honor of the occasion."

Mexico City, Jan. 9.—Apostolic delegate Serafini has resigned his post on account of his health and will leave for Rome next week. Mgr. Cerretti, secretary of the apostolic delegation here, will perform the duties of delegate until the new representative of the Vatican arrives.



RECEIVED THIS MEDAL.



This medal was awarded to Minard's Liniment in London in 1886. The only liniment to receive a medal. It was awarded because of strength, purity, healing powers and superiority of the liniment over all others from throughout the world.

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