Harry's first sentiments toward his newly recovered acquaintance was not favorable. Being himself endowed with courage it came natural to him to despise cowardice, and he felt that for the sake of his own internal sense of dignity he would face the inevitable when it should come his way in a more manly fashion than Morton was not entirely in the was sorely in want of a companion in his enforced solitude. That was a question of sentiment. He wanted also a well-bred, gentlemanly confederate. That was a question of business. He was one of the adroitest scoundards.

despising a man who is doing you momentary kindnesses. He seemed to know by thought it unlikely that he would be put to instinct when the bruised limb wanted easing by a change of posture, and the move-ment was always so delicately effected that ment was always so delicately effected that played so lightly round his theme as he ap-proached it that Harry had no suspicion of it caused no pain. It appeared that Morton had hired the hut he lived in, and had been there long enough to surround himself with a fair imitation of home comfort. He had all manner of tinned and potted provisions and conserves, and a store of bottles containing different sorts of beverages, from | read its very advertisements, and could tell the fiery mastica to the harmless vishnap, the syrup of the sour wild cherry. This last made an excellent invalid drink, and it was so kindly proffered that Harry could not do less than feel grateful for it. Then Mr. Morton had such winning, caressing, and feminine ways that it seemed unfair to expect courage from him. Before the day was over the two were on intimate terms, and Harry had begun to feel quite kindly towards the graceful weakling whose life he had saved. On his side the weakling was not deficient in acknowledgment, and his

assiduity and tenderness as a nurse would have been notable under any conditions. When all had been silent for some three or four hours Morton found courage to steal outside, and searched the deserted houses for milk and eggs. He returned laden, and brought dreadful news of the scene the village street displayed. There were a hundred bodies there, he declared, all horribly mutilated. His staring eyes and blanched face gave emphasis to his narrative, but he felt the danger over, and busying himself about a little cooking apparatus heated by a spirit lamp he seemed rapidly to recover his nervous tone. He made a capital omelette, and Harry ate his share of it with fair appetite. His limb pained him constantly, and wore him with fatigue, so that an hour after his meal he fell un-

Morton, for an hour, sat watching by him, rolling and smoking cigarettes, and times at his companion to assure himself of the soundness of his slumber, and at length crossing the room on tiptoe, opened a canvas hold-all which lay in one corner of the room and drew from it an English newspaper, which he unfolded with a rustling caution. He hunted here and there among its columns for a glances toward the sleeper. The paragraph was headed "A Ruined Career," and read The villains! The liars!" "The whole country will have learned

with regret of the disgrace which has been brought upon one of the most ancient and honorable of the great families of England by the folly and extravagance of its youngest member. Mr. Harry Wynne, the great grandson of the venerable Earl of Bridgebourne, is still supposed to be abroad in hiding. His family are unaware of his whereabouts, and the warrant issued for his apprehension at the instance of Mr. Butterfield, the well-known jeweller of Conduit Street, remains unserved. The last heard of the culprit was at Monte Carlo, where he committed a wanton and outrageous assault upon Mr. Herbert Whale, a gentleman well-known in sporting circles, whose only concern in the matter was, that he was expected to give evidence with regard to some of the youthful criminal's misdoings. It is now regarded as improbable in the last degree that Mr. Wynne will present himself to answer the charges that are made against him. It would be obviously unjust to assume his guilt as a certainty, but it is evident also that only the darkest construction can be put upon his continued evasion of justice." Morton, having read this thrice over, put the journal back into its old place and sat

"He would be very useful," so his thoughts ran. "The rest are such hulking blackguards. Such clumsy imitations of gentlemen. This fellow is well-bred to the finger-tips. He has courage, too, and one superb advantage. He looks as straight as a die. You would almost have to believe him if he lied to you, even though you knew it. That's a valuable characteristic. He mightn't want to join at first. It's pretty certain he wouldn't. He has come out here to get knocked on the head, and put an end to his digraces that way; but a month with that leg will do some-thing towards taming him. I must try him gradually. I want a trustworthy helpmate pretty badly. I think he'll do; and, besides that, I like the lad."

The long day dragged onward to its close. The ghastly and oppressive silence which reigned outside lay as heavily on Harry's mind as on Morton's. He was slightly feverish with the pain of the bruised limb, and sometimes on the stillness sounded voices which he knew were far away. In his half-dreaming, halfwaking state bores came and chattered weary nonsense in his hearing. Lady Mc-Corquodale and Lord Hounes made a call of ceremony with Mr. Butterfield, and labored to prove to the fat Greek who presided over the roulette table that to mark his numbers by cutting down living people was a wanton waste of human life. He was had known himself a victim, and had now quite aware through all this that he lay to confess himself a greenhorn, which, for with a sprained leg in a Bulgarian hut, a greenhorn, is as unpleasant a thing as but none the less the inconstant rubbish of his dreams wearied him with an unutterable boredem. Then, whether it were by some temporary cessation of his pain he could not tell, but a feeling of balmy ease and rest came to him. He could not tell, either, whether the thought of Inthia brought that sense of ease, or its cool refreshment brought her to his mind.
But Inthia was surely there. Her eyes looked at him with infinite soft pity, the purest trust shown in those kind orbs. He moved his hands towards her, and she was gone. It was night time, and the glare of burning houses in the street cast a wild, waving network of light and shadow on the wall. Morton was stretched upon a rug on the floor at a little distance from him, and at times he could dimly see his sleeping face. He carried in an inner pocket the last lines Inthia had written to him. Every motion pained him, but he managed to draw the letter from its hiding-place. He kissed it many times, and it was only when his hips tasted the salt of his own tears that he knew that he was crying. He had had his fits of hopefulness, when he was going to conquer calumny, and ride home rejoic ing, with his fair fame redressed, but for the most part the current of his thoughts had set more and more determinately in another direction. Now it seemed not merely hopeless, but criminal, to strive to ally her life with that of a man disgraced and lost as he was. He bade her good-bye in his heart. He would efface himself for good and all. She should never hear more of him, and would fancy that he was dead. He spoke his inward farewells so honestly that his passion seemed to draw her near to him. They stood heart to heart spirit to spirit. She would have no farewell, but he said it for her sake. "Forgive me and forget me! I shall love

you for ever, but there is no meeting for us any more. Good-bye, dear love. Be happy!"
What can words say to speak the swell-

CHAPTER XI.

It came out that before the arrival of the Circassian regiment there had been a considerable exodus from the village. The high-spirited Christians who had shot the two Tchirkas from an ambush had been moved to that emprise by the belief that their victims were unaccompanied. Learning suddenly that vengeance was close behind, they gave warning to such of their fellow villagers as were within reach, and some score or more of them took refuge together in the hills. When they judged all to be quiet and safe again they came back timidly to reconnoitre. Finding the village street strewn with dead, they raised a ter-rible wailing, and for a while were more than half disposed to cut the throat of the solitary survivor and that of his companion; but being at length repersuaded that neither the one nor the other was responsible for the one nor the other was responsible for the attack, they buried their dead in quiet, and left the Englishmen to themselves. They kept a trembling watch for the reappearance of the enemy, and held them-selves in readiness to fly and hide at any moment.

Ronald Morton continued his friendly offices, and since the utmost skill could have done little better for Harry than to leave him to absolute repose he succeeded as well with his patient as a professional nurse could have done. Mr. Morton was

The whole civilized world was up in arms against him. More than one Government was offering a heavy reward for the appre-hension of William Reid, and Ronald Morton felt such an interest in William Reid's welfare as no man of his calibre ever felt except for the great Number One. As it happened, Ronald Morton was known in passing to a mere score of people—the little Bulgarian bride and her family included—but William Reid had an almost world-wide reputation, which just at present he was very far from enjoying. He was sorely in had adopted.

But if Morton were a poor warrior he turned out to be a most kindly and indefatigable nurse, and it is not easy to go on him companion and confederate in one. He much trouble in securing him, but caution

He allowed the English newspaper to lie about in his companion's reach, and once or twice saw it taken languidly up and glanc-ed at. He himself, from sheer vacuity, had at a look on what item of intelligence the sufferer's eye rested when he scanned the paper. There was no other reading matter within miles, and Ronald Morton bided his boner or later, to come upon the paragraph which concerned him, and Morton's only fear was lest it should be lighted upon in his absence, and he should be unable to judge of its immediate effect. He watched his companion as a cat watches a mouse, but, as fortune would have it, though Harry was constantly taking up the old newspaper, looking at it and tossing it away again, his eye never lighted on the lines which concerned himself. Mr. Morton determined therefore to bring things to a head. He himself took up the newspaper, and read the accusing paragraph with a beautifully managed start of surprise and a stare of stricken wonder at his comrade. He walked up and down the room in so perplexed and disturbed a fashion that Harry was impelled to ask him what the

Mr. Morton, suddenly gone cold as an iceberg and prim as an old maid, folded the paper so as to bring the paragraph into prominence, and made a show of offering it. "I have no right to pry into your concerns," he said, arresting himself, "but will you kindly tell me if you are the grands on of the Earl of Bridgebourne?"

"I am," said Harry. "What about it?"
Mr. Morton placed the old journal in his sipping a cup of Turkish coffee with a hands, dinting the paragraph with his doubtful watchfulness. Harry read the lines, and made a furious effort to struggle into a sitting posture, but

fell back, groaning.

"That!" he cried, beating the paper with his clenched fist as it lay on the floor beside him, "that is what I was ass enough to special paragraph, and read with frequent | come away from ! That is what I have led the world to think! The scoundrels! What with rage and shame and the pain he had given himself, he could say no more.

He lay clawing at the paper with his right hand, clenched his teeth tightly together, and stared blindly at the roof. Mr. Morton drew the clumsy threelegged stool he sat on close to his companion's side, and stooping over him, laid a soothing hand upon his shoulder. "Tell me all about it, Wynne," he said in a kindly, sympathetic voice. "I think

The story was rankling in Harry's min anew, and it was a relief to tell it. "About nine months ago I lost three hundred pounds at ecarte one night at the Five-Year-Old Club. I am not proud of myself now for having played beyond my means, and I suppose I pretty well deserved everything that came out of it. I found a man who did a bill for me at three months, and when the time came I couldn't meet it. I tried my honest best, but he was in an awful hole himself, and couldn't wait; or, at any rate, he said so."

know an honest man when I see one.'

"Who was your obliging friend?" asked Morton, smilingly. His companion was taking him on to familiar ground.
"A man named Whale. Herbert Whale." "Oh!" said Morton, smiling more broadly. "The fellow they call Hump? He's a very nice man. Champagne and cigars, eh? Five hundred per cent. per annum.'
"You know him?" cried Harry. "I know of him," said Morton. "Who

has knocked about London who doesn't

Shall I finish your story for you?" "Do you think you can ?" said Harry. "I can try. Let us suppose that Mr Whale is very desperately pressed for money. He knows a jeweller who will sell you anything, and wait until the crack of doom for payment. A most obliging fellow. Your uncle will take the jewels, Butterfield won't ask more than thirty per cent. over their value. And when you've been innecently guilty of illegal pawning, Mr. Whale and Mr. Butterfield will put the screw on your noble relatives. Was Captain Heaton in it? Ah! I thought so. He's got the whip hand of the other pair. It's an old trick, my boy. It's been played over and over again. It seldom fails. They seem to have made a hash of it in your case, but they did very well with young Lascelles and young Crawford last

year, and I suppose they have somebody else in tow by this time." Harry did not stop to inquire how this intimate knowledge of affairs fitted with Morton's earlier aspect of wounded coldness. He was mainly occupied in savoring a new bitterness. He had been gulled by a device so stale that a stranger hearing half the story could fill in the rest for him. He can be well imagined.

"You should never have come away," continued Morton, working towards his own purpose. "A clever solicitor would have pulled you through in safety. They dare not have fought the case. But in running away you have thrown up everything. If the case went before a jury now they would convict to a certainty. You're expatriated for life, and that's the plain English of it. You dare not show up again."

"No?" said Harry. "As soon as ever I can cross a horse again, back I go. I'll have it out with these scoundrels and tell

the truth whatever it may cost me." "That's all very well," said Mr. Morton pursuing his role of man of the world, "if you had any witnesses to prove anything for you, but I'll warrant that Messrs. Whale and Butterfield were too smart to give you that chance. You saw timen alone. You have no evidence of their complicity and I'll bet what you like that Whale asked you to tear up the bill when it came back into your hands. Did he?" "Of course he did."

"Of course he did. And you obliged him? of course, again. That bill was your only bit of evidence, and you threw it away. Before you talk of going back again, look things in the face. You'll go into the dock to be tried for fraud. The witnesses against you are of course the people who bring the charge. You have no witnesses to call. Your own mouth is closed by the law, and you are not allowed to say a word. Whatever your solicitor says for you is tainted and not worth a straw. You get at least a year, and probably two. You have completed your ruin, and the prison brands you for life. Stay where you are, Wynne. Stay where you are."

There was no doubting that the advice-was eminently practical and wise, and there was little doubt, if any, in Harry's mind that the programme his companion laid down would be fulfilled to the letter if he returned to England. He made no answer, and the theme was allowed to drop. Morton stooped and patted him softly on the shoulder, and went away with an admirable delicacy into the open air. The theme was buried, but its ghost walked in broad daylight. Morton turned cynic in his speech, and railed against the

world. The worthlessness of reputation became a favorite theme with him. "If I were wrongfully suspected and proscribed as you have been," he said, "I believe I should be tempted to turn adventurer. I'd take it out of the beggars somehow. It should go hard if I didn't better the things they brought against me." This, as a mere explosion of sympathetic wrath, was passable. Harry had no dream of its being anything more than that, and so let it go by without response. Morton let the seed lie, but he had no idea on how stony a ground it had fallen. Even his

He was extremely open and confidential, as he could very well afford to be, since he carefully eliminated all truth from the of the quick and the dead as they lay side to be worked the concerning himself.

It climbed higher touched the warranted y J Pallen & Sons.

with its inhabitants. He made acquaintance with the excellent Morton senior, a model country squire, now lying in the churchyard of quiet Kekewich by the side of his admirable wife. The narrator could only just remember his mother, and their common early orphanage was a bond be-tween the historian and the listener. All this time his devotion to his suffering comrade was really surprising. He manufac-tured a rough but stalwart crutch, by the aid of which in a week or two Harry began to get about again. He drew his comrade out in the long dull days, and found a hundred devices for passing the time. He marked a square of the old newspaper for a marked a square of the old newspaper for a draught board, and they played on it with gold and silver coins. He introduced another amusement which Harry found attractive. He was a remarkable penman, and could imitate the signatures of scores of eminent people. He set his companion to work at this, and in that way they wiled away many an hour which would otherwise have been listless and unoccupied. Napoleon's tremendous which would otherwise have been listless and unoccupied. Napoleon's tremendous autograph, Captain Marryat's copper-plate signature. Carlyle's grim crabbed fist, Byron's sprawl, and Dickens's self-proclamatory flourish, these and countless others appeared on paper at the bidding of Mr. Morton's skilful fingers. The invalid's fancy was quite enchanted by this new art. He pursued it vigorously, and to his own astonpursued it vigorously, and to his own aston-ishment discovered that he had great aptitude for it. Ronald Morton began to have hopes of his pupil, and if he could but once have broken through that unconscious hedge of natural honesty, would have congratulated himself most highly.

He wanted a gentleman for his purposes, and was judge enough of what he wanted to know that he had bound it in the youngest representative of the house of Bridge-bourne. The boy had an undeniable air of distinction, and it was a pity to waste such material as he owned on a career of honesty. was a pity too that the look of honor the wore should have been actually acpanied by the real thing. To disarm suspicion is the rogue's best game, and Mr. Morton himself was always conscious of a little difficulty in it. Harry Wynne would have found his own ingratiating airs super-

When the two companions get to imitating each other's signatures, Morton grew facetious about the business values of the facetious about the business values of the art he taught. Harry met his jest with an honest laugh, which never failed to disconcert him, though he always hid his discomfiture. They had been together nearly a month before Harry's stolid, stupid honor finally blunted such implements of moral agriculture as Morton dared to bring to bear upon him. Morton gave up at last, seeing clearly that there was no hope of a confederacy between them. eracy between them.

In the meantime war and the rumours of lying off the one main road of the country, they saw nothing. Morton had already had enough of warlike experiences to last hlm for a lifetime, and was eager to find a safer hiding place. He talked of pushing across country to Dalmatia, and induced Harry to give him a half promise of com-panionship. The sprained leg still made movement painful, but its uses were rapidly returning, and in a day or two he hoped to be quite himself again.

They woke up one morning to a scene of great excitement. The surviving score of villagers were wild with joy at the arrival of a handful of Cossacks, who naturally and wisely proclaimed themselves the advance guard of the main body, though as a matter of fact they were playing the rashest roving game, and had no supports within seventy miles. Gourko's cavalry was rather fond of this sort of knight-errantry, and perhaps found it easier and safer to practice in a country which has but one road in it than it would be in any more civilised land. There was not a woman left in the village, nor a child; but the residue of the inhabitants turned out in clumsy festal style, their great bearskin hats ornamented with ribbons, and cockades of rags pinned to their sheepskin breasts. The new arrivals ate and drank of their best, and bounced and swaggered as only this kind of military adventurer can bounce and swagger. Overwhelming forces were close behind them, the whole country was in their hands. Suleiman had been swept away at the Shipka; a hundred thousand of their men were massed at Teliche; the war was practically and gloriously over. Bulgaria was free of the Turkish yoke, the treaty of peace would be signed in a fortnight, and the little Father was coming down the road in peaceful glorious military procession in a day or two. Every Balkan villager heard these fine tidings at one time or other during the war, and most of them lived to wish that the news had come later and when it was nearer fulfilment.

Harry and Mr. Ronald Morton were too wise in their generation to say anything of the Circassian company in which one of them had arrived. They accepted the chances of war, which like poverty makes one acquainted with strange bedfellows. and gave the arrivals a cordial welcome. The lieutenant in command, being pretty sick of a seven weeks' diet of black bread, onions, and dirty water, fell on to Morton's potted luxuries with gusto, and vowed himself delighted to have met so charming and hospitable a companion. Mr. Morton had provisioned himself at if for a siege of long duration, but the Cossack lieutenant's appetite was abnormal, and made visible inroads on his stores. The brandy and tobacco gave him supreme contentment, and when the meal was crowned with coffee, he declared himself in Paradise. He complimented the two English gentlemen on their courage in looking so closely at war without the combatant's interest or compulsion, and Morton, whilst accepting his compliments, swore inwardly to have seen the last of it. He would mount and ride to-morrow for Zara, where sweet peace reigned, and the detective forces of Paris. London, and Vienna, were alike unknown. The day of rejoicing was wound up over huge flaming pannikin of burned rum, to which the village world at large was invited. Sentries were posted, and the village went to sleep a little sounder than usual perhaps. The densest dark of night was over, and the first pale gray of dawn was in the air when a sudden clatter of

horses hoofs in the street awoke Harry and "What's that?" said Harry, stirring on his couch of rugs and skins. "The Cossacks are off," said Morton. never believed their vapouring. The Turks are in force close by.'

"We'll see them away anyhow," said Harry. "The lieutenant's a jovial bird, but unless his head is lined with cast-iron he carries a headache with him." The inside of the hut was in dense dark ness. The two arose, groping for their jackets which they had thrown off before going to sleep. Morton dragged the door open, and the village street showed dimit with half-a-dozen mounted figures in it thronging before the door. The two passed through into the gray dawn, and at that second there was a crackling roar of noise, a sudden belching of red light a frundred yards away, and Harry felt a vivid sting, followed by a strange numbness in his shoulder. Morton screamed and threw both arms into the air. He spun round two or three times with his hands writhing above his head, and fell back through the doorway of the hut. Harry, vainly striv-ing to seize him, followed. There were quick recurrences of light and darkness in his eyes with every pulsation of the blood, a curious painless stupor fell on him, and he dropped on the body of his companion.

The sound of firing reached his ears again, and the mad clatter of hoofs which had answered to the first, died off into the dis-

of his surroundings, and lay like a stone for CHAPTER XII. Mr. Hogan, M.D., was getting the love-liest practice in gunshet wounds, and was in a state of supreme contentment over half-a-dozen Cossacks, when a Turkish regular plucked him by the sleeve and pointed

tance. With that he lost all consciousness

"Wan thing at a toime, and that done well, is a very good rule as many can tell," quoted Mr. Hogan, serenely; but the swarthy little man insisted, and the medico rose from his knees and followed. "Begad!" he broke out, "they're English, the pair of 'em. Blackbeard's business is over, and it's a pity, for he's a foine loikely-looking fellow. There's life in the other chap, and the last week of May last year. whilst there's life there's hope they say.
Let's have a look at him. Why, you're
only a boy, me child! Poor lad! What brings ye out at this kind o' foolery?"

He busied himself with skilful hands

about the wound. "Tis ugly, but it might have been uglier.
An inch makes all the difference. An inch

as well with his patient as a professional nurse could have done. Mr. Morton was in a very curious corner, and though he had greatly more courage in diplomacy than in warfare, he did not care at that time to risk himself in any centre of civilization.

Carefully eliminated all truth from the statements he made concerning himself. He described familiarly that airy Kekewich in Cheshire which Harry Wynne could not remember to have heard of. Harry grew intimate with the place, and Morton lying close beside him, and knew the four saves with 58 hours' pay, and the dead as they lay side by side. It climbed higher, touched the knees, the waist, and at last shone full into the wounded man's eyes. He woke from his swoon with a groan, and turning saw Morton lying close beside him, and knew the four saves week with 58 hours' pay, and the dead as they lay side by side. It climbed higher, touched the knees, the waist, and at last shone full into the wounded man's eyes. He woke from his swoon with a groan, and turning saw Morton lying close beside him, and knew the four saves week with 58 hours' pay, and the dead as they lay side by side. It climbed higher, touched the knees, the waist, and at last shone full into the wounded man's eyes. He woke from his swoon with a groan, and turning saw Morton lying close beside him, and knew the four saves week with 58 hours' pay, and the dead as they lay side the dead as they lay side by side. It climbed higher, touched the knees, the wounded man's eyes. He woke from his swoon with a groan, and turning saw by side. It climbed higher, touched the knees, the wounded man's eyes. He woke from his swoon with a groan, and turning saw by side. It climbed higher, touched the knees, the wounded man's eyes. He woke from his swoon with a groan, and turning saw by side. It climbed higher, touched the higher, touched the knees, the wounded man's eyes.

at a glance that he was dead. His wideopen eyes were fixed and glassy, and he stared as if he saw some dreadful thing.

Harry lay regarding him for a full minute. He himself was conscious of no great pain, but the dead man's face was like a

prophecy to him.
"It's all over," he said to himself. "This

A new faintness crept over him, and he

took it for the coming of death. He had

is the end of it all."

carried Inthia's letter in his inner pocket ever since he had received it. His thoughts turned to it and to her. He groped for it feebly for a last farewell in his heart. He would die with Inthia's letter in his hand, if he died in the act of getting it. In his feverish struggles he discovered that his left arm and his breast were bandaged. He wondered at this for a moment, but gave it no further thought. Trying to force his uninjured right hand beneath the bandage, he discovered that the jacket he wore was not his own, and a single glance at the dead man beside him told him that in the hurry and the darkness each had seized the other's garment. Morton lay on his right, and he could stretch a hand across his body. He struggled with a vigour which would have shown an onlooker how far away from death he really was, but he had no thought in his own mind except of a final farewell. He succeeded in seizing the letter, which lay alone, and drawing it from its hiding place he tried to raise it to his lips. His movements had disarranged the bandage and brought on a new flow of blood. He sank dizzily back into unconsciousness, and the letter dropped from his hand. Later on, he had a dreamlike knowledge

of voices, motion, and the open air, but this faded, and for a week he knew nothing of the world. The first thing he woke to was a blue sky, with fanciful figures on it, which dazzled and darkened into singular deaths from the disease were reported in which dazzled and darkened into singular colors, but always kept the same pattern. He was dimly interested in this phonomenon. He had never seen a sky like that before and was feebly tempted to laugh at it. In the very fact of that humorous perception he fell asleep. When he woke to consciousness again somebody was feeding him. There was a vellow glow of laws. him. There was a yellow glew of lamp-light in the room. He knew it for lamp-light though he could not see its source; but the same absurd blue sky with arabesque figures on it of various colors still winked at him, and dazzled out of darkness into light with a regular pulsation. He was sleepily bent once more on laughter when his eyes cleared. The blue sky became a blue distempered wall, and the strange arabesque of dark and light resolved itself into a vulgar Bulgarian mural de-

"He'll dew, Hogan!" said a voice. The valiant children of Erin were everywhere. "Why wouldn't he?" another voice responded. "He's as lean as a rat, but he's forty inches round the chest, and as hard as a nail from top to toe. He's a noble constitution, and he's taken it as if it was mother's milk. Poor Wynne was nearly as fine a fellow. 'Twas a sad end for the poor

He seemed to know nothing, and to care for nothing, and yet it was strange that they should speak of him as dead. The spoon came with a slow regularity to his lips, and trickled warm beef-tea between them. Why should they feed him if he were dead? He had a feeble desire to laugh again at this ridiculous query. "Me gad! Hogan," said the first voice "if you and me had run away from our debts we'd hardly have run out here." "It's excellent practice," returned the

other, solemnly, "but ye can't help thinking sometimes. There's not a spot o' whisky within five hundred moiles.' Then the patient went to sleep, having given no sign of being awake beyond him absorption of the nourishment offered him He knew nothing of the lapse of time, and it seemed natural and in the ordinary course of things that the same voices should sound in his ear again. He opened his eyes, and saw a bearded man in a fez, bending over him. He had never before beheld him, but he associated him with the floating flavor of rum and tobacco which had touched the atmosphere of every conscious moment since he had received his wound. "Come, young gentleman," said the bearded man; "you're beginning to pick up again. That was a glance of intelligence, Dick. What's he saying?"

Hogan leaned over. The pale lips shaped

"Morton? Morton. That's all right, me boy. We know who y'are. The pabers are all right. They'll be taken proper care of, and you'll get them when the time comes. Ye'll just take this,"-proffering a glass to his lips-"and get to sleep again, Some dim memory of the exchange of garments floated into Harry's mind, and he guessed that his identity was confused with that of his dead companion. He could explain nothing now, and for the moment the error did not matter. Next day he was a little stronger, but not strong enough to talk above a whisper, and even then a mere word or two cost him so much effort that the doctor waved a hand for silence, and stole away on tiptoe. He heard himself spoken of as Merton, and

was constantly addressed by that name. Once, in his hearing, the two doctors talked of poor young Wynne, and the tragic ending of his trivial scrape. His mind began to work more clearly, and he understood that the mere change of garments had for the moment cost him his identity. Then he began to think further, and to ask himself if it were worth while to disturb that arrangement. Here was an end of Harry Wynne, his troubles and disgraces. There was no more hope for him, no going back again no chance of offering an unspotted name to Inthia. He made no definite resolution. He could

He heard, while he was in this state of doubt, that the news of the death of "poor young Wynne" as everybody called him, had been wired home by the special correspondent of a great London daily, and he began to ask himself whether he could anyhow have found a more fortunate ending to his troubles. As for Inthia, she was never out of his thoughts, but she was utterly be-yond his reach. She would grieve, but she would grow reconciled in time. She would marry Humphrey Frost, and be wealthy and distinguished and in time happy. It was hard to think it, but the conviction forced itself more and more upon his mind. The chance of self-effacement thus thrust upon him was not lightly to be thrown away. Even honor seemed to call him to it. What right had he to hold Inthia to a fruitless bargain, to block up her way

of life with his own miseries and misfor-In the first day of real convalescence the problem solved itself. He allowed himself to be addressed as Morton, and answered consciously to the name. There was no going back from it now. Harry Wynne was dead and done with, and buried in the Balkan wilds; but there was a living, eagerhearted and honorable youngster left behind him who had accepted the alias and personality of one of the most brilliant criminals in Europe.

(To be Continued.)

Headache and Constipation Headache and Constipation vanish when Burdock pills are used. They cure where others tan Fire Department.

The hotel contains 200 rooms, en suite and single all heated by steam, and conducted on the European plan, with a restaurant, cafe and salons of peculiar excellence.

General News and Notes. The MacDonald monument at Hamilton is not likely to be unveiled before Septem-

A Close Resemblance.

MANY symptoms of Canadian cholera are similar to these of the real Asiatic to the open doorway of a hut in the village cholera, such as vomiting, purging, intense pain, etc. For all these symptoms Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a safe and sure specific. Price 35 cents at

Bradstreet's reports 27 failures in Canada this week, against 19 last week and 22 in

Guard Against Cholera.

Keep the blood pure, the stomach in good working order, and entire system free from | five o'clock, p. m. :morbid effete matter by using Burdock

threaten a strike involving 4,000 men. Timely Wisdom.

Great and timely wisdom is shown by keeping Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry on hand. It has no equal for cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery colic, cramps and all summer complaints or looseness of the bowels.

John L. Sullivan got off with a fine of \$100 and costs for his assault on Lawyer Lizotte at Biddeford, Maine.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Warranted by J. Pallen & Son.

A Montreal paper estimates that the Seminary of St. Sulpice in Montreal owns from \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000 worth of property in the city.

A Wonderful flesh Producer This is the title given to Scott's Emul sion of Cod Liver Oil by many thousands who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own utritious properties, but creates an appetite for food. Use it and try your weight. Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c

ADAMS HOUSE

ADJOINING BANK OF MONTREAL, WELLINGTON ST, - - CHATHAM, N. B.

This Hotel has been entirely Refurnished. throughout and every possible arrangement is made to ensure the Comfort of Guests Sample TEAMS will be in attendance on the arriv

GOOD STABLING. &C. THOMAS FLANAGAN.

Canada House. The patient listened in a vague wonder. Corner Water and St. John Streets,

MAHTAHO LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM

Every attention paid to THE COMFORT OF GUESTS.

Located in the business centre of the town. Stabling and Stable Attendance first rate. WM. JOHNSTON

Near Railway Station, Campbellton, N. B. formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan Comfortable accommodation for permanent and ransient guests. Commercial Travellers will

Sample Rooms. GOOD STABLING on the premises. Daniel Desmond,

Hotel New Netherland.

FIFTH AVENUE, CENTRAL PARK AND 59th ST. NEW YORK. [To open Jnne 1st 1893.]

The most elegant, the safest. the strongest and most complete hotel palace of the world.

On the European plan, with a grand restaurant, cafe and wrivets calcans. cafe and private saloons Fresh air and pure water. Artificial ice and cold storage used exclusively. Every parlor, bed-room, bath room and clothes closet scientifically ventilated, rendering it absolutely impossible for impure air to accumulate, thus making all rooms delightfully cool, even in the hottest weather, a feature unknown in other hotel All plumbing of the most modern description

every pipe or outlet being ventilated from the roof, open plumbing and solid porcelain bath-tubs.

All Croton water, for drinking, cooking and even bathing purposes, filtered by the celebrated Buhring system, which, unlike any other, removes all organic matter from the water which is held in suspension and physical solution, but at the same time thor oughly decolorizes and deodorizes the water during purification, thereby rendering it a product equal to the finest chemically distitled water, pure and yet sparkling, without the aid of chemicals in any form All rooms of every description, even to clothes closets, are lighted by electricity, thus avoiding the vitiated air caused by gas and the danger of in

He made no definite resolution. He could not as yet have denied the general supposition, even if he would; and as the hours went by and in his walking and as the hours.

The house is more thoroughly fire-proof than any other building ever constructed, no wood being used except for cabinet purposes. went by and in his waking moments he revolved things in his mind, he grew more and more certain that he did not desire to the building.

Remington Typewriters and operators furnished, Telephone in every room. Long distance telephone when desired. Individual safes for each guest in office. One block from the Sixth Avenue Elevated rail-road station. Fifth Avenue stages and Fifty-Ninth Street Cresstown cars pass the door.

Theatre ticket and telegraph office. Bowling

Ferdinand P. Earle.

Hotel Normandie

BROADWAY AND THIRTY-EIGHTH STREET, NEW YORK.

House strictly first-class in all appointments, and in a most central and delightful location, easy of access to places of amusement and business, and one block from the Metropolitan Opera House, the Casino, the new Broadway Theatre and the new Empire Theatre.

The main feature of the Hotel is that it is a bsolute-ly fire-proof. The floor and roof beams are all of iron, and the filling between the beams and several floors, and at the roof is of fire-proof brick a rehed work laid in concrete. The sanitary arrangements have been made a special feature by competent sanitary engineers.

The hotel is fitted with the most complete system

of electric appliances ever devised to insure the afety of guests in any similar establishment Every room is connected by direct speaking tubes with the office, and guests will be able to amounce with the office, and guests will be able to announce their wishes, or give orders to the office, ascertain the name and business of callers, etc., without having to call on bell-boys; or, when a guest desires to leave his room, by notifying the office, the room can be connected with a system of alarms, so that no one can enter it by the door, the window or fanlight, without the fact being announced in the office; also, fire alarm signal to every room and to the Metropoli-

Special arrangements made to families. Rooms range from \$2.00 p4r day and upwards. Ferdinand P. Earle,

Normandie by-the-Sea.

NORMANDIE (NEAR SEABRIGHT) NEW JERSY. On the American plan. This magnificent hotel is double-fronted, facing on the Atlantic osean on the

east and the Shrewsbury river on the west. Open from June until October. One hour and fifteen minutes from New York via Sandy Hock route foot of Rector street. Depot: Normandie; P. O. Sea Ferdinand P. Earle.

SHERIFF'S SALE To be sold at Public Auction on Thursday, the 15th

day of June, next, in front of the Post Office in Chatham, between the hours of 12 o'clock noon and All the right, title and interest of John Robertson in and to all that certain lot or tract of land but a conscious temptation to dishonor had never so much as presented itself to him. He was honest to the bone, and could no more help it than he could help being six feet high. The subtle Morton being six feet high. The subtle Morton plied all the tools of his agriculture, threw of growth. None came.

He was extremely open and confidential, as he could very well afford to be, since here.

The daylight grew broader and somebody would have gone into mourning. Ye'll do for a while now. I'll get back to my Cossacks. There's nothing to be done for Blackbeard, poor chap."

The magnificent library in the women's building at the World's Fair, which was fitted up and furnished by the women of New York, was opened on Friday last.

The daylight grew broader and not altack the healthy.

Son in and to all that certain lot or tract of land situate, lying and being on the north side of the Tabusintac River, in the County of Northumber-land and Province of New Brunswick, and abounced as follows, viz —Westerly by lands formerly owned by Raiph Fayle, deceased, and lately conveyed to William Murray, southerly by the Tabusintac River, in the Acounty of Northumber-land and province of New Brunswick, and being on the north side of the Tabusintac River, in the County of Northumber-land and province of New Brunswick, and tones the whole system. Cholera cannot attack the healthy.

The magnificent library in the women's building at the World's Fair, which was fitted up and furnished by the women of New York, was opened on Friday last.

The daylight grew broader and tones the whole system. Cholera cannot attack the healthy.

The magnificent library in the women's building at the World's Fair, which was fitted up and furnished by the women of New York, was opened on Friday last.

The daylight grew broader and tones the whole system. Cholera cannot attack the healthy.

The magnificent library in the women's building at the World's Fair, which was fitted up and furnished by the World's Fair, which was fitted up and for province of New Brus as Lot No. 48 granted to Duncan Robertson, deceased, and containing—with an island in the said river opposite the said lot included in the said grant—210 acres more or less, and being the lands and premises on which the said John Robertson at present resides.

The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Supreme ourt, at the suit of William Murray against the said John Robertson.

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, 1st March, A. D. 1893. JOHN SHIRREFF.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

"SEAL BRAND" COFFEE

At the World's Fair.

Chase & Sanborn have been awarded the mammoth contract for supplying all the Coffee served inside the World's Fair Grounds, against the competition of the largest importing houses in the country.

This tribute to the Excellence of the "Seal Brand" proves that it is the best Coffee Grown

Kerr & Robertson,

Wholesale Hardware,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Special Attention Given to LETTER ORDERS. Now in Stock a full line of SHELF HARDWARE, CUTLERY, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, PITCH, TAR, ROSIN, CORD-AGE, ETC. Landing to-day 10 tons Dry and TARRED SHEATHING PAPER.

BOTTOM PRICES.

2nd March, 1893.

WHERE SMILING SPRING ITS EARLIEST VISITS PAY. J. D. CREACHAN, CHATHAM & NEWCASTLE.

Just landed per Steamer Nestorian direct from Great Britain,

91 CASES AND BALES EARLIEST SPRING IMPORTATIONS,

Containing: - Latest Spring Styles and Patterns, in Dress Goods, prints satins, silks, carpets, rugs, 1 to 4 yds. wide, floor oil cloth, window hang ings, general household goods and spring novelties.

Every department is full with the latest products of the great centres of trade-London, Paris and New York-where cash cuts prices, styles are created and inventive conceit feels the fickle pulse of

Received from London, England, and New York, 569 doz. gents scarfs, ties, bows and four-in-hands. Received direct from Paris and Grenoble, France, 734 doz. ladies and gents' Lisle thread, silk and Perrin's kid gloves every pair guaran-

Received from Boston, 37 cases men's and youths' fur, felt, hard Received direct from Canadian Mills, 141 cases and bales cotton

goods, woolens and general domestic staples, all personally selected for our trade and now offered at close cash prices. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY

J. D. CREACHAN, NEWCASTLE & CHATHAM

O^N and AFTER MONDAY, OCT. 17th, unt further notice, Railway, daily (Sundays' excepted) as follows: Connecting with the I. C. R.

Between Chatham and Fredericton. GOING NORTH. (read down) (read up) EXPRESS. Accom'n. Accom'n. Arrive Chatham Junc., 9 10 a. m. Chatham Chatham Jct..... 4 55 10.25 Blackville, 3 40 Doaktown, 2 20 GOING SOUTH. Boiestown, 1 30 p. m. Cross Creek, 11 55 EXPRESS. Marysville, 10 35 4.15 Fredericton, Lv .. 10 20 a.

The trains between Chatham and Fredericton will also stop when signalled at the following flag Station-Nelson, Oerby Siding Upper Nelson Boom, Chelmstord, Frey Rapi is, Upper Blackville, Blissfield McNamee's, Ludlow, Astle Crossing, Clearwater, Portage Road, Forbes' Siding, Upper Cross Creek, Covered Bridge, Zionville, Durham, Nashwaak, Manzer's Siding, Penniac. Passengers with through tickets to points on the I. C. R. can go in to Chatham and return to meet next train free of charge.

Express Trains on I. C. R. run through to destinations on Sunday. Express trains run Sunday mornings The above Table is made up on Eastern standard time,
All the local Trains stop at Nelson Station, both going and returning, if signaled.

CONNECTIONS are made at Chatham Junction with the I. C. RAILWAY for Montreal and all points East and West, and at Fredericton with the C.P. RAILWAY for Montreal and all points in the upper provinces and with the C. P. RAILWAY for St John and all points West, and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

Allfreight for transportation over this road, if above Fourth (4th) Class, will be taken delivery the Union Wharf, Chatham, and forwarded free of Truckage or other charge.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

J. B. SNO WBALL, Manager

1892---WINTER ARRANGEMENT---1893.

On and after Monday, October 17, 1892, the trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows : WILL LEAVE CHATHAM JUNCTION Through Express for St. John, Halifax, Pictou, (Monday excepted) - Accommodation for Moncton and St. John,
Accommodation for Cam bellton, Through Express for Quebec, Montreal, Chicago, All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

Chatham Foundry, CHATHAM

ESTABLISHED 1852.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., Oct 26, 1892

Iron and Brass Castings a specialty-for Mills, Steamboats, Railways, etc. Stoves, Iron Railings, Plough and general Agricultural Castings, Babbit Metal, etc. Machinery Made and Repaired with quick despatch.

Orders promptly attended to at reasonable prices and fair Terms. T. F. GILLESPIE. Proprietor.

HALIFAX JAMES A. MORRISON,

COMMISSION AND GENERAL MERCHANT, SPECIALTIES: THA, SUGAR AND MOLASSES.

DACOSTA & CO., BARBADOES, W. I., &C. &C. Reference:-Thos. Fyshe, Esq., Manager Bank of Nova Scotia

Established 1866.

----AGENT FUR----

Dunlap Bros. & Co., AMHERST, N. S.

Dunlap, McKim & Downs, WALLACE, N. S. DIJNLAP, COOKE & CO.,

AMHERST, N. S.

DUNLAP COOKE & CO. MERCHANT TAYLORS. -AND-

GENILEMEN'S OUTFITTERS AMHERST, N. S.

General Business.

DRS. G. J. & H. SPROUL, SURGEON DENTISTS.

Teeth extracted without pain by the use o Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anæsthetics.

Artificial Teeth set in Gold, Rubber & Celluloid Special attention given to the preservation and regulating of the natural teeth.

Also Crown and Bridge work. All work guaranteed in every respect. guaranteed in every respect,
Office in Chatham, Benson Block. Telephone In Newcastle, opposite Square, over J. G KETHROS' Barber shop. Telephone No. 6

SPINNING WHEELS

MADE AND REPAIRED

as formerly at the old stand. WOOD-TURNING of all kinds done at THOMAS ARMSTRONG, Chatham, N. B

B. R. BOUTHILLIER,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

CHATHAM,

Keeps constantly on hand full lines of Cloths of the best

British, and Canadian Makes,

Trimmings, etc. CENTLEMENS' CARMENTS

PROMPT SHIPMENT. I ses, with quickest despatch and at reasonable ates. LADIES' COATS & SACQUES

satisfaction Guaranteed.

MIRAMICHI STEAM NAVIGATION CO.



STR. "MIRAMICH!" Capt. DeGrace, will leave Chatham for points up River at 7 a. m. and Newcastle for Chatham and points down river at STR. "NELSON,"

CAPT. JOHN BULLICK. -WILL LEAVE-Chatham. Nelson. Newcastle. Newcastle (Call's Wharf) Bushville, For Newcastle d SOLAR TIME. SOLAR TIME

11 40 a m 2 40 p m

SOLAR TIME.

RATES OF PASSAGE: Single fare between Chatham and Newcastle, Nelson, or vice versa, 20 cents. Return Tickets issued on board at 30 cents. Card Tickets good for 25 trips issued at the rate of 12 cents a trip, to other points corresponding reduction will be made.

Carrying frieght and passengers between the points

STR. "MIRAMICHI" CAPT. DEGRACE.

Will leave Chatham for points down river, viz.— Black Brook, Lapham's Oak Point, Burnt Church, Neguac and Point aux Carr, daily, at 9 a. m., calling at Escuminac on Mondays, Wednesday, and Fridays; and Bay du Vin on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, carrying Passengers and Freight between all points named, and the "Miramichi's" passengers for points named and the Miramich's passengers for points up-river will be sent thereto by the "Nelson" free of charge. Meals served on board the "Miramichi at regular hours and at reasonable rates. Excursion Tickets from all points, 50 cents, good Parties having Freight to ship to any point

down-river must have it on the wharf not later than 8.30 a m. All freight charges must be prepaid on toth boats. Freight will be at Shipper's and Owner's risk. W. T. CONNERS, Manager.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

Chatham, May9th, 1893.

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carry. ing off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same humors of the secretions; at the came time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors forento. SHINGLE WOOD!

WISHES TO PURCHASE a large quantity of cedar shinge wood at the Factory, Chatham.

JOHN McDONALD. March 23rd, 1893.

SEEDS! SEEDS :

THAVE NOW IN STOCK

White Russian & White Fye Wheat. TIMOTHY AND

CLOVER SEEDS. and a large variety of Vegetable Seeds, also Peas Beans, Flower Seeds, &c. Also

FLOUR, OAT MEAL & FEED, Hams, Beacon, Teas and a full line of

FINE GROCERIES &C. All of which I will sell at LOWEST PRICES

Alex. McKinnon, Water St., Chatham, May 9th, 1893, VOICE PRODUCTION

THE' ART OF MUSIC Mrs. Portsous (Scolarship Pnpil of the late Madame Sainton Dolby, London, Eng.) will receive a limited number of pupils for instruction in the above. First term commences on 1st September

TERMS ON APPLICATION A singing class will be formed the particulars of which will be duly advertised. Chatham, N. B. August 18th, 1892.

ENGINE & BOILER FOR SALE. 1 25 Horse Power Portable Engine and Beiler in T his firm carries one of the finest selections of Cloths including all the different makes suitable for fine to race. Their cutters and staff of workmen employed are the best obtainable, and the clothing from his es stablishment has a superior tone and finish. All inspection of the samples will convince you that the p gives are right.

good order and ready for work. For information as to price and terms, apply to