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CHAPTER XIV.

"Begad!" said Hogan, as he left the house at Harry's side, "ye're curiously shy, Morton. Upon me word now, ye were blushing and boggling like a school-girl. Ye weren't used to be like that when ye were more accustomed to the society of ladies, I'll go bail."

Harry forced a laugh. He was content to leave Hogan to his fancy, and was glad that he had lighted upon so natural a supposition. Hogan wanted to drive him back to the hotel, but Harry insisted on shaking hands then and there.

"I'm in want of exercise," he said. "London cramps me."

He strode away, and Hogan watched his massive figure as it went down the street. The medico was so full of pride in his friend that he could not refrain from playing him on the very coachman.

"D'ye know who that is, Harkett? That's the most famous man at this hour in London. That's Mr. Ronald Morton, the great Asiatic explorer."

"Him as rode on 'orseback from the Cahspain to the Pacific, sir?" said the coachman, waking to sudden interest. "He looks as if he'd gone through something, sir. A splendid figure of a gentleman."

Harry strode solidly away, eager to be alone with his own thoughts. Almost before he knew it he found himself in Hyde Park, and there seating himself on a bench in a quiet corner he tried to pull his random wits together. For a while he could think nothing but Inthia. His pulses sang her name. The thoughts of her face filled his mind. Many a thousand times in his lonely wanderings he had tried to picture her as grown to womanhood, and had tried to anticipate the changes time would bring. He thought her now infinitely more beautiful than he had ever pictured her, or than she had been in her girlhood. He believed he read a hint of settled sorrow in her face, and he accused himself, as any honest man was bound to do. That young life ought to have gone unshadowed. He sat in a sort of dreamland, when the thought crossed him that his own boyish wickedness and folly had killed her lover, and had left a virgin heart widowed. He felt like an assassin. What right had he to rob her in that way? He had been a fool from start to finish, and had even misread the legend of sterling family pride which had stared him in the face. He ought to have known that a man in the position of Lord Bridgebourne would not allow the family honor to be tarnished for the sake of a few thousand pounds. The hard old man had paid his debts when he supposed him dead, and would have done at least as much to prevent the open shame of his appearance in the dock.

Sitting there unobserved he drew from his pocket a small leather wallet, dark and polished with long use. It contained but a single sheet of paper—Inthia's last letter. He knew its words by heart, and had so known them any time this seven years, but he read the lines again with a sort of reverence. He had always heard the girl's impetuous and vivacious voice in the words, but now the woman's graver and gentler tones seemed to repeat them with a solemn surety.

He had, in the course of the morning, felt so strangely moved to betray himself that he had been on the edge of doing it half-a-dozen times. Sitting retired in his little corner solitude, he half resolved to let his alias go. He could repay Lord Bridgebourne easily, and there lay his plain, honest duty. He had made an honorable and famous name, and felt that the indiscretion of his youth was wiped so clean away that no man would care to bring it up against him. His self-effacement, which had once looked like an act of heroism, seemed now only like one more folly added to the list. He would and he would not. His mood of indecision was all the less tolerable to him because of his accustomed way of life, full of the rapidest and most daring decision. He had made up no final mind upon the matter, when he rose to walk back to his hotel. There was a block at a crossing of the roads, and looking up he saw Lady McCorquodale and Inthia seated behind her ladyship's black-liveried coachman. They bowed to him, and he raised his hat in answer, reading or fancying that he read, a renewal of the first inquiry in Inthia's eyes. If she should recognize him she could think of him only as a coward hiding under an alias from the reproach he dared not face.

His thoughts were with him all day and through the night. He awoke restless and unrefreshed, and walked out for an early morning swim in the Serpentine, still debating the one question by the way. It was unsettled when he returned, and looked likely to remain unsettled.

As he neared the hotel on his return he observed for the third or fourth time within the last day or two a curious figure on the pavement at the door—a man in an elegant little go-cart of finished construction, which was impelled and guided by the cripple's own hands. The man wore a skull cap of dark blue velvet, which was in striking contrast with the dreadful pallor of his face. His skin was colorless, and of a hard, smooth texture, like white paper. His eyes were sunken, and of a cold dead porcelain blue. His face was so clean shaven that it looked innocent of the razor, but the chin was decorated by a little goat tuft, and whenever the man was not occupied in wheeling himself about he sat caressing this tuft with his blanched fingers, with a stiff, set smile, as if he were meditating mischief to somebody. The robust giant had never passed this ruined creature without a twinge of pity, which had yet a trace of repulsion in it. Constant suffering might well have given birth to that soulless grimace, and it was hard that a healthy man whose every movement was a bodily pleasure, should punish suffering even in his thoughts.

Behind the man this morning stood a tall and handsome girl of a marked American type, slender and insolent. She had a hand upon the back rail of the go-cart near the invalid's head, and was bending over him when Harry first caught sight of them.

The hall porter was standing on the steps of the hotel, and was in conversation with them. Harry heard distinctly the name of Ronald Morton, and as he passed through the doorway was aware of whispers behind him. The reflection in the glass doors showed him the group outside, the invalid pushing his chair forward, the girl peering eagerly over his head, the hall porter nodding backwards and sideways, as who should say, "There goes the man you spoke of." Harry was constantly receiving some such evidence as this scene afforded him of the interest he excited in the public mind. He passed indoors and in a moment had forgotten the episode completely.

The invalid set his chair in motion, gliding smoothly over the level pavement. The girl walked slowly at his side, keeping pace with him.

"Gilead," she said, looking down upon him, "that ain't the man."

"What?" the other snapped, turning his eyes upon her.

"It ain't the man," the girl repeated with a drawling nasal decision. "Willie was no broader round the shoulders than I am. You could get three men like Willie into that man's waistcoat."

"You always were a mule, Priscilla," the cripple answered, "and you always will be. You'd have been a mule if you'd been born to trousers, but being feminine you're fixed up proper."

"Mule or no mule," the girl hummed through her pretty little nose, "that ain't the man. D'ye think I don't know Willie Reid?"

"D'ye think I don't know him?" snarled the man in the go-cart. "Don't men at his age thicken in the figure? He wasn't over five-and-twenty. What's to prevent his thickening in the figure? I'll tell you what it is, Priscilla—you make me mad."

"I don't care how mad I make you," the girl hummed back at him with a tranquil, settled obstinacy, "that ain't the man."

"Parrot!" said the invalid, and shot himself wrathfully forward at a great pace. The girl walked calmly on and by and by he came circling back again, made a tour round her and settled into his old place. I'll know if he's the man or not," he said; "I'll put Heaton on to him."

Unconscious of the peculiar interest he excited, Harry breakfasted and settled himself to work at the preface his publishers had asked for a projected popular edition of his book. A waiter announced a gentleman to see him. For a while he was indisposed to receive a stranger. He had been besieged by curious impertinence of lion-hunting tribes, and had made his orders imperative against their admission. But this particular visitor clung tenaciously to his point, and was at last admitted. He was gray, and responsible in aspect, and might have been an eminently respectable solicitor by his looks.

"My instructions are, sir," he said, "to place this letter and this packet in your hands. You are Mr. Ronald Morton?"

"I am Ronald Morton."

The gray, responsible man gravely handed him a sealed packet and a letter, and at once took up his hat to withdraw.

"Stay," said Harry. "There may be an answer."

"I was instructed to the contrary," said the respectable stranger, and with that and a quiet "Good morning," he left the room.

Harry broke the seal of the letter, and found Messrs. Coutts and Co. in correspondence with Mr. Ronald Morton. On the 3rd March, 1875, he was informed that he had, on the introduction of a respected client, made a deposit of seven hundred and fifty pounds, and a sealed parcel. With the exception of ten pounds twelve shillings and six pence the whole sum deposited had been withdrawn a fortnight later, though Mr. Morton had distinctly understood that his balance was at no time to stand at less than five hundred pounds. The bankers' letters calling his attention to this fact had been returned from the address left with them, and learning that Mr. Ronald Morton had returned to London they begged at once to place the sealed packet and a draft for the balance of his account in his hands, and to close correspondence.

An air of cold business offence breathed through the epistle, and it was evident that the bankers were aggrieved at their client's neglect and his contravention of their rules.

"But what to do with this confounded packet?" the recipient asked himself. "It doesn't belong to me. Poor Morton used to say that he hadn't a relative in the world. The ordnance map shows no Kekewich in Cheshire. I have inherited a mystery, and I must walk out of it by the straightest road."

He was not eager to present himself to a solemn bank manager with the declaration that he had adopted an alias, and bankers were not wont to surrender valuables without being pretty sure of the identity of the persons to whom they handed them. Perhaps after all, he thought, he was troubling himself for nothing. The deposit might consist merely of confidential papers of no value to any one but the owner. He had at least the right to look and see.

So thought, so done. The packet revealed a mass of valuable bonds, and conspicuous on the top of it was the Imperial Eagle of Austria stamped on the issue of the Lottery Loan of 1854. The sheets lay close and solid, and he could form no notion of their value without a close inspection. The discovery staggered him, and added greatly to his perplexities. The only thing altogether clear to him was the fact that he could not keep them in his own hands. He had no more right to these valuables than any man who walked the street, but the question was how to give them back again.

He was still deliberating, marching solidly to and fro in his room, when two gentlemen below presented themselves to the hall porter, and offering their cards requested that they should be at once carried to Mr. Ronald Morton. The hall porter was extremely sorry, but Mr. Morton's orders were imperative. He was not to be disturbed. The visitors were suavely and smilingly convinced that if Mr. Morton knew their names he would at once receive them. The hall porter was doggedly confident of the opposite and declined to disobey the unqualified orders he had received. The visitors appealed to the hotel manager, explained that their business was of the utmost importance to Mr. Morton himself, and declared that Mr. Morton would be extremely angry if he learned they had been sent away. On this the manager himself ascended to Mr. Morton's rooms, and with a little flourish of apology set forth the reason of his intrusion. His guest took the visiting cards, and had no sooner glanced at them than he smiled with a curious expression.

"Quite right," he said. "Show the gentlemen up stairs." The manager retired.

"Mr. Herbert Whale, F. L. D. S. 'F.L.D.S.?' And Captain Peter Heaton. It will be interesting to meet that pair again, but what do they want with Ronald Morton? Poor Morton knew about them, and had no high opinion of them. But what brings them to see him? I'll vow that neither of them desires to see me."

A waiter ushered in the visitors, who advanced smiling, hat in hand, but stopped simultaneously, and glanced from Harry to each other with a look of sudden puzzlement.

"Mr. Ronald Morton?" said Captain Heaton, in a tone of somewhat puzzled inquiry.

"At your service, gentlemen," said Harry gravely. "The hotel manager was so certain of the importance of your business that you have no doubt something of a pressing nature to say to me."

Mr. Herbert Whale responded to this speech by a slow, elaborate wink, and stepping on clumsy tiptoe to the door, opened it, peered out into the corridor, closed it and locked it. Having gone through this curious pantomine with a face expressive of the liveliest humor, he returned, and in a cheerful, confidential whisper, said, "How goes it, William?"

Harry's stare of amazement at this inquiry left Hump's smile fixed upon his face. It stayed there for some seconds, and then gradually faded to a look of almost abject vacuity.

"Have you got too proud to know an old pal?" he asked at length.

"You're laboring under some singular misconception, sir," said Harry.

"I can't say," said Heaton, interposing himself smoothly between them, "that the tone you take is altogether surprising. You have changed, but you have hardly changed so much as you seem to fancy."

Harry looked from one to the other, and for a moment deliberated.

"Shall I be candid with you, gentlemen!" he answered. "My first impulse was to put you to the door for a pair of impudent practical jokers. Perhaps however it may be best to listen to you. My time is valuable, and I shall be obliged if you will tell me, as shortly as you can, the nature of your business."

"Mr. Gilfoil has twice written to you since your arrival in London, and has received no answer."

"That is possible," said Harry. "Who is Mr. Gilfoil?"

Hump drove a facetious forefinger in the direction of his companion's waistcoat.

"He wants to know who Gilead is. Tell him, Heaton."

There was something so mirth-inspiring in his own fancies that Mr. Whale sitting with one end of his walking stick in either hand, rubbed it to and fro upon his legs in a subdued ecstacy of humorous enjoyment, and chuckled to himself.

"Is Mr. Gilfoil the anonymous gentleman who desired me a day or two ago to walk into his parlor?" Harry asked. He had come to the conclusion an hour ago that he had inherited a mystery. He thought it bade fair to turn out a very shady mystery, to say the least of it. The visit of Messrs. Hump and Heaton seemed at present to thicken it, but might end by clearing it.

"It is quite possible that he might adopt that playful form," said Heaton.

"Will you tell me why I am asked to walk into Mr. Gilead's parlor?'

"It is seven years," said Heaton, shrugging his shoulders with a smile, "since he had the pleasure of meeting you. He is afraid that you may have forgotten him, and he does not mean to be forgotten."

"Will you tell me why his affections flow so strongly my way?" asked Harry.

Hump seemed to find this inquiry altogether delicious. He grew scarlet in the face, and rubbed his walking stick up and down his thighs more briskly than before. Heaton himself seemed to see a dawning humor in the situation. There was a laugh in his voice as he responded.

"Come now, wasn't there a little account between Messrs. Gilfoil and Company and yourself left unsettled when you disappeared into Asia?"

"Was that so?" said Harry. "Will you tell me its nature and amount?"

Heaton's smile creamed all over his face.

"Don't you think we've had enough of this?" he asked. "It's quite natural that you shouldn't be eager to stump up, and really if you don't want to know your old friends they won't press themselves upon you. You don't take into account," he pursued, in a manner at once soothing and explanatory, "the change that has taken place in Gilead since his accident. He has grown morose and snappish. He has less patience than he used to have. Your seeming neglect of his letters has made him angry. Honestly, I know him better of late than you do, and he is even less disposed to be trifled with than he used to be. I won't even say that he might not be dangerous."

"Gilead might be dangerous," said Harry, with a stolid face. "To me?" He tapped himself lightly on the chest as he spoke.

"You have seen a great deal, no doubt," Heaton answered, "but let me tell you, you have not seen anything much worse than Gilead if he gets his back up. Your memory ought to tell you that."

"We get no further, gentlemen," said Harry. "What, in plain English, does Mr. Gilfoil want?"

"In plain English, Mr. Gilfoil wants his share."

"And his fair share," interjected Hump. "And the Co. want their shares as well."

"His share of what?" asked Harry.

"His share of the property," said Heaton. His creaming smile had disappeared, and had given way to a look of repressed impatience.

"His share of what property?"

Heaton rose with a gesture of sudden anger, and took a step or two across the room.

"Look here," said Hump, rising also and approaching Harry. "You're spreading it too thick, young man. You want to pretend you haven't been in it all along. That cook won't fight. You say you're Roland Morton, and that's quite good enough. We got your last letter from Bulgaria telling us you couldn't be back for six months. That's seven years ago, and now we've got you, William, you're not going to slip us again. Just you make up your mind to that."

The situation was growing interesting, and it was one of a kind that Harry felt himself more at home in than he had been in that of yesterday. But it came suddenly to an end in a manner he did not understand. The gallant captain stood half sly, half fascinated, with his eye upon the pile of bonds. The fingers of his right hand fumbled eagerly at a little gold pencil-case which dangled from his watch-chain. He shot the cuff of his shirt sleeve across the knuckles of his left hand and pencilled a hasty note upon it. With that he turned swiftly, with an air of triumph and decision.

"Let me advise you," he said, "not to carry your present game too far, Mr. William Reid. Understand that you are dealing with men who are accustomed to enforce their rights. We do full credit to your genius for shifts and dodges, and you will recollect that the rest of us are safe, and you are not. You may take what course you choose, and I do not pretend to say what time will be allowed you. But ou will be troubled by no further visit rom us, and any further negotiations will begin on your side. Good-morning."

He marched erect and soldier-like to the door, unlocked it, signalled to his companion, and went out, a monument of virtuous indignation. Half way down the stairs Hump tapped him on the shoulder with his walking stick.

"You broke off rather short, old sonny."

Heaton cast a cautious glance about him, and saw that they were quite alone, then diving into his pocket produced a purse, and drew from it a folded scrap of paper. The paper was frayed at the edges, and he had to open it gingerly lest it should fall to pieces.

"One thousand pounds reward," it ran, "will be paid to any person giving such information as will lead to the conviction of the criminals and the recovery of the bonds and notes stolen in transit between Boulogne and Calais on the night of the thirteenth instant." Here followed a long list of the stolen securities and numbers of notes. Heaton, peering round Whale's elbow, laid the trim nail of his little finger on one number, and then, shooting his shirt cuff over his hand, set the pencilled memorandum there above it.

"That's all, my boy. That was the number of the bond on top of the pile. They were lying on his table."

CHAPTER XV.

Seven years ago the reader caught a momentary sight of one M. Vergueil, standing in a brown study at the door of Misseri's Hotel in Constantinople. This gentleman was a figure in the police department of Paris and enjoyed a high reputation for both astuteness and good fortune. But like others amongst the astutest and the happiest, he found one thing denied him, and he so puzzled over the one case which baffled his intelligence that his failure in this respect left a drop of gall at the bottom of every cup of success he quaffed. The governments of three or four countries had unitedly agreed to leave in M. Vergueil's hands the investigation of a series of railway robberies. He had started on his work with something like certainty, and bit by bit his case had melted away between his fingers. It became a forlorn hope in the first six months, and M. Vergueil became a man with a grievance. He laid hands on scores of notorious criminals, he had brilliant successes by the dozen, but he had made nothing whatever of the great railway robberies, and his disappointment clouded him.

M. Vergueil's business had brought him to London. Forged notes of the Bank of France had been put in circulatian at Monte Carlo and Spa pretty extensively, and had been dropped here and there in small quantities in the great cities of Europe. The imitation of the hundred-franc note was so admirable that only an expert could be relied upon to detect the difference between it and the actual issue of the bank. M. Vergueil's inquiries had led him to the belief that the seat of the forgery was in England, and both in lighting upon the original track and in following it up he had so far been blessed with even more than his usual good fortune.

He had taken up his headquarters at the Westminster Hotel, and sitting in his room immersed in thought over a cigarette and a glass of sugared water, he found himself awakened by the living accents of a voice which was at that moment speaking to his fancy's ear.

"Mr. Ronald Morton," said the voice.

M. Vergueil set his whole soul in his ears and listened. He might hear nothing worth hearing, but on the other hand he was a gentleman who never missed a chance, and he was peculiarly anxious to know all that could be known of the owner of this particular voice. The room in which he sat and that in which the conversation was going on communicated by a door, which was for the present locked on one side and bolted on the other. M. Vergueil noiselessly kicked off his slippers, and crossing the room with a cat-like nicety of tread, dropped on his knees with his ear to the key hole, and so stayed. The watchful grin upon his face was a study for intentness, but every now and then as the conversation went on the mere ghost of a smile flickered across it and at the mention of Mr. Gilfoil's name his eyes sparkled brightly for a single second. In his eagerness to hear he hardly dared to breathe, and to let his breath go silently he clenched his teeth with his lips drawn away from them in a curiously ghastly smile. When at last Heaton addressed his interlocutor as Mr. William Reid the detective gave such a start that his head came into contact with the door knob, and for a little while between his rage at his own clumsiness, his fear that he had betrayed a listener's presence, and the actual physical pain of the blow, he lost knowledge of what was going on. The next thing that came clearly to him was the gallant captain's noisy and defiant "Good morning." He heard the door open and close, and listened to the footsteps in the corridor, and hastily snatching up a pair of boots in order to have some ostensible reason for quitting his chamber, he dodged cat-like to the head of the stairs, and peered after Messrs. Hump and Heaton. He withdrew his head swiftly as the Captain looked about him, and glued himself to the wall of the corridor. There was a little silence between the pair, and the detective's strained ears caught the rustle of paper only. Then he heard Heaton's voice saying,

"That's all, my boy. That was the number of the bond on top of the pile. They were lying on his table."

Mr. Vergueil admitted to his detractors that he was lucky. He had a little satiric habit among them of attributing all his success to the unbought blessings of fortune, but as he walked quietly back to his room he owned that no such stroke of luck as this had ever come to him. He had given William Reid up this half dozen years, had abandoned him with grief and wounded pride. He had longed for him as men only long for the unattainable; and being a person of a quick and vivid temperament had sometimes gritted his teeth in sudden rage at the manner in which he had been evaded. And now the delightful, unhoped for, unattainable thing, the fabled bird of contentment whom men follow forever and who will not allow himself to be caught, came to him without even a call, and perched upon his hand. The eminent detective was happier than if he had heard that some dead millionaire had bequeathed him all his belongings. He sat in his own room smiling radiantly, and gripping one hand with the other, as if he were shaking hands with himself in a delighted self-congratulation.

He listened for the movements of the next room's occupant, and allowed his mind to play about him in charmed speculation. It was no wonder that he had not been able to track William Reid into the wildest fastnesses of Asia. It was not at all remarkable now that no attempt had been made to place the stolen bonds upon the market. William Reid had left them in safe keeping that Ronald Morton might, after long lapse of time, withdraw them. He could not keep out of his mind a grim respect for the man with whom he would have to deal. It was no common little scoundrel who had buried himself for seven years in the earth's darkest places to build up a barrier between himself and justice. M. Vergueil's blood flushed at the fancy. He loved a worthy adversary, and the man seemed to him to have played a giant game. His heart warmed towards him.

He sat in resolute patience for hours, scarcely moving, and insensible to weariness or ennui. Patience met his reward at last, and his neighbor went away, locking his door behind him. He looked from his own chamber door, and caught sight of the stalwart retiring figure. He had remarked this noticeable neighbor of his before, and something in the square set of the shoulders and the poise of the head struck him anew.

"He will be a friend when I come to deal with him," said M. Vergueil to himself.

He followed him calmly down the stairs to make sure of his disappearance from the hotel, and lingering on the hotel steps with a pretence of consulting some memoranda which he drew from his pocket he heard the eminent traveller call a cab.

"Where to, sir?"

"The Fancy Fair, Albert Hall."

"We are beginning to lose our native modesty," said M. Vergueil, smiling to himself, "and to go a little into society."

With that he turned with an elaborate air of having forgotten something, and marched briskly up the stairs. As he went he drew from his pocket a bunch of keys, calmly selected one, and went on dangling it between his thumb and finger. He walked straight to Ronald Morton's room, and with the insolence and aplomb begotten of long service unlocked the door, passed through, and secured it by the bolt on the other other side. He took a survey of the place. A portmanteau stood in one corner of the room, and dropping on his knees beside it he selected from his bunch of passkeys one that looked likely for the purpose, and tried it in the lock.

"That will be a work of time," he said. "The lock is a patent. Very well, I will try elsewhere first."

The lock of the wardrobe offered no difficulty, and there before him on the middle shelf lay a great pile of Austrian bonds. He smiled placidly, and drew from his pocket a memorandum book, on one page of which was pasted a slip of newspaper. He consulted the cutting and the number of the topmost bond. Then he smiled anew, more placidly even than before, and extracting a single sheet from the middle of the pile he folded it deliberately and put it into his breast pocket.

Next he relocked the wardrobe, walked to the door and listened there for a moment, and slipping out to the corridor, was in his own room in a twinkling. He stayed there but a very little while, drawing on his gloves with a thoughtful look.

"That will do," he said. "I can enlighten Mr. Frost at once. He can be trusted to hold his tongue until the proper moment, and he has waited long and patiently enough to deserve a little hope."

He walked down stairs, ordered a cab, and being driven to Park Lane alighted at the entrance of a mansion there, and tendering his card, asked for Mr. Frost. Mr. Frost was not at home, but M. Vergueil extracted from the footman the intelligence that his master had gone to the fancy fair, that that day opened at the Albert Hall. Thither M. Vergueil pursued him, and after a prolonged wandering about the hall found the object of his search. The detective was not a man who permitted himself easily to be surprised, but for the moment he was knocked all abroad by an unexpected coincidence. Mr. Frost was engaged in animated converse with no less a person than Ronald Morton. After the first shock of surprise this lent a certain piquancy to the situation to his mind.

The two men stood near a stall over which appeared the names of Lady McCorquodale, Lady Mabel Ventnor, and Miss Grey, and one stately old lady and two pretty young ones were listening together with Mr. Frost whilst the eminent traveler talked. M. Vergueil approached the group with a subtle triumph stirring sweetly at his heart. He raised his hat with quite a grand air.

"Pardon my intrusion," he said, in English a little more set and deliberate than natives use, and only faintly noticeable for its accent. "Permit me to recall myself to the memory of Mr. Frost, with whom I have one moment's urgent business."

"No need to recall yourself," said Frost. "Excuse me for a single instant," he added to the ladies.

"A single instant," echoed M. Vergueil. "No more."

His face gave no sign, but he had not often in his life felt so happy. He had taken the prosecutor from under the nose of the criminal, and had left the trapped rascal there secure. It was a beautiful sensation, an apt reward for seven years' patience, a fitting solace for seven years' disappointment. Mr. Humphrey Frost's millions made his progress across the hall a little difficult. He was waylaid with fascinating smiles, and wheedled by a score of insinuating tongues. He parted with a good many sovereigns and five pound notes en route, for he had gone there ready to be plucked, and accepted the process with a smiling urbanity. At last he was through the crowd, and drawing Vergueil into the conservatory turned round and faced him.

"You have made a discovery?" he asked.

"I have made a discovery," Vergueil answered. He took the bond from his pocket and laid it in Frost's hands.

"Is that one of my Austrians?" Frost asked after looking at it.

"That is one of your Austrians," answered Vergueil, like a polite echo.

"How did it come into your hands?"

"I stole it," whispered Vergueil. "I stole it from the thief this afternoon. He has a mass of them in his possession."

"Have you arrested the man?" Frost asked.

"Not yet. At present that would be indiscreet." He looked cautiously about him, and having made sure that they were out of earshot he added in a low tone, "I am here on government business. I have reason to think that I have my hand over the forgers of French banknotes! The man in whose possession I found the bonds is one of the gang, and the same people who are issuing the counterfeit notes seem one and all to be implicated in the railway robbery in which your bonds were lost. In telling you this Mr. Frost, I need not say that I rely absolutely upon your silence. I do not speak of business of this kind to everybody, but I have already had such excellent proof of your discretion that I know before hand that I risk nothing in telling you. I thought you had a right to know, and I give the information as soon as possible, in the assurance that you will keep it as secret as the grave."

Humphrey Frost was a very considerable personage, but Mr. Vergueil took a tone of quiet authority with him which he in no wise resented.

"You may rely upon my silence," he responded simply. "May I go back to the ladies? Would you like me to introduce you? You are aware that Mr. Vergueil is a distinguished figure. Everybody knows of him, everybody talks of him, but nobody has the good fortune to meet him."

"Good fortune?" said Vergueil, "that depends. It is not everybody who thinks it good fortune to encounter me. But I beg you to excuse me from the honor of an introduction. I am like the highway-man of old, I prefer to throw aside my incognito only in places suitable to my purpose."

(To be Continued.)

No child is safe from worms unless Dr. Low's Worm Syrup is at hand. It is a complete remedy both to destroy and to remove worms of all kinds.

General News and Notes.

Chinch bugs have caused extensive damage to the wheat crop in Kansas.

Forewarned is Forearmed.

MANY of the worst attacks of cholera morbus, cramps, dysentery, colic, etc., come suddenly in the night and speedy and prompt means must be used against them. Hence of the hard-shell preacher, who was Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the remedy. Keep it at hand for emergencies. *It never fails* to cure or relieve.

The sentences in connection with the Panama canal frauds have been quashed by the French court of cassation.

A Complicated Case.

DEAR SIRS,—I was troubled with biliousness, headache and loss of appetite. I could not rest at night and was veay weak, but after using three ottles of B. B. B. my appetite is good and I am better than for years past. I would not now be without B. B. B., and am also giving it to my children.

MRS. WALTER BURNS,
Maitland, N. S.

Francis C. Campbell of Minneapolis has been chosen grand master of the Orange grand lodge of the United States, in session at Minneapolis.

Stick to the Right.

Right actions spring from right principles. In cases of diarrhœa, dysentery, cramps, colic, summer complaint, cholera morbus, etc., the right remedy is Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry,—an unfailing cure—made on the principle that nature's remedies are best. Never travel without it.

At Adrian, Mo., the six Wright brothers were standing under a tree near their home, when lightning killed four of them outright, and injured the other two so that they may die.

Headache and Constipation vanish when Burdock pills are used. They cure where others fail.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

ROBERT BALLOCH & CO.,
TEA MERCHANTS,
MINCING LANE, LONDON.

REPRESENTED IN CANADA BY
J. A. MORRISON, HALIFAX.

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, CORDAGE, ETC. Landing to-day 10 tons Dry and TARRED SHEATHING PAPER.

BOTTOM PRICES. PROMPT SHIPMENT.

'WHERE SMILING SPRING ITS EARLIEST VISITS PAY.
J. D. CREAGHAN, 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 hangings, 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 fashion.

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 guaranteed.

Received from Boston, 37 cases men's and youths' fur, felt, hard and soft hats.

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.
J. D. CREAGHAN, NEWCASTLE & CHATHAM
2nd March, 1893.

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY.
WINTER 1892 & 93.

ON and AFTER MONDAY, OCT. 17th, unt further notice, trains will run on the above Railway, daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Between Chatham and Fredericton.

For F'ton. (read down) Accom'n.		For Chatham. (read up) Accom'n.
9 10 a. m.	Chatham	5 20
9 45	Chatham Jct.	4 55
10 45	Blackville,	3 40
12 25 p. m.	Doaktown,	2 20
1 20	Boiestown,	1 30 p. m.
2 40	Cross Creek,	11 55
4 00	Marysville,	10 35
4 10	Gibson,	10 25
4 15	Fredericton, Lv.	10 20 a. m.

Connecting with the I. C. R.

GOING NORTH.

	Express.	Mixed
Leave Chatham,	9.30 p. m.	2 00 p.m.
Arrive Chatham Junc.,	9.55 "	2.30 "
Leave "	10.00 "	2.40 "
Arrive Chatham,	10.25	3.05 "

GOING SOUTH.

	Express.	Mixed.
Leave Chatham,	3.50 a m	10.40 a. m
Arrive Chatham Junc n,	4.15 "	11.10 "
Leave " "	4.22 "	11.15 "
Arrive Chatham	4.47 "	11.45 "

The trains between Chatham and Fredericton will also stop when signalled at the following flag Station—Nelson, Derby Siding, Upper Nelson Boom, Chelmsford, Grey Rapids, 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 but not Monday 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 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 o the Union Wharf, Chatham, and forwarded free of Truckage or other charge.

J. B. SNOWBALL, Manager

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
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)	4.21
Accommodation for Moncton and St. John,	11.15
Accommodation for Campbellton,	14.35
Through Express for Quebec, Montreal, Chicago,	22.60

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

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

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

Chatham Foundry,
CHATHAM - - - - N.B.
ESTABLISHED 1852.

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:
TEA, SUGAR AND MOLASSES.
AGENT FOR
DACOSTA & CO., BARBADOES, W. I., &C. &C.
Reference:—Thos. Fyshe, Esq., Manager Bank of Nova Scotia

Established 1866.

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

Dunlap, McKim & Downs,
WALLACE, N. S.

DUNLAP, COOKE & CO.,
AMHERST, N. S.

DUNLAP COOKE & CO.
MERCHANT TAYLORS,
—AND—
GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS,
AMHERST,
N. S.

This firm carries one of the finest selections of Cloths including all the different makes suitable for fine trade. Their cutters and staff of workmen employed are the best obtainable, and the clothing from his establishment has a superior tone and finish. All inspection of the samples will convince you that the prices are right.

W. T. HARRIS,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER,
CHATHAM, N. B.,
IS OFFERING AT LOWEST CASH PRICES:—

FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL,
BRAN, SHORTS, HEAVY FEED, OATS,
BARLEY, BEANS, SEEEDS, MOLASSES,
PORK, BEEF, HAMS, BACON,
BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, LARD,
SUGAR, TEA, COFFEE, RAISINS,
CURRANTS, RICE, FRUITS, CONFECTIONERY,
SYRUPS, EXTRACTS, SPICES, VINEGARS,
PICKLES, CANNED GOODS, BISCUITS,
SOAPS, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, MATCHES,
PARAFINE, PAINT, AND MACHINE OILS,
TURPENTINES, LINIMENTS, WASHBOARDS,
BROOMS, BRUSHES, ROPE, PIPES,
NAILS, FORKS, HOES, RAKES,
SCYTHES, SHOVELS, CROCKS, TEAPOTS,
MILK DISHES, LAMP CHIMNEYS &C. &C.

DRY GOODS.

SEE OUR STOCK OF BOOTS & SHOES.

LADIES' AND GENTS' TANNED SHOES, FINE OXFORD SHOES,
SLIPPERS, RUBBERS, &C., SHOE FINDINGS

READY MADE CLOTHING.
"BEST -:- VALUES -:- IN -:- TOWN."

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN
NERVINE TONIC
—AND—
Stomach and Liver Cure

The Most Astonishing Medical Discovery of the Last One Hundred Years.

It is Pleasant to the Taste as the Sweetest Nectar.
It is Safe and Harmless as the Purest Milk.

This wonderful Nervine Tonic has only recently been introduced into this country by the proprietors and manufacturers of the Great South American Nervine Tonic, and yet its great value as a curative agent has long been known by a few of the most learned physicians, who have not brought its merits and value to the knowledge of the general public.

This medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of indigestion, dyspepsia, and diseases of the general nervous system. It is also of the greatest value in the cure of all forms of failing health from whatever cause. It performs this by the great nervine tonic qualities which it possesses, and by its great curative powers upon the digestive organs, the stomach, the liver and the bowels. No remedy compares with this wonderfully valuable Nervine Tonic as a builder and strengthener of the life forces of the human body, and as a great renewer of a broken-down constitution. It is also of more real permanent value in the treatment and cure of diseases of the lungs than any consumption remedy ever used on this continent. It is a marvelous cure for nervousness of females of all ages. Ladies who are approaching the critical period known as change in life, should not fail to use this great Nervine Tonic, almost constantly, for the space of two or three years. It will carry them safely over the danger. This great strengthener and curative is of inestimable value to the aged and infirm, because its great energizing properties will give them a new hold on life. It will add ten or fifteen years to the lives of many of those who will use a half dozen bottles of the remedy each year.

IT IS A GREAT REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF

Nervousness