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Thursday came and with it came Lady Mabel, attired for the Archbishop's garden party. She sailed into Inthia's room, beaming with good humor.

"My dear," she said, holding both hands behind her, and tiptoeing over Inthia as she spoke, "I am quite fascinated by our new lion. I have been hunting everywhere to get a portrait of him, and only ten minutes ago I succeeded. I was driving through Ebury-street when it occurred to me to try once more at Downey's. The photograph was not for sale and I had to wheedle for it. Isn't he a superb creature—the lion? Doesn't he carry the airs of his deserts with him?"

She drew the photograph from its envel-

She drew the photograph from its envelope, and held it aloft in her delicately-gloved fingers, gazing at it with a droll affectation of rapture. Inthis reached out a hand for it, but her ladyship waltzed

a hand for it, but her ladyship waltzed away.

"No, no! I can't part with my lion. You may take a peep at him through the bars. She held her fingers across the photograph to stimulate the bars. "He frightened you terribly on Monday, but after all I am disposed to fancy that there is very little danger about him. Inthia, my dear, you are blushing."

"Nonsense," said Inthia, feebly. "Let me look at it."

Lady Mabel surrendered the photograph, and Inthia, resting it against a vase upon the mantelpiece, fell to studying it so earnestly that in the first three seconds she forgot her friend's presence. The good-hearted and agreeable rattlepate, her companion, stood by with an aspect of demure mischief, and waited. Inthia folded her hands behind her, and her eyes began to dream. She looked long and intently at the portrait, and awoke from her fancies with a sigh, at which Lady Mabel broke into a peal of fairy laughter. Inthia met her look of raillery with grave self-possession.

self-possession.

"There is something in the face," she said, "which puzzles me. I seem to know it well, but the likeness constantly evades

She hated to be dishonest, but she was by no means disposed to make Lady Mabel a partaker of her secret. With the face of Ronald Morton actually pictured before her, she seemed to read Harry in every lineament. The eyes, frank and honest, and at once tender and courageous, were Harry's to the life. The brow was Harry's. The curling beard and heavy moustache obscured the lower outlines of the face, and to the remembrances, yet very far from being contradictory of them. Over and over again in looking on the portrait, her fancy effaced all differences, and the smooth, boyish countenance looked out at her un-

changed.

Lady Mabel fluttered off to find Lady

Lady Mabel fluttered off to find Lady She studied the photograph anew, until a half angry gust of defensive shame touched her, and she put it resolutely away. She was not going to be dis-loyal to her memories because of any likeness, howsoever striking, and she began to think that Ronald Morton was ex-

citing a dangerous interest in her mind.

Do what she would she thought of him. Her resolutions were the merest ropes of sand, and, however industriously she wove them, they broke at the first touch. The mere memory of Ronald Morton's voice and eyes undid her strongest resolve, and her whole day was passed in thinking of him, and his strange resemblance to Harry, and in the effort to expel him from her thoughts.

The night passed in much the same fashien, and long before the hour came at which it was necessary to dress for Lady Mabel's ball, her disinclination to meet him had What she dreaded most of all was a certain secret complacency which underlay her re-luctance to encounter him. She feared the meeting, and yet there was pleasure in the thought of it. She took herself seriously to task, but with no effect. She could not dismiss from her own thoughts the interest the stranger bred there.

ball-room in a flutter of suppressed excite-"The lion," said Lady Mabel, whispering her, "is the best, the most amiable and

The hour arrived and she reached the

punctual of lions. He is here already, most unlionlike in modesty. One can see that he is not experimente—he has not learned the value of his name." Lady Mabel's rooms as yet gave but a half promise of the condition of fashionable crush they were destined to reach an hour later, and Inthia had not been in the house

five minutes when she found Ronald Morton bending over her. He was asking for a dance, and she felt like a raw girl on her first introduction to the world. She had prepared herself for this, and had meant, if the request were proffered, to meet it with an excuse the moment might afford, and almost before she knew it she had accepted, and was pencilling Mr. Ronald Morton's name upon her card with trembling fingers. She had not even enough of the self-protective instinct left to put him far down on the list in the hope of escaping before the time came. She was a little surprised to discover that the desire to escape had vanished.

Humphrey Frost came to claim her for a quadrille, and this gave her time to steady herself a little, but she had never known the dance to pass with so much swiftness.
The young people of to-day, even the staidest of them, are not apt to look on the quadrille as a source of delirious excitement, but to Inthia's fancy it was whirled through with an almost indecorous celerity. In her dread of the approaching waltz she would have taken it at a funeral pace, and even that might have seemed too quick for her.

She was perfectly self-possessed to all out-ward appearances when she stood up for the waltz, with Ronald Morton's arm about her waist, but her heart was actually rioting in her bosom. The band had sounded its lively flourish of warning, and with its first plunge into the waltz movement the two floated away together. The Asiatic deserts are not the best dancing school in the world, and Harry, in his eagerness to secure Inthia for a partner, had overlooked the fact that he had not so much as seen a dance for the last seven years. In the first half-dozen steps he floundered and striving to recover himself canoned against a ponderous elderly gentleman who glared at him angrily in

"I beg your pardon, Miss Grey," he mur-mured. This is not an experiment upon which I should have ventured. I have spoiled your dance for you, and I am very

He extricated her rather clumsily from the whirling crowd, and proffered her his arm. She took it, hardly knowing what she did, and unconscious of the smiles which her companion's failure excited. Harry was as unconscious as herself, for the mere contact of her hand upon his arm, though it rested there as light as a snow-flake, filled him with a splendid exultation. He was near to the end he had set before himself. To-morrow he would proclaim his identity to the world, and at that moment no shadow of a doubt as to Inthia's reception of him rested on his mind.

Before he well knew it they were walking slone in the half gloom of a conservatory. She wus the first to discover that they had withdrawn from the crowd, and hastily removing her hand she murmured an inarticulate semething, and turned away. She never knew, then and afterwards, if it were terror or the assurance of an almost awful joy which shook her as he laid his hand upon her shoulder. She turned towards him, and their ey is met. He was bending over her, and his looks seemed to devour her.

"Inthia!" he said. She gave no answer, but his eyes fascinated her. "Don't you

He caught her swiftly as she was in the act of falling. He supported her with one arm about her waist, and the other bemeath her head, and she lay in his arms like a drooping flower. Her face was colorless, but there was no fear in his mind. He kinsed her again and again. Her eyes opened, the color flowed back to her ace, and she throw both arms about

"I knew it," she sobbed, "I knew it. It was impossible, and yet I knew it." For a long time they clung to each other in a silence only broken by Inthia's stifled sobs, and now and again a soothing murmur from Harry.

"I wanted to declare myself," he said,
"from the first moment, but I had not the Lord Hounes I consented, because you were to be away. You forgive me for attired in plain clothes. The authorities

There was no need to ask. The clinging vice, and had done their best to make the you have been deceived." arms and fast flowing tears told all. have strange things to tell you, listen. I will not trouble you with them

F'Tell me everything."

her, and took her hands in his.
"I had not meant to speak to-night,"
he said, "but I could not help it. he said, "but I could not help it.
I should have told the world

to-morrow, and you first of all. I had a reason for the delay. I stayed away seven years to make an honorable life for myself. When I came home I found I had assumed the alias of a rascal, a thief and forger. But the hand of heaven was in it. He belonged to the very gang which brought about my ruin, and when they learned that Ronald Morton was in London the scoundrels took me for their old companion. I encouraged their belief, and to-night shall have in my hands the actual proof of their last villainy. I shall punish the heartless rascals that parted you and me, and I shall do a service to the world at large. I am expecting every moment the message which will call me to them."

As if the words were the cue for Lady Mabel's entrance she came into the conservatory at that moment, and caught sight of the couple sitting hand in hand. She started back for a mere second, and then advanced with an unusual frigidity of man-

"Mr. Morton," she said icily, "your secretary has brought a note which he describes as being most urgent."

Harry thanked her, and took the missive from her hand. He tore it open, and read by the moonlight the simple words, "Proofs ready."

"My darling," he said, turning to

Inthia, "the message I expected."

At this endearing epithet her ladyship fairly stared.
"Inthia!" she breathed, in a tone of concentrated astonishment. Inthia rose and embraced her, half cry-

ing, half laughing. "Mabel, you don't know what has happened. This is my cousin Harry come to life again."

Her ladyship was stricken dumb. She into that of his detachment in company with the inspector, to see that all things were properly disposed, he found accused and accuser walking amicably arm in

life again."

Her ladyship was stricken dumb. She was fluent enough as a rule, but for once in her life the power of speech deserted her.

"My dear Lady Mabel," said Harry, "it is true. I have had a reason for remaining but to-morrow morning all that had been the most ordinary in the world." unknown, but to-morrow morning all that will be over. I must go now. Good-bye, Inthia. God bless you, my darling. I shall see you in the morning. I must go. You know my reasons for it. Good-bye, seen us at

He had both her hands in his own, and even in Lady Mabel's presence, he could not refrain from kissing them. A minute later the two women were left to themselves, Inthia repeated Harry's story, and Lady Mabel had a rare feast of emotion. She cried for sympathy, and laughed for joy, and in short gave way so completely that in a very little while it was Inthia's office to calm her, and to remind her of her absence from her guests. At this her volatile ladyship dried her tears, and producing a powder-puff set to work to remove their a powder-puff set to work to remove their | they were left alone.

Re-entering the ball-room five minutes later they were encountered at the doorpression altogether enigmatic, half shocked, half amused, and wholly wonder-stricken.

"Lady Mabel" roll F been entertaining angels unawares."
"We have indeed," said Lady Mabel, whose butterfly mind was dangerously charged with the news of the night.

"I have a curious surprise to give you." "We have a curious surprise to give you," her ladyship answered with sparkling eyes. "Let us see whose is the greater." "Yours," said Frost, becoming altogether serious, "would seem to be altogether agreeable. Mine, I am afraid, is not."

"Let us know it. Nothing can dash our joy to-night. For once we are armed against disaster. Your looks are as a gaoler to bring forth some monstrous malefactor. "You really ought to know-" said Frost esitatingly. "The fellow has left the

house, and has walked clean into the trap | ing, laid his ear against it and listened the police have set for him."
"The police!" said Lady Mabel. house! Of whom are you talking?" "I am really awfully sorry to say it," said Frost with an irrepressible twinkle, "but I am talking of your Asiatic lion."

Lady Mabel's eyes danced at this, and she passed an arm through Inthia's.
"What of the Asiatic lion?" she asked innocently. "I promised him that he should "He is being hunted with a vengeance, Frost returned. "Let me tell you the plain

story. You remember the bonds which belonged to me being stolen in transit between Boulogne and Calais? They were stolen, as we know now, by two men, respectively name Gilead Gilfoil and William Paid William Paid liam Reid. William Reid is a notorious forger, a skilled distributor of forged banknotes, and is at this moment on his way to take up a packet of forged notes from his confederate."

"What has all this to do with the Asiatic lion?" her ladyship demanded.
"It sounds terrible," said Frost. "It re-

minds one of Barrington and the days of the Regency. William Reid, dear ladies, is no other than Ronald Morton." "We have a prettier story than that," said her ladyship. "The career of the Asiatic lion shall come to a more agreeable close. From whom did you get this charming narrative, Mr. Frost?"

"I got it," said Frost gravely, "from an unimpeachable source. It came to me a quarter of an hour since only from M. Ver-gueil, a member of the detective staff of Paris, who has hunted this man and his comrades for seven years, and he will have them arrested by the English police to-

"Really," cried Lady Mabel, "this is de-lightfully interesting, but you are a day beaind the fair, Mr. Frost. Inthia and I knew this half-an-hour ago, Mr. Frost. No, you shan't be plagued any longer, and in place of talking folly and making mystery about it, we ought to be on our knees and saying our prayers for thankfulness. Ronald Morton is not William Reid, Mr. Frost. He is Harry Wynne. He is not a confederate of these vile people, but is bringing to justice with his own hands the

wicked wretches who ruined him seven Frost looked from the one to the other in profound astonishment, then with a stammered word of excuse turned away, struggled unceremoniously through the brilliant crowd which filled the ball-room, ran swifty down the stairs, and dashing bare-headed into the street, hailed a passing hansom and leapt into it. He thrust a sovereign through the trap of the cab.

"Drive for your life!" he shouted.
"Clerkenwell! There may be a terrible fight," he said to himself, "before these men are captured. The police must know with whom they have to deal, or Harry may lose his life."

CHAPTER XX. When Mr. Butterfield chose his supplementary workshop in Clerkenwell he did it under the advice of his friend Captain Heaton, who was curiously careful as to the means of egress and ingress the place afforded. The house at fourteen Wexford Row was practically open on all four sides. Parallel with Wexford Row, at the back of the house and its adjoining yard, ran an alley leading to a mews. On the right side of the house a narrow passage between high walls formed a means of communication between the alley and the street, and on the left side beyond the party wall lay the yard of the neighboring public house. In the yard of number tourteen Mr. Butterfield erected a workshop, and the workshop opened on to the lane and the alley b means of doors purposely constructed, whilst access might be had to the public house yard through a square low window. Some of Mr. Butterfield's workmen had found a short way to their beer by means of that window, and the potman and landlord of the house were conveniently fami-

liar with ther irruptions. The astute Heaton had overlooked the fact that in multiplying opportunities for the dispersion of his workpeople in case of need, he had multiplied opportunities for the entrance of any persons who might be seeking an unexpected interview with them. But one of the myrmidons of M. Vergueil having closely surveyed the ground, Monsieur had asked to have no fewer than ten men placed at his disposal. These ten were under the charge of an inspector who was proud to be associated with the distinguished foreigner. Two of the men were posted in the bar-parlor of the public-house, two in the cab-yard at one end of the alley, and two at the entrance of that narrow thoroughfare. Wexford Row was patrolled by four, and the whole body was of course had chosen their smartest men for the ser-

intended capture a certainty. darling, when you are strong enough to fare paid him beforehand, drove madly until shayn't get rid of you till I've shown you the packed traffic of Oxford-street brought | what a fool you are. Come along, both of him back to caution. In Hard-street and | you. "I am listening, dear," she answered. Theobald's Road he was free to move again, The found a seat for her, and threw open the conservatory door, letting in the air of the balmy night from the garden. The moon, nearly at the full, hung low over the neighbouring roofs, and its light fell full upon her face. He seated himself beside

Theobald's Road he was free to move again, and motioned imperiously to Priscilla to open the door. Then, balancing the candlestick upon his knees, he led the way. At the end of the covered passage he pauscaled the candle from the table, and motioned imperiously to Priscilla to open the door. Then, balancing the candlestick upon his knees, he led the way. At the end of the covered passage he pauscaled the candle from the table, and motioned imperiously to open the door. Then, balancing the candlestick upon his knees, he led the way. At the end of the covered passage he pauscaled the candle from the table, and motioned imperiously to open the door. Then, balancing the candlestick upon his knees, he led the way. At the end of the covered passage he pauscaled the candle from the table, and motioned imperiously to open the door. Then, balancing the candlestick upon his knees, he led the way. At the end of the covered passage he pauscaled the candle from the table, and motioned imperiously to open the door. Then, balancing the candlestick upon his knees, he led the way. At the end of the candle from the table, and motioned imperiously to open the door. Then, balancing the candlestick upon his knees, he led the way. At the end of the candle from the table, and motioned imperiously to open the door. Then, balancing the candlestick upon his knees, he led the way. At the end of the candle from the table, and motioned imperiously to open the door. Then, balancing the candlestick upon his knees, he led the way. At the end of the candlestick upon his knees, he led the way. At the end of the candlestick upon his knees, he led the way. At the end of the candlestick upon his knees, he led the way. At the end of the candlestick upon his knees, he led the way. At the end of the can

man, and at once brought his own driver to a halt. He sprang from the cab, and advanced with both hands outstretched. "My dear old Wynne!" he said. "Welcome back again. Lady Mabel has told me

everything."
"Then Lady Mabel," said Harry, "has committed an indiscretion. I am heartily glad to see you, but I must leave you now. You can tell me to-morrow how you came to follow me. I have an engagement of the utmost importance.' "I know that too," Frost answered. "I must come with you. You are putting yourself in danger.

"I anticipate no great danger," said Harry. "I am armed, and I think I know "The house," Frost answered, "is to be surrounded by the police. You were to have been arrested with the others." This tickled the returned wanderer, and he laughed aloud.

"There may be a melee," Frost went on.
"One of the scoundrels is known to be des-"What brings you in it? How did you come to know of it?" "I am the owner of a heap of bonds these fellows stole seven years ago. I was told to-night that you were William Reid, and expected to see you in the dock to-morrow.

There is no need now for you to move a step. The men are trapped already. You have the satisfaction of knowing you brought them all together. Let that be enough for you." "I want a share in the comedy," said "It promises better than I

M. Vergueil had seen too many amazing things in his life time to be easily surprised, but wandered warily from

"Yes," he said, "I think it will be well for Mr. Wynne to enter as if he had not "I had not expected your aid," said Harry, "but perhaps it is better as it is.

"I am a fright, my darling, and I am sure you are another. Come with me to my rooms. We must really make ourselves presentable."

I had not expected you to be so easily convinced," returned the detective. "We shall see. You do not know your man, Mr. Frost. There is no fox in the world who has so many devices. There is no who has so many devices. There is no She led Inthia through the conservatory, actor on the stage who is his master in comand they escaped together by the servant's edy. He invents like the great Dumas better, for the people believe him."

Harry had already knocked at the door

of number fourteen Wexford Row, and had "Lady Mabel," said Frost, "you have side it. Half way towards the rear he paused, and spoke a cautious whisper. "There is a door which opens flush upon the room in which they all are met together. The room is surrounded, and there is no escape from it. If our friend is William Reid, we have him in spite of any trick

which he may play. We shall give him no time to destroy our evidence. If he is Mr. Wynne, we shall be there to help him. Now, silence! Do not breathe." They moved on tiptoe to the door. The alley was black with the shadows of mid night, but there were two denser shadows in the midst of them. A sudden glare of light flashed out across the faces of Frost and his companion, and disappeared, but not a word was spoken. Two or three needle points of light showed redly through the crevices of the door. Vergueil, crouch-

Frost placed himself opposite, and the two stood silent as a brace of statues. Harry, having knocked at the door, was kept waiting for a little while, and in the light of the street lamp near at hand he read upon the neatly engraved brass plate before him, "Butterfield, Jeweller, Engraver, etc. Office and Show Rooms, Conduit-street." He was thinking how much the etcetera covered, when a cautious step sounded in the hall within, and the door was partially opened. It was secured by a chain, and the face of an elderly woman

"Who is it?" she asked. "Mr. Ronald Morton." "All right, sir. Wait just half a minute." She closed the door for the removal of the chain, and then re-opening it to no greater width than was necessary for the admission of the visitor, secured it anew behind him. "This way, sir. It's dark, but the road's quite level. The gentlemen's expecting of you."

peered round it."

The whole quartette awaited him. "You're punctual, William," said Gilead, and so are we. The flimsy's ready, old Sitting in his wheeled chair beside the table, he made a motion with his hand, indicating a neat pile of paper which lay beside him. Mr. Butterfield laid a pair of

caressing palms upon the upper sheet, and "We have been looking over them," said Captain Heaton. "I don't think I ever

"There's a thousand of 'em," said Gilead. of him two years younger—had been brought down from the nursery to be predry, but they'll be ready in the morning. sent at the opening of a surprise packet You can start on these, and you can have

the second batch for Paris. We should ha' been ready a day earlier if the numberin' machine hadn't ha' broken down." "I'd better take charge of this lot." said Harry. "Butterfield'll pack 'em for you," re-turned Gilead. "He'll do it neat. He's

used to it." Mr. Butterfield smilingly obeyed this hint, but whilst he was still at work, and the others stood about him watching, they were all startled by a ring at the front door bell. Mr. Butterfield went ghastly white, and stared from one to another with his lips | mind. drawn back in a frightended, attentive grin, which showed all the gold stopping

of his teeth. Heaton, almost as white as the jeweller, drew a revolver from his pocket, and laid it on the table. "You don't want that," said Harry, and possessed himself coolly of the weapon. Gilead, sitting silent with a wicked, glit tering eye, took a cigarette case from his pocket, and toyed with it with his long blanched fingers.

afraid of they'd ha' been in by now. There was a tap at the door, and the old woman thrust her head in. "If you please, sir, here's Miss Priscilla. She says she must see you immediate, and she won't take 'no' for an answer." Gilead returned the cigarette case to his

pocket, and setting his wheeled chair in motion, passed through the doorway into the covered passage leading to the house. "You needn't run over me," said his sister's voice from the darkness. "Get a light, and come into one of the front rooms. I he needs more." want to talk to you.'

Gilead, having called on the old woman for a light, followed the girl without a word, but while they stood waiting in the darkened hall he cried out suddenly, "There's some one here. Who is it?" "It's all right, Gilead. It's a friend of mine," Priscilla answered.

The housekeeper came from the lower regions of the house, leaving a candle, and in its light Gilead made out a pretty and delicate woman, richly dressed. She looked nervous and alarmed, and laid a timid hand on Priscilla's shoulder, as if asking for her protection. "You can go," said Priscilla, taking the candle and addressing the housekeeper.

The old woman obeyed, and the girl placed a chair for her visitor. "That is my brother Gilead. Gilead, this is Mrs. Ronald Morton. "Proud to make your acquaintance, m'm," said Gilead, with an angry pretense

of politeness, "but just now I'm particular-He was wheeling his chair away with a savage glance at Priscilla when she interposed herself between him and the door. "You've got to listen, Gilead," she said, "This lady married Ronald Morton in Phillipopolis seven years ago. I have taken the trouble to find her out in Manchester and she has taken the trouble to come down here to identify the man, if he is the man, and if he isn't, to prove to you that

He snatched the candle from the table,

"Wait there, and don't come in till I tell you."

He rapped at the workroom door and was admitted, leaving the two women in the

"Stow them parcels away," he whispered to Butterfield. "Cap., throw that blanket over the press. Come in!" he cried, raising The two women entered, and Priscilla. clutching her companion by the arm, held out a denouncing finger towards Harry "That's the man," she said; "that calls

band?" "No," said the other, in a frightened voice. "I do not know him." "Do you mean to tell me," said Priscilla, turning to her brother, "there were two Ronald Mortons in Philippopolis when this lady was married? I tell you it ain't the man, and I ought to know. Ronald Morton's wife tells you it ain't the man, and she ought to know. You've been tooled and

himself Ronald Morton. Is that your hus-

his eyes fixed upon her face, but when she closed he turned towards Harry, and saw him in the act of sliding one of Mr. Butterfield's neatly arranged parcels into the pocket of his overcoat. "William," he said, "you seem to be kinder taking this thing to heart." For sole answer Harry set his back

Whilst the girl was speaking Gilead kept

against the wall, and drew out a revolver, looking about him with a calm and wary eye. His face wore a smile, and he played with the revolver with both hands. "That'll do," said Gilead, turning. "You

He had drawn out the cigarette case again, and, opening it, he took out one of the small, pencil-like syringes it con-

"If you ain't Ronald Morton," he said,
"you ain't William Reid. Now perhaps
you'll be good enough to tell us who you
are. We want to know and we're going to know. He drew towards him a soiled envelope

which lay on the table, and made a pretence of pencilling casual lines npon it. "Come along, stranger. Don't be bashful. Introduce yourself."

He wheeled his chair round the table, and halted within three or four feet of the declared enemy. The diabolic little syringe in his hands looked altogether harmless. His white fingers toyed with it, and no man noticed their action as they unscrewed the metal cap which covered the point. A greyesh green crept over the papery whitehis eyebrows were raised with a look of altogether devilish daring and astuteness.

"Who are you, anyway?"
"My good sir," said Harry, "you your companions are responfor any error which may have arisen with rospect to my identity. My real name, I fancy, concerns you very little. Captain Heaton, Mr. Butterfield, and Mr. Whale will recognize it readily. Those three hunted me to my ruin seven years ago. I think we cry quits now. I

am Harry Wynne!" Butterfield leapt to his feet with a stifled U. exclamation, and clutched his sparse hair with both hands. Heaton and Whale rose with an echo of his cry, but before either could advance a step Gilead's finger touched the button of the syringe, a suffocating odor filled the room, and Harry, with a wild convulsed motion of face and body, gasped once and fell forward. As he fell he pressed the trigger of the revolver, a shot resounded, and the bullet buried itself harmlessly in the floor. "Great Heaven!" cried Whale, "what have you done! You've killed him." "I ain't yet," said Gılead, but I'm goin'

"No hanging job for me," Whale shrieked, and as Gilead stooped over the prostrate Between Chatham and Fredericton. man with a second syringe in his hand he sent him flying. At that instant a crashing and battering noise seemed to rise everywhere, and from the two outer doors and the window men came pouring in. The front door of the house resisted for a while the tremendous blows which rained upon it, and the screams of the women rang from the darkened passage. The four conspira-tors were seized and handcuffed each in the turn of a hand, and Frost stood over the prostrate body.

"There's anhydrous acid here!" he cried. 'He has been poisoned." There were two or three great vessels of water in the room, and seizing one of them, he emptied its contents from a height upon the head of the unconscious man. "Help me here!" He tore the shirt collar apart, and dashed water in double handfuls in Harry's face. "Bring more water?" One of the plain clothes' men rushed out with an empty bucket towards the mews. He returned with it almost instantly. In the meantime Frost had made another of the men mount the table, and was handing him jug after jug of water to pour upon the back of the sufferer's neck. At length a terrible, convulsive shudder ran through Harry's frame, and he writhed as if in mortal

"He is dying," said Vergueil, "No!" said Frost. "He is saved!"

L'ENVOI. The Earl and Countess of Bridgebourne sat together after breakfast at Bridgebourne Court on a delightful morning in early summer. The children-her ladysaw anything so flawless. Mr. Gilfoil certainly deserves to be congratulated on his success."

early summer. The children lie is any summer and summer an from Uncle Frost, sent to celebrate the younger's birthday. Hogan, still worshipfully in love with Lady Bridgebourne, as he had been of old with Inthia Grey, had solicited the honor of bearing the toys to Bridgebourne Court, and looked well pleas-

ed. The children were so exuberant in their joy that they were threatened with the nurse, and at length Inthia, rising, led them through the folding doors into the next room, each bearing a double handful of wonders of Uncle Frost's providing. "Hogan," said Harry, "you're odd this

morning. There's something on your "Faith, there is then," the good medico answered, "I didn't like to mention it before her ladyship, but wun of those rascals is loose again. He'll do no more mischief, poor devil, for he's dyin' as fast as he knows how to."

"Who is it ?" Harry asked, "'Tis Captain Heaton, the leader of the whole black gang. The prison life has broken him down, and he's out on a ticketof-leave. He's lying in a garret in Soho, among a lot of Frenchmen and Germans, "You ain't got no need to tremble the house down," said Gilead, addressing Hump. "If it had been anybody to be or a morsel to his mouth." "Inthia!" Harry called. "Come here for a moment." She entered smilingly. "Tell your story over again, Hogan."

Lady Bridgebourne listened with a face

"What shall you do, Harry? The poor wretch has been punished heavily enough." "You are right, my dear," said Harry, "as you always are. Hogan, will you be my executioner? Don't let him know from whom it comes." He handed a banknote to the doctor. "Let me know when

[THE END.] Victoria Carbolic Salve cures Cuts, Burns, Sores, Bruises, Wounds, Chapped Hands and Cold Sores. Price 25c.

General News and Notes. The marriage of Prince George of Wales

to Princess May of Teck, which took place

COFFINS & CASKETS last Thursday was a brilliant event. Biliousness Cured. GENTLEMEN, -I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for biliousness and find it the best

remedy for this complaint. I used several other remedies but they all failed to do me James Hackett, Undertaker any good. However, it required only two bottles of B. B. B. to cure me completely, and I can recommend it to all. Yours truly, WM. ROBINSON, Wallaceburg.

By the burning of the Steamer Bethel at St. Paul, Minn., on Wednesday 5th, six lives were lost. Three other persons are missing.

Mrs. Alva Young.

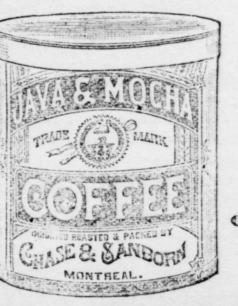
Of Waterford, Ont., writes, "My baby was "Well," said Gilead, with a sigh, "you've | very sick with summer complaint, and Frost's cabman, animated by the unusual got your cranks, and I know 'em of old. I nothing would help him till I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which cured him at once. It is one of t'ae best remedies I ever used.

> Harsh Coughs, Heavy Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma and Bronchitis cured by Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. The best in Street opposite the Catholic church Chatham N B the world.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

PURE COFFEE.

THIS IS THE COFFEE THAT WON THE GREAT WORLD'S FAIR CONTRACT.



GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON. CHICAGO.

WHERE SMILING SPRING ITS EARLIEST VISITS PAY. ladies can retire. You needn't be frightened, my darlin's, but this gentleman and me is going to have a little explanation. Cap'n, be good enough to open the door and show the ladies a light." 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 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 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 ness of his face, his shining teeth were bared, and tightly clenched together, and teed

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. D. CREACHAN, NEWCASTLE & CHATHAM

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY

Summer

..... Marysville, 10 35

...... Fredericton,....Lv.. 10 20 a. m.

..... Gibson,

O N and AFTER MONDAY, JUNE 26 until further notice, trains will rup on the above Connecting with the I. C. R. FOR CHATHAM. GOING NORTH. (read down) EXPRESS. (read up) 9.35 p. m. Leave Chatham, 1 25 p.m 1.55 " 2.05 " 2.35 " Accom'n. Accom'n, Arrive Chatham Junc., 9 10 a. m. Chatham..... Chatham Jet 4 55 Arrive Chatham, Blackville, 3 40 12 25 p. m. Doaktown, 2 20 GOING SOUTH EXPRESS. Cross Creek, 11 55

Arrive Chatham The trains between Chatham and Fredericton will also stop when signalled at the following flag Station—Nelson, Oerby 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

Arrive Chatham June n.

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 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. J. B. SNOWBALL, Manager

1893.

2.30 a m

10.05 a. r

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1893---SUMMER ARRANGEMENT---1893.

On and after Monday, June 26, 1893, the trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows : WILL LEAVE CHATHAM JUNCTION

Through Express for St. John, Halifax, Pictou, (Monday excepted) -Accommodation for Moneton and St. John, Accommodation for Campbellton, Through Express for Quebec, Montreal, Chicago, - - -All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. D. POTTINGER,

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., June 26, 1893

FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT COMPANIES REPRESENTING : Travelers' Life and Accident, of Hartford, Conn. Norwich Union, of England, Roya! Canadian, of Montreal. London and Lancashire Life Assurance Com pany, of London, England and Montreal, Que.

FFICE-CUNAPID STREET OPPOSITE E. A. STRANG

CHATHAM, N. B

DERAVIN & CO COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

ST. KITTS, W. I. Cable Address: Deravin, LEON. DERAVIN. Consular Agent for France.

FOR SALE. Horses, Harness, Waggens and cart for sale For erms etc., apply to

F. W. RUSSELL.

GEO BURCHILL & SONS,

SALESMAN Wanted -Salary and expenses paid. Brown Bros. Co., Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.

For Sale in Bags or bulk by

Rosewood, Walnut, etc., Coffin findings and Robes supplied at the very lowest

VOICE PRODUCTION

THE ART OF MUSIC Mrs. Porteous (Scolarship Pupil 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

FOR SALE

which will be duly advertised.

Chatham, N. B. August 18th, 1892.

one three story dwelling house for sale on St. John

Rotels.

Canada House, Corner Water and St. John Streets.

MARTARO LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM. Every attention paid to THE COMFORT OF GUESTS.

WM. JOHNSTON, REVERE HOUSE.

Located in the business centre of the town.

Stabling and Stable Attendance first rate.

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

also be provided with Sample Rooms. GOOD STABLING on the premises. Daniel Desmond,

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

Rooms on the premises:

TEAMS will be in attendance on the arriv GOOD STABLING. &C THOMAS FLANAGAN,

At the McEwan farm, opposite Chatham, two

other a colt of the same mare, by young Dean, 3 years old. They are both excellent drivers and

BENSON, TYPEWRITER, &C. &C. ____ALSO____

PANY FOR NORTHERN COUNTIES.

BENSON BLOCK,

OFFICE: CHATHAM, N B.

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

> TURPENTINES, LINIMENTS, WASHBOARDS, BROOMS, BRUSHES, ROPE, PIPES,

NAILS, FORKS, HOES, RAKES, SCYTHES, SHOVELS, CROCKS, TEAPOTS,

DRY GOODS.

SEE OUR STOCK OF BOOTS & SHOES.

SLIPPERS, RUBBERS, &C., SHOE FINDINGS

"BEST -: VALUES -: IN -: TOWN."

Stomach 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

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

bottles of the remedy each year.

Nervousness, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Sick Headache, Female Weakness, Nervous Chills, Paralysis, Nervous Paroxysms and Nervous Choking. Hot Flashes, Palpitation of the Heart. Mental Despondency,

Sleeplessness.

Neuralgia,

St. Vitus' Dance.

Nervousness of Females.

Nervousness of Old Age,

Frightful Dreams, Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears, Weakness of Extremities and Impure and Impoverished Blood, Boils and Carbuncles. Scrofula. Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers, Consumption of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Lungs, Bronchitis and Chronic Cough,

Pains in the Heart, Liver Complaint, Chronic Diarrhœa Pains in the Back, Delicate and Scrofulous Children. Failing Health, Summer Complaint of Infants.

As a cure for every class of Nervous Diseases, no remedy has been able to compare with the Nervine Tonic, which is very pleasant and harmless in all its effects upon the youngest child or the oldest and most delicate individual. Nine-tenths of all the ailments to which the human family is heir are dependent on nervous exhaustion and impaired digestion. When there is an insufficient supply of nerve food in the blood, a general state of debility of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves is the result. Starved nerves, like starved muscles, become strong when the right kind of food is supplied; and a thousand weaknesses and ailments disappear as the nerves recover. As the nervous system must supply all the power by which the vital forces of the body are carried on, it is the first to suffer for want of perfect nutrition. Ordinary food does not contain a sufficient quantity of the kind of nutriment necessary to repair the wear our present mode of living and labor imposes upon the nerves. For this reason it becomes necessary that a nerve food be supplied. This South American Nervine has been found by analysis to contain the essential elements out of which nerve tissue is formed. This accounts

for its universal adaptability to the cure of all forms of nervous de-CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., Aug. 20, '86. | REBECCA WILKINSON, of Brownsvalley, Ind., To the Great South American Medicine Co.:

DEAR GENTS:—I desire to say to you that I three years from Name usings. Weakness of the DEAR GENTS:—I desire to say to you that I have suffered for many years with a very serious disease of the stomach and nerves. I tried every medicine I could hear of, but nothing done me any appreciable good until I was advised to try your Great South American Nervine Tonic and Stomach and Liver Cure, and since using a says. That deet in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, until my health was gone. I had been doctoring constantly, with no relief. I bought one bottle of South American Nervine, which done me more several bottles of it I must say that I am surgood than any \$50 worth of doctoring I ever prised at its wonderful powers to cure the stom- did in my life. I would advise every weakly perach and general nervous system. If everyone knew the value of this remedy as I do you would few bottles of it has cured me completely.

not be able to supply the demand.

J. A. HARDEE, Ex-Treas. Montgomery Co. consider it the grandest medicine in the world."

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA. CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., June 22, 1887. My daughter, eleven years old, was severely a nicted with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three and one-half bottles of South American Nervine and she is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. Vitus' Dance. I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is the greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all forms of Nervous Disorders and Failing Health, from whatever cause. JOHN T. MISH.

State of Indiana, Montgomery County, 88:

Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887. CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Public, INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.

The Great South American Nervine Tonic Which we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incalculable value who is affected by disease of the stomach, because the experience and testimony of many go to prove that this is the one and ONLY ONE great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of unmalignant disease of the stomach which can resist the

wonderful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic. HARRIET E. HALL, of Waynetown, Ind., says: | MRS. ELLA A. BRATTON, of New Ross, Indiana, "I owe my life to the Great South American
Nervine. I had been in bed for five months from
the effects of an exhausted stomach, Indigestion,
Nervous Prostration, and a general shattered

Res. Elex A. Bital Tos, of Rev Rose, and Rev condition of my whole system. Had given up all hopes of getting well. Had tried three doctors, with no relief. The first bottle of the Nervine Tonic improved me so much that I was able to the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely. I believe it is the best medicine in the world. I is the grandest remedy for nerves, stomach and can not recommend it too highly."

No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a cure for the Nerves. No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a wondrous cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all compare with South American Nervine as a cure for all forms of failing health. It never fails to cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia. It never fails to cure Chorea or St. Vitus' Dance. Its powers to build up the whole system are wonderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the middle aged. It is a great friend to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious boon; if you do you may be a support to the system of t the only remedy Nervine is perfectly safe, and very pleasant to the taste. Delicate ladies, do not fail to use this great cure, because it will put the bloom of freshness and beauty upon your lips and in your cheeks, and quickly drive away your disabilities and weaknesses.

Large 16 ounce Bottle, \$1.00. EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED. AGENT FOR "NEW YOST" TYPEWRITING COM-SOLD BY DR. J. PALLEN & SON,

CHATHAM, N. B.

CURRANTS, RICE, FRUITS, CONFECTIONERY, SYRUPS, EXTRACTS, SPICES, VINEGARS, PICKLES, CANNED GOODS, BISCUITS, SOAPS, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, MATCHES, PARAFINE, PAINT, AND MACHINE OILS,

MILK DISHES, LAMP CHIMNEYS &C. &C.

LADIES' AND GENTS' TANNED SHOES, FINE OXFORD SHOES,

READY MADE CLOTHING.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN

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

or fifteen years to the lives of many of those who will use a half dozen

IT IS A GREAT REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF

Broken Constitution. Debility of Old Age, Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Heartburn and Sour Stomach. Weight and Tenderness in Stomach, Loss of Appetite,

All these and many other complaints cured by this wonderful

NERVOUS DISEASES.