

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

Shadowed for Life,

A SOLDIER'S STORY,

BY GORDON STABLES, M. D., R. N.

Author of "The Rose of Allendale," "For Money or For Love," "The Cruise of the Land Yacht 'Wanderer,'" "Our Friend the Dog," etc., etc.,

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I & II.—Major Jocelyn Lloyd is a kind hearted soldier who wins the Victoria Cross in the Afghan War. He meets the author while on a tour to Scotland and they become fast friends. Major Lloyd proposes that he go to a seaside place called Battlecombe. While there he meets Ella Lee, and learns to love her. One evening he invites his friend Gordon to accompany him to his organ practice and he introduces to Ella Lee. During the evening Ella Lee drops a telegram. Gordon sees this, picks it up, and puts it in his pocket. When he opens the message it is from a person named "Jack." Gordon wonders if "Jack" is a lover, and if his friend has given him love in vain.

CHAPTER III, IV, & V.—Gordon learns from Josie that Ella Lee has no brother, so concludes that it must be a lover. He resolves to ask Ella Lee the meaning of the telegram, and who was the sender. He was unconsciously forewarned of his object, so she explains that "Jack" is her sister Nellie. Josie tells Gordon that Ella Lee has accepted him as her future husband. Later, Gordon introduced to Nellie, who he finds quite unlike her sister's influence.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

But let us follow Jocelyn to town. He hailed a hansom on his arrival at the platform.

As his hansom left the terminus, another followed it, though quite unknown to my friend. This latter contained not only a gentleman, but a lady as well. Stay, though, let me alter that last sentence. Why sully the sacred names "lady" and "gentleman" by applying them to the creatures who under the name of private detective, earn their living by a system of espionage more mean and disgraceful as a profession than that of the area sneak who purloins beer cans, or the prig who steals one's handkerchief. And yet these despicable wretches live and thrive in our midst. It is a well-known fact, too, that they not only find their way into the best society, but that very often they belong to it. And that they have broken up and ruined many a happy family. I myself could add ample evidence to prove. Such a state of things in our country is to say the least, decidedly un-English, though it may be French.

The case of my poor friend Jocelyn Lloyd it will do the reader no harm to know, is sketched from life. Unluckily it is one that is by no means rare, where the green-eyed monster, jealousy—in many cases a ruling passion with women—takes possession of either husband or wife, occupying and engrossing the whole mind or soul to the utter extinction or exclusion of that most sacred of all passions, conjugal love, which it ruthlessly tramples under foot.

It would be bad enough if jealousy of this sort, fostered and fed by those "Gila monsters." The Gila lizard is the most dreaded of reptiles. Not only is it deadly poisonous, but having once caught hold, only a knife can make it quit. The private "tecs," brought suffering only to the father or the mother, but—and O, the pity of it—even in its mildest form it casts a gloom or sadness over the lives of helpless children that shadow darkens their whole lives, and even helps to fill the drunkards' cell and the maniac's ward.

The private "tecs," then followed Major Lloyd to Acacia Cottage. They drew up a little way down the street, but they saw him alight.

"Miss Smith," said Mr. Jones, after Jocelyn had entered, "I have an idea."

"Mr. Jones," said Miss Smith, who was the cleverer of the two, "it there is anything in it, I shall be pleased to listen. But really, Mr. Jones, ideas leave cards on you so seldom that—"

"Stay, stay, Miss Smith, don't be too hard. But for me you know well enough Sir Andrew Trevelyan would never have got bowled over in the Divorce Court."

"And not a word of truth in all that, ha, ha!"

"That didn't signify at all in the main, as you might say. We got paid."

"True, true, Mr. Jones, and I got introduced to Sir Andrew but lately at a place of entertainment at Paris. A pretty plump little body was with him, who was not yet married to him. I told him with my usual frankness the part I had taken in his case. He grasped me by the hand. 'I have to thank you, Miss Smith,' he cried effusively, 'for separating me from a tyrant and a terrorist. I am now the happiest and freest man in Paris or London.' But Mr. Jones, trot out your idea, if, indeed, it is worth while airing."

"You're not very complimentary, certainly, Miss Smith. But my idea is this. Get down and get inside Acacia Cottage. You'll find an excuse. Go."

Miss Smith alighted and commenced walking slowly towards the Cottage. She did not hurry. She found Gowan in the garden, and spoke to her. Then she gave her some pretty little picture cards and tiny Parisian boxes of sweets. N. B.—Miss Smith never went without these in her pockets.

Was Miss Smith fond of children then? O, very. She found them very handy too, and many a time and oft had she elicited from innocent infant lips little facts or scraps of information which she had afterwards used as evidence to ruin the life of a father or mother, or drive him or her to drink or to suicide.

Gowan and Miss Smith got on famously together. Meanwhile Jocelyn and Lily were seated side by side in the cosy little parlour she used as a study.

Her face was wet with tears, and he was holding her hand and doing all he could to soothe her; all a brother could and ought to do.

"No, Jocelyn, it is not that I ever really loved him. But now that he is dead and gone, I cannot even think of his terrible cruelties. I can only remember that he is Gowan's father, and that there were times when he spoke words of kindness to both of us. And it is that makes me weep."

She leant towards him as if for consolation while she spoke, and he patted the hand he held in both his.

It was at this moment that the door was thrown and Miss Smith entered.

She started back immediately.

"Oh! I beg ten thousand pardons," she cried, "I thought you were alone, Mrs. Gray. I came from Oswald's, about a picture. You could not have heard me knock. I will call another time."

Hardly had Lily time to get up and walk towards her before the door was again closed, and Miss Smith was gone.

"Mr. Jones," said Miss Smith quietly, "but smiling all over, 'I must do you the credit of saying you are improving. I have nearly enough evidence to sink an ironclad.' 'Where to, Miss?'"

"To the Savoy."

"Mr. Jones," she added pleasantly, "we shall dine. You shall dine with me. I am getting a better opinion of you. I used to think you were like the moon, you know."

"Cold and bright?"

"Cold and bright indeed! No, but made of green cheese."

Mr. Jones laughed an uncertain kind of a laugh.

"With compliments such as these," he said, "I am fain to be content."

After dinner that day, however, when Jones was smoking his meerschaum and sipping his coffee, Miss Smith herself keeping him company with a perfumed cigarette, Mr. Jones proved there still was a little of the green cheese matter in his brain. They were quietly discussing "the Lloyd case," as they called it.

"I suppose," Jones said, "now that your evidence is so complete, you will go into action?"

"Go into action!" cried Miss Smith, almost angrily. "Don't be a fool, Mr. Jones. Never heard of the fable of the goose that was killed for its golden eggs? Talk of going into action, when there is no more money to be had. You see I am a woman of the world. Ah! Mr. Jones, it is I alone who keep your head above the stream. In a year's time we'll see."

"Now," she added, lighting a fresh cigarette, "I wonder what success that other fool Jack, has had."

"Other fool?" thought Jones, but he said nothing.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE CAMERA CAN NEVER TELL A LIE.

"I'm so sorry this lady went away in such a hurry," said simple Major Lloyd. "She undoubtedly came about work, dear Lily. My friend was right, poor man. She looked a perfect lady and full of business," he added.

Yes, poor Jones, and all the worse for you. Jocelyn now got up and rung the bell.

Mrs. Grieg came bustling in.

"Did the lady leave any address, Mrs. Grieg?"

"Dear me, no, sir. And I forgot to ask. I was a sort of confused like. She just said she would be sure to see Mrs. Gray another time."

Then Gowan herself came in with a rush and a run.

"O, that dear lady," she cried. "Look, ma, at the pretty cards and sweets she gave me. And there is some for you and some for Uncle Doss."

That same afternoon Major Lloyd was closeted with his solicitor and army agent.

"The lady," he was saying, "is a daughter of a clergyman—dead, and her mother too—who lived in Cornwall. Her uncle is a dear friend of mine, Colonel Singleton, whose sister the rector married, and he lives, a hale and hearty man of eighty or nearly, down in Chichester. Well, Lily, that is Mrs. Percy Foster, whose melancholy married life I have described to you, is my adopted sister."

"Isn't it rather an unusual thing," said the agent, "to adopt a—a—sister, Major Lloyd?"

"Well, well, some day I'll tell you the whole sad story. Then you'll know how far I'm right or wrong. Meantime let me proceed. My sister for some years, ever since her arrival in England indeed, has supported herself by painting and acting. In both capacities she has assumed a different name."

"I see. That is not unusual, I believe."

"No, and her name is Mrs. Gray. This in confidence."

"Well, she will call on you, and I trust you can become her agent as well as mine."

"Certainly," said the agent, again as he rapidly turned over the leaves of a reference book, "and I note she is entitled to a pension or compassionate allowance of £50 a year, with £10 a year for her child."

"That is so. Is there anything else?"

"I think not," said the agent. "Call on me when next in town. Good day."

"Good day, and thanks greatly."

Miss Smith was good to her partner Jones that evening.

She took him to the theatre—Vandeville—and they occupied a private box.

I may as well mention, however, that it was not solely for enjoyment's sake that Miss Smith had come to the theatre on this occasion. She had the happy knack of combining business with pleasure.

For instance there was a noble lord in a private box just opposite—an old man, quite. Nevertheless, there sat beside him a sweet young thing in a cloak of crimson, with ermine fur around it. She was all smiles and dimples. His daughter, no doubt? Well the owner of opera-glasses in circles or stalls who might have turned them in that direction would have believed so, but Miss Smith knew better.

This noble lord's wife was gray-haired and stout. Though old, he himself still felt in his prime, and well, the company of young people, you know, tends to keep a man young. It is a debatable point, however, how far the noble lord's lady would have approved of such company as he was now enjoying. Then in the dress circle there was another pair that more than once

had caught the eagle eyes of Miss Smith. She might or might not have a case there. Again, there was a young man in the stalls who for months back had been riding the high horse. His career was nearly at an end. Another week would see him safely locked up in a dimly-lighted cell. He had been robbing his master systematically.

But to-night Jones had a duty to perform. Between every act he might have been seen in the guise of a somewhat dissipated young man with a brandy and soda in his hand and his hat on the back of his head standing at the best refreshment bar. His cheeks were a trifle flushed—pink. His thoughts appeared to be equally divided between constant attention to his tumbler and his cigar, which he couldn't get to go, apparently.

But he managed to mingle freely with the very select company that crowded around him, displaying a vast deal of shirt front and precious little intellect, and Jones heard most that was said, and was able to retail it when he returned.

Jones had even asked the noble lord who was there with some laughing, chaffing "pals" for a light, and being politely accommodated had lingered for a time in their neighbourhood, his elbow resting carelessly on the counter the while. He chuckled inwardly as upon his ears fell scraps of conversation and confessions such as the noble lord would certainly not have put in words had he known that close by stood a private 'tec shamming intoxication.

Jones paid a visit to this refreshment bar between every act, and of no small use was the information he picked up to Miss Smith.

From what I have already said it will be seen that though Mr. Jones was a partner in the firm of Smith and Jones, private 'tecs, he was not the chief by any means. He had on his part a very great respect for Miss Smith, and on hers she found him exceedingly handy.

Miss Smith, by the way, whose real name, only the fear of libel prevents me from disclosing, was a lady by birth and education, though not in wealth. She possessed good manners, however, bon-ton and all that, and had had the entrée to the best society—and made the best of it.

"Do you think, Miss Smith, you see a case?"

He was referring to the noble lord in the private box.

"What, divorce?"

"Yes."

The lady laughed lightly. "I can do better than that," she replied. "You are young in the profession as yet. But as regards his lordship he is wealthy. All noble lords are not so. Sometimes their wives are. In the latter case the wives, of course, become my paymasters, or paymistresses. Jealousy is fanned and fostered, and probably the case comes to court."

But as I said that young, old lord yonder is rich. He shall pay, and the case will never come before Joune."

"I have yours in part. But I have something else. You know I went to Cheltenham the other day?"

"I do, Miss Smith."

"Well, the noble lord went also. At Teplow station a lady entered the same compartment. The lady sits beside him now."

"Interesting."

"Yes. Well, there are some beautiful drives and lovers' walks near to Cheltenham. On a rustic seat in one of the latter his lordship sat one evening with his beautiful companion, when a poor girl with a ragged shawl round her head—you know Mr. Jones, how well I can act—came up to beg."

"The noble lord threw the poor girl half a sovereign. But the happy pair had already been photographed. This is substantial evidence."

She placed the photo before Jones as she spoke, and handed him a large glass to examine it withal.

"Marvelous!" said Jones. A complimentary that was meant as much for Miss Smith's long-headedness, as for the surprising clearness and beauty of the photograph.

"You see, Mr. Jones, even a lady may bear false witness, but the camera can never tell a lie."

"Pity," said her partner, "you hadn't—"

"Oh!" she interrupted, "I know what you would say. But I did. Look—"

She handed him another well developed photo.

"Why!" he cried, scratching his head with astonishment, "This is Major Lloyd and Mrs. Gray."

Miss Smith smiled triumphantly.

"Yes," she said, "and that was taken instantaneously to-day, and developed one hour after."

"But," she added, "in the Major's case I am not sure yet how the case will go. But don't you see it may pay us to let the Major bring the action against the wife, instead of her against him?"

"Could that be managed?"

"Easily; through that fool, Jack. There is only one thing that might mar our chance of this."

"And that is?"

"That she is?"

"She who runs?"

may read. No woman, if she can read, can fail to know about Pearlina. Then, if you're worn out with hard work or find your clothes going to pieces, you've only yourself to blame.

You'll have to choose your own way of washing. You can use soap and the washboard, and tire yourself out, and rub your clothes to tatters.

You can use so-called washing-powders, imitations of Pearlina, and have easier work, though they're eating up the clothes. Or you can use Pearlina, wash in the easiest way, and be absolutely certain that there isn't the slightest harm.

Send Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, be honest—send it back.

Send it Back

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"The simple hearted soldier dearly loves his wife, despite the way she treats him, and I believe would die sooner than do anything underhand that could lead to action against her. But we'll see."

CHAPTER XVII.—"THE SHADOWERS WOULD NOT BE SHADOWED."

Nearly two years have passed by since that evening when Miss Smith, and Mr. Jones, private 'tecs, were seated so cozily and contentedly together in a private box at the Vaudeville.

I have little to say concerning the noble lord and his companion. He is not one of the heroes of this story. It would take a deal, indeed to make a man like him a hero of any sort. So let him slip.

I may add, however, that Miss Smith did not let him slip so easily as we are doing. No, for, truth to say, she 'bled' him, she sweated him, she 'blackmailed' him, and that too, to some considerable advantage, as far as herself was concerned.

Well, these two long years, although they brought success of a sort to Lily Andrews, whose sad life in Hong Kong seemed now but like the shadow of an evil dream, had greatly increased the trials and sorrows of my unhappy friend, Jocelyn Lloyd.

But just a few words Lily first. Speaking from a worldly point of view, she was far better off now than her husband was dead, than ever she had been while he lived.

The modest annual pension, or 'compassionate allowance,' as it insolently called by the Lords Commissioners—a term that reduces the widow of an officer who may have fought and bled, and even died sword in hand for his country, to the level of a beggar receiving a dole to which he has no right. This pension, I say, was sufficient to keep the wolf from the door.

After another month's residence at Mrs. Grieg's she had intimated to me that her great ambition now was to rent a tiny cottage in the country, all among the trees and lanes. Her child could have health and tuition, and with her brush she—the mother—doubted not she could get ends to meet, and live in comparative happiness, far away from the bustle and turmoil of the city and city life.

I myself thought very well of the plan, and so did Jocelyn.

I therefore wrote to a friend in Sevenoaks and in less than a week I had a reply saying that he had found just the place. He himself appeared enraptured over it.

'It is indeed a sweet and tranquil spot,' he wrote me, 'no far from a wood, not far from the village, a five-roomed cottage of artistic design, with porch and verandah, literally embowered in roses and wisteria. A garden and lawn sweeping down to a stream, whose purling song in summertime would lull to sleep even an insomniac while in spring every brake, bush, and thorn is alive with bird melody. Quite the cottage for an artist, an author, or a poet. Will you not come down and see it?'

I would, and did.

But before running down, I determined to pay a visit to Lily and Jocelyn.

Now, Jocelyn had told me about the visit of the strange lady to Lily—to Mrs. Gray, let us call her, for once—during the time he sat talking to her. He was so sorry, he said, that he had been there just at that time, for the lady evidently came to offer Lily work, and his presence must have scared her away.

I thought differently, though I said nothing to Jocelyn. That lady, from what I had heard Jack tell Mrs. Lloyd was undoubtedly a private 'tec.

I had heard, too, of the use that such people make of the art of instantaneous photography, and I had no doubt that the lady in question had entered the room with the intention of taking a picture, and had probably succeeded all too well.

Two evenings before my journey to town I happened to be dining with the Lloyds, and took good care to mention my intended visit to town. My reasoning was that the lady-ec, whoever she was, must have an agent somewhere in our district, and that likely enough that individual was well known to Mrs. Lloyd.

But why let my visit be known, it may be asked?

She required no second bidding. She made no reply, but positively skulked away crest-fallen.

I now bade Lily a hurried adieu! telling her, needlessly, not to forget her appointment, and dashed off.

As I reached the gate I noticed that the lady-ec's hansom had already turned head, and was moving away, while the boy crossing-sweeper was coming quickly down towards the cottage.

He was all smiles.

"I dun it, sir. Neatly, sir. There's two on 'em, a lady 'as well 's a gent, and they told the cabbie, 'Savoy Hotel, Thames Embankment.'"

His eyes sparkled as I handed him the half-crown, which, after spitting on for luck, he put safely away. He held open the hansom doors till I got in.

"Cabby," I said, talking up through the hole, 'Savoy Hotel, and you'll have an extra fare if you keep that other hansom in sight till the occupants land.'"

"I'm going to earn that extra fare," he said.

Then down went the lid and off we drove.

The shadowers would now be shadowed. (To be continued.)

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Paine's Celery Compound Earth's Only Cure for all Forms of Rheumatism.

Hundreds of twinges of pain and hours of agony every day; weeks and months of helpless suffering, and still you go on from bad to worse, until you become crippled and deformed.

If you are a constant martyr to rheumatism and its tortures, the fault is your own. You might easily have avoided all the agonies of past days and nights, had you used Paine's Celery Compound.

You cannot plead the excuse that you did not know of such a disease-conquering medicine. You surely have heard your friends speak of it. The newspapers have heralded thousands of victories won by Paine's Celery Compound over rheumatism; and if your physician has failed to tell about the great modern rheumatic cure, he has kept the truth from you for his own benefit.

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You are not by any means in a hopeless state. Be assured, Paine's Celery Compound will deliver you from your present bondage of agony. Notwithstanding your past failures with nervines, sarsaparillas, bitters and pills, Paine's Celery Compound will give you the new life you are so eagerly looking for. Try it; there can be no failure.

Mr. W. McWilliams, of Bradford, Ont., an old sufferer from rheumatism, says:

"Unsolicited, I forward this testimonial as to the value of Paine's Celery Compound. I am pretty well up in years and was sorely afflicted with rheumatism. I purchased and used six bottles of your medicine, and am now perfectly well. I have no rheumatism left."

NEW COMETS DISCOVERED.

Prof. Swift Notes Two in Daylight With the Naked Eye.

Professor Lewis Swift, of Lowe Observatory, Echo Mountain, California, has discovered a comet by means of his unaided vision. Here is his own story of it from the New York Herald:

"The comet that I have just seen, without the aid of a telescope, has not, so far as I have been able to learn, been seen by any one else. The way I happened to see it was this: When one-third of the sun had set below the mountain I noticed through the window of the observatory, a peculiar luminous object, about one degree above the sun's upper limb. It was at once apparent that the object could neither be a star nor the planet Venus."

"The conclusion that it was a comet was soon reached by me. Seizing an opera glass I closely inspected the luminous object, and found that it steadily increased both in size and brightness. You must understand to fully appreciate my surprise that it is a very unusual thing to see a comet by daylight, very near the sun, and to witness all this without even the aid of a pair of spectacles. The glass revealed still another surprise, however, for by its aid I learned that there were two comets, one of which was that which had become visible to me without the aid of a glass. The second one, when the telescope was turned full upon it, seemed of unusual size and brightness."

"Within about five minutes I saw both the sun and the comets slowly sink from view behind a spur of the Sierra Madre mountains. The glasses that I used in surveying the second comet were of the ordinary sort you see at the theatre. The next day I was at the observatory engaged in studying the heavens with my 4.5-inch comet seeker. I swept around the sun to get, if possible, another view of the two comets I had seen the previous day. When the sun's disc had half disappeared below the mountain peak I detected what I supposed was one of the comets. Its faintness surprised me, however, for it appeared no brighter to me than when I first looked at it with the naked eye."

A Typographical Error.

"That's a curious typographical error," said Mrs. Partridge. "The title of this new book is printed 'The Viking Age.' 'Well, why not?' asked Partridge 'What ought it to be? Why—Biking oughtn't it?'"

When making preparations for your trip, don't forget your teeth. This will at once suggest "Odorona" the perfect tooth powder.—Druggists 25 cents.