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DR. RUMSEY'S PAT

A VERY STRANGE STORY.

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Joint authors of "Stories from the Diary of a Doctor."

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTERS I. & II.—Pretty Hetty Armitage, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Armitage, innkeepers at the village of Grandcourt, is admired by two young undergraduates named Horace Frere and Everett, and the first named elicits a promise from her to become his wife. Notwithstanding this promise, however, Hetty, who is a born firt, is in love with Mr. Robert Awdrey, the son of the Squire, upon whom, however, is thought to rest the curse of his race, a total absence of memory of the most important events of ever, is thought to rest the curse of his race, a total absence of memory of the most important events of his life, whilst less significant matters are remembered. Awdrey is passing a brook side when Frere asks Hetty to give him a kiss as his affianced wife. She refuses, and as they are struzgling Awdrey intervenes and takes the girl home, she denyin that she has given any promise to marry. Frere is enraged, and visiting the inn again asks. Hetty for her decision between Awdrey and himself. She speedily declares for Awdrey, much to Frere's chagrin.

decision between Awdrey and thisself.

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Chapter III & IV — Frere, after this inteview with Hetty, rushes out into the night, followed at a distance by Everett, who cannot understand the cause of his agitation. Frere, on Salisbury Plain, meets Awdrey, and a quarrel ensues between them. They fight, and Awdrey prods Frere throught the eye with a short stick which he carries, and which he afterwards buries when he finds that Frere is dead. He reaches home and finds a note waiting for thim inviting him to a morning picnic on Salisbury Plain to join ayoung lady. Margaret Douglas, whom he much admires. He retires to rest, and next morning awakes with his memory a blank with regard to his encounter with Frere—the curse of his race has come upon him. He joins in the picnic, and chats about his knowledge of Frere and Hatty, and wonders if the charge made against Everett, who has been accused of the murder, will be sustained. At he conclusion of the picnic he declares his love At he conclusion of the picnic he declares his love for Margaret, and is accepted.

CHAPTER V.

Margaret Douglas lived with her consins, the Cuthberts. Sir John Cuthbert was the Squire of a parish at a little distance from Grandcourt. He was a wealthy man and was much thought of in his neighbourhood. Margaret was the dughter of a be true to you. No one shall get a word sister who had died many years ago - she out of me. They say it's aw'u' to be crosswas poor, but this fact did not prevent the examined, but I'll be true. I thought I'd county assigning her a long time ago to let you know, Mr. Awdrey. To my dying Robert Awdrey as his future wite. The day I'll never let out a word—you need attachment between the psi had been the growth of years. They had spent their 'I need have no fear,' said Awdrey, in holidays together, and had grown up to a absolute astonishment. 'What in the world great ex ent in each oth r's company-it do you mean? What are you talking had never entered into the thoughts of either about?" to love anyone else. Awd ey, true to his | Hetty looked full up into the Squire's promise to Margaret, said nothing about face. The unconscious and unembarrassed his engagement, but the secret was after | gaz; with which he returned her look all an open one. When the young couple evidently took her breath away. appeared again amongst the rest of Sir 'I made a mistake,' she said in a whisper.

John Cuthbert's guests, they encountered 'I see that I made a mistake. I'd rather more than one significant glance, and Lady Cuthbert even went to the length of kiss. ing Margaret with much fervour in Aw- something more to tell me, or you wouldn't

'You must come back with us to Cuthberts town to supper,' she said to the young | What is it? Out with it now, like a good

Yes, come, Robert, 'said Margaret, with He found it impossible to resist the invitation in her eyes. It was late, therefore. night in tact, when he started to walk back to Grandcourt. He telt intensely happy as he walked. He had much reason for this another furtive and undecided glanca. happiness-had he not just won the greatest desire of his life? There was nothing to prevent the wedding taking place almost immediately. As he strode quickly over the beautiful summer landscape he was lay before him. He would live in London he would cultivate the considerable abilities which he undoubtedly possessed. He would lead an active, energetic and worthy life. Margaret already shared all his ambitions. She would encourage | was after ten o'clock.' him to be a man in every sense of the word. How lucky he was-how kind fate was to him! Why were the things of life so uneavenly divided? Why was one man lifted to a giddy pinnacle of joy and another hurled into an abyss of despair? How happy he was that evening-whereas Everett—he paused in his quick walk as the thought of Everett flished before his mind's eye. He didn't know the unfortunate man who was now awaiting the coroner's inquest, charged with the terri-able crime of murder, but he had seen him 'No, sir, I don't think of it.' twenty-four hours ago. Everett had looked jolly and good-tempered, handsome and strong, as he stool in the porch of the pretty little inn, and smoked his pipe and looked at Hetty when Awdrey brought | had a quarrel with Mr. Frier last night. her home. Now a terrible and black nobody was by; Mr. Frere came into Aunt's doom was overshadowing him. Awdrey parlour and he spoke to me very angrily, could not help feeling deeply interested and I—I told him something which made could not help feeling deeply interested in the unfortunate man. He was young like himself. Perh ps, he. too, had dreamed dreams, and been full of ambition,

"What mischief some women do.' he muttered; what a difference there is between one woman and another. Who would suppose that Margaret Douglas and Hetty Armitage belonged to the same race? Poor Frere, how madly in love he was with that handsome little creature! I-I said that I did, sir.' How little she cared for the passion which she had envoked. I hope she won,t come in my path; I should like to give her a piece of my mind.

and perhaps he loved a girl, and thought

of making her his wife. Perhaps Hetty

Andrey's brain before he was attracted by | badly, and are in a great measure respona sound in the hedge close by, and Hetty sible for the awful tragedy that has oc-

here by the hedge for a long time on purpose to see you.

The squire choked down a sound of incheeks-it was with difficulty he could keep back his angry words. One glance, how-ever, at He:ty's face caused his anger to it opens right on the cow-house, and from fade. The lovely little face was so com- there I can swing myself into the laburnum pletely changed that he found some shiffluters, and so reach the ground. I got out, and the ground of the could wear had always been the perfection of tries. The research No London telle could wear her expensive dresses more neatly nor more becomingly. Her simple print frocks fitted her rounded figure like a glove. The roses on her checks spoke the perfect he slith, her clear dark eyes were wont to be as open and untroubled sa a childts. Her wealth of coal black hair was always neatly coiled round her some forward by leaps and bcunfs very their swollen lids—the same treatment bring giss and eyed her with a critical gaze. Idon't want it—the moon makes light health that you so much defire? Yes, we are deforthe poor young min,' she said. For all your silly, flighty ways you gave the house had really overtaken Robert the rounded? Hetty was not a mative of Grandcourt without knowing when hung over the Court. Was it possible thatthe doom of the tragedy which hung over the Court was it possible thatthe doom of the tragedy which hung over the Court was it possible thatthe doom of the tragedy which hung over the Court was it possible thatthe doom of the tragedy which hung over the Court was it has not required for the poor young min,' she said. For all your silly, flighty ways you gave the wound had the critical gaze. I don't know the was it with Men, hung you all was a light, that you really wor the court was the form the Court. I had not soult of the table the was unton the was it with men, hung you was

marks in others; there were great black shadows under the eyes, the l'ps were parched and dry, they drooped wearily as it in utter despair. The hair was untidy, and one great coil had altogether escaped i's bondsge, and hung recklessly over the girl's neck and bosom. Her cotton dress was rumpled and stained, and the belt with which she had hastily fastened it together, was kept in its place by a large pin.

these details, but the 'tout ensemble,' the abject depression of intense grief, struck

bim with a sudden pang.
'After a'l the little thing loved that poor fellow.' he said to himself, 'she was a little fool to trifle with him, but the fact that she loved him alters the complexion of

'What can I do for you?' he said, speaking in a gentle and compassionate voice. 'I have waited to tell you something for nearly two hours, Mr. Robert.'

'Why did you do it? If you wanted to say anything to me, you could have come to the Court, or I'd have called at the Inn. What is it you want to say ?' 'I could not come to the Court, sir, and

I could not tend you a message, because no one must know that we have m t. I came out here unknown to anyone; I saw you go home from Cuthberstown with Miss Dougles.' Here Hetty choked down a great sob. I wai'ed by the hedge, for I knew you must pass back this way. I wished to say, Mr. Robert, to tell you, sir, that whatever h ppens, however matters turn out, I'll have no fear.

not say what I came to say.'

But you must say it, Hetty; you have have taken all this trouble to wait by the roadside on the chance of my passing.

May I walk along a little bit with you, Mr. Robert ?'

'You may as far as the next corner. There our roads part, and you must go

Hetty shivered. She gave the squire 'Shall I tell him?' she whispered to her-

Awdrey glanced at her, and spoke im-'Come. Hetty: remember I am waiting

already planning the golden future which to hear your story. Out with it now, be quick about it.' 'I was out last night, sir.'

'You were out-when? Not after I saw you home?' 'Yes, sir', Hetty choaked again. 'It

'You did very wrong. Were you out alove? 'Yes, sir. I-I followed Mr. Frere on

to the plain.' 'You d.d?' said Awdrey. 'Is that fact known? Did you see anything?' 'Yes, sir.'

'Then why in the name of Heaven didn't you come up to the Court this morning and tell my tather. Your testimony may be most important. Think of the position

'What do you mean, girl?'

'Let me tell you my story, Mr. Awdrey. If it is nothing to you-it is nothing. You will soon know if it is nothing or not. I him wild.

'What was that?' Hetty gave a shy glance up at the young Squire; his face looked hard, his lips were fimly set. He and she were walking on was the girl-if so-Awdrey stamped his the same road, but he kept as far from her side as possible.

'I will not tell him-at least I will not tell him yet,' she said to herselt. 'I think I won't say, sir,' she replied. 'What we talked about was Mr. Frere's business and mine. He asked me if I loved another man better than him, and

'I thought as much,' reflected Awdrey, 'Everett is the favored one. If this fact is my path; I should like to give her a ece of my mind.'

This thought had scarcely rushed through duty to tell you that you have behaved very

"I thought you would come back this way, Mr. Robert,' she said. 'I've waited here by the hedge for a long time waited trouble, but see we have reached it. roads where we are to part, and you have He had received her news with marvellous not yet told me what you saw when you went out.'

dignation—the hot color rushed to his I crept out of my bedroom window, said Hetty. 'Aunt and uncle had gone to pletely changed that he found some difficu- tree, and so reach the ground. I got out, himself had committed? Hetty was not a

a sudden the moon went down, and the plain was all grey with black shadows. I felt frightened-awfully: I was determined to get to Mr. Frere. I stumbled on—presently I fell over the trunk of a tree. My fall stunned me a bit—when I rose again there were two men on the Plain. They were standing facing each other. Oh, Mr. Awdrey, I don't think I'll say any more.'

'Not say any more? You certainly must, girl,' cried Awdrey, his face blazing with

'You saw two men facing each other-

Frere and Everett, no doubt. Hetty was silent. After a moment, during which her heart beat loudly, she con-

tinued to speak in a very low voice.
'It was so dark that the men looke 1 like shadows. Presently I heard them talkingthey were quarrelling. All of a sndden they sprang together like—like tizers, and they tought. I heard the sound of blows one of them fell, the taller one-he got on to his feet in a minute: they fought a secwhich she had hastily fastened it together, was kept in its place by a large pin.

Being a man, Awdrey did not notice all hase details, but the 'tout ensemble,' the sound of a body falling with a thud on the ground-afterwards, silence-not a sound. crept behind the fruze bush. I was quite stunn d. After a long time-at least it seemed a long time to me-one of the men went away, and the other man lay on his back with his face turned up to the sky. The man who had killed him turned in the direction of-

'In what direction?' asked Awdray. 'In the direction of-"Hetty looked up at the Squire; the Squire's eyes mat hers.

'The town, sir.' 'Oh, the town,' said Awdrey, giving vent to a short laugh. 'From the way you looked at me, I thought you were going to say the Court.'

'Sir, Mr. Robert, do you think it was Mr. Everett?' 'Who else could it have been?' replied

'Very well, sir, I'll hold to that. Who else could it have been? I thought I'd tell you, Mr. Awdrey. I thought you'd like to know that I'd ho'd to that. When the steps of the murderer died away, I stole back to Mr. Frere, and I tried to bring him back to life. but he was as dead as a stone. I left him and I went home. I got back to my room about four in the morning. Not a soul knew I was out : no one knows it now but you, sir. I thought I'd come and tell you Mr. Robert, that I'd hold to the story that it was Mr. Everett who com-

mitted the murder. Good-night, sir.' 'Good night, Hetty. You'll have to tell my father what you have told me in the

'Very well, sir, if you wish it.' Hetty turned and walked slowly back towards the village, and Awdrey stood where the four roads met and watched her. fiercer instinct. The Squire belonged to Well, well, I thought you knew. For a moment or two he was lost in anxious thought-then he turned quickly and walked home. He entered the house by the same side entrance by which he had come in on the previous night. He walked down a long passage, crossed the wide front hall and entered the drawing-room where his sister Ann was seated

'Is that you, Bob?' she said, jumpng up when she saw him. 'I'm so glad to have you all to myself. Of course, you were too busy with Margaret to take of us all day, but I've been dying to hear your account of that awful tragedy. Sit here like a dear old fellow and tell me the story.'

'Talk of women and their tender hearts,' said Awdrey, with irritation.

Then the memory of Margaret came over him and his face softened. Margaret, whose heart was quite the tenderest thing in all the world, had also wished to hear of

'To tell the truth, Ann,' he said, sinking into a chair by his sister's side, 'you can scarcely ask me to discuss a more uncon genial theme. Of course, the whole thing will be thoroughly investigated, and the local papers will be filled with nothing else for weeks to me. Won't that content you? Must I, too, go into this painful subject?' Ann was a very good-natured girl.

'Certainly not, dear Bob, if it worries you,' she replied, 'but just answer me one question. Is it true that you met the unfortunate man last night?

'Quite true. I did. We had a sort of 'Good gracious! Why, Robert, if you had been out late last night they might have

suspected you of the murder.' Awdrey's face reddened. 'As it happens, I went to bed remarkably early" he said; "at least such is my re-collection." As he spoke he looked at his

sister with knitted brows. 'Why, of eourse, don't you remember, you said you were dead beat. Dorothy and I wanted you to sing with us, but you declared you were as hoarse as a raven,

and went off to your bedroom immediately after supper. For my part I was so afraid of disturbing you that I wouldn't even knock when I pushed that little note about Margaret's under the door.' Ann gave her brother a roguish glance

when she m n'ioned Margaret's name. He did not notice it. He was thinking deeply 'I am tired to-night too,' he said. 'I have an extraodinary feeling in the back of my head, as if it were numbed. I believe I want more sleep. This horrid affair has upset me. Well. good-night, Ann I'm off to bed at once.'

'But supper is ready.' 'I had something at Cuthbertstown; don't want anything more. Good-night.

CHAPRER VI.

Hetty dragged herself wearily homeshe had waited to see the young Squire in a state of intense and rapt excitement. indifference. The excitement he had shown was the ordinary excitement which an outsider might feel when he received startling and unlooked for tidings. There was no. a scrap of personal emotion in his manner. Was it possible that he had forgotten all about the murder which he

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slender stick with which he bad killed his

fce. She observed him then creep across

the Plain to a copse of young alders. She

had seen him push the stick out of sight into the middle of the alders—she had then

watched him as he went quickly home

Yes. Robert Awdrey was the guilty man-

rible knowledge to herself. Knowing that

a word from her could save him, she bad

man should, when he walked off, an inno-

cent man, to meet an awful doom. Hetty,

as she watched, crushed down the cry in

so; on the contrary, he h.d gone to a pic-

'If that is the case, why should not I

give him up?' thought Hetty. 'He cares

nothing for me. I am less than the thistle

These thoughts, when they came to her,

that be autiful Miss Douglas-she belongs

to his set, and she'll be his wife. Perhaps

Hetty laughed wildly to herself.
'After all she doesn't know what real

love is. She little guesses what I feel;

she little guesses that I hold his life in my

hands. Oh God keep me from going mad.'

It was dark when Hetty re-entered the

Inn. The tap-room was the scene of

eager and interested villagers. The mur-

numerous guests, and Mrs. Armitage kept

taproom and the little kitchen at the back.

You are to stay at home when it is dark.

Why its all over the place, it's in every-

body's mouth, that you have been the cause

of the murder. You encouraged that poor

Mr. Frere with your idle, flighty, silly

wave and looks, and then you played fast

and loose with him. Don't you know that

this is just the thing that will ruin us? Yes

you'll be the ruin of us, Hetty, and times

so bad, too. When are we likely to have

'Oh, Aunt, I wish you wouldn't scold me,'

answered Hetty. She sank down on the

nearest chair, pushed her hat from her

brow, and pressed her hand to it.
'Sakes child!' exclaimed her aunt, 'you

Mrs. Armitage stood in front of her

do look white and bad to be sure.'

her in a sharp tons.

parlour lodgers again?

she thinks that she loves him. Oh, Oh!

were quickly hurled aside by others.

MONTREAL.

CHICAGO.

A wrestle which had followed by a sudden | us. Put on your apron and help to wash leap forward on the part of the young | up the diabes. squire—he had used his stick as men use Hetty rose wearily from her chair. The bayonets in battle-there had come a body of the murdered man lay out straight groin from Frere's lips-he had staggered and still in the little front parlor. Many his body had fallen to the ground with a people had been in and our during the heavy thud—then had tallen an awful sil-ence. Yes, Aetty had seen the whole ly at the white face. The doctor had exthing. She had watched the terrible trans- amined the wound in the eye, The coroaction from beginning to end. After he ner had come to view the dead. All was had thrown his man to the ground the in readiness for the inquest, which was to Squire had struck a match, and had looked take place at an early hour on the following hard into the face of the dead. Hetty had | day. No one as yet had wept a single tear seen the lurid light flash up for an instant over the dead man. Mrs. Armitage came on the Squire's face it had looked haggard to Hetty now and asked her to go and and grey—like the tace of an old man. fetch something out of the parlor A pap-She had watched him as he examined the er which had been left on the mantelpiece

was wan'el by Armitage in a hurry.
'Go, child, be quick!' said the aunt. 'You'll find the paper by that vase of flow-

ers on the mantelpiece. Hetty obeyed, never thinking of what she was going to see There was no sitificial light in the room. On the centre Frank Ev. rett was innocent, as innocent as table, in a rude coffin which had been a babe. All day long Hetty's head had hastily prepared, lay the body. It was been in a mad whirl. She had kept her terpoured in a ghastly light through the win dow. The torn of the dead man was outallowed Everett to be arcested. She had I'ned distinctly under the sheet. Hetty watched him from behind her window when almost ran up against it when she entered the police came to the house for the purpose | the room. Her nerves were overstrung; she had seen Everett go away in the com-pany of two policemen. He was a square-built young tellow with broad shoulders— he had held himself sturdily as an English-

'Now, whatever is the matter?' said the elder woman.

'You shouldn't have sent me in there, her heart-it had clamoured to save this panted Hetty. 'You should have told me man. There was a louder cry there-a that it was there.'

her own people-she was like a su'ject, a silly little good-for-nothing you are. and he was her king-to the people of | Stay quiet and I'll run and fetch the paper. Grandcourt the king could do nothing Dear, dear, I'm glad you are not my niece; wrong. They were old-fashioned in the lit- it's Armitage you belong to. Mrs. Armitage entered the parlour. tle village, and had somewhat the feeling of

seris to their feudal lord. Hetty shared fetched the required pape", and shut the the tradition of her race. But over and door behind her. As she walked down the obove these minor matters, the unhappy passage Hetty started quickly forward and girl loved Robert Awdrey with a fieres | caught her arm. passion. She would rather die herself 'It I don't tell somebody at once I'll go

than see him die. When she saw Everett | mad,' she said. 'Aunt Fanny, I must arrested, she watched the whole proceed- speak to you at once. 'I can't keep it to ing in dull ams zement. She wondered myself another minute.' why the Squire had not acted a man's part. 'Good gracious me, whatever is to be Why did he not deliver himself up to the

done, Hetty? How am I to find time to court of justice? He nad killed Frere in listen to your silly norsence just now? a moment of mad passion. Hetty's heart | There's your uncle nearly wild with all the throbbed. Could that passion have been work being left on his hands.' evoked on her account? Of course, he 'It isn't silly nonsence, Aunt Fanny. I've would own to his sin. He had not done

got to say something. I know something. I must tell it to you. I must tell it to you

nic. He had been seen walking about with the young lady whom he loved. Did 'Why girl,' said Mrs. Armitage, staring Robert Awdrey really love Margaret Doughard at her niece, 'you are not making a

'No. I'll go to my room. Come to me as soon as ever you can Tell Uncle that you are tired and must go to bed at once. under his feet. Why should Mr. Everett | Tell any lie, make any excuse, only come die because of him? The Squire cares | to me quickly. I'm in such a state that it nothing for me. Why should I sin on his | you don't come I'll have to go right into the taproon and tell everyone what I know. Oh, Aunt Fanny, have mercy upon me and come quickly.

'You do seem in a way, Hetty,' replied 'I'd die twenty times over rather than he should suffer,' thought the girl. 'He the aunt. For goodness sake do keep shan't die, he's my king, and I'm his subyourself calm. There, run upstairs and ject. It does not matter whether ha loves I'll be with you in a minute or two.' me or not, he shan't die. Yes, he loves

Mrs. Armitage went into the tap room

to her husband. 'Look here, John,' she said, 'I've got a splitting headache, and Hetty is fairly knocked up. Can't you manage to do without us for the rest of the evening?" 'Of course, wi'e, if you're really bad,

replied Armitage. 'There's work here for three pairs of hands,' he added, 'but that can't be help:d, if you are really bad.' 'Yes, I am, and as to that child, she fairly done.'

noisy excitement. It was crowded with 'I'm not surprised. I wonder she's alive when she knows the whole thing is owing der was the one and o ly topic of conversation. Armitage was busy attending to his to her. Little hussy, I'd like to box her ears, that I would.' going backwards and forwards between the

'So would I, for that matter,' replied the wife, 'but she's in an awful state poor When she saw Hetty she called out to child, and if I don't get her to bed, she'll be ill, and there will be more money out of

'Where have you been girl?' she cried.
'Now just look here, your uncle won't have
you stealing out in this fashion any more. with here 'Don't waste your strength sitting up with her, wite, she ain't worth it," Armitage called out, as his wite left the room.

A moment later, Mrs. Armitage crept softly upstairs. She entered Hetty's little chamber, which was also flooded with moonlight. It was a tiny room, with a sloping roof. Its little lattice window was wide open. Hetty was kneeling by the window looking out into the night. The moment she saw her aunt she rese to her feet, and ran to meet her.

'Lock the door, Aunt Fanny,' she said, in a borse whisper. 'Oh, child, whatever has come to you?'

'Lock the door, Aunt Fanny,' or let me 'There, I'll humour you. Here's the key

I'll put it into my pocket. Why don't you have a light, Hetty?'

·You won't tell a soul what I am goir g to say to you.'

'I ha'e making promises of that sort, 'Never mind whether you hate it or not.

Promise or I shall go mad. 'Ob, dear me!' exclaimed Mrs. Armitage, 'why should a poor woman be bothered in this way, and you neither kith nor kin to me. Don't you forget that it's Artitage you belong to. You've no blood of mine, thank goodness, in your veins.'

'What does that matter. You're a woman, and I'm another. I'm just in the mest awful position a girl could be in. But whatever bappens, I'll be true to him. Yes, Aunt Fanny, I'll be true to him. I'm nothing to him, no more than if I were a weed, but I love him madly, deeply, desperately. He is all the world to me. He is my master, and I am his slave. Of course, I'm nothing to him, but he's everything to me, and he shan't die. Aunt Fanny, you and I have got to be true to him We must share the thing together. for I can't keep the secret by myself You must share it with me. Aunt Fanny.'

Up to this point. Mrs. Armitage had regarded Hetty's words as merely those of bysterical and overwrought girl. Now, however, she began to perceive method in her madness.

'Look here, child,' she said, 'if you've anything to say, say it, and have done with it. I'm not blessed wi h over much patience, and I can't stand beating round the bush. If you have a secret, out with it, you silly thing. Oh yes, of course I won't betray you. I expect it's just this, you've gone and done something you oughtn't to. Oh. what have I done to be blessed with a

niece-in-law like you? 'It's nothing of that sort. Aunt Fanny. It is this-I don't mind telling you now, now that you have promised not to betray me. Aunt Fanny, I was out list night—I saw the murder committed.'

Mrs. Armitage suppressed a sharp

'Heaven preserve us!' she said in a choking voice. 'Were you not in bed, you wicked girl?

'No. I was out, I had quarrelled with Mr. Frere in the parlour, and I thought I'd follow him and make it up. I went straight on to the plain-I saw him running. I hid behind a fuze bush and I saw the the quarrel, and I heard the words-I saw the awful struggle, and I heard the blows. I heard the tall, too-and I saw the man

who had killed Mr. Frere run away.' 'I wonder you never told all this today. Hetty Armitage. Well, I'm sorry for that poor Mr. Everett. Oh dear, what will not our passions lead us to; to think that two young gentlemen should come to this respectaple house, and that it should be the case of Cain and Abel over gg in-one

rising up and slaying tho other. Hetty, who had been knee'ing all this ime, now rose. Her face was ghastlyher words ceme out in strange pauses.

'It wasn't Mr. Everett,' she said. 'Good Heavens, Hetty,' exclaimed ber aunt, springing also to her feet, and catching the girl's two hands within her own-'It wasn't Mr. Everett! - what in the world do you mean?

'What I say, Aunt Fanny-the man who killed Mr. Frere was Mr. Awdry. Our Mr. Awdry, Aunt Fanny, and I could die for him-and no one must ever know-and I saw him this evening, and—and he has forgotten all about it. He doesn't know a bitabout it-not a bit. Ob, Aunt Fanny, I shall go quite mad, if you don't promise

to help me to keep my secret.' (To be continued).

Business Man

the Battle Through His Wife's Advice.

A short time ago a Montreal business man returned from a New York private hospital, to which institution, he had gone last February for treatment.

The case was a serious one-kidney disease-and had baffled the skill of the local doctors. The New York specialist after a month's close attention could not hold out very stong hopes of a complete cure, but advised patience and continued

The sick man, hoping for better results, remained for some weeks longer. but finally left for home sick, unhappy and despondent. Upon his arrival in Montreal, friends were alarmed when they found his condition had not improved, and some recommended a sea

The sick man's wife having heard of the wonders accomplished by Paine's Celery Compound in case of kidney disease, urged her husband to give it a trial. A supply of the medicine was pro-cured and used faithfully, and the diet list-prepared specially for those & ffl c ed with kidney troubles-was closely fol

After three week's use of Paine's Celery Compound, a blessed and happy change was observed. The patient was brighter and stronger, no constipation. no back aches, urine wes more ratural in color, and appetite was healthy and established.

After due care and attention, and the use of Paine's Celery Compound, this Montreal merc sant is well and attending

Poor sufferer from kidney trouble, what thinks you of this Montreal case? Will not the same treatment bring you