

CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.
wart, as far as I can make out, was only caught in the trap he intended to lay for another man.

"You seem to forget that you are speaking of my cousin, the man whose place I now fill. We had been estranged for a little while, but, the very day before his death, I am glad to say, we were reconciled, and he gave the lady who is now my wife a valuable emerald necklace as a wedding present."

"Ewan Stewart gave your wife an emerald necklace?" cried Colonel Majendie, in a tone of incredulous horror, pushing back his chair, and gazing at Douglas with a white face.

"Yes; what is there so wonderful in that?" demanded Douglas, astounded.

"The cruel devil, the unrelenting fiend!" said the other. "I thought they had got it back again when they strangled him."

"For Heaven's sake, explain yourself," cried Douglas, frantically. "You speak as if there were something awful attaching to this gift."

"So there is, so there is," said the soldier, drawing out his handkerchief, and wiping his brow. "Give me time. I did not expect this. It is so inconceivably malignant. But this necklace, where is it now?"

"It is in my wife's possession," said Douglas, a sudden vague misgiving springing to life in his heart.

"Then, if you value her life, do not let it remain there a single day longer," said Colonel Majendie, vehemently. "I thought the cursed thing had gone back to the breast of the blood-thirsty goddess to whom it rightfully belongs. How you have retained it all these months I cannot conceive. Have there been no attempts on your life during this period?"

"No; but stop! the Hindu in the train!" cried Douglas, suddenly interrupting himself. "But I'll tell you about that later on. Tell me the story of the necklace now."

"It's a queer tale," said Majendie, with something like reluctance in his manner, "and if I'm to tell it, I must speak the truth about your cousin."

"What do I care about him now?" cried Douglas, desperately; "only, go on."

"Well, in the beginning of this year I was sent with a detachment of the 140th Native Foot up into the north-west, and one night we camped at a tiny village right up in the hills. I was just having a final pipe before turning in, when the head man of the village came up and begged me to come and see an Englishman, who was lying ill with a bad attack of fever in one of the houses."

"I took a lot of quinine I had brought with me, and went down, to find it was your cousin Ewan Stewart. I had known him some years, although, as I said, we had never been friends, and though he recognised me in a way, he was partially delirious, and not at all aware what he was saying."

"He kept rambling on about a lot of nonsense, and then he suddenly stopped and looked straight at me. 'Did you ever hate a man?' he said, quite sensibly as it seemed. 'Oh, well, I daresay I have had a pretty bad grudge against a man sometimes,' I said. 'No, I do not mean that sort of thing,' he answered; 'but did you ever hate a man so that you dreamt every night of killing him, so that you could die happy if you could think he had died, too—did some dreadful, torturing death?'"

"I tried to soothe him down and turn his thoughts, but he would not listen, and kept on talking about some man he hated; and then again he suddenly stopped and asked if I had ever heard of the shrine sacred to the Goddess Kali, up in the Himalayas. I had just heard of it and that was all, and he went on to tell me of a certain necklace of uncut emeralds that hung there, round the neck of a life-sized image of the goddess. The priests declared it had fallen from Heaven, and it was to be kept sacred, even from the eyes of the unbelievers. 'Well, I have it here,' he said, and smiled at me in a ghastly fashion. 'Oh, that's all right!' I said, thinking he was only rambling; but he fumbled under his pillow and finally drew out a little leather bag, from which he shook a necklace of dull green stone."

"That's it," he said, and the man who carries that about with him had better insure his life for all it is worth, for over ten thousand Hindoos are secretly initiated into the Brotherhood of the Goddess, and it will be the duty of every member not to rest until he has restored the necklace to the neck of the idol."

"I said I wondered he was not afraid to carry it about with him; but he laughed, and said that for a month it was the cus-

tom for no one to enter the inner sanctuary of the goddess, as she was supposed to be slumbering, so the loss would not be immediately discovered."

"I got it through revenge, and it will come back through revenge," he said. "Two of the priests had a dispute over a woman, and the defeated one, to show his contempt for the whole brotherhood, stole it and sold it to me. He will probably confess what he has done, under the influence they will bring to bear upon him—you know, we are very behindhand in our ideas of torture, these Asiatics really carry it into a fine art—but by then it will have left my hands."

"What do you mean to do with it, then?" I said, and I own I felt a little creepy—his manner was so devilish in its exultant cruelty. "Ah, ah! that is just it," he said. "What would you think of giving it as a present to this man I hate, or to the woman he is going to marry, eh? It would be a very fine idea, would it not?"

"I think it would be the most infernal idea I ever heard of," I said, "and you could not be such a brute as to do it." He seemed to realize, then, that he had been giving himself away, for he pulled up, and said he was afraid he had been talking nonsense."

Douglas had pulled out his handkerchief, and was wiping the cold drops from his brow.

Like a vision there rose before him Ewan's ghastly face, as, holding Cora's hand in his over the necklace, he had entreated her to accept it as a sign of their reconciliation.

It seemed incredible that a man who had once loved her, should have plotted such an inhuman revenge.

"But why did you not stop him, or tell people?" he asked, hoarsely.

"My dear fellow, Stewart was not a man with whom it was easy to interfere, and the next morning I really thought he had been wandering in his mind; that he had picked up the necklace somewhere, and had imagined all the stuff about it," said Colonel Majendie, apologetically. "I had to push on with my men, too, and it was not till some time later, that I met a district magistrate who had been called up that way, that the matter recurred to me. The authorities were trying to identify the murderer of a man who had been found just breathing, suspended from a tree, but mangled in a perfectly indescribable manner. The magistrate told me, in confidence, that they would never trace them, that the man was an initiate of a secret society banded together in the worship of the Goddess Kali, and that he had betrayed his trust by disposing of some sacred jewel."

"He was a man who spoke five or six different Indian dialects, and knew more of their ways than any other European I ever met, and he hinted that the authorities dared not push inquiries too far. He told me, too, a few tales about this brotherhood that made me feel very uncomfortable; and then I told him about Stewart's tale of the jewel."

"The necklace will be back here within a year," he said, very solemnly; "but Heaven knows how many murders it may not have been the cause of by then."

"Well, you may imagine I felt pretty uncomfortable at that, and, when the next day, I read in a home paper of the murder of your cousin, it took a great load of my mind; I made certain that they had got hold of the jewel again."

"I wish to Heaven they had!" said Douglas, fervently. "Majendie, I am off at once. I do not like to think of my wife left in that lonely village, with that fatal necklace in her possession."

"But I suppose there are plenty of people about her in the hotel?"

"It is not an hotel; only a bungalow, a friend lent us for our honeymoon. At night, there is only a woman in the house besides ourselves. I think, if I am off at once, I may catch the seven down to Didcot; from there it is only a small branch line."

"Look here, Stewart, would you mind if I came with you?" said Majendie, earnestly. "I do not like the look of this affair at all. I suppose you have not noticed any one suspicious hanging about?"

"No; but—ah, by the way, when we were going down from Paddington the other day, I remember Cora saying there was a sort of Indian acrobat or juggler getting into the train."

"Come, I think we have no time to lose," said the other, impressively. "As we go along, you might tell me about that adventure in the train, you were speaking of."

A block in Praed street delayed them a few minutes, and they arrived on the platform at Paddington just in time to see the seven o'clock train steam out of the station.

Douglas had wild ideas of hiring a special; but the line was busy just then, and there was another train at eight, so for that they waited, Douglas trying his best to persuade himself that he was unduly nervous, and that he should find Cora all right.

The fates seemed against them that night; several times their train had to slow up, because of obstructions; when they reached Didcot it was more than half past nine; and when the leisurely branch line train had deposited them at their destination, it was after ten o'clock.

"Mind how you walk," admonished Douglas. "The river is flooded, and you might easily slip in over your head, if you made a false step. There, that is the bungalow; this short cut saves nearly a mile along the river. Cora seems to have some great festivity on to night, judging from the illuminations."

He could not have told why, but somehow, two cheerful light seemed to reassure him, and he began to wonder what he should say to Cora to account for Colonel Majendie's sudden appearance.

"There is a big dog about the place, but do not be alarmed if he comes to greet you. He is quite quiet," he said, over his shoulder, as they entered the gate. "Hullo, whatever is the front door open for?"

A sudden wild misgiving seized him. He dashed through the little hall, stumbling over poor Tauro's dead body, into the drawing-room, and there, lying help-

lessly among her pillows, her arms flung wildly out, was his wife.

With a hoarse, inarticulate cry, he sprang forward.

"Majendie, look, look! we are too late! They have murdered her! My darling, my darling, my little love! Oh! how could I have been such a fool to leave her to such a fate—such a horrible death? Look at her face! Oh! what devils walk this earth!"

Here, let me see," commanded Majendie, authoritatively. "They have only just done it, there is a chance yet. Try artificial respiration. I brought a man round with it once, who had been hanging half an hour. Cut those bands quick."

He had sized Cora's slender arms, and was working them slowly and steadily up and down.

For twenty minutes the two men worked away, trying every means that the elder's experience could suggest, but with the gradual dying of hope in Douglas's heart.

It seemed to him almost impossible that it could be Cora's self lying there, inert and ghastly, and at times he could have imagined that he was in some nightmare dream.

"Heaven help you, I fear she is beyond all hope!" said Majendie, sadly, at length, and was about to lay down the hand he held, when there was the faintest tremor of the eyelids, and an almost imperceptible sigh.

From the very gates of death Cora came back to her husband.

It was some days before she had recovered enough from the pain and shock to hear the sequel of the necklace and the legacy of a cruel hate bequeathed with it.

It had been destined to cause yet another death in its fateful passing from hand to hand, for, when the floods went down the dead body of the pretended juggler was found under a hedge.

In his ignorance of the country, he must have taken the wrong road in the dark, and slipped into a swollen stream.

Under this scanty tunic was the little bag that held the necklace; but, while Douglas still hesitated as to whether he should come forward to claim it as his property, being alike anxious to be free of such a dangerous possession, and unwilling to throw the danger of it on to other shoulders, the matter was solved for him.

The village lock up, where the corpse had been left for the night, was broken into, and in the morning it was found that the emerald necklace had disappeared.

How and whither it was never clearly ascertained; but, doubtless, by now the fatal gift rests once more on the bosom of the great idol in the far-off Himalays.

GREAT FLOOD OF 1844.

The Rise Covered Sections Along the Missouri River.

The flood of the Brazos was without precedent for that locality. It still puzzles the government meteorologists, who can only account for it by most unusual conditions of rainfall. The fact is interesting to recall that a similar surprise occurred in the Missouri valley over a half a century ago. As 'the great flood of 1844,' it has a place in the local history. From the earliest Indian traditions to the present time that stands as the greatest flood of the lower Missouri. There had been nothing to compare with it before. There has been nothing like it since. In the records of the government weather service these data about the flood of 1844 are preserved:

"The stage reached on the present scale of river measurements was 37 feet on June 20 at Kansas City, 16 feet above the danger line. At Booneville the river reached 33 feet two and a half days later which was 13 feet above the danger line at that place. The flood was caused by the coincidence of unusually heavy and protracted rains, with what is known as the 'June rise,' the melted snows from headwaters. It is said that about the middle of April the rains began to fall in brief showers nearly every other day. After a few weeks it began to rain every day. It poured down for days and weeks, almost without cessation. The river was rising quite rapidly, but no danger was anticipated, for the oldest settler had never seen a general and destructive overflow, and did not know that such a thing could occur. The

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river continued to rise, however, at the rate of twelve to eighteen inches a day until June 5, when it went over its banks, and the situation became alarming. The channel was full of driftwood; occasionally a log house floated down, with chickens and turkeys on the roof. In several instances men, women and children were seen on the tops of houses floating hither and thither, and turned and twisted about by heavy logs and jams, but the people were rescued by parties in skiffs.

"On June 20 the water had reached its highest point, and the next day began to fall, but the damage done seemed absolute and the ruin complete. The flood extended from bluff to bluff, generally, two miles. There was not an acre of dry land in the river bottoms from Kansas city to the mouth of the river. The rains subsided, and the river fell rapidly. A few persons moved back to their farms in what was then a very sparsely settled region, and, although it was impossible to do any farming until the latter part of July, it is reliably reported that enough corn was raised that season for the people in many places to subsist on."

"Where Kansas City now stands the flood was about three miles wide. In what is now known as the packing-house and wholesale district, where the Union depot stands and all the switching grounds are located the water was about ten feet deep. The flood extended over the present site of Armourdale and Argentine in Kansas, near the mouth of the Kaw, but there were few settlements at the junction of the Mississippi and Kaw in those days. A deplorable consequence of the great flood was the season of sickness which followed and the high rate of mortality. It is said that it was impossible to find a well person on account of the miasma resulting from the decaying animal and vegetable matter. Chills and fever prevailed in their most malignant form, followed in the winter by spinal meningitis, then called 'head disease,' which proved very fatal. An important fact connected with this flood was that steamboats going up the river found it as low as usual above St. Joseph, Mo. All the tributaries of the Missouri, are believed to have overflowed their banks in 1844 very extensively, although in that early day there was scarcely anything to damage along the streams in the way of personal property."

"The flood level at Kansas City was determined and marked on a pier of the Hannibal bridge when it was being constructed by Mr. Octave Chanute, who was supervising engineer of construction. The stage was obtained by the collation of eleven or twelve high-water marks, preserved by old settlers on both sides of the river. Mr. Chanute states that there was practical agreement in the well-authenticated marks. Some years after the completion of the bridge, a few local engineers expressed some doubt as to the accuracy of the stage claiming that it was too high, but Mr. Chanute, who was then building a bridge across the Missouri at Sibley, about thirty miles east of Kansas City, found the high-water marks at that place to correspond very closely with the established mark at Kansas City, after allowing for the slope of the river. Mr. Chanute tested all data worthy of consideration in his determination, so that there is nothing upon which to base a doubt of its accuracy."—St. Louis Globe.

THE BATTLE OF FORT DOWLING.

A Remarkable Achievement of Which Little has Been Written.

Where the Gulf of Mexico comes into the Sabine Lake, on the coast of Texas, near the Louisiana line, there is a narrow channel of water which is about four hundred yards wide. On the north bank of this little channel to-day one sees the smokestack, a few feet above the water, of a sunken boat. Just opposite to it, on the southern bank, there is a dirt wall, square in its shape, and about ten feet high, and over this a painted sign that reads 'Fort Dowling.' That is all that now lives as evidence of a thrilling drama, the equal of which the world has never seen, and that was played out at this place back yonder in the closing days of our civil war.

Gen. Banks, with plenty of men and boats and plenty of ammunition and sup-

plies, had gone up the Red River into Louisiana and was hammering Kirby Smith and Dick Taylor into destruction. The federal government conceived the idea that Smith and Taylor might be attacked in the rear by an expedition landed on the shores of Sabine Lake, and consisting of some ten thousand men, who would be transported to their landing by a part of the federal fleet. To reach the banks of the lake, of course, it was necessary to go through Sabine Pass—this narrow channel of which I have spoken. Richard Dowling, in command of about forty men, was acting as a scout for Smith and Taylor, and saw the evidence of the coming of the fleet of gunboats and transports, and, with his forty men, took possession of a little mud fort at the mouth of the pass, in which there were three or four six-pounders and perhaps a siege gun. There he waited with guns loaded and instructions given to his men that they must not fire until the gunboats came well abreast of him, only about 300 yards away. His plan of action was not to shoot until they were immediately opposite, and then to discharge his whole battery at the gun-boat. This was done successfully; her boilers were exploded, and, together with hundreds of soldiers, she sank to the spot where she now rests. Many died from the steam that scalded them, more from the water that engulfed them.

Loading his guns, he sank the next vessel with the same disastrous result to the enemy, and, loading yet again, he turned guns on the transport following, with a thousand men aboard of her. She, in response, ran up a white flag. The rest of the fleet turned and sailed, leaving the dead bodies of the drowned soldiers and sunken vessels. Dowling, in a dugout, (that is a hollowed log or a canoe, as it is variously called), paddled himself out to receive the surrender of this transport with a thousand men. The commander of the vessel expressed his surprise at such a reception of his white-flag token, and asked why the commander of the fort didn't come in person to receive his surrender. Dowling replied 'I am commander and have come in person,' to which the Captain said: 'Well, what do you mean by coming this way, in a canoe by yourself?' Dowling answered: 'I have no other way of getting here, and hence I came in my dugout. He received the surrender, paroled the prisoners, for he could not take them in charge, and went back to his comrades. Of these forty, only one had received a wound at all, though the gunboats had shelled the little mud earthwork diligently.

In the history of the world nothing similar, unless it be the battle New Orleans has ever happened, and yet, such is the large carelessness of the Southern character in recording its wonderful and numerous deeds of heroism, that but little notice has ever been taken of this extraordinary battle.

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