

CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.

breakfast-room, holding in her arms a tiny Maltese terrier of Lady Mallory's.

She was fondling it tenderly, pressing her lips to its little body, and calling it the most endearing names.

I thought of my poor Nero, and smiled grimly.

'You are fond of dogs, Lady Gramont?' I said, as I came up to her.

For the life of me, I could not have avoided giving her that home thrust.

It told.

I saw her cheek flush like a rose.

She could not look me in the face.

She could not answer me.

She murmured some inarticulate word or two, and passed into the breakfast-room with a hasty step.

Vera was at the table.

She rose from her place at sight of me, and came towards me, her hands extended with the prettiest, sweetest grace.

'Oh, Sir Douglas, I am so glad you are better!' she whispered, softly, raising her clear hazel eyes to mine.

'Thank you,' I answered; and again there was a curious pain at my heart as I thought of the gulf which yawned between me and this sweet child.

'Where is Lady Mallory?' asked Sir Thomas, impatiently, as the breakfast-gong sounded a second time, and yet our hosts did not make her appearance.

Before anyone could answer him, a maid came flying into the room.

'Oh! please my lady says will you go upstairs at once?' she panted, breathlessly addressing Sir Thomas. 'My lady thinks there were burglars in the house last night!'

Everyone sprang to their feet, uttering simultaneous exclamations of dismay and alarm.

Lady Gramont alone retained any semblance of composure, and even she turned pale.

I regarded her intently.

She seemed, I thought, conscious of my scrutiny, and uneasy under it.

At any rate, she moved to quite the other end of the room, and took care not to turn her face in my direction.

Sir Thomas was hurrying out of the room, all excitement, when, at the door, he was met by Lady Mallory.

'My jewels are gone, Tom!' she said, making a brave effort not to seem too agitated, but looking very white.

Sir Thomas ripped out a hasty oath, then turned to his lady guests, and begged them to examine their jewel cases.

'I sincerely hope the loss is my wife's alone,' he said, with a look of concern which testified to the sincerity of his hope.

The ladies needed no second bidding. They flew upstairs to their jewel-cases—all but Lady Gramont.

She remained where she was.

'It is needless for me to go,' she remarked, quite calmly. 'My jewels were with Lady Mallory's. She kindly offered to take charge of them for me. If hers are gone, of course mine are gone, too.'

'Yes, Beatrice, they are. Oh, I am so sorry!' cried Lady Mallory, taking her future sister-in-law's hand, and speaking in a tone of affectionate concern. 'Those beautiful sapphires that Harold gave you! I would not have had you lose them for the world. But who could have foreseen such a thing as this?'

'Don't trouble about me dear,' returned Lady Gramont, gently. 'I fear I am by no means the only loser. I wish, with all my heart, I were.'

I stood a silent listener and spectator, simply lost in amazement.

What could I think but that Beatrice Gramont was the confederate of thieves? that it was she who had admitted one into the house last night?

And yet she could stand there, talking to her hostesses of the burglary, with her beautiful face quite unmoved, or expressing only a gentle concern, such as any lady might feel at the loss of her jewels.

'Oh, but it is so dreadful to have such things happen in one's house!' said Lady Mallory. 'I would have given a thousand pounds to have prevented it. Come Beatrice, let us go upstairs, and see whether anything else is missing. Perhaps you and I are the only sufferers after all.'

But even as she spoke, excited exclamations from the other guests convinced her that the depredators had not been thus moderate.

The chamber of every lady guest had been entered, and her jewel-case completely rifled.

Of course, the whole house was soon in a state of the wildest excitement.

The servants were summoned, and subjected to the severest cross-examinations.

Grave suspicion seemed to attach to one or some of them, inasmuch as it was scarcely possible for the thief to have entered the house without help from inside.

The butler swore that every door and window had been securely fastened when he went his usual round at midnight; and yet, now, the scullery door was found unfastened.

Undoubtedly it was by this the thief had made his ingress.

Sir Harold assisted his brother-in-law in his investigations, and when the police arrived he was foremost in instructing them.

I stood by, and listened with an ever deepening sense of horror.

'Spare no pains to find the criminals,' he said; and I shuddered when I reflected that, before long, he must needs be told that one, at least, of those criminals was the woman he so entirely believed in and so passionately worshipped.

I was only waiting to see where Beatrice Gramont went at half-past five in the evening and on what errand.

I doubted not I should gain then all the proof I needed, and it would be my duty to tell him everything.

I shall pass over that uncomfortable and to me, most unhappy day.

Everybody was full of the robbery, and seemed unable to talk of anything else; and it was a theme on which I, knowing what I did, could not bear to speak.

TEACHERS' TROUBLES.

How Teachers May Prevent the Breakdown of the Nervous System which often Threatens.

The worry and work, the strain and anxiety of a teacher's life are such as to tell severely on the nervous system. Time and again teachers have had to give up good positions on account of run down health



and shattered nerves. To such we confidently recommend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and in doing so we are supported by the testimony of Mrs. Reilly, Colborne Street, Chatham, Ont., who made the following statement:— "Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are, beyond question, the best remedy for nervousness and all exhausted conditions of the system I know of. My daughter, as a result of over study and close application to her duties as school teacher, became much run down and debilitated and was very nervous. Two months ago she began taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. They acted quickly and effectually in her case, making her strong and building up her entire system." Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure Palpitation, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Anaemia, Female Troubles, After Effects of Gripe, Debility, or any condition arising from Disordered Nerves, Weak Heart or Watery Blood. Price 50c. a box.

I shunned Gwynne's society, for how could I look him in the face while I was concealing such a secret from him?

I shunned Vera's equally; and it may be imagined I did not throw myself into the way of Lady Gramont.

I just moped about in out-of-the-way corners, and was perhaps, as thoroughly uncomfortable as I had ever been in my life.

'A pretty Christmas it will be for us all!' I thought grimly. 'Poor Gwynne will carry a broken heart, if ever man did in this world. Vera will have to know there is something wrong, even if she isn't told the whole truth, and I shall feel like the evil genius who has caused the misery and wretchedness. I wish to Heaven I'd never come here this Christmas, or still better, that I hadn't seen what I had seen last Christmas Day.'

As the afternoon wore on, I watched Lady Gramont intently, and I fancied she showed some slight signs of agitation.

The color in her face was a trifle deeper than usual; her smile had lost something of its sweet bright serenity.

At half-past four Lady Mallory dispensed tea to her guests, and immediately after it the ladies always retired to their rooms, to dress for dinner, for we dined rather early at Deepdene.

Sir Thomas never liked to take his dinner later than six or half past.

I noticed that Lady Gramont was the first to retire.

I watched her up the staircase; then I too, beat a retreat, and hurrying up to my room, I put on a hat and an overcoat, and coming downstairs again, made my way outside the house, and stationed myself in a shrubbery, whence I could command a view of all the doors, save those which belonged to the servants.

It must be remembered that, although I knew the hour, I did not know the place of meeting; and, therefore, there was nothing for it but to watch for Lady Gramont to leave the house, and to follow her wherever she went.

It was bitterly cold as I stood there, among the leafless trees.

I remembered, with something like a shudder, that to-morrow would be Christmas Eve—the anniversary of the day when that poor unknown wretch had been foully murdered in the mountain pass.

For about twenty minutes I stood anxiously waiting.

But at length, my patience was rewarded.

One of the French windows of the library was opened, and Lady Gramont stepped out.

I saw her features distinctly in the moon light.

I saw, too that she was enveloped from head to foot in a long, dark cloak, and that she appeared to be carrying something both bulky and heavy in her arms beneath it.

She cast one swift anxious look around, as though to assure herself she was not observed; then she crossed the lawn, and entered a long dark avenue of trees, which led, as I knew, into a small plantation that skirted the high road.

Noislessly, but swiftly, I followed her, keeping at a distance—as I could well afford to do, for the ground was still covered with snow, and I was thus enabled to trace her by her footprints.

I have since wondered that, in view of the fact of a burglary having been committed only the night before, we were not both of us—watched in our turn by detectives, or some such people.

Assuredly a watch ought to have been set upon every person in the house upon such an event.

But I suppose the truth was that the County Police, who had the case in charge were a set of unmitigated duffers, and the man from Scotland Yard, whom Sir Thomas had telegraphed for, had not yet arrived.

At any rate Lady Gramont went the whole length of the avenue, and I follow-

ed her without our being intercepted by anyone.

I was quite certain she was carrying something bulky and heavy beneath her cloak, and it struck me it was most likely some of the stolen jewels.

She was taking them to her confederate, he not having been able to carry off all the booty the night before.

When she got to the end of the avenue, she immediately entered the small plantation I have spoken of, and for a moment or two, I lost sight of her.

I had to stoop to search for her foot-prints, and by the time I had found them, and followed on in their wake for a few steps, I heard sounds which convinced me I had run my quarry to earth and that it now behoved me to exercise the extreme caution.

I heard voices the rich sweet ones of Lady Gramont and the hoarse, deep tones of a man.

Another moment, and I saw both him and her distinctly.

They were standing beneath an old elm-tree, which had been struck with lightning in the autumn.

He was the same man whom I had seen in the corridor last night, and he was holding out his arms to relieve her of her burden.

Just at that critical moment, and before I could distinguish a word that passed between them, a most unlucky accident happened—an accident which, as after events proved, might easily have cost me my life.

I had, almost unconsciously, been resting my weight on the branch of a tree, as I leaned forward to look and to listen.

The branch was rotten.

It cracked, snapped, and I plunged forward, only saving myself with difficulty from falling on the ground.

The sound startled those two whom I was watching.

The man seized what I now saw was a well filled leathern bag from Lady Gramont, and fled through the plantation with the speed of hunted hare.

Lady Gramont looked wildly first one way and then another, seemed about to follow the man, and, finally turned round, advanced a step or two in my direction, and, by so doing, all but fell into my arms, which I stretched out to intercept her passage.

For one moment we stood and gazed into one another's eyes in silence.

The moon shone full upon us both.

We could see each other almost as distinctly as if it had been day.

She recovered her composure, or, at any rate, a fair semblance of it very quickly.

'Mr. Douglas!' she exclaimed. 'Oh how you startled me! I suppose I startled you, too, though. You would be surprised to see me here.'

Her beautiful face actually wore a smile as she said this.

I told myself she was preparing to throw dust in my eyes once more, and I steeled myself against her.

I would let her know it was useless to seek to hoodwink me—to palm upon me any plausible falsehood accounting for her presence in the plantation at such an hour.

'No, Lady Gramont, I was not in the least surprised or startled, I answered, coldly. 'You will understand what I mean when I tell you I was a witness to your meeting with your friend in Sir Thomas's house last night; and that I came here purposely to discover what your business with him might be.'

She turned deathly pale—so pale that for a moment, I feared she was about to faint.

She looked so beautiful, with her large, lustrous eyes fixed on mine, that I had much ado to keep my heart from relenting towards her; but the memory of Gwynne's wrongs strengthened me and I continued, as sternly as before—

'It is useless for you to seek to deceive me any further. I have proofs that you are in league with thieves; and, in my heart, I firmly believe you have the guilt of murder on your soul. Lady Gramont I recognise you as the woman who committed that murder in the mountain pass last Christmas Eve.'

Whiter she could not go.

That was impossible; but the look of terror in her beautiful eyes grew deeper and deeper.

She opened her lips but no words came.

She was like one stricken dumb.

'Allow me to see what you have in your hand,' I said, very coolly, seeing that, although her confederate had made off with the leathern bag, she was still convulsively clutching at something underneath her cloak.

As I spoke, I drew forth her hands, she not attempting to resist me, only looking up at me with piteous, imploring eyes.

I could not repress a slight exclamation when the moonlight flashed upon a necklet and tiara of sapphires.

'Ah!' I exclaimed. 'This, I presume, is your share of the spoils.'

'No, no!' she panted. 'Oh, no, no! They are my own—my very own! Sir Harold gave them to me. He did, indeed!'

Looking at the jewels again, I was forced to own she spoke the truth in this.

The sapphires had been Sir Harold's gift to her.

I had seen them before, and I recognised them.

REDUCTION IN PRICE.

OF.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

The price of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has been reduced by the manufacturer from sixty cents to fifty cents per bottle. This remedy, which has been recommended as no other one in existence, by members of Parliament, ministers and educational men, can now be had of any druggist at 60 cents a bottle. It relieves in ten minutes, headache and all pain caused by colds or catarrh. It is delightful to use. It cures completely. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

IS PICKED PURITY

Strong in Purity. Fragrant in Strength.

IMITATORS ARE MANIFOLD.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

This was an unexpected turn for the affair to take.

It nonplussed me, I must confess; but, after a moment or so, I fell back on my conviction that there was something very seriously wrong, and I demanded, with no abatement of my sternness—

'What are you doing with them here?' She did not answer—simply stood before me in silence, her head drooping, her cloak fallen back a little so as to reveal the fact that she was in evening dress.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WAS CURED TO STAY.

Mr. Samuel Locke Cured of Kidney Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

The Only Known Remedy for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Diseases of Women, and all Other Kidney Disease—Their Cures are all Permanent.

JORDAN BAY, N. S. April 2.—Mr. Samuel Locke, of this place, boasts that he has never known a moment's pain from his old complaint—Kidney Disease—since he began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills some years ago. This fact he claims—and his claim is certainly just and reasonable—proves that the cures effected by Dodd's Kidney Pills are permanent.

Mr. Locke's case attracted wide spread attention, and was reported, and commented upon by newspapers throughout Canada. Several doctors prescribed for him but they all failed to do him any good. His kidneys were badly diseased, and were daily growing worse.

At length, when all other means had been tried, and had failed, Mr. Locke decided to make a final effort, and to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. He began to mend as soon as he began to use them. To-day there is not a stronger, nor a healthier man in the district.

It is folly to suffer with Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Lamé Back, Heart Failure, Gravel, Gout, Stone in the Bladder, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Urinary troubles, Diseases of Women, Blood Impurity, or any other form of Kidney Disease, for they, one and all, are easily, and lastingly cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Another Kind.

When Johnny Hobbs left his home up among the New Hampshire hills to visit his grandmother in Worcester, Massachusetts, he was cautioned by his mother that he would find things in the city strangely different from those at home.

Johnny arrived in the early afternoon, and long before tea-time his grandmother, who lived most simply, told him to run out to the pantry and get a bowl of milk which she had left there 'for a hungry boy.'

A moment later she followed him, and to her amazement beheld her grandson bravely at work on a bowl of spearmint tea, which she had forgetfully put in the place where she had told him to find the milk.

'Why, child,' she cried, 'seizing the bowl from poor Johnny, 'don't you know this isn't milk?'

'I knew it wasn't like Hilbury milk,' stammered Johnny, with a final gulp, 'but I thought maybe it was the kind folks had in Worcester!'

Mr. Moore's Cold Ride.

Some years ago, in The Companion, Mr. Holman D. Waldron told a thrilling story of a railroad employee's ride on the outside of a vestibule train. Now the Cincinnati Enquirer details an equally unpleasant experience endured by a business man named Moore, while on his way home from Washington.

Just at daybreak the train made a brief stop about forty miles this side of Hinton, West Virginia. Moore had been unable to sleep for several hours, and he arose, slipped on his trousers and shoes, and stepped out on the platform, to look around. Just then the train started following.

Moore let the daycoaches go by, intending to get on one of the sleepers. The vestibule doors on all of them were closed, leaving only a few inches of the floor strip protruding. He grabbed the handle of the vestibule door of the last car with his right hand, and stepped on the narrow

strip of the step that protruded beneath it.

In a few moments the train was going at the rate of forty miles an hour, and Moore's position became extremely dangerous. He yelled for help, but the noise of the train and the heavy plate-glass windows in the vestibule door prevented his cries from being heard.

With no hat, coat or shirt, attired only in his nightshirt and trousers, he soon suffered from cold. At length his hand became tired, and he began to feel alarmed.

Finally he got hold of the door-handle with his left hand, and then struck the plate glass with all his might with his right fist. His heavy Masonic ring broke the window with a crash. He crawled in through the opening, and thanked God for his deliverance.

Shott and Nott.

The story of these gentlemen and their duel—a famous one formerly—is revived, and the tale is thus repeated: A duel was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot, and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, but Shott avows that he was not, which proves either that the shot shot Shott at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding.

It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot Nott, or, as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original element, and Shott would be shot and Nott would be not.

We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot, not Shott, but Nott. Anyway, it is hard to tell who was shot.

Personally Concerned.

Two men were arguing upon the question of the need of a general and immediate spelling reform, and the discussion waxed earnest.

'Look here, Ferguson,' said one of the two, at last, 'why are you so bitter in your opposition to reforming the language?'

'Because,' replied the other, bringing his fist down with emphasis, 'I have just invested twelve dollars in a new dictionary!'

Mr. Ferguson's argument, it may be added, is not without force. There are many other persons ready to back it up on the same ground.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.

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An Enthusiast.

Jingle—Say, old man, can't you pay me that \$10 you've owed me for a year?
Jangle—It would be a pleasure!
Jingle—We-e-e-e!
Jangle—But I've denied myself all pleasures during Lent!