

CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.

mound—for all the world as though it were the covering of a grave.

Upon this mound Nero flung himself scratching, and howling, and scattering the snow about in all directions.

Fired with something of his excitement I, too, began to remove the snow. When, to my horror, I saw a human hand protruding from it—a man's hand, long and shapely, and on the little finger a glittering diamond.

That the man was dead I needed not to be told.

The only question was, how had he died and what connection had there been between him and the woman whom Nero had attacked?

That they two had come together to this spot was certain, and that she had returned from it alone.

Foul play!—foul play!—were the hideous words that rang through my brain as I stood among the snows of the mountain pass, and looked down on that ghastly protruding hand.

In a moment or two I recovered my nerve sufficiently to set resolutely to work to release the body from its shroud of snow; or, rather, Nero and I did this, for he worked with even more energy than I.

The snow had frozen during the night, and so was the more difficult to remove; but at length we accomplished our task, and then there lay before us the still, cold body of a man in evening-dress, which his fur-lined cloak, falling back from the throat revealed.

There were diamonds in his shirt-front and at his wrists, and a delicate flower in his coat.

Quite evidently he had been dressed for some festive gathering.

He was a man of middle height, slender and shapely, and I should say, had been very handsome in his lifetime.

Nay, he looked handsome even as he lay there, with shut eyes, and the marble paleness of death on every feature.

His face was clean-shaven, save for a slight moustache; his brow denoted intellectuality, and his fair brown hair seemed to indicate that those fast shut eyes were either blue or grey.

As to his age, I should have guessed him at something under thirty-five.

All this I saw in my first hasty glance; when I examined the body more closely, I saw what had been the cause of his death.

Not, as I had half hoped, exhaustion and exposure to the cold.

No; for the snowy linen of his shirt was slightly stained with blood, and, when I raised the body, I saw in the chest a bullet-wound.

The question was, was the wound self-inflicted?

I would have given all I possessed to have been able to answer yes; but, in the first place, there was no pistol to be found, which would surely have been the case had it been suicide, for the shot must have meant almost instantaneous death; and, in the second, I could see, tight-clenched in the dead man's fingers, a few threads of silver brocade, and I remembered, with a thrill of horror, that I had noticed last night, a trimming of silver brocade on the mysterious woman's gown.

It was she who had murdered him!

As I stood beside the body, I was quite convinced of this; and yet—perhaps it is with shame I ought to make this confession—and yet I hoped she would not be apprehended.

I positively shuddered at the thought of her suffering for her crime.

It could scarcely be said that her beauty had bewitched me, for, it must be remembered, I had not so much as looked upon her face.

But there had been a world of beauty in her voice; something in my heart had leaped responsive to its sweet sad tones—to say nothing of the beauty of her form, her grace of bearing, the satin softness and milky whiteness of her skin.

And, perhaps, this man had deserved his fate.

Perhaps he had dealt with her vilely and treacherously, as man is prone to deal with woman when she loves and trusts.

She had said all men were not false.

Well, at least she should find that he had not taken advantage of her visit to my cottage to hunt her to a shameful doom.

To this conclusion I had come, when the sound of church bells—heralding the joyous Christmas morn—floated down the pass upon my ears.

"Peace on earth, goodwill to men!" was the message they proclaimed.

I resolved afresh that, let the measure of this woman's guilt be what it might, I would not raise hand or voice to bring it home to her.

I would leave her to God.

He, to whom the secrets of all hearts are open, would judge between her and the murdered man, and would award, in His own way and time, due punishment.

There was no need for me to interfere.

But for the fact that the woman had thrown herself on my protection last night, I could not have concealed her with this crime; and, my sympathies enlisted in her favor, as they were, it needed no very great stretch of imagination to convince me I had no right to reveal what had been made known to me in such a moment.

With infinite difficulty I released from the dead man's fingers those tell-tale threads of brocade; then I laid him down again, and covered him with snow.

Nero sat on his haunches, while I was thus employed, and testified his displeasure by short sharp barks.

In my own mind I resolved to keep him chained up for a time, when he was not with me; otherwise, I thought he would surely return to the spot and again lay bare the body.

I wondered what had made him attack the woman last night—whether it was in truth the black mask that had angered him or whether he had smelt blood upon her clothing or whether some mysterious instinct had warned him of her crime.

I asked myself these questions, but I came to no satisfactory conclusion concern-

A TWICE TOLD TALE.

A St. Thomas Lady in May, '97
Told How Doan's Kidney Pills
Cured Her of Backache
and Made Her Strong
and Healthy.

In a recent letter she tells how she has enjoyed two and a half years of splendid health—free from pain or suffering.

There are very few remedies now on the market that will stand the test of time. All they do is to give a little temporary relief. They never go to the seat of the trouble and root it out of the system.

Not so with Doan's Kidney Pills. Their action on the Kidneys is of a permanent curative character, altogether unlike any of the substitutes or cheap imitations.

One strong proof of this is the two statements made by Mrs. E. W. Trump, of St. Thomas, Ont.

The first of these, made May 10th, 1897, is as follows: "When I commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills I was sick and miserable with severe pains in my back and kidneys. I was also very weak and nervous. Since using these pills the pains have been removed, my nerves have been strengthened and good health has been restored to me. They are a splendid medicine for kidney troubles of any kind."

The second statement which we give below is of recent date, and shows what splendid health Mrs. Trump has had since Doan's Kidney Pills Cured her over two and a half years ago.

"Over two years ago I wrote telling of the cure made in my case by Doan's Kidney Pills. At the present time I am enjoying the very best of health, sleep well, eat well and my old enemies, backache and kidney trouble have never returned. Instead of misery and a broken down constitution, I have for the past two years enjoyed a fresh sense of the value and beauty of life."

ing them—nay, I have come to no satisfactory conclusion even to this day.

When I had quite covered up the body, I called to the dog and retraced my steps slowly, and with a sense of deep depression of spirits.

The thought of that dead man lying beneath the snow haunted me.

It seemed almost as though I were guilty of his murder.

The sound of the church bells reminded me that, no matter what his sins had been, his poor body ought to be laid in consecrated ground, and a word or two of prayer uttered over his grave.

Was I acting rightly in suffering him to lie there like a dog?

Ought I not, rather, to make known my discovery to the proper authorities, let the consequences be what they might to that unhappy woman?

Nero walked beside me, occasionally licking my hand, and raising his eyes wistfully to mine.

He, too, seemed unhappy, and as though a weight was pressing upon his heart.

Still the Christmas bells pursued me as I emerged from the pass; still they haunted me with the thought that I had done wrong to leave the dead man hidden beneath the mountain snows.

By the time my cottage came in sight, I was strongly tempted to walk to the nearest police station, and tell them what I had found.

Accident decided the question for me.

I was within a dozen paces from the cottage door, when my foot slipped, and I fell.

A sharp pain in my ankle warned me I had hurt myself pretty severely.

However, I managed to crawl into the house, and flung myself upon my bed; then I realized that my ankle was badly sprained—I was little likely to walk again for days to come.

"Well, at any rate, I shall not go to the police station," I muttered. "This decides me!"

And, in my heart, I fancied I described in the fall the hand of Fate.

For nearly a fortnight, during which snow fell almost every day, I nursed myself in my easy chair, never so much as attempting to go outside the door.

Fortunately, I had plenty of provisions, and, for company—well, Nero was all I needed.

He watched by me like a Christian—nay with a far tenderer and more faithful solicitude than half the Christians I have known would ever have shown.

The only thing that troubled me in my captivity was the thought of the man who lay buried beneath the snow in the mountain pass.

Sometimes Nero would raise himself from his slumbers on the rug during the long chilly nights, and would give vent to a low and mournful howl.

In my heart, I was persuaded that he, too, was thinking of the murdered man.

The New Year had come, and was three or four days old, when a visitor came to my hut.

It was a shepherd, who lived on the other side of the mountain.

"I didn't see the dog about as I passed," he remarked, apologetically, "so I thought I'd just call and see if you were all right."

I assured him I was all right—as, indeed, I was, save for my injured foot, and that was mending rapidly.

"There's been a power of snow, ain't there?" he remarked, as he stood in the doorway, looking at the leaden skies.

"There was a poor fellow frozen in the pass. You'll not have heard of it, I guess?"

I shook my head.

"Well, what I say is, they've no right to attempt these mountains in such weather. There's no doubt he'd been trying to cross over by way of the pass, and, being caught in a snow storm,

had taken shelter under a rock. He was frozen to death, of course. Perhaps you'd like to read about in the paper. I've got one here."

I thanked him, and he left the paper with me.

The moment he had gone, I tore it open with avidity.

The very first paragraph that caught my eye was headed—

"Mysterious Discovery. Unknown Gentleman Frozen to Death in a Mountain Pass."

It was only a brief report; but it sufficed to convince me that the state of the body, found had been such that the bullet-wound was not likely to be so much as suspected.

According to the newspaper account, the dead man's features were quite unrecognizable, and it was only by his clothing it could be surmised that he was a man of good position.

His linen was unmarked, and there was no scrap of paper, or any other thing, upon the body to afford a means of identification.

As a masked ball, in aid of a public charity, had been held in a neighboring town on Christmas Eve, it was surmised he might have been on his way to it; but no one was reported as missing, and the whole affair seemed shrouded too deeply in mystery for the police to hope to solve it.

It had to be relegated to the host of unsolved mysteries, and the unfortunate stranger was to be buried without a name.

I must admit it was a great relief to me to know he would, at any rate, be laid in consecrated ground, and with the ordinary rites of Christian burial.

CHAPTER III. MY FRIEND GWYNNE.

Again Christmas was approaching fast. I was debating within myself where and how I should spend it, when the matter was settled for me in a somewhat unexpected fashion.

I got this letter from my old friend, Sir Harold Gwynne—

"MY DEAR DOUGLAS,—I want you to spend your Christmas at Deepdene. My sister is sending you a formal invitation, and I am writing this private line to make you understand I shall look upon it as a personal favor if you'll come. I want to see you most particularly. There are some very decent people here. I feel sure you would get a rather jolly Christmas."

"Yours ever,
"HAROLD GWYNNE."

When I got this letter, I wasn't two minutes in deciding to go to Deepdene. I simply couldn't have refused Harold Gwynne a favour, I loved him too well and owed him too much.

We had known each other fully twenty years, and once when we were out boating together, he had saved my life at deadly peril to his own.

Ever since that time we had been nearer than brothers, Harold Gwynne and I.

His sister's note of formal invitation accompanied his own.

She was Lady Mallory, wife of Sir Thomas Mallory, and her house—Deepdene, in Somersetshire—was at all times a pleasant place to visit at.

She wanted me to make a long stay; she told me to go on the thirteenth of December and to stay over New Year's Day.

I wrote an acceptance at once, and on the thirteenth I put myself and my traps into the train, and was whirled away into Somersetshire.

I should explain that I had given up my mountain cottage ten months before—indeed, as soon as ever my sprained ankle was quite well.

The bachelor uncle with whom I had quarrelled, and whose roof I had quitted in a fit of independence, had made overtures of peace, and I hadn't been at all sorry to respond to them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DON'T THROW YOUR FADED THINGS AWAY.

DIAMOND DYES Give New Life to Old Garments

That faded and rusty dress, skirt, blouse, cape, jacket, cloak, or your laces and ribbons that you are thinking of consigning to the rag bag can be made as good as new if dyed with any of the fashionable and seasonable colors that Diamond Dyes produce.

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A Correct Diagnosis.

A certain eminent physician, who is fond of a bottle in the evenings, was recently called upon to attend a lady of social prominence just as he had finished his second bottle. In feeling her pulse he found himself unable to count the beats, and in self-disgust exclaimed: "Drunk, by Jove!"

The lady looked shocked, and the doctor took a hurried departure. The next morning he received a note asking him to call again, and he did so, much abashed for his previous night's indiscretion. The lady met him shamefacedly but cordially, and, to his surprise, complimented him on his cor-

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rect diagnosis of her ailment on the night before, observing: "I trust I may depend on your discretion in the matter?"

The eminent physician, who had listened with growing wonder mentally, but with an expression as solemn as an owl's, replied: "Yes, you may depend on me, madam; I shall be as silent as the tomb."

Catarrhzone Fools the Doctor

Mr. I. Reynolds, of 39 Queen St., Ottawa, writes: "I have been a constant sufferer from Catarrh with dropping in the throat, &c., for some time. My doctor said an operation would be necessary, but the use of one bottle of Catarrhzone has rid me of my trouble." Catarrhzone is a new scientific treatment guaranteed to cure Catarrh, Asthma and Bronchitis. Sold everywhere. Trial outfit sent to any address for 10c. in stamps by N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.

A Curious Club.

A story that appeared in Blackwood's Magazine in 1829 had the effect of calling into existence many strange clubs. The story, "First and Last," was powerfully written, and dealt with a club of young men who met annually until only one of their number was left. It was extensively copied into the newspapers at the time, and several clubs founded on the principle were started in England and America. Most of them, however, died of inanition, but one lasted from 1832 until 1881. It was formed on the 30th of September, 1832, in the studio of a young artist in Cincinnati. There were seven persons present, and the story being discussed, they bound themselves together, under oath, as the "Society of the Last Man."

By the conditions of the society all who were living of them met at dinner on the recurrence of each anniversary of the club's inception. Covers were invariably laid for seven, and it was arranged that when but one living representative remained to attend the feast he was to open and drink a bottle of wine that had been provided at the first banquet.

The bottle, with a tightly closed cork, was preserved in a casket of mahogany expressly made for the purpose and shaped like the Bunker Hill monument. In the base the records of the society were kept, and the lid of the casket was locked and sealed. Death spared the little band for four years.

On the fifth year there was one vacant chair at the banquet. In 1839 five members only were found at the table; in 1842 this number was reduced to four, and in 1849 only three sat down to dinner. In 1855 but two remained; one of these died in that year and in 1856 Dr. Vattier sat alone at the banquet and performed the sacred obligation of uncorking and drinking the bottle of wine. For twenty-five years he honored the anniversaries in solitude and secrecy, dining with no company but six vacant chairs and six untouched covers. In 1881 he shared the fate of his fellows, and the last man was with the first.

The Newest Bible.

He was an open-air evangelical exhorter and was spellbinding his hearers by his learned disquisition on the alternative of 'salvation or damnation—the King James Bible or the Douay Bible.' In the audience was a citizen who had been imbibing freely and whose patriotic sense overpowered his religious feelings. This gentleman apparently misunderstood the preacher, for he yelled: 'Hooray for the Dewey Bible!' The crowd took up the cry and the exhorter was compelled to suspend his meeting.

A Description of Sardou.

The great French dramatist is slightly built, rather under the average height and always wears a white muffler. This is the one distinctive badge of his attire, which, otherwise, is that of a prosperous but modest undertaker. He is an enormous reader, a tremendous talker and at rehearsal plays alternately the tiger and the lamb. He has a passion for architecture and is an accepted authority on historic Paris. He keeps a store of notebooks and has immense folios filled with newspaper cuttings and 'human'

documents. He designs the scenery for his plays, and frequently even the actresses. His plays are written and rewritten until the original MS. becomes illegible and can be deciphered only by his private secretary. He toils at his desk, but at his table forgets his labors and does justice to his meals as a trenchman. He is one of the most successful dramatic workers in the world.

Oom Paul's Joke.

The phlegmatic Oom Paul Kruger has, despite his solemn appearance, a great reputation as a joker among his people in the Transvaal. His humor, however, tends toward the practical order. Here is an instance: Half a dozen back-country Boers had come to Pretoria to see the sights and, with characteristic familiarity, paid the president a visit during his early coffee-drinking hour. Later they were shown over the government buildings by the President in person. In one of the rooms an electric lamp was burning, and as they were passing out, Oom Paul, with his hand on the button, asked them to blow it out from where they stood. Then one after another drew a deep breath, blew out his cheeks, and sent out a tremendous puff but all in vain: the light did not even wince. Then the President bade them look at him, and, puffing out his cheeks, gave a strong blast, at the same time slyly turning off the current. The visitors were amazed, and as they left the building one who had been more observant than the rest remarked: "Oom Paul must have wonderfully strong lungs, for, did you notice, the light was entirely inclosed in glass."

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 Constipations 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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G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B.
C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B.
Hastings & Pineo, Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

A Literary Note.

Lady of the house: "Ah! you are reading. I thought you were hard at work."

Cook: "Yes, mum, I'm reading a novel."

Lady: "Will you tell me who wrote it?"

Cook: "Wrote it? It ain't written at all, mum; it's printed."

General Debility and a "run down" state call for a general tonic to the system. Such is The D & L. Emulsion. Builds you up, increases your weight, gives health. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Aftermath.

She: "They must have quarrelled yesterday."

He: "What make you think so?"

She: "He's so attentive now."

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