

ALL FOR GOLD.

(Continued.)

"I want to know what you've done with her, and if you value your life at a single soldo you'll tell me."

The man stepped backwards and his hand went suddenly toward the breast of his coat. But Balbi was too quick for him.

"Hands up!" he cried, and covered the other with his revolver.

The man turned as pale as death, but obeyed.

"Now, tell me what you've done with her and tell me quick. I'm in no mood for trifling. You hear?"

"Done with who? What's the use of gassing about with that shooting-iron? This isn't South America and I'm no Spaniard or Italian. Tell me plainly what you want to know and let's deal reasonably and not like a couple of drunken gauchos," said the man, endeavoring to assume a more careless manner.

"Keep your hands up!" replied Balbi, and holding the muzzle of the

revolver within an inch of the other's

head, the Italian took from the man's

pocket a long, pointed knife. "Now,

perhaps, we can do what you suggest," he said. "Go and sit over

there," pointing to a chair by the fireplace.

The man did so. "This is queer

treatment by a pal," he grumbled.

"Don't call me by that name. I

never sank low enough to be a pal of

a thief and a well-worse. Where

have you hidden her?"

"Hidden who?"

"You know. The Italian woman

that was brought here on the night

of the thirteenth."

"There was no one brought here.

The missus and I were away at Ram-

sgate. The house was shut up."

"That's a lie! Look here, Wool-

pert, if you choose to call yourself by

that name, you ought to know me by

this time, and I'm not to be gammon-

ed by any of your tricks. You never

got around me out in Peru, though

Heaven knows you tried hard enough

and it isn't likely that you'll come

the game over me now. I'm going

to have the truth out of you. It's

that or your life. You take your

choice."

His words had a decided effect on

the man.

"Put down that cursed pistol. I

can't talk with it staring me in the

face," he gasped, trembling in sheer

terror.

"There's no need to talk. Just

tell me where you've hidden her."

"I don't know and that's the

truth."

"Then she was here?"

"There was someone here, if you

must know, but where she came

from, who she was or where she went

I know no more than an unborn

babe."

"You're lying again! Who

brought her here? Quick! I swear

to you that I'll shoot you if I don't

have an answer."

The man hesitated.

"Quick!" repeated Balbi.

"It's not the game!" the other

gasped. "You're one of us. You

shouldn't round on me like this."

"Quick!" Suddenly Balbi saw

the expression of the man's face al-

ter and a new light came into his

eyes. He had caught sight of some-

thing. In an instant it flashed across

the Italian that he was standing in

a dangerous place. His back was

towards the door. For a moment

he relaxed his gaze and turned his

head. That moment was fatal.

Woolpert sprang at him like a tiger,

and, though Balbi discharged his pis-

tol, the shot was harmless. Wool-

pert was upon him and bearing him

backwards. His feet were caught by

the rug that was rumpled up. He

was falling and with his left hand he

made a grab at the mantelpiece for

support. His fingers closed on a

common china ornament, a little ash

tray, which came away with them,

and, as a cloth was flung over his

face from behind, and the fumes of

chloroform were in his nostrils, he

fell.

Desperately he fought and struggled, and, as he managed to tear the cloth from before his eyes he caught a momentary glimpse of two faces bending over him; one was that of Woolpert; the other he had never seen before, but with his fainting senses he photographed it on his brain so distinctly, so indelibly, that to the day of his death he would ever be able to recall every feature, every wrinkle. Very fine! Then, with a strange pain in his left arm, which in falling was doubled under him, all became dark.

He had failed at the supreme mo-

ment, and the strong, determined

man lay helpless as a child in the

hands of his captors.

CHAPTER XXII.

What the Camera Revealed.

Dim reflections slowly crept into

Balbi's reawakening brain. He raised

his heavy eyelids and glanced

around him. It was daylight. But

where was he? Around him lay

spades, forks, a wheelbarrow, bundles

of stakes, baskets and many empty

flower pots. He was lying on the

ground and his left arm pained him.

He closed his eyes again and tried to

think, but his brain refused to act

clearly. Everything seemed in a

jumble; nothing was distinct.

He listened. Occasionally he

heard voices of children laughing and

shouting, and a hawkler shouting his

wares. He looked about him again.

He was in the tool house of some

garden. Close behind his head was

a moving machine. His arm gave

him a sudden pain, his hand was

clenched. He opened it with diffi-

culty and something fell with a tinkle

on the asphalt floor. With a

great effort he sat up. He was ach-

ing in every limb, and as he bent

his head it did not seem as though it

were his own. His eyes caught the

glitter of something bright; he picked

it up.

It was a silver sleeve link.

Then it all came back to him, very

slowly at first, but with ever con-

vincing conviction. He recollected

the struggle and how in falling he

had made a grab at the mantelpiece

and had seized something that had

afforded him no support. Then the

strange fumes stealing his senses as

the cloth was pulled over his head,

his last frantic endeavor to free him-

self and the faces of the two men

bending over him. He would not

forget them; they had eaten into his

recollection.

He struggled to his feet by a great

effort and found himself weak and

shaken. His legs trembled under

him, and he swayed about like a

drunken man, but his mind was more

under control. Holding on by a

rough bench he gazed out of a cob-

web-fastened window, and recognized

that he was in a garden shed in the

middle of Vivian Square. As he

moved the rustle of paper caught his

ear and the gleam of white, sticking

out of the breast of his coat, at-

tracted his eye. He drew the paper

out. It was a dirty sheet, note

size, on which was writing. He tried

to read the words, but they swam

before his eyes like blurred lines.

Again and again he tried, but in

vain. He crumpled it up and thrust

it into his pocket.

(To be Continued.)

WILD MAN WITH BIG HORNS

He Had Them All Right, and Also Large Tusks.

Springfield, Ill., Nov. 4.—A real

wild man with horns and huge tusks

was discovered yesterday. He

is George Brown, a big negro, had-

ing from Georgia, who applied to Dr.

Walter Ryan to have the silver plate

which held the horns in place removed

from his head. For more than a

year and six months the negro had

been carrying the plate about on his

head, concealed beneath the scalp,

but recently it began to slip out of

place, causing considerable discom-

fort. He said that the plate had been

inserted under his scalp for the pur-

pose of fastening two horns upon it.

At the same time two of his front

teeth had been sawed off and supplied

with gold crowns, upon which could

be screwed down two formidable

looking tusks, and when this had

been accomplished he went on the

road with a show, posing as a real

"wild man." He declared that in

this fashion he had travelled all over

the State of Georgia, attracting

wondering multitudes of people, who

came to gaze upon the real live

"wild man," captured in the recesses

of Africa.

As the negro said that the plate

had been hurting him for some time,

Dr. Ryan took the man to St.

John's Hospital, where he removed it.

MAY LOSE ALASKAN STRIP.

United States Has Fears For Its Territory.

New York, Nov. 4.—The Herald

publishes the following despatch from

Tacoma, Washington.—According to

surveys now being made by United

States and British engineers, the

United States stands in danger of

losing a strip of territory fourteen

miles wide and between 200 and 300

miles long, containing gold, silver

and copper valued at many millions.

When the international boundary

was established, it was decided that

monuments marking the line should

be placed ten marine leagues or thirty-

five miles, from headwaters of all

bays, and inlets north of Portland

Canal. Engineers now at work are

setting monuments only twenty-one

miles from such headwaters.

Vigorous protests will be made to

Congress by United States citizens

owning property within the strip.

The general opinion among the Alas-

kan miners is that the United States

engineers are being "double-crossed"

by the British, who have rough

sketches of the proposed line, while

the United States engineers have

none.

MADE A HIT.

Beacon Tells Some Incidents of Prince Louis' Visit to St. Andrews.

St. Andrews's Beacon.—A pleasing

incident at the C. P. R. station, be-

fore Prince Louis of Battenberg left

St. Andrews was the presentation of

a beautiful bouquet to the prince by

little Marion Law, daughter of Sta-

tion-master Law. Clad in sailor cos-

tume she approached the prince with

the flowers, saying, "This is from

Marion." The prince accepted the

bouquet very graciously, and, seizing

the little tot in his strong arms he

gave her a hearty kiss. Overhearing a

young lady saying, "Why, he's a real

live prince, how I'd like to shake

hands with him," the prince laugh-

ingly pushed his way through the

crowd and extended his hand to the

young lady. He said he felt a little

tired after his experiences in St.

John and Fredericton. "We danced

in Fredericton," said he to an inter-

ested young miss, "until three

o'clock this morning, and at St.

John the night before he had a busy

time on his feet, so that it was with

a will three rousing cheers and a

tiger were given him as he stepped

on the train. He thanked the crowd.

Then someone began singing the na-

tional anthem, and in a moment it

was taken up by the crowd. Mean-

while, the two princes stood on the

platform with uncovered heads. Then, with the strains of Britain's

grand old hymn ringing in their ears,

A Question for Women TO SETTLE.

When home dyeing has to be done, will it pay our women and girls to use weak and adulterated dyes sold in connection with Cheap-John jewelry, rough plated ware and common books, or, will it pay better to use the world-famed DIAMOND DYES which sell entirely on their merits and established reputation?

Wise and prudent women who place a money value on their faded dresses, skirts, blouses, jackets, capes, ribbons, stockings, curtains, draperies, husband's and children's clothing, know well that to make the old and dingy things look like new, they must, in justice to themselves and the first principles of economy, use the never-faded DIAMOND DYES, of which family, every color is guaranteed to produce perfect results, when the simple directions are followed. The temptation to buy trashy jewelry, common plated ware, or cheap books, should never induce any intelligent woman or girl to use poorly prepared dyes, which only ruin good materials and fabrics.