

Maud Percy's Secret

BY MAY AGNES FLEMING

(CONTINUED.)

"Dear antlers bristled in various corners and five or six huge cages, filled with owls, parrots, hawks, and a dozen other strange birds, hung from the ceiling, while the model of a ship, some three feet long, with all her sails set, her cargo and crew most probably under the hatches—for none were visible on deck—and apparently all ready for sea, stood on the mantel-piece, right under the painting.

A huge, wide fire-place, in which, despite the warmth of the evening, a bright fire was burning, occupied one corner of the apartment, and close beside this sat Admiral Havenful, in his elbow-chair, still staring at his niece.

The admiral was a man of fifty or so, short, stout, plethoric, with a rubicund face, a jolly sailor's swagger, and a simple, good natured look, naturally, that made every heart warm toward him. Very rich, very generous, and very easily "taken in," he was the guardian angel of the poor in the neighborhood. The admiral had never married, and had only quitted the service a few years before to settle down and end his days in the pride of his heart, his huge, white, eye-blinding "White Squall." A fondness for whisky-punch, children, and nautical phrases, were the most noticeable traits in the old man's character. His niece, Pet Lawless, had never ceased to astonish him, from the first moment he saw her, and now he sat hopelessly gazing at her, and trying to make out what could have brought her there at that hour of the night, looking so pale and excited.

Pet, with her dark eyes fixed on the floor, was uneasily wondering whether she had killed the man she had shot at, and shuddering to think what a dreadful thing it was to shed blood, even in self-defence.

"Oh, I hope—I do hope I haven't killed him!" she exclaimed at last, involuntarily, aloud.

"Killed who? Firefly?" inquired the astounded admiral.

"Uncle Harry," said Pet, looking abruptly up, "I've gone and killed a man!"

This startling announcement so completely overwhelmed the worthy admiral, that he could only give vent to his feelings by a stifled "Stand from under!"

"Yes, I just have; and I expect they'll hang me for it now. Ranty said I was to be hung, but who could think he could really tell fortunes?"

"Killed a man! St. Judas Iscariot!" ejaculated the dismayed admiral. "When, Flibbertigibbet?"

"To-night; not fifteen minutes ago. I expect he's as dead as a herring by this time!" said Pet, planting her elbows on her knees, dropping her chin in her hands and gazing moodily into the fire.

Admiral Havenful glanced appealingly at the candlestick; but as that offered no clue to the mystery, he took off his hat, scratched his head (or, rather, his wig; for he wore one), and then clapped it on again, and turned briskly to his niece.

"Now, little hurricane! just shake out another reef or so—will you? I'm out of my latitude altogether."

"Well, I guess you'd have been more out of it, if you had been caught as I was to-night," said Pet, with a sort of gloomy stoicism. "I was coming through the woods you know, between Dismal Hollow and the Barrons when, all of a sudden, two great big niggers, jumped from behind the trees, and caught hold of my horse."

With something like a snort of terror and dismay, the admiral sprang to his feet, and brandished the candlestick fiercely over his head, whilst waiting for what was to come.

"Body of Paul Jones! And what did you do, whirlygig?"

"Why, I told them to let go, and they wouldn't; and then I took a pistol, and shot one of them!" exclaimed Pet, with flashing eyes.

"Hoorah!" shouted the admiral, waving the candlestick delightedly above his head. "I knew there was some of the Havenful blood in you! Three cheers for Flibbertigibbet!"

"Then my horse started, and ran off, and I came right straight here," concluded Pet.

"Hoorah for little Bombshell!" roared the admiral, as he sprang forward, and catching Pet's hand, gave it a squeeze that nearly crushed the little digits. "You ought to have been a boy, Firefly! By Saint Christopher Columbus! you are a female hero, Pet!"

"Well, but it isn't nice to kill a man, or even a nigger! I hope he ain't dead," said Pet, uneasily.

"Never you mind the monkey! Served him right if he is! I do hope he's gone to Davy's locker, where he'll get a warmer welcome. Why, he would have killed you, Pet."

"I expect he would; though I don't see where would be the good of killing a little thing like me," said Pet, thoughtfully humane. "I see."

Author of
"The Fatal Wedding"
"The Unseen Bridegroom,"
"A Terrible Secret."

A Total Eclipse.

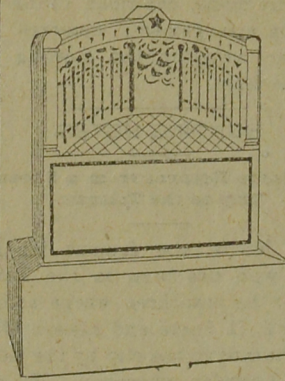
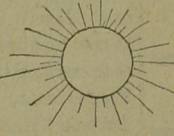
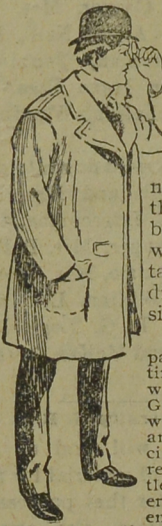
Any man can produce a total eclipse of the sun, so far as he himself is concerned, by holding a dollar close to his eye. The total eclipse of health is often produced in much the same way, by letting the dollar shut out from view all other things and interests.

A great many people pay for wealth with health and admit at last that they have made a poor bargain. In the chase of the dollar people are too eager to take time to eat regularly or choose proper food, the stomach becomes disordered or diseased, the food eaten ceases to nourish, and physical breakdown comes.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and so enables the strengthening of the body, in the only way by which strength can be obtained, by food properly digested and perfectly assimilated.

"I suffered for four years with pain in my stomach so that at times I couldn't work nor eat," writes Mr. Frank Smith, of Granite, Chaffee Co., Colo. "I wrote to you about my sickness and was told to use your medicine, which I did with good results. I only used four bottles of Golden Medical Discovery, and must say that I am entirely cured, and feel like a new man, and I can highly recommend your medicine to any sufferer."

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the paper-covered edition, or 50 stamps for the cloth-bound volume, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



You are invited to call at my wareroom and inspect the

MONUMENTS

which I have in stock. They have a grace and perfection and finish which commend them, and the prices are most tempting.

JOHN OLDHAM

FINE REPAIRING GUN

A Specialty with Us.

BARRETT'S CYCLE SHOP

Uptown, nearly opp. Peoples Bank.

HAVE YOU..

A Horse, a Cow, a Carriage, a

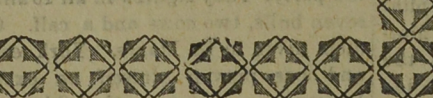
a Bicycle, a typewriter, a

piano, House Furniture

"Or any old thing" that you wish to sell? If so

ADVERTISE IN THE HERALD

MUSIC



.. HATH ..

CHARMS

We have just received a carload of

Pianos and Organs

Of the most popular makes. These are to be disposed of at once and the prices are such as to make them go. We employ no agents but sell direct and our customers reap the benefit.

McMURRAY & CO

Queen st., Fredericton, opp. Normal School.

A Good Shot!

The chief thing is to strike the right place for your Sporting Goods. For Guns and Ammunition and a general sporting outfit go to

JAS. S. NEILL'S,

Dealer in Hardware of all kinds.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]