

The Crimson Slipper.

BY DORA LANGLOIS,

Author of "A Bolt From the Blue," "That Red-Headed Woman," "The Kiss of Judas," "The Secretary's Daughter," "Victoria's Dream," &c.

(Continued.)

I was on the floor in an instant looking round for my clothes, but Minting had evidently been in the room already, for they were gone. Not waiting to make any sort of toilet I slipped on a pair of trousers and ran downstairs.

"Minting," I cried, "I want the papers out of my coat."

"Papers, sir?" he said, turning a guilty red. "I haven't noticed any. Ah, yes, there is something in your pockets."

I knew instantly that he had been examining the map, but as it occurred to me at the same moment that it did not matter much so long as he had not seen the map before he told me of the crime, I took the coat from him with a careless "thank you," and feeling rather foolish returned to my room.

At breakfast Minting informed us that the inquest was to be held at the Crown and Cushion in Santhwaite, at ten that day, and, hiding the deep interest I felt as well as I could from my servant's hawk-like eye, I suggested to Herman that we might as well attend it.

"As you please, Duncan," he answered, kindly, and as soon as the meal, which was rather late that morning, was over, we sat out.

The room at the Crown was pretty full when we reached it, and the jury had just returned from the gruesome task of viewing of the body. I looked round the hall nervously, and saw that there was a big contingent of men from Santhwaite Castle present, among them Montgomery himself, soberly clad in black and looking for all the world like a City man in church. There was no emotion on his face whatever, nothing but the stolid air of a man performing a social duty, and involuntarily I glanced over my shoulder at the sea of faces behind me, and asked myself how he would look, and how I should figure myself, if at some moment in the proceedings the woman with the long white hands came forward to challenge me to tell where I found the crimson slipper.

The jury had settled to work before I had quite controlled myself, and the story of the discovery of the body was being rapidly told. One of Sir Robert Birchall's day labourers had found it in the little spinning room, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, among the undergrowth. Mr. Danvers was wearing a light coat over his evening dress, the witness explained, and was on his left side. There was blood on his shirt-front, and on the coat; the man had not touched the body, but had gone at once for help.

The constable summoned by the first witness had only two facts to add to this; and they were as follows: Mr. Danvers had not been robbed of his watch or rings, and had money in his left trouser pocket (the side on which he was lying), but he had no large amount on him, and no papers of any sort. Close by the body the constable had found a revolver, which he produced.

The local doctor followed. He deposed that death was caused by a bullet, and that the bullet extracted by him from the wound, exactly fitted the weapon produced; that the shot had been fired at close quarters, and that though death had been practically instantaneous, the deceased might have dropped, or thrown, or jerked the weapon to the spot where it was found, if the wound had been self-inflicted; that it was not possible to fix the time of death exactly, but that there was nothing to contradict the assumption that it occurred some time on Monday night; and that deceased was a man of fifty, of splendid physique, and in robust health when he met his death. The doctor left the stand, and someone near me whispered to another, "They'll put her into the box next." I know I gave a guilty start, at the words, for it did not occur to me at the moment, that others were not like me, waiting for, and dreading the advent of one person.

"Who do you mean?" the man's friend demanded.

Many Women Suffer Untold Agony From Kidney Trouble.

Very often they think it is from so-called "female disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not know it. Why, then, blame all your trouble to female disease? With healthy kidneys few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

at stated intervals. Miss Nellie Clark, Lambeth, Ont., tells of her cure in the following words:—"I suffered for about two years with kidney trouble. I ached all over, especially in the small of my back; not being able to sleep well, no appetite, menstruation irregular, nervous irritability, and brick-dust deposit in urine, were some of my symptoms. I took Doan's Kidney Pills. The pain in my back gradually left me, my appetite returned, I slept well, and an affection cured. I can highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all sufferers from kidney trouble."
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"Why, the nun of course—Miss Denzell, the girl at the Barrows," was the answer.

I looked across at the witness-box with my nerves still tingling just as the girl they called the nun took her place and faced me.

How shall I describe her, how with only my poor pen draw the portrait of "the bewhaite," who stood looking down on the sea of upturned faces? Perhaps I can do it best by saying that but for her modern garb she might that moment have stepped down from one of Rossetti's masterpieces.

The type was there in perfection. The pale, thin face, the soft hazel eyes, the cupid bow formed by the upper and nether lip, the crowning glory of waving hair, the frail, slight figure not come to the perfection of beauty, yet suggesting beautiful possibilities; no mediæval maiden of an artist's mystic dream, but a woman of today, who had seen and suffered, and was strong only in her patience.

There was a stir of interest as she took her place, an interest which I thought was roused by the fact that she could tell us most about the dead man's life and habits; but before she had been in the box five minutes I knew that it was more than that. I intercepted the half leer of the young justices, the bold stare of the well-dressed men on the front benches, and felt every drop of blood in me tingle to resent the insult thus offered to the woman who stood facing us alone.

"Ah, you are Miss Denzell?" the coroner said.

"Yes, that is what I am called," she replied.

"A niece of the deceased, I believe?"

"No, he was not my uncle."

"A distant relative, I should say?"

"No, we were not related. I am the daughter of an old friend of his, and Mr. Danvers has maintained me since I was a little child."

"You acted as his secretary, Miss Denzell?"

"If I had been a salaried employee I suppose that is what I should have been called. I acted in that capacity, and also did many things in the household management."

"Were you his housekeeper?" one of the jurors, a consequential little man with black side-whiskers, demanded.

"No," she answered quietly. "Mrs. Charles acted in that capacity."

"You were the mistress of the house then? You used to receive his gentlemen guests, didn't you?"

Here the coroner, who had been arranging his papers, suddenly woke up. "Come, come," he said, "the witness need not answer that question."

"To my delight, however, the girl said: 'I will answer the question if I may,' and turning upon the little juror she added, 'My position in Mr. Danvers' household was that of a poor relation, though, as I have told you, there was no relationship. I was certainly neither mistress nor servant.'"

The coroner was not ready for business. Doubtless he saw that if he was not careful he was in that thing abhorred by the official mind, an affair conducted by the jury.

"You acted as the deceased's secretary and enjoyed his confidence, Miss Denzell?" he said.

"To a certain extent, yes."

"And as far as you are aware there was nothing likely to lead him to commit suicide?"

"No, nothing."

"Ah, yes. He was a man in excellent health, of stable position, without domestic troubles?"

"He had no domestic troubles, and his health and spirits were excellent."

"Stop a minute, if you please," the little juror cried, getting on his legs again. "Of course, as he hadn't got a family he had no domestic troubles. But is it, or is it not, true that his life was threatened?"

"I never heard of any such thing."

"Well, as far as a horse-shiping goes, then?"

A sudden light flamed in those soft hazel eyes, and the girl who had so patiently borne the little man's insult to herself turned now upon him with the quiet contempt and the dignified carriage of a princess; and I knew instinctively that she had loved the dead man, and knew also that that knowledge gave me an unpleasant sensation.

"I never heard any such threat uttered," she said; "and I fancy that Mr. Danvers was capable of protecting himself."

have carried on much longer?" suggested the coroner.

"And left bigger debts behind him," snapped the juror.

"I suppose you wish us to understand," the coroner continued, "that the deal, or whatever it was, was not concluded when he died?"

"They did not," the girl answered. "I have seen him very much excited when he was interested in some big speculation; but it was only excitement. I never saw him anxious or depressed. I do not think he ever worried, and—I think he was expecting a big coup when he died."

"The failure of which might perhaps have unnerved him?"

"It might possibly, but not, I think, to that extent; and in any case it did not fail. I mean that the deal, or whatever it was, was not concluded when he died."

"Did you know the nature of the transaction, Miss Denzell?"

"No, I did not," she answered. "I never knew those things."

There was a pause. "I have it here," the coroner said, "that the deceased was last seen by the inmates of his home on Monday evening if that is the case I think you had better give us as full a history as you can of the last few days of his life, especially as regards this coup you speak of; but you may mention anything else you recollect, whether it seems essential or non-essential."

She had wonderful command over herself, frail as she seemed, and after a moment's thought she began.

"For some weeks past he had been concerning himself about this transaction. He went backwards and forwards to London, he received cipher telegrams from the Continent, and was in that mood I was accustomed to when there was anything big on foot. This was a big thing, and it occupied his thoughts so much that for the first time for years he had no shooting party for the 12th of August."

"He visited the neighbouring houses, particularly at Santhwaite Castle, but otherwise was preoccupied. On the Saturday he received a letter which appeared to give him much satisfaction. He told me on its receipt that on Tuesday he should leave for London, and he spoke of some extensive purchases he should then make if all went well."

"He was in high spirits, but he did not go out. He had received an invitation from Mr. Montgomery to join the castle party for the opening day on the moors, but he directed me on Sunday to write in his name and excuse him. On Monday afternoon a letter came from Santhwaite with a verbal intimation that Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery hoped he would dine that night at the castle. He refused that invitation also, and when the man was gone he told me to give instructions that he was not at home. I noticed all this, because as a rule he rarely was long without company or occupation. He spent the afternoon of Monday in the billiard-room, and asked me at tea-time if anyone had called."

"We dined alone on the Monday night, and while we were at table the groom arrived with the evening letters. There was one for Mr. Danvers. It seemed to annoy him, for he tore it into very small pieces and threw them into a finger-bowl."

"Should you recognise the envelope?" the coroner asked.

"Yes," the girl replied. "I took it from the letter-bag myself and handed it to Mr. Danvers, and later on one of the footmen picked it up from under the table and gave it to me. It was an ordinary square envelope of common grey silurian paper, and the writing sloped the wrong way. Mr. Danvers received only that one letter at the dinner-table, so there could be no mistake about it. I noticed the strange hand-writing then, and later on when I received it from the footman I observed that it had only one postmark, Santhwaite, August 12th."

"Is this it?"

"Yes."

(To be Continued.)

CONSUMPTION IN THE COUNTRY.

What Vermont Proposes to Do to Rid Herself of the Plague.

(Indianapolis News.)

Vermont is going to fight consumption systematically. Vermont, we should recall, has a population of only 344,000—not more than half so many as the city of St. Louis. Moreover, it is a rural State, with no large cities, while its mountains, its pine woods, its clear streams, its pure air, have made it the summer playground and residence of the rich of the Eastern States. But Vermont is afflicted with the "great white plague" to such a degree that she will begin systematic effort for the prevention and cure of it.

The cause of the prevalence of the disease there is ignorance, the offspring of which is unsanitary living. In this, Vermont, is certainly not alone; the rural population of any State—or Indiana—needs warning. It is only the outdoor work that enables the people to make as great a stand as they do, against this disease, fed and nurtured as it is by unsanitary dwellings and unhealthy diet.

The sanitary arrangements of the average farmhouse are appalling. Drains are poor and sodden with years of neglect; sinks and vaults are allowed to become plague spots; the rooms of the house, generally small and with low ceilings, are unventilated by night or day, while kerosene lamps add their impure off-givings to the air. Sleeping apartments are too often crowded with occupants, who all night breathe air kept poisonous by tightly closed windows. In Vermont, this sort of thing is coming to its own so completely that now the State is forced to fight the consequences—consumption—in a systematic way. The leaf out of the book for our information is plain. We shall, one day, have a State sanatorium for consumptives; but a no less valuable part is that which shall educate the dwellers in small towns and farms, to a wholesome way of living as to drains ventilation and proper food.

Cure For The Blues

ONE MEDICINE THAT HAS NEVER FAILED

Health Fully Restored and the Joy of Life Regained

When a cheerful, brave, light-hearted woman is suddenly plunged into that perfection of misery, the BLUES, it is a sad picture. It is usually this way: She has been feeling "out of sorts"



Mme Josephine Rivville

for some time; head has ached and back also; has slept poorly, been quite nervous, and nearly fainted once or twice; head dizzy, and heart-beats very fast; then that bearing-down feeling, and during her menstrual period she is exceedingly despondent. Nothing pleases her. Her doctor says: "Cheer up; you have dyspepsia; you will be all right soon."

But she doesn't get "all right," and hope vanishes; then come the brooding, morbid, melancholy, everlasting BLUES.

Don't wait until your sufferings have driven you to despair, with your nerves all shattered and your courage gone, but take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. See what it did for Madam Josephine Rivville, Mastai, Que. She writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I suffered for four years with female troubles—inflammation of the stomach and fallopian tubes which caused me violent pain and often torture, so much so that I could not walk at times and attend to my daily duties. Life was misery to me. I was so blue and despondent I did not know which way to turn for relief. I had tried the doctors but they did not help me. I was advised to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, so I bought a bottle. I am glad that I did so, for I am well and strong today and the world looks bright, for I have perfect health, thanks to your medicine."

If you have some derangement of the female organism write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice.

JAPANESE IN COREA.

Making Most of Bad Conditions—Where Every Office Is Sold and the People Taxed Forty Per Cent on Income.

(Toronto Globe.)

That Corea is the land of high interest, and that the Japs are capable of making the most of a hard situation in finance as well as in war, was made clear from a lecture on Corea given by Mr. Henry B. Gordon in St. James' Square Presbyterian church last evening. Mr. Gordon spent two years in that country, looking after the erection and improvement of mission buildings for the American Presbyterian church. Land can readily be rented, he said, not for a stated sum merely, but for the use of a sum of money. The ordinary rate of interest was three or four per cent a month, but it was not uncommon to get five per cent. The taxes of the government and magistrates amounted to about forty per cent. of all a man could make out of land, and after that he had to deal with the landlord. As a result very many people were deeply in debt, and their hopeless condition had taken the spirit out of the people.

The Japanese had been forward to lend money, and with the high interest exacted ultimately got hold of a lot of the land.

Corea he described as a fertile land, with vast possibilities for agriculture and mining, but there were no evidences of prosperity. Wages ordinarily went at twenty cents a day, but since the war had risen to forty cents. Every government office was for sale, and the prices paid made it necessary for the office-holder to squeeze the people if he would make anything out of his term. Under such circumstances the lecturer believed it would be well if the Japanese got hold of Corea for a while, if only to turn out the scoundrels now in power.

COMPLIMENTED BY JUDGE AND JURY.

Sheriff Hatfield Eulogized at Kings County Court Yesterday.

The Kings county court opened at Hampton yesterday morning, Judge Wedderburn presiding. There was but one case to be disposed of.

In opening the court his honor expressed deep sorrow at the very serious illness of Sheriff Hatfield. He also referred to the very efficient way in which the sheriff had always performed his duties and remarked that this was the first time in many years that the court had to be handed over to the care of the deputy sheriff.

The prisoners before his honor were Ernest and Herbert Garrett, charged with stealing a bread pan and a blanket from a camp at Studholm Feb. 13, the property of Samuel H. Taylor.

The plaintiff and several witnesses did not appear and the grand jury brought no bill. J. M. McIntyre for the crown.

The prisoners were discharged on this charge and Herbert is still in jail, being held for a violation of the game laws.

Jas. R. McLean, of the grand jury presented to the judge an expression of regret at the illness of Sheriff Hatfield, and asking that their sympathy be expressed to him by the proper official.

To Rise Every Morning Fit to Face the World One Needs All One's VITALITY

A Cold or a Cough is a severe handicap and it spells DANGER

To Avoid, or Cure, Seek the Best Remedy

George Philps

I. C. R. Ticket Agent and Exchange Broker, St. John, N. B., says: "I was completely cured of influenza cold by a bottle of Hawker's Tolu and Wild Cherry Balsam."

H. A. McKeown

Ex-M. P. P., St. John, N. B., says: "I take great pleasure in stating that I have used Hawker's Tolu and Cherry Balsam for the last eight years and consider it the best cough cure I ever used. I find Hawker's Liver Pills an excellent liver regulator."

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