

THE ARNCLIFFE PUZZLE,

BY
GORDON
HOLMES

Author of "A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE."

(Continued.)

"No, indeed," was the gruff comment, and Edith was surprised by the lawyer's emphasis.

"What did Mr. Warren say to manifest his friendliness?" he went on.

She flushed still more deeply. "I ought to tell you, I think," she said, with a hesitancy that did not escape the keen old eyes. "Mr. Warren has asked me more than once of late to marry him. He renewed his proposal this morning."

"A highly appropriate time, indeed! And what was your answer? You are your own mistress, but I hope you will not refuse me your confidence."

"Why should I? I have very few friends. You are the only person I can speak to on such a matter. I cannot help feeling grateful to Mr. Warren, but I have told him that the present was no time for such considerations."

"In other words, you did not decline the proffered offer?"

The lawyer, from sheer force of habit, could scarce control the cross-examining ring of his voice.

"Again Edith looked her surprise. 'I found it hard to be as decided in my answer as would have been the case under different circumstances. Though it was not, perhaps, in the best of taste on his part to discuss the subject at such an hour, I cannot but appreciate the kindness which prompted a renewal of his offer. However, I do not think I shall ever marry Mr. Warren.'

"I should think not, indeed! It is his confusion and impudence even to dream of it. He must be an idiot!"

Whatever her sentiments toward a declared admirer, it is not in feminine nature for a girl to regard as an idiot one who has given so convincing a proof of his intelligence as to be most anxious to wed her.

"I think you are rather unjust," said Edith, discomfitedly. "After all, I am a poor, friendless girl, and although my feelings do not permit me to accept Mr. Warren's proposal, I should be none the less grateful. I am sure his only idea was to let me know that I need not be without a protector."

"Fiddlesticks! When you grow a little older, my dear, you will learn to regard all your fellow-creatures with suspicion. Besides, how dare he say you are friendless? Doesn't a certain old fogey named Angier count for anything?"

"You tell me to mistrust all my fellow-creatures," retorted Edith.

"Ah! That is more like your old self. Of course I am the exception that proves the rule. In any case, please do not listen to any proposals of marriage just at present. For all you can tell, our dear old friend may have left you a snug little fortune, and, though I know you too well to suppose that monetary questions would influence you in the slightest degree, yet experience has taught me that in the first flush of a bereavement women are apt to attach an altogether exaggerated value to any trivial act of kindness or expression of sympathy."

"I have the best of reasons for knowing that I have nothing to expect from Lord Arncliffe's estate," said Edith, with a wan little smile. "I owe that dear old man even more than you can guess, but it was thoroughly understood between us that whatever benefits I was to receive from him would be conferred during his lifetime."

"What do you mean?" demanded the lawyer, sharply. "Has Lord Arncliffe made any fresh will since I was here last?"

"Why, no, I do not think so. But—"

"Then don't talk nonsense, child. I find I must clear the air a little. Kindly send Mrs. Warren and her son, and Simpson, Lord Arncliffe's valet, here to me. And, of course, come back yourself."

Edith looked somewhat astonished, but rose obediently to execute his wishes.

Left to himself, Angier indulged in something resembling a most un-ladylike chuckle. "As well now as later," he murmured. "And I think this will put a spoke in that bull-headed booby's wheel. He might have broken my neck, confound him!"

"The old solicitor never had an exalted opinion of Harry Warren, and the too-exaggerated drive of the previous night had put a seal to the instinctive dislike. "No," he continued, with a grim smile, "I don't think we shall hear any more of Master Harry's pretensions."

He took a document from his breast pocket and studied it with much satisfaction. He was still engaged in this seemingly pleasant task when the door opened and Mrs. Warren entered, impassive as ever, followed by Edith, and Simpson, the deceased peer's attendant.

"You wish to see me, I understand?" said Mrs. Warren. "I am sorry that my son is not in the house at the moment."

"Oh, now, my dear, his presence is not really necessary. Please take a chair. And you too, Simpson."

Mrs. Warren bowed and sat down, while Simpson poised himself perilously on the edge of a seat. He knew his place, even if the solicitor were pleased to treat him so civilly. One consideration that appeared when a genuine English servant of the upper class meets his employers in the next world.

"I have requested your attendance," explained Mr. Angier, looking at them severely over the edge of the manuscript, and speaking in dry, professional tones "in order to communicate to you the

terms of the late Lord Arncliffe's will. Under ordinary circumstances I should, as is usual, have deferred this melancholy duty until after my dear old friend had been laid to rest, but in view of certain directions left by his lordship I think it better that those interested should be acquainted with his testamentary dispositions at once."

He coughed authoritatively. The others sat in breathless surprise, and the lawyer went on: "I think I may say, without disparaging the lordship, like all the rest of us, indulged certain little amiable fads; and while I am proud to believe that my firm enjoyed his entire confidence, it was his lordship's pleasure to draw up his will without legal assistance. It is, therefore, a forgone conclusion that it is not, perhaps, set out as I could wish" (that was to say, Lord Arncliffe had condensed into one page what might very well have been said in twenty), "it is, I think, sufficiently clear. The terms are as follows:

"This is the last will and testament of me, William Bradshaw, Baron Arncliffe, of Arncliffe Hall, in the County of Northumberland, I give and devise to my legal adviser and esteemed friend, Thomas Angier, (ahem! ahem!) solicitor, of Grey Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, the sum of one thousand pounds and the entire contents of my wine cellar. I give and bequeath to my housekeeper, Adelaide Warren, the sum of one thousand pounds and my house in Arncliffe village known as Briar Lodge, with the grounds appertaining thereto. And, in further recognition of her services, I direct my trustees and executors, their heirs and assigns, to pay to the said Adelaide Warren the sum of one hundred pounds per annum during her lifetime."

Angier paused for a moment. Mrs. Warren put a tremulous hand to her eyes, but recovered herself immediately. She was exceedingly pale. Probably she had not expected such generosity from her late master. The lawyer continued:

"To my attached friend and faithful servant, David Simpson (a strangled sob came from the old valet), the sum of one hundred pounds, all my wearing apparel and all the contents of my estate to be selected by my trustees. I further direct that a sum of one pound weekly shall be paid to the said David Simpson during his lifetime. It is my wish that all the above-mentioned legacies be paid free of duty."

Then Mr. Angier focused the paper in a clear light and read, very slowly:

"I leave the entire residue of my estate, real and personal, to my secretary and amanuensis, Edith Holt, whom I have long regarded as a beloved daughter. I make this bequest in the firm conviction that she will make good use of my money, and, as far as practicable, my present establishment, taking loving care of the articles and treasures accumulated at Arncliffe, and hereafter, by personal interest and endowment, the investigations which have occupied the concluding years of my life. My personal advice to her is not to marry. Should she, however, elect to enter the married state, I trust she will be guided in the choice of a husband by qualities of mind rather than body, by attainment rather than inherited rank. I appoint the aforesaid Thomas Angier and Edith Holt sole trustees and executors of this my will, and I revoke all former wills and codicils."

The lawyer's crisp tones ceased. An awesome hush fell on the little gathering. Simpson, with bowed head, and tears trickling down his furrowed cheek, had probably heard little since the mention of his own name. Mrs. Warren, who exhibited marvelous self-control, had laid a moody hand on Edith's shoulder, but the young girl who suddenly found herself the inheritor of wealth indeed "beyond the dreams of avarice" sat with blanched cheeks and startled eyes, her lips quivering with an emotion that tried vainly to find expression in words.

"Come, come, my dear Miss Holt," began the lawyer, soothingly, "you must not break down. After all—"

"You don't understand!" she gasped, as though the words restored her faculties. "It is all a terrible mistake! He did not mean me to have it."

"Oh, yes, indeed he did," retorted Angier with decision. "But pray calm yourself. There is, I regret to say, a codicil, added by Lord Arncliffe a month ago, which I have yet to read."

A hasty direct my trustees and executors as aforesaid to pay the sum of ten thousand pounds to the person or persons who shall, in their opinion, be mainly instrumental in discovering the person by whom this poison may have been administered, and this sum shall be paid to that person, whether such person has been given to me wholly or otherwise. And I further direct that as soon as shall be convenient after my death a post-mortem examination of my remains shall be made by some specialist of standing, preferably the expert employed in such cases by the Home Office."

During this recital the valet, Simpson, listened with rapt attention. Now he sprang to his feet with an exclamation that startled even Mrs. Warren out of her habitual calm.

"I know it!" he cried. "By Heaven I know it! My poor old master was murdered!"

"Will you kindly be quiet, Simpson?" said Angier, sternly.

The man hesitated, but the habit of subordination was strong, and he relapsed into silence, only glowering sullenly around him as though he expected to find the murderer within his reach.

"I need hardly say," continued the solicitor, "that I do not believe there is the smallest foundation for this unfortunate notion of Lord Arncliffe's. People who pursue gruesome studies such as toxicology are apt to harbor morbid ideas, just as those who are always dipping into medical works imagine themselves to be afflicted with all sorts of diseases. However, Lord Arncliffe's wishes must be carried out; and I have already communicated with Sir Henry Mathison, the Home Office analyst, from whom, no doubt, I shall hear in the course of the day. Meanwhile, it is desirable that scandal should be avoided if possible, and I hope that no one—you hear me, Simpson?—no one, I say, will discuss anything that has passed between us."

"Very good, sir," replied the man, humbly. "But—"

"And there was a note of peasant obstinacy in his voice—"I know my master was poisoned. He told me so himself—told me almost to the day when he expected to die. And if it costs me every penny I owe to his goodness, I'll never rest until I've brought his murderer to the gallows!"

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CHAPTER V. WARREN OBJECTS.

Mrs. Warren and the valet had retired, but Angier signed to Edith to remain. When they were alone he strove to rally her into a less despondent mood.

"Upon my word," he cried, "for a young lady who has just come into forty odd thousands a year you are not unduly jubilant."

But Edith could not respond to his mood.

"Not even forty thousand pounds a year can help me to disguise the fact that I am in great trouble," she murmured brokenly.

"I have grave reason to believe that had Lord Arncliffe lived he would have made another will of very different significance to that which you have just read."

"Well, then, let us be thankful he didn't," retorted the lawyer, somewhat brusquely. "I don't mean we should be glad he didn't live, but that he didn't make another will. I'm sure he could not have improved upon this one. What possible foundation have you for what you say?"

"I cannot tell you exactly," she faltered; "the secret is not my own. But I was so unfortunate as to vex Lord Arncliffe very much some few weeks ago, and, although he treated me with the greatest kindness, he gave me clearly to understand that I must not expect to benefit in any way under his will."

"Strange," said Mr. Angier, musingly. "When did this most potent secret event occur?"

"About six weeks since."

"And it is scarcely a month since he added the codicil to his will. My dear child, if he had intended to cut you out of his will he would have done so then."

"He might have forgotten," protested Edith, with a truly feminine lack of the sense of proportion.

"Forgotten that you were his heiress! Nonsense! In any case I am an old fool; people do forget sometimes. Lord Arncliffe left a letter with me to be given to you privately after his will was read, and here am I keeping it in my pocket when it may be the key to the mystery which is troubling your little head so much. Here it is. Now just see whether it throws any light on the subject."

Edith opened the letter in silence. For a moment the sight of the well-remembered handwriting so blazed her eyes with emotion that she could not read a line. Then the words focused into coherence, and, as she realized their import, her face lightened into such happiness that her tears burst forth afresh.

"Oh, Mr. Angier," she sobbed, "now, indeed, I know that all is well!"

"I must say you have a remarkable way of showing it. However, you certainly look more like a residuary legatee than you did five minutes ago. So everything is all right?"

"Look!"

She handed him the letter and he, adjusting his glasses, read it aloud as people do whose eyes are not so young as they used to be:

My Dear Child:

Forgive an old man for the prank he has played upon you. I was stupid enough to wish to test you, though I might have known that you would follow the nobler course whatever the cost to yourself. You will know ere you read this that I have made you my heiress. I need not tell you to use the wealth entrusted to you wisely and generously; and if unselfishness and purity of heart have their reward on earth I need not wish you happiness. Think kindly sometimes of your old friend.

ARNCLIFFE.
(To be continued.)

MORE EXPERIMENTAL FARMS
OTTAWA, Ont., July 19.—(Special).—The dominion government will establish two branches of the experimental farms in Alberta, one of these will be located at Lethbridge, the day belt, where crops are produced by means of irrigation, and the other station will be at Lacombe, in North Saskatchewan. It is also intended to locate a station at Vancouver Island.

A VERDICT OF MURDER
MONTREAL, July 19.—(Special).—A verdict of murder was returned by the coroner's jury in the case of the death of a 2-year-old child named Dobuch. The child was apparently kicked to death. The step-mother is suspected of being responsible for the child's death, but is not yet under arrest.

LORD GREY'S PLANS
OTTAWA, July 19.—(Special).—Lord Grey leaves tomorrow for Quebec where he takes the Minto for a cruise along the St. Lawrence and will visit Newfoundland before he returns. Hon. Mr. Brodeur will take the Montcalm for his trip to the maritime provinces. He expects to leave next week.

George W. Tower, the north end bank and wing dancer left yesterday by the C. P. R. to join a company in Nova Scotia.

Mrs. W. T. Whitehead, of Fredericton, came to the city yesterday.

There is a black out with a particularly liking for the "coops." To such an extent is his fondness for the big men in the blue coats shown that he takes a turn with the men in the Water street boat about the time in the early hours of the morning when the patrolmen are trying the doors. "Tom" belongs to, or rather is stationed in the Water street lockup. After mousing about indoors during the evening he becomes restive and is impatient for the time to take the rounds. Then as the policeman start off he trots off in their wake. From the lockup door until their return he follows patiently, stopping only when they stop to pet him.

A lad named Francis Monahan has been reported for throwing a stone that hit the eighteen-month-old child of Peter C. Sharkey. Mr. Sharkey says that a Weidner day young Monahan threw a stone into his yard, off Union street, and it cut the child's cheek.

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Travellers Guide

TRAINS DEPART FROM ST. JOHN.

6.00 a. m.—Express for Pt. du Chene, Halifax, Sydney, etc.
6.25 a. m.—Express for St. John, Fredericton, Quebec, etc.

7.45 a. m.—Mixed for Moncton, etc.
8.25 a. m.—Suburban for Westford, etc.
11.00 a. m.—Express for Pt. du Chene, Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, (Connections with Ocean Limited).

11.45 a. m.—Express for Pt. du Chene, Moncton and Halifax.
1.10 p. m.—Suburban for Westford, etc.
1.15 p. m.—Suburban for Hampton, etc. (Connections with Ocean Limited).

5.05 p. m.—Suburban for Westford, etc.
5.15 p. m.—Express for Sussex, etc. (Connections with Ocean Limited, on Saturdays).

5.40 p. m.—Express for Montreal and coast.
5.55 p. m.—Express for Boston, etc.
6.10 p. m.—Express for Fredericton, etc.
6.15 p. m.—Suburban for Hampton, etc.
7.00 p. m.—Express for Quebec and Montreal, Pt. du Chene.

10.30 p. m.—Suburban for Westford, etc.
11.25 p. m.—Express for Pictou, Halifax and Sydney.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.
6.25 a. m.—Express from Sydney and Halifax, etc.
7.45 a. m.—Suburban from Hampton, etc.
7.50 a. m.—Suburban from Westford, etc.
8.55 a. m.—Express from Fredericton, etc. (Connections with Sussex, etc. (Connections with Hampton & St. Martin's on Mondays).

10.40 a. m.—Express from Boston, etc.
11.20 a. m.—Express from Montreal, Fredericton, etc.
12.10 p. m.—Suburban from Westford, etc.
12.30 p. m.—Express from Montreal, Quebec, Pt. du Chene, etc. (Connections with Ocean Limited, on Saturdays).

2.30 p. m.—Suburban from Westford, etc.
3.30 p. m.—Suburban from Hampton, etc.
4.30 p. m.—Mixed from Moncton, etc.
5.00 p. m.—Express from Pt. du Chene and Fredericton.

5.15 p. m.—Express from Halifax, Pictou, Campbellton, etc. (Connections with Ocean Limited, on Saturdays).

8.30 p. m.—Express from Moncton, etc.
9.00 p. m.—Suburban from Hampton, etc.
11.00 p. m.—Suburban from Boston, etc.
1.40 a. m.—(Sunday only) Express Sydney and St. John.

Trains on the New Brunswick Southern Railway leave west side daily for St. Stephen at 8.10 a. m., arriving at west side on return at 7.10 p. m.

RIVER STEAMERS.
DEPARTURES.
8.00 a. m.—May Queen leaves Indian town for Chipman, Gasquetown and Grand Lake points Wednesdays and Saturdays.

8.30 a. m.—Victoria or Majestic, for Fredericton and intermediate landings, daily, Sunday excepted.
9.00 a. m.—Hampton, for Hampton, Clifton, Kingston and Kennebecasis landings, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

10.00 a. m.—Crystal Stream, for Fredericton and the New Brunswick landings on the Westmain, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
12 noon—Champlain, for the Belisle.
3.00 p. m.—Hampton, for Hampton, Moncton and Saturdays.

5.00 p. m.—Elaine, for Queenstown and intermediate landings, Saturday 5.00 p. m., for Gasquetown, Sunday 5.00 p. m.
5.30 p. m.—Majestic, for Hampton and intermediate landings, on Saturdays and Sundays.

8.00 a. m.—Majestic, from Hampton every Monday.
9.00 a. m.—Hampton, from Hampton.
10.00 a. m.—Elaine, from Wickham daily.
1.30 p. m.—Crystal Stream, from the Westmain, Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

12.30 p. m.—Champlain, from Belisle, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
2.30 p. m.—Victoria or Majestic, from Fredericton daily.
4.00 p. m.—May Queen, from Chipman and Grand Lake points, Mondays and Thursdays.

FERRY STEAMERS.
Ferry steamers cross the harbor from the foot of Princess street, east side, to Rodney wharf, west side, every 20 minutes, commencing at 6 a. m., the last boat leaving the east side at 11.30 p. m. On Sundays the first trip is from the west side at 8 a. m., and the last trip from the east side at 11.30 p. m. On Saturday evenings only, boats leave west side at 11.45 and St. John at 12.

The E. Ross, from Indian town to Millford makes three trips an hour, daily (Sunday excepted), from 6.15 a. m., till 10 p. m., and Saturdays till 10.40 p. m. On Sunday from 8 a. m. till 9 p. m.

The Maggie Miller between Millidgeville, Sussexville, Kennebecasis Island and Baywater—
Leaves Baywater at 6.00, 7.30 and 10.30 a. m., and 2.15, 3.45 and 6.15 p. m.
Leaves Summerville at 6.20, 7.45, and 10.45 a. m., and 3.00 and 5.30 p. m.
Leaves Millidgeville at 6.15 and 9.30 a. m., and 2.00, 4.00 and 6.0 p. m.
Boat will leave Millidgeville every Monday morning at 5.00 o'clock.

SATURDAY.
Leaves Baywater at 5.20, 7.00 and 10.30 a. m., and 3.45, 5.45, and 7.45 p. m.
Leaves Summerville at 5.50, 7.20, and 10.45 a. m., and 4.00, 5.30 and 8.00 p. m.
Leaves Millidgeville at 6.15 and 9.30 a. m., and 2.00, 4.00 and 7.00 p. m.

SUNDAY.
Leaves Millidgeville at 9.00 and 10.30 a. m., and 2.30 and 5.15 p. m.
Leaves Baywater at 9.45 and 11.15 a. m., and 5.00 and 7.00 p. m.
Leaves Summerville at 10.00 and 11.30 a. m., and 5.20 and 7.20 p. m.

Commencing July 1, steamers leave St. John at 8 a. m., on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for Lunenburg, Port of Spain, and Boston. For Boston direct on Tuesdays and Saturdays at 6.20 p. m.

Returning from Boston via Portland, Eastport and Lunenburg, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 9 a. m. From Boston direct Mondays and Thursdays at 12 noon.

Steamer Prince Rupert for Digby leaves her wharf daily at 7.45 a. m., connections for Halifax and Yarmouth; returning arrives about 4.30 p. m.

Steamer Seneca sails Thursday evenings at 6 o'clock from John's Point wharf, for Yarmouth, Brunswick, Shelburne, Rockport, Liverpool, Lunenburg and Halifax. She arrives in St. John Wednesday evenings at 6 o'clock.

Steamer Westport III, leaves Knox's wharf every Friday at 7.30 a. m., for Westport, Yarmouth, etc. She arrives in St. John Thursdays.

Steamer Aurora, for Grand Manan, Campbellton, Eastport, etc., leaves Tuesdays at 10 a. m., and arrives Mondays at 2.30 p. m. at Morris's wharf.

Steamer Granville, for Lower Granville, Annapolis, etc., leaves Tuesdays at 12 noon and arrives Mondays at I. C. R. pier.

Steamer Brunswick, for Spencer's Island, Canby, etc., leaves Thursdays and arrives evenings and arrives Mondays at Thorne's wharf.

Steamer Beaver, for Harvey, Albert, Hillsboro, etc., leaves Thursdays and arrives Wednesdays at Thorne's wharf.

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