THE ARNCLIFFE PUZZLE,

BY GORDON HOLMES

Author of "A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE."

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XVI.

A Night Of Strange Incidents.

As the shot rang out, Bradshaw fell crashing through the branches, clutching frantically at boughs and twigs in his descent, stripping away the young bark and searing the palms of his hands into patches of white-hot agony. But it was one of those cases in which a man must break either his fall or his neck, and the American's sympathies were largely in favor of the first alternative. Nevertheless, during fifteen feet of a sheer drop there was only thin air between himself and mother earth, and this distance he fell like a stone, landing heavily at Hobson's feet. Luckily the ground was soft, and he stood up an instant, apparently sound in limb and otherwise fit for action, except that he was breathless.

"Quick he gasped, dragging the detective close under the shadow and shelter of the house. Not a moment too soon were they. Mrs. Warren had thrown up the window now and was firing shot after shot into the gloom where Bradshaw had fallen.

"Keep cover," gasped Bradshaw again, "or you are liable—to get —filled—full of holes. That bullet—whizzed past my ear —like a toy cyclone."

"I thought you were killed when you fell as you did," murmured Hobson. "I suppose you were startled and lost your hold."

"Startled!" The American drew a deep breath or two to test his ribs. "I am not going to be startled any, not if you fire at me with a Gatling gun; but if I had come down in the orthodox manner, mamma Warren would have shot me about eleven and a half times before I had climbed a yard. I have read reams about the British matron, and if this is an average specimen I don't wonder that she is highly respected in the bulk. Here," he continued when the house began to gleam with fitful lights, "we had better make ourselves scarce."

Crossing the garden close under the house, they reached a shrubbery and plunged into the thickness of the neighboring fire.

The detective asked if they were to return to the village.

"Don't speak to me," faltered Bradshaw—he had not recovered from his fall yet— "I am working up the right story to meet the situation. We are sure to strike some of those prowling gamekeepers if we keep on, and it won't look natural for us to be running away from the Hall. Now, you strike the drive and hurry back toward the house, while I rest right here and make myself as tidy as I can under the circumstances. I will call for help presently and put up a big yarn of how I heard the shots fired, and grappled with a man whom I met running from the Hall. I don't like having to admit that anyone has licked me, but it can't be helped."

"But why—" began the detective.

"Because I raked in a blow on the forhead from a bough when I fell and it appears to have bled enough. I must explain it somehow, and I don't see any other way out of the difficulty. Don't you worry I will arrange a scenario about that fight that will make your hair curl. Don't stop to argue—we are running a risk every moment we delay. Of course, you will say that I strolled part of the way with you, and said good-by a little while before you heard the shots."

Hobson, not quite clear as to the outcome of the affair, hurried off. Left to himself, the American proceeded to arrange the battle-ground, crushing down the softer vegetation and scoring the earth as it might be scored by the feet of men engaged in deadly grapple. The only thing that troubled his imagination was the state of his hands. As far as he could judge from his sensations, there did not appear to be an inch of skin left on the palms. However, he must endeavor not to let them come into evidence. When he thought his efforts had attained a sufficient degree of realism, he flung himself down and waited, utterly exhausted.

The fall from the tree had shaken him badly, and the cut on his forehead had bled far more profusely than he had told Hobson.

Once or twice, when he caught sight of a moving light in the distance, he shouted but was evidently unheard. There was nothing for it but to wait until Hobson reached the Hall, when the detective might be trusted to engineer the search parties in his direction.

At last! there came the close sound of footsteps. Bradshaw, in accordance with the part he had to play, raised a feeble call for help. His cry was answered by a quick rush through the undergrowth, and Wilson, the groom, knelt violently on his chest, yelling triumphantly: "I've got him, I've got him!"

"Let go, you blithering idiot!" gasped Bradshaw, tearing away the coarse fingers striving to encircle his throat. "What in thunder do you think you are playing at? I am Mr. Bradshaw."

Wilson peered down at him, trying to pierce the darkness, but he did not relinquish his advantage.

"I want to be sure of that," was his reply, uttered with grim determination. "Besides, even if you are Mr. Bradshaw, what are you doing here at this hour?"

The American was spared any explanation by the arrival on the scene of Inspector Hobson, Harry Warren, and several servants, carrying lanterns and armed with miscellaneous weapons. As the light fell on Bradshaw's pallid, blood-streaked countenance, the detective sprang forward with a well-simulated expression of surprise. Wilson, too, released his prisoner, when he saw it was indeed the nephew of Lord Arncliffe whom he had handled so unceremoniously.

"Good Heavens! Mr. Bradshaw!" cried Hobson with anxious solicitude. "What has happened to you?"

"I am not sure yet whether it was an earthquake or a dynamite explosion," answered the American rubbing his head ruefully. "I heard two or three shots fired shortly after we parted. I ran back toward the Hall to find out what the trouble was. Then I heard some one making his way rapidly through the wood. Naturally enough, in view of the shooting, I tried to stop him; but," and he glanced at his torn and blood-spattered clothes, "I think he must have regarded my interference as impertinent. But do, for goodness' sake, my dear fellow, help me up to your rooms, and let me wash some of the dirt out of my eyes. My friend appears to have given it to me good and hard, and just at present I feel like walking on air."

He looked and felt really on the verge of collapse. It was only by leaning heavily on the shoulders of Wilson and the detective that he was able to walk the short distance to the Hall. When the cortege arrived there, an eager crowd of women were waiting for tidings. Mrs. Warren, unruffled as though she had been shooting at clay pigeons, still had the revolver in her hand, and Bradshaw noticed with the quick appreciation of a man who has carried a "gun" all his adult life, that it was of a caliber built to kill. Your man of the frontiers has no use for the "deadly toy" so beloved of the lady novelist.

Edith, in a dressing gown, and with her glorious hair rippling over her shoulders, was endeavoring to calm the fears of the huddled maids, and to soothe Mrs. Aingier, who was tearfully protesting that she would never have left her home had she known she was to be continually murdered in her bed. The young mistress of Arncliffe made so fascinating a picture that Bradshaw, who at once found himself an object of tender solicitude, would willingly have lingered near her despite the pain he was suffering.

Hobson, however, silenced all questioning and hurried the American to his room. The stains of moss on Bradshaw's boots and clothes would suggest tree-climbing to the least astute of observers, and both were glad when the door of the bedroom closed behind them. Harry Warren had followed, but Hobson got rid of him for a moment by begging him to fetch brandy. He obliterated the tell-tale marks during Warren's absence with a few deft strokes of a clothes-brush and a rub with a damp towel.

"Give me a big drink—a real big drink," said the American.

He drank thirstily from the glass Warren handed to him, and then shook himself, with tentative twistings.

"That's better," he cried with a nod of approval. "I will be a man again in two minutes. Just bathe this cut on my head, will you, Hobson?"

He leaned over the basin with his burning hands in the water, and experienced a delicious sense of relief. In reality, they were not nearly so badly injured as the intense pain led him to suppose. When Hobson had finished with him, covering the ugly gash on his forehead with a strip of plaster, he looked comparatively respectable again.

"We are still in the dark, sir," the detective reminded him, "as to how you came to be so badly used—in the dark, that is, as to details of the attack upon you."

"Come down-stairs," answered Bradshaw, "and I will explain the whole business. I am feeling quite fit now, and there is no need for me to tell the story a dozen times over. He was well aware that it is difficult, if not impossible, to relate a "tall yarn" more than once, without some little deviation from its original beauty. Like a conjuring trick, such an effort of the invention should never be submitted to the same audience twice.

He was no more shy than the majority of his fellow-countrymen, but he found the situation decidedly embarrassing. Wilson had already described a blood-curdling combat in the depth of the woods. When its hero appeared, interestingly pale, and with just enough of disorder in his appearance to support Wilson's story, he was overwhelmed with attention.

Edith herself led him to an armchair and tenderly placed a cushion beneath his aching head. Then she sat beside him, and, with all a woman's admiration of a brave man dilating her eyes, begged for particulars of this latest outrage. This unnerved him. He felt he must gain time.

"Why, really, Miss Holt, the matter is of no consequence, so far as I am concerned," he protested. "Won't you tell me what caused the shots I heard—has any one been injured?"

"No. Mrs. Warren noticed a man in the tree outside her window, and, as she has provided herself with a pistol since we have had so much trouble here, she bravely fired at him. He fell from the tree, but he has escaped. No doubt the police will find him. How came you to be so dreadfully injured, Mr. Bradshaw? Could it be the same man who attacked you?"

So, for the sake of the sweet girl who was hanging on to his words, Bradshaw was forced to carry through his disagreeable task. "It is nothing to make a song about," he said. "I had strolled part of the way with Mr. Hobson, and, soon after the shots were fired, I intercepted some one who evidently had urgent business in another direction. But don't make me talk about it, Miss Holt. I have been soundly licked. The proud crest of the American eagle is drooping; the Stars and Stripes are trailing in the dust!"

"Oh, do try to be serious for once, Mr. Bradshaw, and tell us what actually happened. Do you think you could identify your assailant if you saw him again?"

"My belief is," answered the American, solemnly, "that he was a grizzly bear. Mercy!" as Edith held up a threatening finger, "I will tell you everything. He was a very powerful man—I am pretty strong myself, and he handled me as if I were an infant—but I should not know him again. We rolled over, I guess, two or three times; and then he managed to hit me on the head with a club he was carrying. The subsequent proceedings interested me no more."

Bradshaw, as he warmed to his subject, brought a little action into the recital, and, in doing so, betrayed his bruised and cut fingers.

"Oh, your poor hands!" cried Edith in horror. "How did you hurt them so?"

The "tangle web we weave when first we practise to deceive" appealed strongly to the poetic soul of Sir Walter Scott, and the same great thought came into the mind of William L. Bradshaw.

"Good land!" he murmured to himself, "if ever I get out of this tangle I will tell the truth for a month!"

Still, he had by no means reached the end of his resources. "Oh," he exclaimed with easy confidence, "that was caused by the stick he hit me with. I got hold of it, after parrying one blow, and we had a tough struggle for its possession. But he was too strong for me, and he wrenched it through my hands. I think it was one of those sticks with spikes on them you call blackthorns. I have seen Irish immigrants carrying them in New York."

Edith drew in her breath with a little hiss, as though she pictured the agony of the moment, and looked at him with undisguised admiration. In fact every one in the company regarded him as a paladin, none more sincerely than Detective-Inspector Hobson.

"It crippled my hands for the moment," went on Bradshaw, entering into the spirit of the thing, "that I could not hold him. It was then that he got his blow home."

"So," said Edith, severely, "you had nothing to defend yourself with against that dreadful stick—I know what they are like—and yet you gallantly tried to stop him. Mr. Bradshaw, I think," she asserted, with a delightful sincerity, "you are the bravest man I have ever met!"

(To be continued.)

PRIEST VISITS LEPER VICTIM IN CAR

BALTIMORE, Md., July 30.—Father A. Gamp, of St. Anthony's Catholic church, believing George Rossett might be in need of spiritual comfort, visited the leper Thursday in his box car just outside of Baltimore. He had heard the man was a Catholic and he defied the danger of becoming affected and visited him.

The county commissioners detailed two



Geo Rossett the Syrian Leper

patrolmen to remain near Rossett's car, so that he might not get away. Policeman Pfister guarded him and closed the car door to prevent his being bothered by mosquitos. Policeman Hutchinson won the Syrian's good will by giving him a piece of apple pie. Rossett cannot be induced to eat any meat or soup.

The railroad company had a lot of ice dumped off at the siding and Rossett and his guards have plenty of ice water. Rossett changed his clothing and the garments were burned.

When asked if the disease caused him any pain, Rossett replied: "No; it only itches all the time."

"Do you feel contented and are you being well cared for?" he was asked.

"Feel all right," he answered, "but want to go home to Syria and get well. Water will cure me."

"Are you getting enough to eat and drink?"

"Plenty. People all good to me, but want to go away. Doctors promised. Where doctors?"

The leper brightened up when informed that the doctors were trying to arrange for his transportation to New York, from where he hopes to get back to Syria.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY

The quarterly meeting of St. Andrew's Society was held in Oddfellow's hall last night. A committee, consisting of James Hunter, A. Gordon Leavitt and W. C. Whittaker, was appointed to consider the project of getting a new room or rooms for the society, and to report.

The historian of the society, A. Gordon Leavitt, was instructed to hunt up the old books and records belonging to the society which are at the present time in the hands of different people in the city, and report at the next regular meeting.

J. Roy Campbell, on behalf of a committee appointed to amend the bye-laws and constitution, submitted a carefully prepared report. The changes reported on were adopted unanimously.

Dr. T. Robertson Inches also submitted an amendment to the bye-laws. This provided that resident members who have paid their quarterly dues for 20 years into the society shall be absolved from further payment on recommendation of the president and two vice-presidents. This was also agreed to after some discussion, and it was decided to have 400 copies of the amended bye-laws printed for the next annual meeting.

COMMITTED SUICIDE

John Henderson, of Belleisle Creek, Kings county, committed suicide on Saturday last by hanging himself in his barn. Word reached the city yesterday. Mr. Henderson was about forty years old and not married. He was living with his mother and working her farm. He went to work as usual Saturday morning, and about 11 o'clock his mother went out to the barn to call him to dinner but only to find him hanging over her head, suspended by a rope from a rafter in the barn.

Mr. Henderson has been in poor health for some years and had suffered much from Bright's disease. He has three nieces working in this city. The youngest one, who had lived with her uncle and her grandmother at Belleisle Creek until recently, has gone to the scene of the sad occurrence.

GETS CARNEGIE PENSION

Halifax, N. S., Aug. 2.—The governors of Dalhousie University today retired James Leichti, professor of modern languages. He will receive a pension of $1,260 from the Carnegie fund and in case of death his widow will get half that amount. They also appointed a successor, selecting H. P. Jones, Ph. D., professor of German and French languages and literature in Hobart College, Geneva (N. Y.) Dr. Jones is a native of Nova Scotia, a graduate of King's College, Windsor, and took his Ph. D. with honors at Heidelberg.

The governors of Acadia College have offered the vacant presidency to Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, ex-chancellor of McMaster University, Toronto, but he has declined. So did Rev. Dr. Austin K. DeBlois, now president of a college in the United States, but the governors are bringing pressure on the latter to reconsider and accept.

DECLARED A DIVIDEND

At a meeting of the New Brunswick Railway Company held yesterday afternoon in the office of the company, 22 Princess street, a dividend of $1 a share on the capital stock, equivalent to 4 per cent, was declared. The following were re-elected directors: Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, Robert Meighen, John Turnbull, Joseph Hardisty, John S. Kennedy, Samuel Thorne, D. Willis James, H. H. McLean, Frank S. Meighen.

Robert Meighen was re-elected president, Col. H. H. McLean, vice-president, Alfred Seely, secretary-treasurer, and W. T. Whitehead, land agent. The remainder of the proceedings was confined to routine business.

The case against George Stanton, charged with stealing money from Frank Dickey, of Kentville (N. S.), in the latter's room, Victoria Hotel, was settled in court yesterday afternoon. E. S. Ritchie appeared for Stanton. Mr. Dickey was anxious to continue west, and upon being given $35 expressed his willingness to let the matter be dropped. He said he is a nephew of R. L. Borden, M. P., leader of the opposition at Ottawa.

Hon. Mr. Brodeur, minister of marine and fisheries, left Montreal Wednesday on his trip around the coast to the maritime provinces.

ALL DAY FRIDAY, UP UNTIL 10 P. M.; AND THEN AGAIN SATURDAY FORENOON, WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE

SMALL BOYS OF SAINT JOHN.

Mothers are therefore advised to be on hand as early as 8 o'clock tomorrow morning to share in

Wonderful Bargains

—IN—

Boys' Wash Blouses,

—IN—

Boys' Wash Suits.



THE MATERIALS ALONE in these garments could not be purchased for the prices we are going to ask for the completed article. Styles are right--latest New York models--and plenty of good money will be saved, not only now, but in the future.

BLOUSES, SALE PRICES, 25c., 35c., 50c.

SUITS, SALE PRICES, 35c. to 95c.

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MANCHESTER ROBERTSON ALLISON, Limited.

Now for Mid-summer Bargains.

White Shirt Waists. A Clean Sweep Will be Made of These Goods Regardless of Their Cost.

The first lot is priced 39c. Trimmed with lace insertion and tucks and made from fine white lawn.

The next lot is priced 49c., prettily trimmed with shirring and embroidery.

The next lot is priced 75c. They are worth $1.25 each. Prettily trimmed and made from the best lawns.

The next lot is priced $1.00. This has an entire front of Swiss embroidery and is worth $1.50.

The next lot is priced $1.25. A very handsome waist with lots of tucking, and trimmed with fine embroidery. Made from fine Irish lawn.

The next price is $1.75. These are the high grade, finely made, lawn waists, profusely trimmed with the very finest materials. It is worth $2.75. The others are priced $2.00, $2.50, $3.00.

SUMMER CORSETS AT 25c. a pair, in sizes 19, 20, 21, 22. These are the regular 50c. quality.

GINGHAM UNDERSKIRTS. — The 60c. quality will be cleared out at 35c. each. They are made from a very nice quality of medium and dark gingham with a wide flounce and dust ruffles.

The next lot is priced 50c. They are worth 75c., made from fine chambray in light and medium stripes. Has a wide flounce with a neat dust ruffle on the bottom of flounce.

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59 Charlotte Street.

Grand Clearance Sale In Every Department.

GREAT BARGAINS IN SEASONABLE GOODS.

BOOT and SHOE DEPARTMENT.

Men's Patent Calf Boots,	$2.68,	were $3.50,	$4.00
" Tan Boots and Oxfords,	2.68,	" 3.50,	4.00
Women's Chocolate Boots and Oxfords,	1.58,	" 2.25,	2.50
Women's Chocolate Oxfords,	1.18,	" 1.75	
Women's Chocolate Oxfords,	1.08,	" 1.50	
Girls' Chocolate Laced Boots,	1.18,	" 1.65	
Girls' Chocolate Low Shoes,	.98,	" 1.25	
Children's Low Shoes,	.88,	" 1.20	
Boys' Chocolate Boots,	$1.28 and 1.48,	" 1.75,	2.00

If you prefer Black Shoes, we have them at the same Bargain Prices.

MEN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT

Colored Shirts, 38c.	Reduced from	50c and 60c.
" 48c.	"	75c
" 58c.	"	85c
" 78c.	"	$1.00 & $1.25

All this season's goods and every one a bargain.

Linen and Straw Hats, 48c.	-	Were -	75c, 1.00 and 1.50
Washing Vests, - 78c.	-	Reduced from	$1.25 and $1.50

Custom Tailoring Department.

Suits to Order for $13.50	Reduced from	$18.50
" " 15.00	"	20.00
" " 16.50	"	21.50
" " 18.50	"	23.50
" " 19.50	"	25.00

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At all stations from Amherst and Point du Chene to St. John every day from Sept. 1st to 8th at single second class fare, good to return same day only stations Sussex to Coldbrook, following day only Moncton to Plumweseep, and two days Amherst and Point du Chene to Humphreys.

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Special train from Moncton, returning same day on September 4th, 5th and 7th.

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Sept. 3rd and 5th, return 5th and 7th.

Summerside	2.50
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Blackville to Loggieville	2.75
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Harcourt to Coal Branch	2.00

HALIFAX TO ST. JOHN

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Halifax	4.75
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These rates include a coupon good for one admission to the St. John exhibition. Cut this out for reference as this ad may not appear again.

A. O. SKINNER, President

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