

THE ARNCLIFFE PUZZLE,

BY
GORDON
HOLMES

Author of "A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE."

(Continued.)

"A very sensible letter," commented the lawyer, "though I don't know what on earth it means. Still, that doesn't matter. Now I think, for the time being, we had better forget you are so important a personage as Miss Holt of Arncliffe Hall, and then I can give orders which I shall expect to be obeyed. My commands are that you go and bathe those eyes, which are not so bright as I like to see them, and then take a run in the park and try if the wind cannot blow some roses into those pale cheeks."

"Very well, I will, indeed, obey you. But is there anything I can do for you first?"

"No, my dear. It is twelve o'clock now, and at two I must meet Mrs. Ainslie at the station. Meanwhile I shall stroll into the village and see if I can come across this Dr. Lester who has so upset everybody."

Edith, far too confused to pay heed to his words, hastened to her room.

In a few minutes Ainslie set out briskly, and as luck would have it encountered the object of his search strolling in the direction of the trout stream, his purpose betrayed by the creel and rod he carried. Well-dressed strangers were not so plentiful in the little Northumberland village that there was much likelihood of a mistake; and although this bronzed rather distinguished-looking individual snatched more of the lawyer's attention than the modest, the lawyer accosted him without any misgivings.

"Pardon me, have I the pleasure of addressing Dr. Lester?"

"That is my name," was the smiling answer.

"Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Ainslie, and I had the honor to act as the late Lord Arncliffe's legal adviser. I am anxious to consult you as to the circumstances of this lordship's death. I am the more pleased to meet you because I understand you are the gentleman who so successfully carried out certain bacteriological researches in which Lord Arncliffe was deeply interested."

"I never saw Lord Arncliffe in his life," replied the other, "although, in the sense that we corresponded with each other voluminously, we were somewhat intimate some years since. As you are probably aware, he took a keen interest in toxicology; and I have devoted some little attention to that branch of medical science."

"That is really the point upon which I wish to have your advice," interrupted the lawyer. "You made an examination of Lord Arncliffe's body, did you not?"

"It was certainly present soon after he died," replied Lester, "but I retired almost immediately in favor of his regular medical attendant—who, I may say, treated me with rather scant courtesy."

"Dr. Small is an old woman!"

"I should heartily agree with you, were it not contrary to professional etiquette."

"However, you made a grave suggestion as to the cause of Lord Arncliffe's death?"

"My dear sir," rejoined Lester, "you must be aware that neither I nor any other can decide in such a case without a thorough investigation. It merely happened that the very cursory examination I made revealed certain indications which led me to suspect poisoning. It is not impossible that I was mistaken, though I do not think so. Nevertheless, it is my duty to mention my suspicions."

"Then your view is—"

"My view is that my responsibility in the matter is at an end. Dr. Small, I presume, a reputable practitioner. If Lord Arncliffe's relatives are satisfied there is no more to be said. From what I hear, however, it appears to be a case for inquiry. Personally, I have not the least doubt that there will be an inquiry."

"There are no relatives. The matter rests with me. To be frank, Dr. Lester, my principal object in coming to see you was to ask you to say nothing about it for the present. You may feel assured that there will be a full investigation. In fact, Sir Henry Mathieson, the home office analyst, arrives tomorrow for that purpose."

"Ah!" murmured the young doctor, thoughtfully. "I should rather like to be present."

"Why, indeed, if Sir Henry has no objection?"

"Oh, Mathieson and I are old friends. I was a pupil of his."

"Then I will let you know. If, as I hope, Lord Arncliffe's death turns out to have been due to natural causes, there need not, of course, be any publicity."

"Well," said Lester, dryly, "it is current in the village that Lord Arncliffe was poisoned, shot, stabbed, strangled, and blown up with dynamite. I fear there is likely to be some little publicity. It seems to be

a matter of common knowledge that he suspected an attempt was being made upon his life."

"But this is terrible!" cried Ainslie, almost wringing his hands.

"A mere nine days' wonder," Lester assured him, with that serene philosophy which enables us to bear up under other people's troubles.

"Nine days' wonder? Last about three generations in a village like this," retorted the old solicitor shortly. "Well, I must say good-bye now, Dr. Lester, as I have an appointment. I shall, no doubt, have the pleasure of seeing you at the Hall tomorrow."

They had wandered into Arncliffe Park during their conversation, and Lester strolled on unthinkingly, though the trout stream lay behind him. He was recalling the events of the last twenty-four hours, but, strangely enough, the mystery of Lord Arncliffe's death had no place in his thoughts. For him the events of a memorable day all resolved themselves into one picture—a vision from Trianon of old, a vision with hair of ruddy brown and with sunshine tangled in it; the eyes a mystery behind a veil of azure crystal; the mouth a love-poem, and the delicate curves of the oval face—

George Lester was, in fact, suffering from a disease not dreamed of in all his bacteriology. The symptoms included an unreasoning but not the less intense hatred of Harry Warren; an earnest (and, of course, useless) desire that Miss Holt should not waste her affections on an unworthy object; and a species of mild delirium accompanied by hallucinations, in which Edith appeared as beaming at him across the breakfast-table, or waving a wand of magic as he left her for the day's work at the laboratory. And then a memory of Harry Warren, with his insufferable air of proprietorship, would spoil it all.

Good heavens! what could such a woman find admirable in a clochopper like that? Almost repulsive in appearance (this, by the way, was unjust, since Warren was a well-looking enough, albeit of an odd type), with rather less brains than an ox. And then the grim humor of it all appealed and he reproached himself.

"What an idiotic frame of mind I am in!" he thought, smiling sourly. "I don't know how it is, but I'd give anything for a decent opportunity to punch that fellow's head!"

It was while Lester was giving utterance to this kindly thought that he emerged into an open glade of the wood and found the object of his solicitude thirty paces in front of him, engaged in earnest conversation with Miss Holt.

Warren's voice was raised, though his words were indistinguishable; and there seemed to be something of agitation in the girl's manner. It came to Lester with a sharp pang that there was perhaps a lover's quarrel. For a moment he hesitated, but he realized that to turn back would be a piece of gauche worthy of the despised Warren, so he made the best of an awkward situation and went forward.

The vision of Edith Holt pouring out the maternal coffee had grown distressingly shadowy, and his heart had dropped down into his boots, a distance of rather more than a thousand miles. But he greeted the young people pleasantly enough, met Warren's black scowl with a smile of polite indifference, and would have passed on, had not Edith Holt given him a glance so pregnant with entreaty that he constituted himself her faithful knight on the spot. And so! his heart bounded back those thousand miles and beat bravely in his bosom again. But the craving to assault and batter Warren remained painfully insistent.

Warren's attitude was not, indeed, calculated to allay that craving. His face was flushed with sullen rage. There was open insolence in the baleful gaze he turned upon the interrupter of his tete-a-tete with Miss Holt.

"We are late to meet, Miss Holt, and, as usual, I am a trespasser," said Lester, gently. He recked little of Warren's black looks, since Edith's glance told him so plainly that he was welcome.

An inarticulate groan broke from Warren's lips. Edith glanced at him in a thoughtless astonishment that was not lessened by the almost unconceivable picture she saw depicted on his features. Now, indeed, Lester recognized the marquis of the ancient regime. The dainty head took a higher poise; the flower-like mouth hardened; and there was a note of freezing superiority in her voice as she addressed the young man who stood before her like a culprit, still sullen and glowering, yet not daring to meet her eyes.

"I need not detain you any longer, Mr. Warren," she said. "Dr. Lester, there is a gentleman at the Hall, Lord Arncliffe's solicitor, who is very anxious to see you. If you have nothing else to do, will you walk in that direction?"

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure," he replied.

Edith instantly turned in the direction of the Hall, but Lester's quick ears told him that the beautiful agent did not move. It required little imagination to picture the malignant glance which followed them. Lester was happy enough to feel rather sorry for him. After all, poor devil! who could blame him for worshipping this divinity?

"Mr. Ainslie went into the village in the hope of finding you," said Edith, "but I expect he will return soon."

"As a matter of fact, I have only recently left him," confessed Lester. "Nevertheless, I hope you will let me accompany you to the Hall."

Nothing was said of Warren's offensive behavior, but there was necessarily a tact in understanding; and Edith accepted the proffered escort with simple thanks. They talked little; the girl was overwrought, and Lester was tactful enough to realize that she was best left to herself. He took his leave, therefore, directly they came in sight of the house. And, though he parted from her with a strange reluctance, his blood tingled with the most unscientific ardor when Edith gave him a grateful little pressure of the hand at parting.

Meanwhile, Harry Warren, nursing a deep wrath, awaited Lester's reappearance. However, as the sun fell from the clouds, a possible and most dangerous rival, he meant to declare instant war.

Lester, contrary to his wonted habit, was so oblivious to his surroundings that it was only when he came right upon the other that he awoke from his day-dreams. He had no desire to bandy words with Warren, whose face was a sufficient index of the fact that nothing would please him better than a quarrel. It is all well enough in the abstract to think of punishing heads, but a gentleman does not act in that strenuous way unless he is absolutely forced to it. For Miss Holt's sake, then, if for no other reason, a stupid scuffle was to be avoided. Lester, therefore, nodded politely, and would have passed on, but the other seemed bent on pro-

voicing him.

"By this time you ought to be aware that these grounds are private," he said insolently.

"I am quite aware of the fact," rejoined Lester, quietly, "but I presume that both Mr. Ainslie and Miss Holt have the privilege of admitting their acquaintances."

"And falling on you, you come here to spy on your own account?" asked Warren with a sneer.

"I am rather at a loss to understand you," Lester said. "Perhaps you will understand me when I say that if I catch you meddling in what does not concern you again it will be the worse for you."

Lester looked at him curiously. The flushed cheek and slightly thick speech seemed to point to something more potent than mere temper.

"My friend," he said calmly, "let me tell you that to a man of your build alcohol is absolute poison."

Warren took a step forward. "Confound you! what do you mean?" he snarled.

"I mean that your neck is like your head—abnormally thick. One of these days you will die of apoplexy if you are not careful."

Lester never showed anger, but his mood was none the more benevolent on that account. And he had forgotten that there were tears in Edith's eyes.

Warren clenched his fists, and his muscles tautened. Yet he did not strike. He had a fair enough share of brute courage, but there was something he did not understand in the cool, unflinching look of his opponent. He was like a wild beast held in check by the power of the human eye; and with the wild beast's fear of an unknown force, he tried to lash himself into sufficient fury for fight. His hand on the effort took the form of a gesture of abuse.

Lester half turned away. His action was eloquent of unspoken contempt.

It was enough. The spell of those steady eyes was broken, and with a hoarse cry Warren sprang forward. Lester, seeing what was coming, stopped back lightly. The vicious blow, just missed him. He countered, with a skill born of many a bout with the gloves.

It seemed, for an instant, that this unexpected reply was only a ward to gain distance, for Warren did not even stagger. But it was only for an instant. Then his knees bent and he collapsed quietly into a limp heap.

Lester smiled grimly, stooped over his adversary, and proceeded to light a cigar. Master Warren would come to his senses in a minute or two, a trifle dazed, but not much the worse. And so it proved.

The fallen hero rose to his knees presently. He was not absolutely certain what had happened, but evidently the placid-looking man with the cigar was in some way responsible for his discomfiture.

"You are going to have a very bad headache soon," remarked Lester, cheerfully, "and I rather think you will go sick. If you take my advice you will go home and get to bed. You may apologize for your conduct next time I see you. Can you walk?"

Warren struggled to his feet. He was very shaken, and pale.

"As I said, you may apologize later on," went on Lester. "As you do not seem to be in need of my professional assistance, I will bid you good-day."

He walked slowly away, followed by certain assurances as to Warren's future intention which it is not necessary to repeat. Lester smiled again pleasantly. Reflection, with its unkind candor, had not yet overtaken him.

"Useful blow, that, on the point of the jaw," he murmured. "It doesn't leave any mark; and I should not have liked Edith to have seen him with a black eye. But I am glad I punched his head."

Clearly, George Lester was in an unusual frame of mind. Else why did he think of a girl whom he had seen twice in his life, as "Edith?"

CHAPTER VI.

The Adjourned Inquest.

There was an atmosphere of subdued activity, of hushed expectancy, in and about Arncliffe Hall. Near the main entrance groups of villagers discussed the situation in whispers, or listened open-mouthed, to the astounding theories of local oracles.

Each minute swelled the number of morbid curiosity-mongers. For twelve good men and true were to inquire into the circumstances surrounding Lord Arncliffe's death, and the place was all agog with excitement.

Harry Warren, indeed, made strenuous efforts to disperse the crowds which invaded the sacred precincts of the Hall. Nevertheless, though tenants to whom quarter-day was a period of humiliation shrunk away from the presence of the dreaded agent, they only vanished from one spot to gather more thickly in another.

Joshua Perkins, cobbler and village Hampden, was in no small degree responsible for this contumacy. He pointed out that at an open court the rights of all were equal; and his printed references to wealthy dukes who passed their time lolling in carriages received the usual enthusiastic approval of certain gentlemen who passed their time lolling in public-houses.

As a matter of fact, the question of admitting the general public, as distinct from any local magnates who might choose to be present, had already been decided by P. C. Fox, who, as sole representative of law and order in Arncliffe, naturally had charge of such arrangements. This intelligent officer realized that the circumstances of the inquest being held at the Hall called for the exercise of discretion, and he had made up his mind to exclude all who did not attain to a certain standard of respectability.

And it was not necessary to mention, but it was not unconnected with a desire on the part of P. C. Fox to lay up an honorable competency for his declining years.

(To be continued.)

HOT WEATHER AILMENTS.

At the first sign of illness during the hot weather, give the little one Baby's Own Tablets or in a few hours the trouble may be beyond cure. Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine in the world to prevent summer complaints if given occasionally to well children. The prudent mother will not wait till trouble comes—she will keep her children well throughout the seasonal dose of this medicine. Mrs. Edward Clark, McGraw, Ont., says: "My little girl suffered from colic and bowel troubles but Baby's Own Tablets speedily cured her." And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that these Tablets contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Keep the Tablets in the house.

Educational Contest Lists Destroyed By Fire

CONTEST EXTENDED TO
July 31st, 1906

Messrs. Armour Limited, Toronto, regret to advise all who have so kindly forwarded lists of names as per the conditions of their Educational Contest, that their building, with its entire contents, was destroyed by fire on the evening of March 16th, and all records of lists they have received, as well as all lists, were destroyed, and we ask that all who had sent in lists previous to this time, mail us duplicates. No metal caps required with duplicate lists. To make up for time lost by the fire, and to give our competitors a fair and equal chance, we have consented to extend the Educational Contest until July 31st, 1906.

We offer \$200.00 in gold to those sending in the largest lists of correct words made from the twelve different letters used in spelling the four words

Armour's Extract of Beef

\$100.00 in gold will be given as the first prize.
\$25.00 in gold will be given as the second prize.
\$10.00 in gold will be given as the third prize.
\$5.00 in gold will be given to each of the next five.
\$2.00 will be given to each of the next twenty.

CONDITIONS

Use only the following 12 letters—A-B-M-O-U-S-E-X-P-O-F-E. No letter to appear in the same word twice.

Only such words may be used as are found in Webster's International Dictionary.

No proper names, town names or names of persons, towns or places are to be used.

Words spelled the same, but having different meanings, may be used but once.

All contestants must send in their lists a metal cap taken from a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef. Failure to do this puts the list out of competition.

The names of the winners of these prizes will be determined by judges whom we shall appoint. Write only on one side of the paper. After making out your list, state the number of words it contains, with your full name and address at the top of each piece of paper and mark on the outside of the envelope "Educational Contest Department," and mail to our address as below.

Armour's Extract of Beef is sold by all druggists and grocers. If yours cannot or will not supply you, a small jar will be mailed you, post paid, on receipt of 25 cents in cash or stamps.

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HOW PASTE DIAMONDS ARE MADE

Counterfeit diamonds are worn much more generally than most people suppose, and a dealer in jewellery recently said: "They are advertised as made out of a variety of materials—even quartz and crystals made with a solution of diamond dust in hydrofluoric acid; a total impossibility by the way—but there is nothing for the purpose like the good old French 'paste.' What is it? Why, nothing in the world but a fine quality of glass, with a large percentage of lead as an ingredient. But the process of making in this kind of glass must be conducted with the utmost nicety in order that it may have the requisite brilliancy and hardness; whereas for the best table glassware white quartz sand is employed for 'paste' this material is mixed with sand and half, with powdered rock crystal. Three carbonate of soda, calcined borax, sulphate and red lead are added in due proportions, and the mass is fused by heat in a crucible, being finally permitted to cool slowly. Upon the care taken in the details of the process depend the durability, transparency and beauty of the 'paste,' which when the stuff is cold is ready to be cut up into pieces suitable for preparation as 'diamonds.' Such preparation consists of cutting, with the help of a wheel and diamond dust, much in the same way as real diamonds are made ready for the market. The artificial glass thus made—the best of them, that is to say—possess considerable brilliancy and fire, so that any person not an expert would be likely to be deceived by them. Millions of the imitation diamonds cut in France, where the manufacture of them is a great industry, are imported to this continent annually for use in cheap jewellery. The ordinary ones cost five cents apiece wholesale, and are set in plated pins, rings, and brooches. From the same kind of 'paste,' diamonds of a superlative quality, are made—high-class counterfeit diamonds, which sometimes sell for \$10 or more apiece. They are cut by skilled diamond cutters, almost as carefully as real diamonds, and to the casual eye they are just about as brilliant. So much depends in this sort of work upon the correct utilization of optical principles that a perfectly cut 'paste' gem may actually have more fire and beauty than a poorly cut real diamond."

By buying provisions do not trust yourself to the tender mercies of the village store. Order staple goods in quantities from some reliable city firm, and have them sent direct to the nearest station.

Buy only the best quality of canned goods, and omit perishable delicacies from your list altogether. Butter should be bought in a sealed cask, and when opened the jar should be kept standing in running water if possible.

Sugar, flour, cereals must be kept off the ground and ants and field mice will get into them. If the cases in which your camping outfit is packed are made with compartments they will prove excellent store closets when stood on end.

Beware of building fires where there is dry underbrush. If a fire is needed make first a fireplace of stones. Do not carelessly throw aside burning matches or cigar stubs. Disastrous forest fires are so easily started that one cannot be too cautious.

Without a moment's warning pain springs upon us.

At the outset it is instantly cured by Nervine.

Summing what fifty drops of this marvellous medicine will do, its external action is no less certain than its wonderful effect when taken internally.

Of course, Nervine is powerful or it couldn't be so penetrating. But nothing irritating or causing, because your infant could well grow while taking it.

There are other pain remedies but when you use Nervine you see the difference. That difference is this—whereas relieve, but Nervine does cure sprains, strains, swellings, earache, toothache, neuralgia, lumbago and all other muscular pains. Large bottles for 25c. at all dealers.

YOU MAY BE SICK TONIGHT

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Use of ammonia at cleaning time is a great saving of labor. Papered walls should be finely rubbed with pieces of stale bread, dirty marks receiving special attention, and afterward rubbed with a soft cotton duster, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Mantles, bodices and waistcoats should never be hung. They should be neatly folded, so as to keep them as straight and even as may be and laid flat on a shelf. A piece of paper or muslin should be tucked over them to preserve them from dust.

Cut glass may be made very brilliant by washing it in warm soapsuds and drying in sawdust. Put the dish down in a pan of sawdust and cover well with it. When all moisture has been absorbed lift

the dish and wipe with soft pieces of linen. Ordinary glass may be made very brilliant by same treatment.

Handkerchiefs and even pieces of washing silk, used for dresses and blouses should be considered valuable possessions even when they are very shabby, for they make better dusters for polished wood than any which one could buy. An old white silk handkerchief laid across a sore caused by long lying in bed will sometimes give relief when nothing else will.

To clean Japanese furniture mix together one pint strong cold tea, one pint of linseed oil, the whites of two eggs and two ounces of spirits of salt. Put these into a bottle and shake well to insure all the ingredients being thoroughly mixed. Take a pad of old soft linen, pour a few drops on to this after well shaking the bottle with this, and then polish it up with an old silk handkerchief.

CAMPING OUT
AT SMALL COST

Roughing it under canvas in primitive patriarchal fashion is about as much genuine fun as the average vacationer can find in summer. It is the approved formula for living the simple life, and it means health, freedom from care, and plenty of fun if followed out in the right way.

The cost of an outing in camp may be just as small as or as large as one wishes or can afford. In many woodland places it is possible to rent a plot of camping ground for about five dollars a month, and when that part of the business is arranged, one can invest in a tent, a log cabin, or even a portable cottage, according to one's tastes or the extent of one's finances.

For about twelve dollars it is possible to buy a very sizable tent, large enough, anyway, to accommodate two or three cots and other essentials of camp furniture; and as it will with reasonable care last for several seasons, this is really a very good investment.

Folding cots make comfortable beds, but hammocks take up less space, and many people prefer them. In clear, dry weather it is pleasant to sleep in a hammock under the trees and in the open than in the close confines of the tent. As a protection against insects, each hammock should be provided with a covering of mosquito netting.

Other indispensables in the camping outfit are a folding table, a supply of camp stools, a couple of enameled pans, two wash basins and a camp pan, an oil stove, a lamp, a lantern and a can of oil, enameled cups, saucers and plates, with knives, forks and spoons of white metal, a tea-kettle, coffee-pot, frying pan, and a couple of saucepans, all of agate ware, and finally, plenty of towels and paper napkins, as well as blankets, pillows, etc. Also a cotter and a can opener.

As you value your peace of mind, do not overlook these small but important implements, for life in camp becomes a dreary nightmare without them.

Do not clutter yourself with an expensive wardrobe. The charm of camp life lies largely in its unconventionality, and no sensible person wants to dress like the camper of the fashion plates.

Short skirts and loose waists are the approved costume for the women, while the men wear anything they choose or that comes handy. Pongee, unstarched cotton and outing flannel are the best materials for camping shirt waists, dresses or shirts, as it is almost impossible in these places to get laundering done, and many fabrics can easily be laundered in camp.

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Buy only the best quality of canned goods, and omit perishable delicacies from your list altogether. Butter should be bought in a sealed cask, and when opened the jar should be kept standing in running water if possible.

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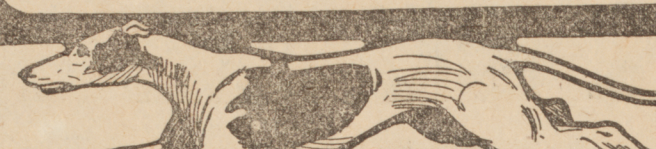
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IN THE RACE FOR POPULARITY & SUPREMACY DIAMOND DYES TAKE FIRST PLACE



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