

Jeanne of the Marshes

BY E. P. OPPENHEIM

(Continued)

"You'll think your way through it, if anyone can," he remarked. "I don't expect anything of course, that would enable me to afford cigars like this, but I'd be glad to find some work to do, and I'd be glad to be paid something for it."

The Duke was silent for a moment. He looked down at his cigar and then suddenly up again.

"Has that young idiot of a brother of yours been making a fool of himself?" he asked.

"Ceil is never altogether out of trouble," Andrew answered dryly. "He seems to have taken bridge up with rather unfortunate results, and there were some other debts which had to be paid, but we needn't talk about those. The point is that we're jolly well hard up for a year or two. He's got to work, and so have I. If it wasn't for looking after him, I should go to Canada tomorrow."

"D—d young idiot!" the Duke muttered. "He's spent his own money and yours too, I suppose. Never mind, the money's gone."

"It isn't only the money," Andrew interrupted. "The fact is, I'm not altogether satisfied, as I told you before, with living just for sport. I'm not a prejudiced person. I know that there are greater things in the world, and I don't want to lose sight of them altogether. We do la Borne have contributed posts and soldiers and sailors and statesmen to the history of our country, for many generations. I don't want to go down to posterity as altogether a drone. Of course, I'm too late for anything really worth doing. At the same time I want to do something, and I would rather not go abroad, at any rate to stay. Can you suggest anything to me? I know it's jolly difficult, but you were always one of those sort of fellows who seem to see round the corner."

"Do you want a permanent job?" the Duke asked. "Or would a temporary one fit you up for a time?"

"A temporary one would be all right, if it was in my line," Andrew answered. "We've got to send three delegates to a convention to be held at the Hague in a fortnight's time, for the revision of the International Fishing laws," the Duke remarked. "Could you take that on?"

"I should think so," Andrew answered. "I've been out with the men from our part of the world since I was a child, and I know our side about it. What is the convention about?"

"There are at least a dozen points to be considered," the Duke answered. "I'll send you the papers to any address you like, tomorrow. They're at my office now in Downing street. Look 'em through, and see whether you think you could take it on. I have two men already appointed, but they are both lawyers, and I wanted someone who knew more about the practical side of it."

"I should think," Andrew remarked, "that this is my job down to the ground. What's the fee?"

"The fee's all right," the Duke answered. "You won't grumble about it, I promise you. You'll get a lump sum, and so much a day, but the whole of the course, will be in a fortnight. What to do with you after that I cannot for the moment think."

"We may hit upon something," Andrew said cheerfully. "What are you doing for lunch? Will you come round to the 'Travelers' with me? It's only the London club I've kept going, but I dare say we can get something fit to eat there."

"I'm jolly sure of it," the Duke answered, "but while you're in London you're going to do your lunching with me. We'll go to the Athenaeum and show these sickly-looking scholars and bishops what a man should look like. It's almost time for luncheon, isn't it?"

"Past," Andrew answered. "It was half-past twelve when I got here."

"Then we will leave at once," the Duke declared. "I have nothing to do this morning, fortunately. You don't care about driving, I know. We'll walk. It isn't half a mile."

"They turned into the street together. By the by," the Duke asked, "what has become of your brother's friends? I mean the little party that we broke into so unceremoniously."

"The Princess and Miss Le Mesurier are, I believe, in London," Andrew answered. "I was very surprised to hear this morning that Forrest was still down at the Red Hall with Cecil. By the by, the Red Hall has turned up again, of course?"

"The Duke hesitated for so long that Andrew turned towards him, and noticed for the first time the anxious lines in his face. "Since the day he left the Red Hall," the Duke said, "I have had neither been seen nor heard from. I forgot that you had been outside civilization for nearly a month. Although I have tried hard, I have not been able to keep the affair altogether out of the papers."

Andrew was thunderstruck. "Good God!" he exclaimed. "Why, Forrest, this is one of the strangest things I ever heard of. What are you doing about it?"

"I am employing detectives," the Duke answered. "I do not see what else I could do. They have been down to the Red Hall. In fact I believe one of them is still in the vicinity. Your brother's story as to his departure seems to be quite in order, although no one at the railway station is able to remember his traveling by that train. They seem to remember the car, however, which is practically the same thing, and several people saw Major Forrest bringing it back early in the morning."

"Did anyone," Andrew asked slowly, "see Lord Ronald in the car on his way to the station?"

"Not a soul," the Duke answered. "Andrew was honestly perplexed. Jeanne's statement that she had seen Forrest leaving the Red Hall with the car empty except for himself, he had never regarded seriously. Even now he could only conclude that she had been mistaken."

"Have any large cheques been presented against your brother's account?" he asked. The Duke shook his head.

"Not one," he answered. "Have the detectives any clue at all?"

"Not the ghost of one," the Duke answered. "Ronald had a few harmless little entanglements, but absolutely nothing that could have proved of any anxiety to him. He had several engagements during the last ten days which I knew that he meant to keep. Something must have happened to him, God knows when or where. But here we are at the club. Andrew, I see that you have no umbrella, so I need not repeat the old joke about the bishops."

"What a selfish fellow I am!" Andrew

remarked, as they seated themselves at a small table in the luncheon room. "Here have I been bothering you about my affairs, and all the time you have had this thing on your mind. Berners, I want you to tell me something."

"Go ahead," the Duke answered. "Have you any idea in your head that Ronald has come to any harm at the Red Hall?"

The Duke shook his head. "No!" he answered decidedly. "Frankly, if he had been there with Forrest alone, that would have been my first idea, but with your brother there, and the Princess, it is impossible to suspect anything, even if one knew what to suspect. The only possible clue as to his disappearance which is connected in any way with the Red Hall is that I understand he was paying attentions to Miss Le Mesurier, which she was disinclined to accept."

Andrew nodded. "I think," he said, "that is probable."

"On the other hand," the Duke continued, "Ronald isn't the least sort of man to make away with himself or hide, because a girl, whom he could not have known very well, refused to marry him."

"Have you seen anything of the Princess in town?" Andrew asked a little irrelevantly.

"I met her with her step-daughter at Hereford House last night," the Duke answered. "The Princess was looking as brilliant as ever, but the little girl was pale and bored. She had a dozen men around her, and not a smile for one of them. Dull little creature, I should think."

Andrew said nothing. He was looking out of the window upon Pall Mall, but his eyes saw a little sandy hillock with blades of sprouting grass. Behind the lavender-streaked marsh; in front, the yellow sands and the rippling sea. The sun seemed to warm his cheeks, the salt wind blew in his face. Westernham wondered for a moment what his friend said in the grey flagged street to bring that faint reminiscent smile to his lips.

A messenger from the hall outside came in, and respectfully addressed the Duke. "Your Grace is wanted upon the telephone," he announced.

The Duke excused himself. He was absent only for a few minutes, and when he returned and took his place he leaned over towards Andrew.

"My message was from the detective," he said. "He wants to see me. In fact, he is coming round here directly."

CHAPTER II.

Cecil came face to face with his brother in the room where refreshments were being dispensed by solemn-looking footmen and trim parlour-maids. He stared at him for a moment in surprise.

"What on earth are you doing here, Andrew?" he asked.

"Exactly what I was wondering myself," Andrew answered, sitting down in his empty glass. "I met Bellamy Smith this afternoon in Bond street, and he asked me to dine, without saying anything about this sort of thing afterwards. By the by, Cecil, he added, 'what are you doing in town? I thought you said that you were not coming up until the late autumn.'"

"No more I am for any length of time," Cecil answered. "I am up for the day, back tomorrow. There were one or two things I wanted, and it was easier to come up and see about them than to write."

"Is Forrest still with you?" Andrew asked.

Cecil hesitated, and his brother had an unpleasant conviction that for a moment he was uncertain whether to tell the truth or no.

"Yes!" Cecil answered, "he is still there. I know you don't like him, Andrew, but he really isn't a bad sort, and he's quite a sportsman."

"Does he play cards with you?" Andrew asked.

"Never even suggested it," Cecil declared eagerly. "Fact is, we're out shooting all day, duck shooting, or fishing, or motorizing and we go to bed soon after dinner."

"You can't come to much harm at that," Andrew remarked. "By the by, do you know that Engleton has never turned up?"

"I have heard so," Cecil admitted. "I am not so surprised."

"Why not?" Andrew asked.

Cecil raised his eyebrows in a superior manner. "Well," he said, "I know he was very sick about his brother looking too closely into his concerns. He has a little affair on his mind, and I think that that is the reason he went off so quietly."

Andrew remarked, "By the way, very upset about it."

"Oh! the Duke was always a heavy old stick," Cecil answered. "I see you've been doing your duty to-night," he added, making a determined effort to change the conversation.

Andrew nodded. "Do I look hot?" he asked. "I am not used to these close rooms, or dancing either. Unfortunately they seem short of men, and Mrs. Bellamy Smith had me set."

Cecil grinned. "That's the worst of dining before a dance," he remarked. "You're pretty well cornered before the crowd comes. Upon my word, old chap," he added, looking his brother up and down with an air of kindly patronage, "you don't look out half badly. Country tailor still, eh?"

"Mind your own business, you young jackanapes," Andrew answered. "Do you think that no one can wear town clothes except yourself?"

Cecil laughed. After all, considering everything, Andrew was a good-natured fellow.

"By the by," he said, "do you know who is here this evening?"

Andrew demolished another sandwich. "Everyone, I should think," he answered. "I never saw such a crowd in my life."

"The Princess and Jeanne are here," Cecil said. "I don't suppose we shall either of us get near him. People are getting to know about Jeanne's little dot, and they are fairly mobbed everywhere."

Andrew stood for a moment quite still. His first emotion was one of dismay, and Cecil, noticing it, laughed at him.

"You go ahead with your little flirtation," he remarked. "I had quite forgotten that. You needn't consider me. I have a chance with Miss Jeanne. She's too cranky a young person for me. I like something with a little more go in it."

(To Be Continued)

Corded silks of the Ottoman type are in great demand for evening wraps, and the moire velours have never been so effective.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



THE WHITE VEIL BECOMING AND DRESSY.

One of the New York summer fads has been the white lace veil, which has been seen draped over elaborate feather-trimmed hats and simple straw sailors alike. These white veils are so becoming and so softening to the face that they are being worn over new fall turbans and felt hats also. Sometimes the veil is draped loosely in the manner illustrated. In other cases it is placed on the hat with the pattern edge on top—over the hat, the lower edge being drawn up beneath the chin and pinned firmly at the back.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS, CHATTY NEWS OF THE GREEN ROOM

Miss Percy Haswell, favorably known here, has a leading role in the new play by Booth Tarkington and Harry L. Wilson called "Foreign Exchange."

The drama deals with the much discussed subject, the international marriage. Miss Haswell is supported by a strong company.

The New Theatre, New York, will inaugurate its first season with a production of Anthony and Cleopatra on November 8. Invitations have been issued to a number of guests to attend a reception at the theatre on the Monday previous to the opening, when a reception will be held in the afternoon, and a full dress rehearsal of the play given in the evening.

Three of the prettiest chorus girls appearing with Sam Bernard in "The Girl and the Wizard" have been enrolled as honorary members of the Bricklayers' Union. Each of them earned \$5 yielding the trolley and working with the wheelbarrow last week in one hour, on a dare.

Forbes-Robertson in "The Passing of Third Floor Back" is attracting the attention of the clergy of New York and a number of them took the play as the subject for a sermon last Sunday night.

The New York Review of last week contains an article on the lives of prominent actors prior to their entrance into drama. It states that Jas. T. Powers was a Western Union messenger boy; Robert Mantell, a wine merchant's apprentice; Kyrle Bell, a newspaper man; Sir Charles Wyndham, a student for the clergy; James K. Hackett and H. B. Irving, law students; Frank Daniels, a wood engraver; James O'Neill and Nat Goodwin, dry goods clerks; Bruce MacRae, copperworker; Raymond Hitchcock, a shoe clerk.

Chicago managers are in hard luck these days. Their latest trouble being a strike of the bill-posters for more wages. They also have a music war on their hands.

Little Otto and Al. H. West are said to have made a great hit with their skit, "Who Discovered the Pole."

The new shows at the New York Hippodrome are taking the Metropolis by storm and are driving critics to desperation for want of superlatives which would suit the spectacle, which they style the most magnificent performances of their kind that New York has ever seen.

The latest trouble being a strike of the bill-posters for more wages. They also have a music war on their hands.

Little Otto and Al. H. West are said to have made a great hit with their skit, "Who Discovered the Pole."

The new shows at the New York Hippodrome are taking the Metropolis by storm and are driving critics to desperation for want of superlatives which would suit the spectacle, which they style the most magnificent performances of their kind that New York has ever seen.

The latest trouble being a strike of the bill-posters for more wages. They also have a music war on their hands.

Little Otto and Al. H. West are said to have made a great hit with their skit, "Who Discovered the Pole."

The new shows at the New York Hippodrome are taking the Metropolis by storm and are driving critics to desperation for want of superlatives which would suit the spectacle, which they style the most magnificent performances of their kind that New York has ever seen.

The latest trouble being a strike of the bill-posters for more wages. They also have a music war on their hands.

Little Otto and Al. H. West are said to have made a great hit with their skit, "Who Discovered the Pole."

The new shows at the New York Hippodrome are taking the Metropolis by storm and are driving critics to desperation for want of superlatives which would suit the spectacle, which they style the most magnificent performances of their kind that New York has ever seen.

The latest trouble being a strike of the bill-posters for more wages. They also have a music war on their hands.

Little Otto and Al. H. West are said to have made a great hit with their skit, "Who Discovered the Pole."

The new shows at the New York Hippodrome are taking the Metropolis by storm and are driving critics to desperation for want of superlatives which would suit the spectacle, which they style the most magnificent performances of their kind that New York has ever seen.

The latest trouble being a strike of the bill-posters for more wages. They also have a music war on their hands.

Little Otto and Al. H. West are said to have made a great hit with their skit, "Who Discovered the Pole."

The new shows at the New York Hippodrome are taking the Metropolis by storm and are driving critics to desperation for want of superlatives which would suit the spectacle, which they style the most magnificent performances of their kind that New York has ever seen.

The latest trouble being a strike of the bill-posters for more wages. They also have a music war on their hands.

Little Otto and Al. H. West are said to have made a great hit with their skit, "Who Discovered the Pole."

The new shows at the New York Hippodrome are taking the Metropolis by storm and are driving critics to desperation for want of superlatives which would suit the spectacle, which they style the most magnificent performances of their kind that New York has ever seen.

The latest trouble being a strike of the bill-posters for more wages. They also have a music war on their hands.

Little Otto and Al. H. West are said to have made a great hit with their skit, "Who Discovered the Pole."

The new shows at the New York Hippodrome are taking the Metropolis by storm and are driving critics to desperation for want of superlatives which would suit the spectacle, which they style the most magnificent performances of their kind that New York has ever seen.

BACKACHE MEANS DIRTY KIDNEYS

A Few Doses Clean and Regulate Your Kidneys and Make You Feel Fine.

No man or woman here whose kidneys are out-of-order, or who suffers from backache or bladder misery, can afford to leave Pape's Diuretic untried.

After taking several doses, all pains in the back, sides or loins, rheumatic twinges, nervousness, headache, sleeplessness, inflammation or swollen eyelids, dizziness, tired or worn-out feeling and other symptoms of clogged, sluggish kidneys simply vanish.

Uncontrollable urination (especially at night), smarting, discolored water and all bladder ills, end.

The moment you suspect the slightest kidney or bladder disorder, or feel rheumatism pains, don't continue to be miserable or worried, but get a fifty-cent treatment of Pape's Diuretic from your druggist and start taking as directed, with the knowledge that there is no other medicine, at any price, made anywhere else in the world, which is so harmless or will effect so thorough and prompt a cure.

This unusual preparation goes direct to the cause of trouble, distributing its cleansing, healing and vitalizing influence directly upon the organs and glands affected and completes the cure before you realize it.

A few days' treatment of Pape's Diuretic means clean, healthy, active kidneys, bladder and urinary organs—and you feel fine.

Your physician, pharmacist, banker or any mercantile agency will tell you that Pape, Thompson & Pape, of Cincinnati, is a large and responsible medicine concern, and accept only Pape's Diuretic—fifty-cent treatment—from any drug store—anywhere in the world.

Next Session of Hornbrook Inquiry, in St. John.

Sussex, N. B., Oct. 13.—This morning evidence for the defence in the Hornbrook inquiry was taken up. Seymour Cole was called in regard to a claim made by former Inspector Weyman that two fines had been collected by Cole and only one paid over. Cole swore that only one fine had been collected. The error was explained by two entries of fines made by Weyman on June 24 and July 3, but on the former date there had been an adjournment of the case.

W. D. Turner was called and gave evidence relating to certain information supplied by Magistrate Hornbrook as to the Scott case against Geo. Doherty, and this in turn was communicated in a casual way to J. M. McIntyre, Doherty's counsel.

Joseph Hornbrook then took the stand in his own behalf and swore that he had never given out information of a confidential character. When he mentioned the Doherty matter he supposed that the paper had been secured for also reported the suggestion that he had given information by telephone. In his conduct of his court he had always endeavored to base his findings on actual evidence.

At this point, the Myers Scott case was brought in and Commissioner Hazen suggested the counsel for Hornbrook should go into this case fully, as in his (the commissioner's) opinion the magistrate should have placed Myers on his defence. Mr. Wilson joined issue with this view and the subject will be fully taken up.

Taking up the question of his accounts, Mr. Hornbrook explained that confusion had arisen owing to the mixup in amounts paid to different parties. If there was any discrepancy in his accounts he was willing that the fullest inquiry should be held. He had been accused of a serious offence, but he had done what he thought was right and was prepared at all times to pay to the county any amounts due to it. In regard to the fine of a man named Walsh, he had been requested by Comm. Jamison, a member of the advisory committee, to delay collection of the fine. Only one fine had been paid by Cole. In regard to the Seymour Cole and Hanford Doherty cases, in which an order was submitted to return liquor to J. M. McIntyre, counsel for defendants, Hornbrook claimed that J. A. Freese came to him with an order for the return of the liquors, which he signed as police magistrate. In regard to the charge that he had overcharged Constable Joseph Farmer in connection with the bill of costs, witness had made up bills for Farmer and after the business had been wound up Farmer voluntarily tendered the magistrate \$3. In the Prosser charge, that the magistrate had been paid to hold up judgment, Hornbrook claimed that all the money that came to him from Prosser had been credited up to the persons holding judgments against Prosser. Examined as to accounts, witness stated that all accounts rendered by him were correct.

George W. Fowler then took up the cross-examination and asked witness as to a reply made to the question as to payments of money to the county. Witness stated that he had evaded giving information to the advisory committee and had so withheld information. He paid over money in June collected in March in accordance with instructions given by Mr. Otty in March.

The magistrate, asked as to the disposition he had made of funds in his hands, replied that he had used them for private purposes. It was after he had received the notice of investigation on June 11 that he paid in money to the credit of the county on June 11. The inquiry will be resumed this afternoon.

At the afternoon session Mr. Fowler continued the cross-examination of Mr. Hornbrook but nothing new was developed.

The case was adjourned without a date. It will be resumed in St. John a few days on a day to be agreed upon by counsel.

L. R. Ross, terminal agent at St. John; William McAdoo, Alexander Duncan and W. M. Kingston, who attended the L. C. R. Railway Employees' Relief Association, which met at Moncton yesterday, returned home last night. Mr. Ross stated that only routine business was transacted.

NOT A CANDIDATE

I'm glad I ain't a candidate To worry day by day A watchin' voters, small an' great, Fur fear they'll git away Find a voter.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Scow, Plow, Cow, Row.

Scow, Plow, Cow, Row.

Scow, Plow, Cow, Row.

Scow, Plow, Cow, Row.

Scow, Plow, Cow, Row.

Scow, Plow, Cow, Row.

Scow, Plow, Cow, Row.

Scow, Plow, Cow, Row.

Scow, Plow, Cow, Row.

Scow, Plow, Cow, Row.

Scow, Plow, Cow, Row.

Scow, Plow, Cow, Row.

Scow, Plow, Cow, Row.

Scow, Plow, Cow, Row.

Scow, Plow, Cow, Row.

Scow, Plow, Cow, Row.

Scow, Plow, Cow, Row.

Scow, Plow, Cow, Row.

Scow, Plow, Cow, Row.

Scow, Plow, Cow, Row.

Scow, Plow, Cow, Row.

Scow, Plow, Cow, Row.

Scow, Plow, Cow, Row.

J. HARRY FINN IS RELEASED ON ORDER OF ATTORNEY-GENERAL

An unexpected development in the case of J. Harry Finn was his release from custody last night on the strength of a telegram received by Chief Clark from Inspector Wolsey, of the Royal North-west Mounted Police at Edmonton, to the effect that the attorney-general of Alberta had ordered Mr. Finn's release. No further particulars were received but a report about last night was to the effect that Mrs. Rose Finn, mother of Mr. Finn, had settled the claims against her son. This, when brought to the notice of Mr. Finn's counsel and friends, was promptly denied. Another report was that western people who purchased land from Finn and who claimed he did not deliver to them the titles to their land, which claim is said to have formed the basis of the action against him, had decided not to have as good a case as they, at first, believed and, consequently, had dropped proceedings. As to the truth of this report little could be learned.

Harry Finn was seen last night after his release from custody but would not discuss his affairs. He then said that he was totally innocent of any criminal action and did not really know what he had been arrested for. He especially contradicted a story published in yesterday morning's Sun to the effect that he had sold lands owned by his mother. In this when driven to bay by the Highland Park marshal and a posse of citizens.

A companion of the robber who had driven him to the bank in an automobile was captured immediately after the robbery, forcing the principal perpetrator, of the daring daylight crime to flee on foot. He was engaged in a running duel with Town Marshal John Sheehan, who was the target for many bullets from the fugitive bandit's revolver, one of which went through the sleeve of his coat.

After running several blocks and failing to drive back, his pursuers, the robber ran into a shed closely followed by Sheehan. When he saw Sheehan enter the shed with his revolver levelled at him, the fugitive put the muzzle of his own revolver into his mouth and fired a shot which resulted in his death almost immediately.

Neither he nor his companion is known. The man arrested, who appeared in the guise of a chauffeur, positively refused after his arrest to discuss anything concerning his or his companion's identity.

The robbery was conducted in a deliberate and sensational manner. The bandit stole about \$500 in gold coin and bills after he had forced John C. Duffy, cashier of the bank; Miss Nellie Fitzgerald, the bookkeeper, and Joseph F. Richards, the receiving teller into the cashier's cage just after business closed for the day.

Robb Bank, ROUNDED UP, ENDS HIS LIFE

Chicago, Oct. 13.—A fashionably-dressed bandit who early this afternoon robbed the savings bank of D. M. Erskine & Company, in Highland Park (Ill.), an aristocratic suburb on the lake shore, twenty-five miles north of Chicago, committed suicide by shooting himself in the mouth when driven to bay by the Highland Park marshal and a posse of citizens.

A companion of the robber who had driven him to the bank in an automobile was captured immediately after the robbery, forcing the principal perpetrator, of the daring daylight crime to flee on foot. He was engaged in a running duel with Town Marshal John Sheehan, who was the target for many bullets from the fugitive bandit's revolver, one of which went through the sleeve of his coat.

After running several blocks and failing to drive back, his pursuers, the robber ran into a shed closely followed by Sheehan. When he saw Sheehan enter the shed with his revolver levelled at him, the fugitive put the muzzle of his own revolver into his mouth and fired a shot which resulted in his death almost immediately.

Neither he nor his companion is known. The man arrested, who appeared in the guise of a chauffeur, positively refused after his arrest to discuss anything concerning his or his companion's identity.

The robbery was conducted in a deliberate and sensational manner. The bandit stole about \$500 in gold coin and bills after he had forced John C. Duffy, cashier of the bank; Miss Nellie Fitzgerald, the bookkeeper, and Joseph F. Richards,