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THE THREE KEYS

BY FREDERICK ORMOND.

(Continued)

"Well, to tell you the truth," Lathrop said thoughtfully, "I think that I can accomplish it for you. I shall undertake to do it while you are away. Now, how can I get hold of the million which you promised him, if he should wish to take it? According to my memorandum, there is not that much in your own particular strong-box at the Westmorland."

"My dear fellow," Millington cried, joyfully, "you haven't the keys to all my strong-boxes, as you call them. There are others! If the thing comes to a head, wire me the one word, 'Correct.' Within a couple of hours you will have the money delivered to your door. And let me add, Morris; if you can do this thing for me, there is nothing I will not do for you in return."

At this statement from the friend whom he had betrayed, Lathrop's heart jumped. There was a note of solemnity in his voice when he spoke again.

"Jack," he said softly, "that is a promise of which, sometime, I may remind you."

In the billiard room of the club, they encountered Chapman, who nodded to Millington, but passed Lathrop without a glance.

"What is the matter between you two?" Millington asked, curiously.

"Nothing; only I discovered that Chapman is a cad—and I told him of it."

"Humph!" was his friend's comment. "Well, in my opinion, he is a dangerous one. He's sly, that fellow. He'd knife you in the back in a minute, if nobody was looking."

The two were soon busily engaged in a game, neither paying the slightest attention to those at the adjoining table, until the loud tones of Chapman, who was evidently telling an interesting story, became insistently distinct.

"Prettiest girl in New York," he was saying. "I didn't suppose Lathrop had such good taste. And, by the same token, one would suppose that she would have had better. A regular little Spanish beauty with big, black eyes and luscious lips—ah."

Morris Lathrop had placed his cue on the table, and he now sat transfixed, his face as white as the ball he had knocked about. Those who were listening to the story eyed him uneasily, but Chapman stood with back toward him, talking on in the same loud voice, as though unaware of the presence of the man whose affairs he was discussing.

"You'd have been amused to witness his indignation when I asked him who the charmer was," he continued. "He gave me the story like a tragedian, and walked away in a huff. However, I stole a march on him, for I followed her and found out who she was, where she lived and all about her. Then, I waited a while, and sent up my card."

"Did she receive you?" somebody who had not noticed Lathrop inquired.

"Indeed, she did! I wrote on the back of the card, 'A friend of Morris's, and she had me up at once. I tell you it's a smart establishment. Nothing is too good for that Seventy-ninth street apartment, and if the senorita was beautiful on the street she was adorable at home.'

"Did Morris send you?" she asked. I was a bit puzzled at that; but, finally I made a clean breast of the matter, and said: 'No,' I confessed that I had seen her with him, and that I could not resist the temptation to follow her home. You ought to have seen her eyes blaze then, she."

He ceased suddenly, for Morris Lathrop stood before him, his face white and set, his eyes glittering dangerously.

"Go on," Lathrop said quietly. "What did she do then? Relate your scandalous tale to the end. What did she do then?"

Chapman laughed boisterously, but the laughter was forced.

"I didn't know that you were here," he sneered, "or I might have kept the story till later."

"Finish it now," the other commanded. "Well, if you will have it, she kissed me—"

He got no further. Lathrop took one step forward, his fist shot out; Chapman smitten on the point of his chin, went down upon the floor, several feet away, and lay there quivering.

Lathrop turned, wiping his hands upon his handkerchief, donned his coat, and without a glance at the still senseless Chapman, whom nobody had approached, faced the members of the club who were in the billiard room.

"Gentlemen," he said, "my resignation from this club dates from tonight. I regret that I was compelled to break an inviolate rule. Come, Jack; let's go."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Jack," Lathrop said, when the two friends reached the street, "you have an hour and a half, or a little more before your train goes. I want you to go to Seventy-ninth street with me. Will you do it?"

"Certainly; but why do you want me?"

"I want to show you the woman whom Chapman insulted. If ever there was a soul without guile, here is one. I want you to know it. It is necessary, now, that somebody besides myself should know about her."

He had hailed a cab while they were talking, and they got in and were driven away.

"Isn't it rather late to make a call, Morris?" asked Millington, presently.

"No, I often go as late as this," Jack, if that scandalous ever refers to her again, I'll kill him. I felt like it tonight."

"You looked like it, certainly," Millington declared. "Jove! I didn't know you could be such a demon, old man."

"I know it only too well," was Lathrop's moody rejoinder. "I am more afraid of myself than of any man living. I inherit strength and a horrible temper, which, until tonight, I thought I had learned to subdue. When I lose it, a devil possesses me."

Nothing more was said until they stood together in front of the house, where Lathrop opened the vestibule door with a

key, and gave the electric button inside a series of regulated touches. The inner door swung open instantly, and they passed inside to the stairway, mounted one flight, and found Clarita awaiting them at the head of the stairs.

If she felt surprised when she discovered that Morris was not alone, she said nothing of it, but quietly led the way into the parlor, which was brilliantly lighted.

"Rita," said Lathrop, "this gentleman is one of my most trusted friends, Mr. Millington. Jack, let me present you to Miss Ortega."

Then, for an instant he stared at his friend in astonishment, inasmuch as Millington became suddenly as awkward as an uncouth boy. For some moments after the introduction was uttered, he did not move. Finally, however, he bowed and extended his hand. His face was as red as a pomegranate.

"I beg your pardon," he said, confusedly. "I—I think I was—surprised."

Then, he became silent again, still staring, nor did he regain his composure until after they had left the house.

"Has a man named Chapman been here tonight, Rita?" Lathrop asked at once, thus relieving the strain and permitting Millington to drop into a chair, where he continued to stare, though evidently making a heroic effort not to do so.

"Yes, oh yes!" was the impetuous answer. "And another man, too. What does it mean? Are you in trouble, Morris?"

"I'm in trouble?" No. Another man, you say? Who—ah!" He recalled, the what Edna had said to him. "Tell me about both of them," he continued.

The girl tapped one of her little feet impatiently on the carpet while she replied, and it was plain that she was still angry.

"The first one—the one whom you call Chapman—came soon after I arrived home. He sent up a card by the hall boy, and he had written upon it that he came from you. I thought it strange; but, of course, I admitted him. Then—ah! I cannot tell you!—he was insulting. Marie was out—I was alone. I ordered him to leave the house, but he would not. He tried to seize me—he meant to—to—"

"He meant to—?" she asked, her face as white as the ball he had knocked about. Those who were listening to the story eyed him uneasily, but Chapman stood with back toward him, talking on in the same loud voice, as though unaware of the presence of the man whose affairs he was discussing.

"The second! The infernal scoundrel!" he muttered. "I'll settle with him!"

"That is already done, in part," Lathrop said, quietly. "Now, Rita, the other man, tell me about him."

"Oh, the other!" the girl exclaimed. "He came soon after the first one had gone. The boy brought up word that the man wished to speak with me. He sent no name. I said that I would see nobody, and that he was not to admit anyone, or to bring any more messages to me. Afterward, I called to him and asked him if it was the same man who came the first time, and he said no, it was not. That is all. Who is that Mr. Chapman? Surely he is not a friend of yours, Morris?"

"Certainly not," Lathrop declared. "But I am afraid, little girl, that you have to move again. I am sorry, but it is necessary."

"I like this place so much!" she sighed. "I know, dear, but there are others just as good," Lathrop urged. "I'll find one in the morning—and—"

"Look here, Morris," his friend interrupted. "I've got just the thing for you—just what you want; it's in the Millington—on Central Park West, Miss Ortega, and it belongs to me. The pleasantest apartment in the whole house—on the top floor, you know—is vacant. You shall have it. Here! I'll write the order now."

He took out his note-book, dashed off the order and passed it to Lathrop. Then, he looked at his watch, and sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"Must go, if I'm to catch that train! Good-night, Miss Ortega. I hope that Morris will let me come again sometime."

And he hurried to the door, followed in more leisurely fashion by his friend.

The ride down-town was a silent affair, and they were nearly at the station before either spoke to the other. Then, Millington, with marked hesitation, said:

"Some day, old man, when you feel like it, will you tell me something about Miss Ortega?"

"Yes," Lathrop answered, simply.

There was silence again until the cab turned into Forty-second street and was nearing the station, when Millington spoke again.

"I thought you were going to marry one of Trevor's daughters," he said.

"I am," was the reply.

Millington made no comment, but, after a little interval, changed the subject.

"By the way," he said, "I hadn't remembered to ask you: Did you attend to those matters for me today?"

"Every one of them," Lathrop declared. Then, as the cab halted, and Millington got out, he extended his hand. "Good luck to you," he added. "And, Jack, I'd like to give you a bit of advice."

"What is it?"

"Don't think too much about Clarita Ortega while you are away. She is not for you unless—"

"Well, unless what?" Millington demanded eagerly as Lathrop hesitated.

"I'll complete that sentence when you return," was the unsatisfactory answer. "Good-night."

They clasped hands and parted, one to run for his train, having barely time to get through the door before it was closed, and the other to ride on with bowed head and scowling brow, disgusted with himself for what he had done that day, harassed, troubled, contemptuous, but, nevertheless, inflexible in his resolution to play his scoundrel's game to the end.

"If I had carried out my resolve to kill myself," he mused, "I should have died with a conscience as untroubled as the surface of a woodland spring. Now, if I lived a thousand years, I should never regain what I have lost—my self-respect. I may live to square myself with others; I can never square myself with myself. The world may not know what I have done, but I know it, and that is infinitely worse!"

(To be continued)

DISFIGURING, TORTURING SKIN TROUBLE

Cannot be Cured By Salves and Ointments—The Blood Must be Purified

A blemished skin irritating sores, pimples, eczema, salt rheum and other skin disorders are all signals of distress, telling that your blood is impure or weak. You cannot cure eczema and other skin troubles with ointments and outward applications. These things may give temporary relief, but cannot cure, because the trouble is rooted in the blood and can only be removed by purifying and enriching the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills speedily cure skin troubles because they enrich and build up the impoverished blood that caused the trouble. As they feed and cleanse the blood, the skin grows fair, the bloom of health returns and new strength is found. No other medicine has ever had such wonderful results in curing all diseases due to bad blood. Miss Elizabeth Gillie, Kensington, P. E. I., says:—

"Words can hardly express how grateful I feel for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. For seven years before I began their use I was troubled with salt rheum. My hands and arms were nearly always a mass of torturing cracks and sores. I tried several doctors and spent a great deal of money without getting any benefit. Indeed my hands seemed to be getting worse all the time. Finally my brother persuaded me to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial and I am happy to say they have completely cured me. I used in all seven boxes, and I would not be without them in a case of this kind if they cost five dollars a box instead of fifty cents. I hope my experience will be of benefit to some other sufferer from skin trouble."

These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BOY BANDIT HOLDS UP BANK AGAIN

Endora, Kansas, Nov. 12.—Earl Bullock, a boy bandit of Lawrence, Kansas, accompanied by William McKay, fifteen years of age, of Jackson (Pa.), in an attempt today to repeat his exploit of a month ago, robbed the Endora State Bank of \$800 after shooting Fred Starr, a banker, and later probably mortally wounding himself when closely pressed by armed citizens.

In his first hold-up of the Endora State Bank, Bullock, who is seventeen years of age, shot and killed a postman. A man officers had about concluded that Bullock had left the state with the loot, or the previous hold-up, he and McKay entered the State Bank about closing time.

Fred Starr, cashier of the Kaw Valley State Bank of Endora, who was in the State Bank with his day's earnings, stood by as the outlaws held up the State Bank's cashier, Henry Wilson. Although Starr did not resist the holdup, Bullock shot him through the jaw. Starr more than \$800, Bullock and McKay fled. Each youth had two revolvers.

Paris, Nov. 12.—The entire session of the Steinhil murder case today was taken up with an impassioned plea by Advocate General Tromad Riolle for the conviction of the woman who is charged with having killed her husband and her stepmother, and because Mme. Steinhil's counsel, M. Aubin, is yet to be heard, doubt has arisen whether the fate of the woman will be placed with the jury tomorrow.

The prosecutor showed neither pity nor mercy in his address to the jury. He painted the accused woman in the blackest of colors—as the most wicked type of woman, a born liar and as one whose whole life, before and after the crime, justified the presumption of her guilt. He developed the theory that after her rich and generous lover, Cheonard, abandoned her in 1907, Mme. Steinhil realized that she was almost at the end of her tether and he said that when she got Maurice Borden in her clutches she was determined to hold him even at the price of murder.

Against Mme. Steinhil's story that burglars committed the crime, the prosecutor insisted that they were myths; and he undertook to reconstruct the scenes which actually happened, contending that while the accused woman and her accomplices were trying Mme. Japy, M. Steinhil was aroused by the noise and jumped out of bed. Thereupon they attacked and killed him, and returning to Mme. Japy's room, found her in a bad fright.

M. Tromad Riolle even undertook to account for the stoppage of the clock in the Steinhil home after the murder, advancing the theory that Mme. Steinhil in her anguish, could not endure its ticking. An expert testified during the trial that the clock was stopped by hand as it was wound up.

The argument of M. Tromad Riolle left the impression that the testimony upon which it was based was too conflicting and that his farsighted presumptions were too precise, leaving him vulnerable before his antagonist, M. Aubin.

THE COAL AND STEEL MERGER PROSPECTS

Montreal, Nov. 12.—The merger of the Dominion Coal Company and the Dominion Iron & Steel Company into a corporation to be known as the Canada Steel Corporation is apparently rapidly approaching completion and it is expected that it will eventuate in the near future.

During the past few days negotiations have been proceeding between E. R. Wood and Col. Sir Henry Pellatt, representing a syndicate of Toronto holders of steel and coal, and James Ross, president of the Dominion Coal Company, represented by C. H. Cahan. The arrangements, it is understood, are near a conclusion and the finishing touches will probably be added tomorrow morning.

It is stated on excellent authority that the result of these negotiations will be the passing of a portion of James Ross' \$5,000,000 holdings in the Dominion Coal Company to the proposed syndicate at a price something less than par. As soon as the transfer of this big block of coal stock is made, arrangements will be entered into for the merging of the two companies, although no basis of prices has yet been reported.

Like sin and early to rise, hustle like sin and advertise CATSPAW RUBBER HEELS does the business—you need the heels we need the money. Both satisfied. All dealers.

ON THE ROAD.

The Actor—You may ridicule our last tour, but I tell you I had smothered chicken every day.

The Soubrrette—Jim! Didn't the farmers catch you smothering them?

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



FOR THE GIRL WHO RIDES ASTRIDE

Cross-saddle riding is being taken up more and more by women who live out of town, and younger women ride this way in the city, not only for the horse show, where everything is formal and dignified, side-saddle horsemanship is demanded. The habit for astride riding is a skirt which falls to the ankles, and the skirt is so arranged that it may be worn as pictured, in frankly divided fashion; or the two front layers may be unbuttoned, crossed in front and buttoned over each other to give the effect of an ordinary skirt. The loose hip coat is so comfortable for riding, and is plentifully supplied with pockets.

RED WIDOW RECEIVES OFFERS OF MARRIAGE AND STAGE CAREER



MME. STEINHIL

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THE TORY CAUCUS

Ottawa, Nov. 12.—The Conservatives in caucus today sat for two hours and a half in the morning and for most of the evening and finally separated without reconciling their differences on the naval policy.

The west is still for Dreadnoughts. Mr. Borden is still with the government and F. D. Monk gave expression to his views by staying away.

The final conclusion was that as they could not agree among themselves the best policy would be to stop talking for a time and wait until the government programme was finally laid before parliament.

Teeth extracted.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

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Sale of Ladies' Winter Underwear

Turnbull's Unshrinkable. White or Natural Color.

- Vests and Drawers, all sizes 25c. Each
- Extra Heavy Vests and Drawers 38c. Each
- Out Size, Vests and Drawers 45c. Each
- Heavy Fleeced Vests, white only 50c. Each
- Fine Wool Vests and Drawers 50c. Each
- 40c. Heavy White Knit Corset Covers 29c. Each

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Dear to the Hearts of the Women.

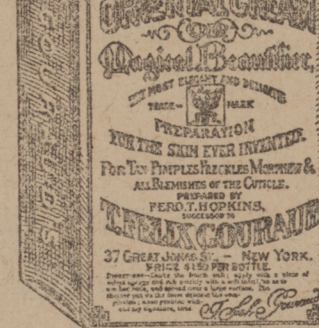
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

Oriental Cream

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An Indispensable and Necessary Article for Particular Women

who Desire to Retain a Youthful Appearance.



Every woman owes it to herself and loved ones to retain the charm of youth nature has bestowed upon her. For over half a century this article has been used by actresses, singers and women of fashion. It renders the skin like the softness of velvet leaving it clear and purely white and is highly desirable when preparing for daily or evening attire. As it is a liquid and non-greasy preparation, it remains unnoticed. When attending dances, balls or other entertainments, it prevents a greasy appearance of the complexion caused by the skin becoming clogged.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream cures skin diseases and relieves Sunburn. Removes Tan, Pimples, Blackheads, Moth Patches, Rash, Freckles, and all other Redness.

Yellow and Muddy skin, giving a delicately clear and refined complexion which every woman desires.

No. 10 For sale by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

Ferd. T. Hopkins, Prop., 37 Great Jones Street, New York.

BOTH BOURASSA CANDIDATES LOSE

Montreal, Nov. 12.—The result of today's bye-elections in the Province of Quebec with the election of two straight government supporters and one defeat in Quebec city, is regarded as a strong answer to the campaign of Henri Bourassa in criticism of the policy of Premier Gouin.

The fight was mainly centralized on St. James division of Montreal, where a strong campaign was waged mainly on personal issues. Mr. Lafamme, the Nationalist candidate, was supported by Mr. Bourassa and J. B. Prevost, ex-minister of mines and forests in the Gouin government, and the fight was largely centralized

ed on municipal lines. The Nationalist candidate, Mr. Lafamme, was defeated by 286 by the straight government supporter, Ald. Robillard.

In Chambly county, just across the river, Dr. Deschamps, the government candidate, was elected by 468 majority.

The only reverse sustained by the government was in St. Sauveur, Quebec city, where the Laborite Liberal, Langlois, was elected by 388 over George Patry, the government candidate.

The general result of the bye-election is taken as a sharp reverse to the Nationalist campaign undertaken by Henri Bourassa.

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About 6 ozs. more for a cent is what you get when you buy a pound bar of Coll's Soap. Insist on getting it.

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