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THE YELLOW LETTER

A Fascinating Mystery Story—

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON

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Harding, the hero, who has been impatiently awaiting a telephone message from Louise Farrish with whom he is in love, decides to go to her home in Madison Avenue. Just as he reaches the house Doctor Wilcox, the family physician, arrives in haste and Harding learns that Katherine Farrish, sister of Louise, has just attempted to kill herself. General Farrish, the father of the girls, is summoned, and is in great distress.

Harding and Louise seek to unravel the mystery and find a piece of a yellow letter, with the words disgrace, accident and sister, in Katherine's room. A night of it the general is seized with a stroke of paralysis. Harding sets out to find Hugh Crandall, a former suitor for the hand of Katherine.

Harding visits the rooms of Crandall but is told that he has left town. In a paper which Harding picks up he notices an account of the mysterious suicide of an aged lawyer, named Eiser, in a boarding-house.

Harding calls on Postmaster Inspector Davis and asks him to aid in clearing up the mystery that hangs over the Farrish home. While the two are talking, a torn paper, similar to the one which caused General Farrish's agitation, is brought into the inspector's office as having come from Eiser's room.

Davis thereupon issues an order to all railway mail clerks on New York and New Jersey routes to report from what source they have been receiving letters in yellow envelopes. The two visit Eiser's boarding-house.

Davis comes to the conclusion that whoever mailed the yellow letter was left-handed. He does not, however, take Harding into his confidence.

Katherine Farrish recovers her reason for a moment and shrieks out a plea to Hugh Crandall in the presence of Davis.

In Crandall's room a hypodermic syringe is found. Davis finds an address and decides that the yellow letters come from Ardway, New Jersey.

Harding goes to Ardway and visits the local post-office, which, strange to say, he finds empty. One box, No. 17, alone is not listed among the box owners.

A third suicide, which appears to have some connection with the mystery, takes place in the Ardway hotel, when a hideous old woman, whom nobody knows, hangs herself.

It is learned that the postmaster of Ardway has disappeared. His successor, Miss Cox, arrives and takes charge of the office.

In the course of going through the premises, five thousand dollars is found concealed. Harding concludes that Hugh Crandall is the guilty person, but the inspector reserves judgment. By means of a garment which the dead woman in the hotel has worn, Davis succeeds in establishing her identity, and it is quite probable that she too has received the yellow letter.

Harding gets a peremptory telephone message from Louise to drop the case. He hurries to New York and while waiting in the park finds in the water the body of a woman suicide. In her hand and in the water are scraps of another yellow letter.

When he finally goes to the Farrish home, he is told that Louise can not see him. Just before him he has seen Hugh Crandall admitted to the house. Harding returns for a second attempt and this time is admitted. Louise in great agitation tells him that the yellow letter which she had been saving has been stolen, that Katherine is better and denies that Hugh Crandall was in the house.

Later, he sees Louise pass with Crandall on the car and feels that she has not told him the truth. Harding returns to Ardway resolved to continue the investigation and, with Davis, tracks Aleck Young, whom Davis believes to be guilty, to a deserted cottage. To his astonishment he encounters Louise with Crandall on the way.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued)

"All right," said constable, "but what will I do with them warrants?"

"Leave them with me. After you have disposed of Rouser's body you can stop on your way back and we'll take this one in with us. Come on outside, Dodd's, and you, too, Crandall, I want to ask you some questions about our friend over there. You, Kent, stay here with Miss Farrish."

The three of them went out, leaving Louise and me alone together, a circumstance that I couldn't doubt that Davis had planned, realizing that there was much we would say to each other. Hardly were they out of the door before Louise turned to me, with suppliant arms, and cried out, with a sob in her voice: "Harding, forgive me for having deceived you."

"It is you," I cried, "you, who must forgive me for having disobeyed your wish, for having come out here after you had asked me not to, for having almost put a bullet through your dear heart."

"You didn't know—you couldn't know that I was here," she sobbed. "But how can you ever pardon the lies I told you?"

"Lies," I protested. "Dear girl, you never lied to me. Whatever these dear lips have said, I knew, I always knew your heart was true."

"Katharine asked it and I had to promise her."

"You mean about Hugh Crandall."

"Yes," she breathed. "I don't know yet what it is that is between them. It's something about—about my father. Crandall knew it and Katharine found it out. Whatever it is, they determined to keep it secret between them. Katharine made me promise that I would tell no one, not even you. She swore me not to reveal to any one that I had even seen Hugh Crandall. I had to promise her, you understand, don't you?"

My answer was a kiss full on her lips, while my arms went about her and held her tight to me.

"Of course, dear girl," I breathed, "I understand. I understood all the while."

"I was so afraid," she murmured, "afraid you would think I was deceiving you, that I didn't love you."

As our lips met in a long, sweet kiss, a wave of joy swept over me that all but obliterated thoughts of the dreadful yellow letter. I forgot for the moment the drug-sodden creature lying in the corner, not twenty feet away from us. I knew but one thing, Louise loved me. What mattered anything? In the rhapsody that only those who have loved can understand we held each other in close embrace in a delightful silence—it may have been for one minute—it may have been for ten or twenty. Time for either of us had lost its power. We were the world, just we ourselves.

The spell was broken by a slight twitching of the man across the room. We came to ourselves with a start as from a dream. I went over to his side and looked at him. He was still dead to all around him.

"You understand, Harding, dear, don't you?" said Louise, as I resumed my place beside her, "why I asked you to drop your search? As soon as Katharine became conscious and I told her that you were on the trail of the yellow letter, she became greatly excited. She insisted that I should make you withdraw at once. She was determined to know all about what you had done, and I told her of your being here in Ardway. She, weak and ill as she was, made me swear that I would recall you by telephone. She wanted me to telephone Hugh Crandall, too, but I did not know how to reach him. I had to promise her everything she asked."

"Of course you did," I said. "But, dear, I loved you so that I could not rest while this terrible mystery that hung over your dear ones was unsolved. I felt that it was my duty to disregard your wish. I realized that you were being compelled by some influence you could not withstand to act as you did. You are not angry with me, are you, dearest?"

"Of course I'm not," she said with a wan smile, patting my hand gently.

"But tell me," I asked, "what of Hugh Crandall? What is his connection with this dreadful mystery?"

"I don't know," she answered thoughtfully.

"I have thought all along that he had something to do with it, and you saw just now that he admitted knowing this man here whom the inspector insists is at the root of everything."

"Katharine trusts him, yet I know my father for some reason forbade him the house."

"I'm sure he is guilty," I cried, "Katharine's eyes have been blinded by love to his real character."

"I think you must be mistaken," said Louise. "He knows about the existence of a paper that gave some man a strange hold on my father. Katharine knew of it, too. He may have told her. She insisted on my accompanying him out here to try to help recover it."

"Didn't he tell you about it on the way out?"

"No. I asked him what it was. He told me that too many people knew its contents now. The more I think about it the more perplexed I am about the mysterious manner in which both he and Katharine acted about this document."

"Tell me everything," I insisted, all my suspicion against Crandall returning anew.

"To begin with, he insisted on our leaving the chauffeur in Newark, though it had been my intention to have him come with us. Crandall would not hear of it. 'Katharine put you in my charge,' he said, 'and it is her wish as well as my own that we take every precaution for secrecy. It is better that only you and I go on this mission. We want no servant gossiping about this matter.' 'But where are we going, and why?' I asked him. 'Surely I have a right to know that.' 'We are going to try to recover from the hands of the wickedest blackguard on earth a certain document that has come into his possession. It is a question whether or not we shall succeed. If we do, I shall put this document in your hands and you must promise that it shall not go out of your possession until you have placed it in your sister's hands. You must promise me, too, that you will ask no questions about it and that you will not read it. When Katharine has seen it, do with it whatever she tells you. She probably will say that you are to burn it without reading.'

"Can't you see, Harding, what a dilemma I was in? I felt that what Mr. Crandall asked me to do was Katharine's wish. They had talked together for nearly half an hour just before you came to the house. I had to promise what he asked, though I protested first. It seemed to me that carrying back the document to Katharine would excite her and retard her recovery, and I told him so."

"'The sight of that document safe in her own hands will do more to cure her speedily than all the doctors in the world,' he answered."

"Did he mean the yellow letter?" I queried.

"I don't know. I asked him if that was what he meant and he would not answer me. The only thing he did tell me was that there had been strange developments in the case since he had undertaken to get this paper for Katharine. They seemed to puzzle him greatly. He said that something with which he had nothing to do had alarmed the man we were going to see and that he had disappeared, gone into hiding."

"'How will we find him?' I asked.

"'He is as anxious to see me as he is not to see some one else,' Crandall told me. 'He wrote me plain directions how to reach a place he calls the deserted cottage, and made an appointment there for nine o'clock.'"

As I listened to Louise's story I did not know what to think about Crandall's part in the affair. It seemed now that he had been acting in Katharine's behalf, though this did not explain his acquaintance and relations with the man he had called Aleck Young. I could account for his determination that Louise should not read the document by the hypothesis that it was something reflecting on the honor of her father. Indeed, I felt it must be that. I could conceive nothing that would have driven Katharine Farrish to attempt her own life except the approaching disgrace of some member of the family. Pride of name was one of her strongest characteristics. I could well conceive that even on a bed of illness she would try to shield Louise from all knowledge of any family shame. For many years her relation toward her younger sister had been almost that of a mother. One thing that puzzled me was why she and Crandall should have thought it necessary for Louise to accompany him, and, even with this explained, there was still the greater mystery of the chain of suicides that centred at Ardway, bound together by fragmentary bits of yellow letters.

"Why, I asked Louise, "do you suppose that he and Katharine insisted on you coming out here? Why could not Crandall himself have recovered the document and restored it to Katharine?"

"I asked him that. He told me that the man who held it had made the condition that it should be received by either my father or Katharine. They did not wish it known that my fa—what had happened, and as they were certain this man knew neither Katharine nor me, I was to go with him and impersonate my sister."

"Did you get the document?"

"No, we failed," said Louise, "and I do not know what in the world I am to tell Katherine. We came out here in the afternoon. Crandall thought it advisable to find the place by daylight. We ran the automobile up the lane that leads to this place and crept through the thicket until we came in sight of the cottage. There were two men moving about in the cottage. Young and another man whom Mr. Crandall told me was the postmaster at Ardway. He seemed surprised at the presence of the postmaster. We watched for half an hour and then took the automobile back to a little hotel about three miles away from Ardway. For some reason, Mr. Crandall did not want to stop in Ardway."

(To be continued).

Muscles Useless Without Nerve Force

Perhaps you are not quite clear on the relation of the nerves to the rest of the body. Through the nerve fibres which extend through countless branches to every nook and corner of the human system is conveyed the motive power which operates the various organs.

There could be no breathing, no beating of the heart, no flow of the digestive fluids, no action of any muscle or organ of the body without nerve force. Consequently, when the nervous system becomes exhausted there is complete collapse of the body, the different stages of which are described as nervous prostration, locomotor ataxia and paralysis.

The time to use such restorative treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is when the headaches, sleeplessness, indigestion and other warning symptoms first appear. A few weeks' persistent treatment is then sufficient to revitalize the wasted nerve cells and restore health and vigor.

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La MARQUISE de FONTENOY

Author Sassoon, British Monarch's Friend, Who Died Recently Was Member of Family Wielding Wonderful Commercial Power — Parallel of Strange Case

(Copyright, 1912, by the Brentwood Company.)

Arthur Sassoon, C. V. O., who died last week, frequently entertained both the late and present king for weeks together, at his various shooting places in Scotland, mainly at Tulchan, which embraces the famous Strathspey moors. There George V. spent a fortnight last fall. Mr. Sassoon was not, as so many people seem to believe, a Parsee, but a Jew, and like his brother, the late Sir Albert, who financed the early stage career of Mrs. Langtry, and the late Reuben Sassoon, comes of the family of the great Mesopotamian-Hebrew banker who in the early part of the nineteenth century transferred the headquarters of his colossal business from Bagdad to Bombay, becoming an English subject.

The family is descended from a group known as the Ivn Shoshan, who in olden days, prior to the expulsion of the Jews from Spain, held the position of nossii, or head of the Jewish community of Toledo. The name Shoshan, which signifies "lily" in Hebrew, was gradually transformed into Sassoon, signifying "gladness."

The Sassoons claim descent from King David; and Abram Sassoon, who flourished in the seventeenth century, secured records and compiled a genealogy showing that he was a direct descendant of Shephatiah, the fifth son of King David. Not only are there references to the name of the family in Hebrew medieval literature, but even in the Talmud.

Arthur Sassoon's widow belongs to the celebrated Perugia family of Trieste, which has been established there for centuries, and which is regarded by Jews throughout the world as the most blue-blooded of their race. She is a sister of Mrs. Leopold Rothschild. In their youth both of them were renowned for their great beauty, their huge quantities of hair, of the silkiest kind of Titian red, their extraordinary creamy complexion, and their delicately cut features, which bore no trace whatsoever of the ordinary Semite facial characteristics.

The Sassoons, even before the transfer of their headquarters from Bagdad to Bombay, were at the head of the opium trade between India and China. Their banking house has been in existence for centuries, and it is a curious fact that in spite of the wars, of the revolutions, and of the almost continuous strife which has been raging around its former headquarters at Bagdad and around so many of its branch houses, no attempt has ever been made, in China, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, northern or central Africa, or even in Turkey or Morocco, to confiscate its vast wealth, or to loot any of its treasure.

The fact is that no Asiatic prince, no Chinese mandarin, no Arab chieftain, nor African sultan, king or emperor, would ever dream of doing anything to wrong the Sassoons, knowing by experience that the latter never forget an injury, and that they form part of a class that never forgives an outrage on one of its members; that to be boycotted by them, when one had troops to pay, fire-arms and ammunition to be obtained, whims to be carried out, and harems to be kept contented and in luxury, was, to say the least, inconvenient.

The consequence is that in the dangerous passes of Afghanistan, in the provinces of China where white men are the most abhorred, in the most fanatic of the Khanates, in the wilds of Arabia, even among the savage desert tribes which infest the northern and central portions of Africa, a passport or safe conduct bearing the signature of the Sassoons constitutes an infinitely better protection than any paper bearing the stamp and seal of the Czar of Russia, of the Chinese government or of King George, Emperor of India.

Most of the money loaned by the Sassoons, and it is their money that finances almost the entire native trade of Asia and of northern Africa, is loaned on personal security, often in astonishingly large amounts, and is repaid, as a rule, not in money, but in goods, so that the Sassoons in reality reap a double return for their advances, namely, the interest on the money and the profit, often very great, on the sale of the goods; and though nothing but personal security is ever asked by the Sassoons of these native borrowers from every part of the Asiatic and African world, and collateral is never demanded, yet the losses of the house are few and far between, infinitely less, indeed, than those of any European or American bank, the traders knowing that "to fail the Sassoons," would be to lose every possibility of trading again. So they are honest in the payment of their debts.

Wield Great Power

This explanation may give some idea of the extent of the vast power which is quietly, nevertheless surely, wielded by the Sassoons; and when one remembers that this influence has ever been at the disposal of the British government, which possesses such large interests in Asia and Africa, it is only natural that Queen Victoria should have rewarded Arthur Sassoon's brother Albert with a baronetcy, now held by his son, Sir Edward Sassoon, married to a daughter of Baron Gustave Rothchild.

Sir Edward, it is said, is soon to be raised to the House of Lords, not only in recognition of the services of his family, but also as a reward for what he has accomplished as president of the entire British telegraph system in Asia and Africa. The very knowledge that Sir Edward Sassoon is the president of this great system is sufficient to prevent the wires from being cut or injured by the natives, no matter how savage and lawless the districts through which they are strung.

Until the Indian Mutiny, the Sassoons at Bombay always wore the dress of the Bagdad Jew, with flowing robes and turban, but when the great rebellion started, in 1857, old Abraham Sassoon caused his sons to adopt the European costume, "so that everybody may see on whose side you are," though he himself retained his old familiar costume until the very last. The Sassoons have left Bagdad and Bombay far behind them, but have always stuck to the faith of their ancestors, and even when the late and the present king have been the guests of the late Arthur Sassoon at Tulchan Lodge, their host and hostess faithfully observed the Jewish Day of Atonement, in silence and in fasting; and out of respect for their feelings, the guns of Edward VII., and George V. were always silent on that day, and there was no slaughtering of the grouse.

Parallel of Strange Case

The strange case of the shooting of Eugene Grace, in Atlanto, Ga., by his wife, during a dream, has an extraordinary precedent in Europe. When King Louis Philippe visited Queen Victoria in England, in the closing years of his reign, a certain number of representative Englishmen escorted the Gallic monarch across the channel, back to Calais. There they were sumptuously entertained at a banquet. Three of theme were quartered for the night in the house of the chief of the Calais police, who, the next morning on awaking was astonished to find his hands red, and a knife still clasped in one of them. He had killed one of his English guests, as the result of a bad dream.

Immediately notifying the state prosecutor, and submitting to arrest, he was tried for the crime, and extraordinary as was his story, he was so sincere about it that he was acquitted.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

Death Follows the Surgeon's Knife

Surgery is the fad in medical treatment, and many doctors still recommend a surgical operation for piles. Too often the results are fatal to the patient and even when the operation is a success there is not always a cure.

There is a safer way to cure piles, a less risky and less expensive way. You are certain of obtaining relief by using Dr. Chase's Ointment, and if you persist in this treatment you can also be fully cured.

It is worth while to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, even if you have been told that an operation is necessary. Many have escaped the knife by using this ointment, others have been cured by its use after operations had failed.

Relief from the itching, stinging sensations which make the suffering from piles so hard to bear is obtained almost as soon as Dr. Chase's Ointment is applied.

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The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON

IN one of Robert Louis Stevenson's books, a young man receives this advice from a friend who has seen something of the world: "Be scoole, Davie, in all things immaterial."

With the end of Lent, the most prolific wedding season of the year will commence. How I wish that every twain who are to become one this spring would take the above advice for their matrimonial motto, and honestly resolve on their wedding day to try to be "scoole in all things material."

I wish also that they might be able to get the right point of view on what is material and what is not. So many things are immaterial that we fume and fret and worry ourselves about. And so many things are vital that we seem to hold very lightly.

For instance, any third party will certainly admit that it is comparatively immaterial whether that call on which Mrs. Newlywed's heart is set is made Friday evening, or put off until the next week in deference to a smoker which Mr. Newlywed particularly wishes to attend. But the two most concerned do not seem to be able to look at this matter as immaterial. And no one will deny that the peace and harmony of the home are most vital in the lives of these young folks. And yet, over that immaterial point, they lightly soil and tarnish these precious and vital things.

In a witty little volume by one of the modern women writers, a young wife is pictured as inquiring of her husband, who has just come from their home to the summer place where she is stopping, if he brought down a particular belt which she has repeatedly charged him not to fail to bring. Of course, he has brought the wrong belt, and for a moment she is ready to scold. Then the following dialogue takes place:

"'Look here, could you use some chocolate nougat, instead of the belt? Because I have got that.'

"'Of course I could, Tommy, dear, and it doesn't make much difference, anyway. Where's the nougat?'

"Mr. Wilbour struck an attitude.

"'And there are still people who wonder why I married you!' he exclaimed. 'Toots, you're a brick.'"

If more women were like that, fewer men would be asking themselves why they ever married. Furthermore, when a woman like that wants something which is really material, she usually gets it.

Nor is this preachment aimed chiefly at the feminine sex. Quite to the contrary. "Be scoole in all things immaterial," is an admonition which men need as much if not more, than women.

To be sure, as I can feel some logical person thinking, both do not need to be scoole all the time. But there is little danger of that.

A very happy couple, who seem to grow more devoted every year of their married life, once told me that they made a resolution on their wedding day that each would give up more than half the time. If any two people will make a resolution to be scoole more than half the time, and will really try, despite failures and discouragements, to live up to that, they will be practically sure of a happy married life.

SHIPPING

ALMANAC FOR ST. JOHN, MARCH 18.

	A.M.		P.M.
High Tide	11.28	Low Tide	5.38
Sun Rises	6.35	Sun Sets	6.29

The time used is Atlantic standard.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived Yesterday.

Stmr Corsican, 7296, Cook, Liverpool via Halifax, Wm Thomson & Co.

Stmr Benin, 2788, Cole, New York, J T Knight & Co.

Stmr Rossano, 2367, Bailey, Louisburg, Dominion Coal Co.

Schr Laura C Hall, Rockwell, Boston, C M Kerrison.

CANADIAN PORTS.

Halifax, NS, March 17—Ard, stmrs Corsican, Teutonic, Liverpool.

BRITISH PORTS.

Glasgow, March 16—Sld, stmr Cassandra, St John.

Southampton, March 17—Ard, stmr Oceanic, New York.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Boston, March 17—Ard, stmr Boston, Yarmouth.

Portland, March 17—Ard, Schr Harry Miller, St John.

MARINE NOTES.

Br steamship Dunholme, 2134 tons, has been chartered to load coal at Louisburg (NS), for Rio Janeiro at 27s. 6d.

The government steamer Stanley, caught in the ice off Sydney while on her way to the Magdalen Islands, was freed again and was reported last night as being fifty miles from her destination.

A White Star liner from Liverpool arrived at Halifax yesterday and landed 560 passengers. She left with 500 others for Portland, Me. The S. S. Kursk, from Libau, also arrived at Halifax yesterday with 1066 immigrants on board. Of these 585 were landed at Halifax and the rest were taken to New York.

Captain Maxwell of the three masted schooner Jessie Lena, which was wrecked at Timber Island recently returned to St. John on Saturday.

Men's Suits.

in all the latest designs, both make and quality, are arriving daily.

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