#### ON A CHARGE OF FORGERY

STRAND MAUSZINK

STIBLE MAGGINE.

SOLIO ANSIONE, CENT, however, keptim trem or nearly len days, and it was not until a setum Saturday less than a week before the day appointed for the wedding that I was able to leave London. I went to Plymouth by the might mail, and arrived at the great, gloomy-looking prison about olevon o clock on the following morning. I received a warm welcome fre the Governor and his charming wife. He had breakfast ready for me on my arrival, and when the meal was over arrival, and when the meal was over told me that he would take me roun the prison, show me the gangs of me attheir various works of stone quarryle attheir various works of stone quarrying turf-outting, trenching, etc., and, in short, give me all the information about the prisoners which lay in his

power.

The was as good as his word, and took me first through the prison, and afterwards to see the gangs of men at work. I was much interested in all I saw, but had not yet an opportunity of saying a special word about Bayard. After dinner that evening Captain Standish suddenly asked me the ob-

ject of my visit.
"Well," he said, "has your day satisfied you?"
"I bave been much interested," I

replied.
"Yes, yes, but you must have had some special object in taking this journey—a busy man like you will not come so far down from town, particularly at this time of year, without a motive—even granted," he added, with a smile, "that we are old friends."
I looked fixedlyat him for a moment, then I spoke.

I looked fixedlyat him for a moment, then I spoke.

"I have come here for a special object," I said.

"Ah, I thought as much. Do you feel inclined to confide in me?"

"I certainly must confide in you. I have come to flartmoor to see a man of the name of Bayard—Edward Bayard, in was sentenced to five years' ponal servitude about a year ago—I was present at the trial—I have brought him a messago—I want, if possible, to deliver it."

While I was speaking, Captain Standish's face were an extraordinary expression.

You want to see Bayard . he repeated

"And you have brought him a cessage which you think you can cliver?"

liver?"
"Yes. Is that an impossibility?"
"I fear it is."
He remained silent for a minute,

"I fear it is."

He remained silent for a minute, thinking deeply—then he spoke.

"One of the strictest of prison rules is, that prisoners are not allowed to be pointed out to visitors for indentification. It is true that at stated times the convicts are allowed to see their own relations or intimate friends, always, of course, in the presence of a warder. Bayerd has not had anyone to see him since his arrival. Are you presently acquainted with him?"

warder. Bayard has not had anyone to see him since his arrival. Are you personally acquainted with him?"

"I never spoke to him in my life."

"Then how can you expect—?"

I broke in abruptly.

"The message I am charged with is in a certain sense one of life or death." I said; "it affects the reason, perhaps the life, of an innecent person. Is there no possibility of your rule being stretched in my favour?"

"None whatever in the ordinary sense, but what do you say"—here

being stretched in my favour?"

"None whatover in the ordinary sense, but what do you say"—here Captain Sandish sprang to his feet—what do you say to seeing Bayard in your capacity as physician?"

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this. I should be glad if you would see him in consultation with our prison doctor. I know Bruce would be thankful to have your views

would be thankful to have your views of his case."

"Then he is ill—at the present moment the prisoner whom you have come to see is in a state of complete catalepsy—stay, I will send for Bruce and ask him to toll you about him."

Captain Standish rose and rang the bell. When the servant appeared he saked him to take a message to Dr. Bruce, begging him to call at the Governor's house immediately.

"While we are waiting for Bruce," said Standish, "I will tell you one or two things about Bayard. By the way, we call him Number Sixty here. He came to us from Pentonville with a pood character, which he has certainly maintained during the fow months of his residence at Hartmoor. He is

mo came to us roll rentonine with a good character, which he has certainly maintained during the fow months of his residence at Hartmoor. He is an intelligent man, and a glance is sufficient to show the class of society from which he has sprung. You know wo have a system of marks here, and prisoners are able to shorten their seatences by the number of marks they san earn for good conduct. Bayard has had his full complement from the first—he has obeyed all the rules, and been perfectly civil and ready to obligation of the seatence of the society of the seatence which passed the prisoner in as comfortable a position as can be accorded to any seaviet. One morning there was a row in one of the yards—a convictal manner—he would have killed him if Sixty had not interfered. Hayard is a slightly built fellow, and no one would give him credit for much muscular strength. The doctor placed him in the tailoring establishment when he came, declaring him unfit to join the gangs for quarrying and for settaide work. Well, when the sculle secured, about which I am telling you,

Staty spring upon the madmin, and, in short, at personal risk, saved Dimpkin's life. The infuriated convict, because the state of the s Sixty sprang upon the madman, and, in short, at personal risk, saved Emiphin's life. The infurnated convict, however, did not let lisyard off scotfree, he gave him such a violent blow in the risk that one was broken—if the outer world—I should have liked to have given him the message—but he had be given by the message between the same well in the outer world—I should have liked to have given him the message—but he had be go to hospital, where he had be given by the message in the message in the outer world—I should have liked to have given him the message between the message in the outer world—I should have liked to have given him the message in the outer world—I should have liked to have given him the message of grave infront some of the true of the true of the control of th

been talking about your patient, Num ber Sixty. What do you say to con-sulting Halifax about him?"

'I shall be delighted, answered

"I shan or described you to say, Standish, that Bayard is ill now?" I asked. "Entails so. Pray describe the case, Bruce."

caso, Bruce."

"Your visit is most opportuno," said Dr. Bruce. "Sixty had a bad attack this morning. He was employed in this very house directing some carpenters, when he fell in a state of unconscioueness to the floor. He was moved at once into a room adjoining "the workshop—he is there now."

"What are his general symptoms?" I asicol.

I asked

Complete insensibility—in

1 asked.

"Complete insensibility—in short, catalopsy in its worst form. His attacks began after the slight inflammation of the lungs which followed his injury. Captain Standish has probably told you about that."

"I have," said Standish.
"He may have received a greater shock than we had any idea of at the time of the accident," continued Dr. Bruce, "otherwise, lean tin tholeast account for the fact of catalopsy following an injury to the lungs. The man was in perfect health before this illness, since then he has had attacks of catalopsy once and sometimes twice in one week. As a rule, he recovers consciousness after a few hours; but to-day his insensibility is more marked than usual."
"You don't think it by any possi-

to-day his insensibility is more marked than usual."

"You don't think it by any possibility a case of malingering?" I inquired. "One" does hear of such things in connection with prisoners."
The prison doctor shook his head.

"No," he said, "the malady is all too resl. I have tested the man in every possible way. I have used the electric battery, and have even run needles into him. In short, I am persuaded there is no imposture. At the present moment he looks like death; but come, you shall judge for yourself."

As Dr. Bruce spoke, he led the way to the door; Captain Standish and I accompanied him. We walked down a stone passage entered a large workshop with high guarded windows, and passed on to a small room beyond. The one window in this room was also high, and protected with thick bars. On a trundle bed in the centre lay the prisoner.

For a moment I scarcely recognized

On a trundle bed in the centre lay the prisoner.

For a moment I scarcely recognized the man. When I had last seen Bayard, he had been in ordinary gentleman's dress; he was now in the hideous garb of the prison—his hair cut within a quarter of an inch of his head—his face was thin and worn, it looked old, years older than the face I had last seen above the dock of the Old Bailey. There were firmly shut, and resembled a straight line. The building obstinacy of the chin, which I had noticed in the court of the Old Bailey, was now more discernible than ever.

had noticed in the court of the Old Bailey, was now more discernible than ever.

"If ever a man could malinger, this man could," I muttered; "he has both the necessary courage and obstinacy. But what could be his motive?"

I bent down and carefully examind the patient. He was lying flat on his back. His skin was cold—there was not a vestige of colour about the face or lips. Taking the wrist between my finger and thumb, I felt for the pulse, which was very slow and barely perceptible—the man's whole frame felt like ice—there was a slight rigidity about the limbs.

"This is a queer case," I said aloud.

"It is real," interrupted Bruce; the man is absolutely unconscious."

When he spoke, I suddenly lifted one of the patient's sydles, and looked into the syc—the pupil was contracted—the sye was glazed and apparently unconscious. I looked fixedly into it for the space of several seconds—not by the faintost flicker flid it show the

unconsoious. I looked machine for the space of several seconds—not by the faintest flicker did it show the local unpreach to sensibility. I press.

by the faintest flicker did is show the least approach to sensibility. I pressed my finger on the cornon—there was a flinch. I dropped the lid again After some farther esrelul examination, I stood up.

"This catalepsy certainly seems real," I said—"the man is, to all appearance, absolutely unconscious. I am sorry, as I hoped to have persuad-dyou, Captain Standish, to allow ne to have an interview with him. I

to have given him the message—but in his present state this is, of course, impossible."

"What treatment do you propost?" asked Bruce, who showed some impatience at my carefully worked speech.

I will talk to you about that out side, I answered—I was watching the patient intenty all the time I was speaking.

Standach and Bruce turned to leave the room, and I went with them. When I reached the loor, however, I glanced suddenly hack at the suck man. Was it fancy, or had he looked at me for a brief second? I certainly detected the faintest quiver about the cyclids. Instantly the truth flashed through my bran—bayard was a malingerer. He had forgred catalopsy so eleverly that had even imposed upon the far-seeing prison dooter. He would have imposed upon me, but for that lightning quiver of the deathlike face. I had spoken on purpose about that message from the outside world. Mine was truly an arrow shot at centure, but the arrow had gone home. When I left the room, I know the man's secret. I resolved, however, not to reveal it.

Bruce consulted me over the case, I gave some brief suggestions, and advised the prison doctor not to leave the mr.n alone, but to see that a warder sat up with him during the night. Standish and I then returned to the drawing-room. We spent a pl.asant evening together, and it was past one o'clock when we both retired to rest. As we were going to our rooms, a sudden idea flashed through my mind.

o clock when we both retired to rest.

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sudden idea flashed through my mind.

"Have you any objection," I add,
turning suddenly to Standish, "to my
seeing Number Sixty again?"

"Of course not, Halifax; it is good

to be so interested in the poor chap. I will ask Bruce to take you to his om to morrow morning."
"I want to see him now," I said.

'Now?'
'Yes, now, if you will allow me."
'Cortainly, if you really wish it—
lon't suppose there is the least
unge, however, and the man is reving every care—a warder is sitting
with him." up with him."
"I should like to see him now," I

"I should like to see him now," I repeated.
"All right," answered Standish. We turned and went downstairs; we entered the cold stone passage, passed through the workshop, and paused at the door of the little room where the sick man was lying. Standish opened the door, holding a candle in his hands as he did so. We both looked towards the bed; for a momen, we could see nothing, for the candle threw a deep shadow, then the candidation of things became clear. The warder, who had charge of Bayard lay in an unconscious heap on the floor—the prisoner himself had vanished.
"Good God! The man was malingering after all, and has escaped," cried the Governor.

"Good God! The man was malingering after all, and has escaped," cried the Governor.

I bent down over the warder; he had been deprived of his cuter gar ments, and lay in his shirt on the floor. I turned on him his back, examinol his head, and asked Standish to fetch some brandy; a moment or two later the man rovived.

He opened his oyes and looked at me in a dazed way.

"Where am I?" he said. "What, in the name of wonder, has happened? Oh, now I remember—that secondrel—let me get up, there is not a moment to loso."

"You must not stir for a minute or two," I said. "You have had a bad blow, and must he still. You are coming to yourself very fast, however. Stay quiet for a moment, and then you can tell your story.

"Meanwhile, I will go and give the alarm," said Standish, who had been watching us anxiously.

He left the room. The warder had evidently been only badly stunned—he was soon almost himself again.

"I remember overything now, sir," he said. "I beg your pardon, I don't know your face."

"I am a friend of the Governor," I answered, "a dector from London. Now tell your story and be quick about it."

"We all had a good word for Sixty,"

it."
"We all had a good word for Sixty,"
replied the man; "e was a bit of a
favourite, even though e wor a convict. To night be laid like one dead,
and I thought, pore chap, o might and I thought, pore chap, o might never survive this yere attack; all of a sudden I seed his eyes wide open and

sudden I seeu me vys me signed on me.

"' Simpkins, 'le says, 'don't speak
—you are a dead man if you speak,
Simpkins, and I s\_ved your life once.'

"True for you, Sixty,' I answered

him.
"' Well,' he says, 'it's your turn
"' Well,' he was the well he we "'Well," he says, 'it's your turn now to save mino. You 'aud me over your hat, and jackets, and trousers,' says 'e. 'Be quick about it. If you and me,' I'll stun you—I can—I've hid a weapon under the mattress.'
"'Oh, don't you go and break prison, Sixty,' I answered; 'you'il get a heap added to your sentence if you do that.'

you do that."
"I must, he said, his eyes wildhke. 'I saw it in the papers, and I
must go—there is one I must eave,
Simpkins, from a fate worse than
death. Now, is it "yes" or "no"?"
"It's "no," I an, wored, as I
makes for him.

me—he leapt out of bed and caught me by the threat. I remember a blow and his eyes looking wild—and then I was unconscious. The next thing I know was you pouring brandy down my threat, sir."

'Lou are better now,' I replied.

and his eyes looking wild—and then I was unconscious. The next thing I know was you pouring brandy down my throat, eir."

You are better now, I replied, "you had better go at once, and tell your story to the authorities.

The man left the room, and I histened to find Standiels. There was hurry and confusion and a general alarm. There was not the least doubt that Bayard had walked calmly out of Hartmore prison in Warder Simpkin's clothes. One of the porters testified to this offect. A general alarm was given, and telegrams immediately sent to the different railway and police stations. Standiels had that the man would assuredly be brought back the following morning. Even if by any chance he managed to get as for as London, he would, in his peechar clothes, be arrested there immediately. I remained at Hartmoor for a good part of the following morning to get as for as London, he would, in his peechar clothes, be arrested there immediately. I remained at Hartmoor for a good part of the following day, but Standiel's expectations were not realised. Although telegrams were sent to the different police-stations, there was no nows with regard to Edward Dayard. It was presently ascertained that Simpkins had mony in the pocket of his jacket—he had just received his week's wages, and had altogother about 23 on his person. When his fact becamekinown the success of thosecape was considered probable. As there was nothing more for to do, I returned to London on the evening of the following day, and reached my own house in time for broakfast.

I was anxious to see Lady Kathleen, but was puzzled to know how I could communication with her. My doubts on this point, however, were set to rest in a very unexpected manner. When I returned home after seeing my patients that afternoon, Harris surprised me with a look of excitement on her face.

"You remember your patient, Lady Kathleen Church?" she asked.

face.

"You remember your patient, Lady

"You remember your patient, Lady Kathleen Church?" she asked.
"Perfectly," I replied. "I hope she is better."
"Far from that she is worso—I consider her very all. Her wedding is to take place in a few days, but unless something is done to releive her terrible tension of mind, we are more likely to have a funeral than a wedding on that day."
"What are her special symptoms at

likely to have a uneral than a weeding on that day."

'What are her special symptoms at present?" I asked.

'She has been going from had to worse since you saw her, Dr. Halifax. This morning she went out by herself for a short time, and returned in a very strange state of excitement. Her own impression was that she was losing her senses. She begged and implored that I would send for you. And I resolved to come to fetch you myself. Can you come to see her?"

'Certainly,' I roplied; 'at what hour?'

hour?"
"Now, if you will; there is no time
to be lost. Will you return with me?
Your patient is very ill, and bught to
have attention without a moment's

delay."
"My carriage is at the door; shall we go back to your house in it?" I

delay."

"My carriage is at the door; shall we go back to your house in it?" I asked.

"Certainly." replied Miss Levesen. She rose from her chair at once—she was evidently impatient to be off. As we were driving to Piecadilly, she turned and spoke to me.

"While we have an opportunity, I wish to say something," she said

"What is that?" I asked.

"I should naturally be glad if Lady Rathleen married my brother, but I wish you clearly to understand that I am not one to free the marriage. I fear the poor girl has not got over another most unfortunate attachment. Under present circumstances, I have made up my mind to cease to urge the wedding which we had hoped would so soon take place. I can't get my brother, however, to view matters in the same light; he is determined at any risk to keep Lady Rathleen to her promise."

"He camot force her," I said.

promise."

"He cannot force her," I said.
"By moral suasion, yes—you do
not know the man, Dr. Halifax."

I said nothing further—we had
drawn up at the magnificant mansion
in Piccadilly, and a few moments
lator I found myself in the presence of
my patient. Miss Levesen brought
me as far as the door, then she withdrew.

me as far as the door, then she with-drew.

"Go in alone," she said, " that will be best. I don't want my brother to think that I'm in any way plotting against his interests."

think that I'm in any way plotting against his interests."

She said these last words in an almost frightened whisper, and vanished before I had time to reply. I knocked at the door—a man's voice called to me to enter, and I found myself in a pretty boudoir.

The young girl whom I had come to see was lying on a sofa—her cyos were shut—a handkercief, wrung out of some eau de Cologne and water, was placed over her brow. A man was leaded by her side—he was ovidently unraing her with extreme care, and there was a look of solicitud on his face. I guessed at once that this man was Levesen. A hasty glance showed if the content of the c with must, he said, his oyes wild-like. 'I caw it in the papers, and I must go—there is one I must sgo—there is one if must go—there is one if must go—there is one if must go—there is one of the must generally be and looked not only gentlemsnly, but makes for him.

"I'd scarcely raid the words," continued the man, "before he was on the man, where he was on the man, where he was on the must generally be and the words," continued the man, "before he was on the must generally genera

Len had opened here yes when I came in she roused berself from the sort of deathlike stuper into which she had sauk, and gave me one or two shances of interest and releft I pet some questions to her, but I quickly saw that in Loveson a presence she was constrained and uncomfortable.

that in Loveson a presence she was constrained and uncomfortable.

"To you object to my seeing the patient for a few moments alone." I asked of him.

His answer surprised me.

'I do," he said, "there is nothing you can say to Lady hathleen that I have not a right to histen to. She is suffering from nortcusnes—nortcusnes—bordering on hysteria—she needs sleep—a sedative will simply her with sleep. Will you have the goodness to write a perscription for one 2-you will find paper, pen, and ink on this table."

He spoke in a just voice, the rudeness underneath being covered by a very surve manner. I was just turning to put some more questions to Lady Rathleen, when she suprised me Lady Rathleen, when she suprised me by sitting up on the sofa and speaking with starting emphases and force.

'You won't go away?' she said to I-eveson.

"I will not, 'he replied.

with starting emphasis and force.

"You won't go away?" she said to I-evesen.

"I will not, 'he replied.

"Then I will speak before you. No, you cannot cow me—not while Dr. Halifax is here. You shall hear the truth now, Francis, unless you change your mind and leave the room."

"I prefer to romain," he answered, with a sneer. "I should be glad to know what is really in your mind."

"I will tell you. I only marry you because I am afraid to refuse you. The only influence you have over me is one of terror. At the present moment I feel strong enough to defy yeu. That is because Dr. Halifax is here. Ho is a strong man, and he gives me courage. I don't love you—I hate you—I hate you with all my heart and strength. You don't love meyou only want to marry me for my monoy."

While Lady Kathleen was speaking.

Oney."
While Lady Kathleen was speaking,

While Lady Kathleen was speaking, Levesen rose.

"You see how ill your patient is, doctor," he said, "you perceive how mecessary a sedative is. My dear child," he added, "you are not quite accountable for your words at the present moment. Pray don't talk any more while you are so feverish and excited."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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