A GIRL OF GRIT.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

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and keep the thing entirely private."

"It is just possible that you may wish to give the job to some one else, general, as I shall hardly be here to complete it," I said, rather stiffly, and with that I handed him the sheet of foolscap which contained my resignation.

"Why, Wood, hang it all, you don't mean this surely?" cried Sir Charles, aghast. "You can't have taken offense at what I said this morning? I was a trifle put out, perhaps, but I never meant it seriously. No, no; take this beastly thing back or let me tear it up. This will never do. Forgive and forget, my boy. There's my hand on it. I beg your pardon and— I know you won't be late again."

I hastened to explain that my resignation was in no way the result of pique, and that I was on the point of sending in my papers to retire from the service altogether.

"The simple fact is that I have come into money, sir—a good bit of money," I explained.

"How much, if it is a fair question? I ask because you may have a good enough income, a devilish fine income, and yet it would be wiser for you to stay here. The discipline of any regular routine work is good for independent men. Believe me, you'd soon sicken of being entirely your own master; take to drink or cards or petticoats and go to the devil hands down. What is it—two, three, four thousand a year?"

"It is far more than that, Sir Charles," I went on. "I believe I am a millionaire two or three times over. Will you please read that?" and I handed him my lawyers' letter.

"Whew!" He whistled several bars of a popular street melody (very much out of tune), folded up the letter, handed it back, and then, looking me straight in the face, said, with slow, kindly emphasis:

"By George, Wood, I pity you."

It was not quite what I expected from this experienced, long headed man of the world, and he read my disappointment in my face.

"Doesn't please you, eh? You think yourself the most fortunate chap alive! But you're all wrong. Vast riches are a nuisance—they are worse."

He threw up both his hands and began to slowly pace up and down the room.

"A nuisance! A tyranny indeed. They will weigh you down and worry you perpetually. Lord, Lord, the care of all this money, the use of it, the defense of it! The whole world, Wood, is made up of two classes—those who have money, and those who want to take it from them. You will soon have a much poorer opinion of human nature, with their continual cry of 'Give, give.' But let's talk about yourself. What do you mean to do?"

"Honestly, Sir Charles, I hardly know. I am still too much bewildered and taken aback by what happened. Will you advise me, sir?"

"It's not so easy, my lad. It depends so much upon yourself—upon your principles, your tastes and predilections. Of course you will marry, and I've a shrewd notion which way your fancy lies. I know her well—Frida Fairbolme, that little minx. Miss Frida will lead you a fine dance."

"But, Sir Charles, I have never spoken to her. I have no reason to suppose that, if I did, she would accept me."

"Try her," said the general dryly. "You have three millions and odd—new and strangely eloquent reasons for convincing her of your worth."

"She is not that sort at all, Sir Charles."

"Then Eve wasn't her ancestor. I've known her from a child. She's pretty enough, I'll admit, but, by the living jingo, I'd rather you married her than I. By George, she'll be a handful! At any rate, she will give you plenty to do. Miss Frida will set the money moving, and you too. So much the better, perhaps."

"Then you advise me to leave the service, sir?"

"Of course you must leave," he roared with sudden fury. "What, a captain in the army with a hundred and fifty thousand a year! It's out of the question. But don't be in too great a hurry, Wood. Suppose this windfall proves a fraud, where are you? You can have leave—although I don't know how I can spare you with all this going on"—

Leave was a weak point with Sir Charles.

"But," he went on, "if you must, you must, but not for a day or two, please. And, Wood, my dear chap, don't neglect this New York business. I am relying so much on you for it. You've been out there and know all the ropes."

So I stuck to the papers for the rest of the afternoon, and when I left desired the messenger to send them on in a dispatch box to Clarges street.

CHAPTER III.

WARNING.

"An American gentleman has been here several times," Savory said when I reached my rooms. "Would have it he'd got an appointment with you. Told him I didn't know when you'd be home."

"Well, show him up when he calls. I'll see him."

Presently he brought up a card with the name "Erastus K. Snuyzer" on it in gold letters, and the man himself quickly followed. He was dressed in the same irreproachable fashion as when I had seen him in the morning—good new clothes, well cut, a glossy hat, a gardenia and the shiniest of shoes with big bows.

"Well, now?" I asked as I offered him a chair.

"It's this way," he replied. "My people have calculated that you might like to secure their services."

"One moment, pray. Who and what are your people?"

"Saraband & Sons. You have surely heard of them—the great firm of private detectives. I was with Allan Pinkerton myself for years, and he reckoned I was one of his smartest pupils."

"What on earth should I do with a private detective?" I cried, with a great laugh.

"I may venture to remind you that you have just succeeded to a vast fortune. The heirship of the McFaught property must be worth several millions to you, and—and—so Sarabands desired me to call."

"Is it part of a rich man's duty or business to keep a private detective?" I was still laughing, but I found no response on the portentously solemn face of my visitor.

"That's as may be, Captain Wood. Some do and some don't. Those who didn't have come to wish they had; so might you."

"And what would happen if I were so foolish as to refuse the obliging offer of 'your people?'" I asked smilingly.

"I beg of you to be serious, Mr. Wood. Take us or leave us, but employ some one. Do not, for heaven's sake, attempt to run alone."

He spoke with such evident earnestness and good faith that I began to feel a little uncomfortable.

"Do you imply that I need protection, that I am in any danger—any personal danger—that unless I am taken care of I shall fall a victim to some—what shall I say—some plot?"

"All that and more. I cannot at this stage be more explicit in my warnings. It would be giving away our business. But there are ample grounds for what I say. I indicated something of the sort of thing when I spoke to you this morning. There are those who grudge you your newly acquired fortune, who deny your right to it or even the testator's right to it. They are ready to employ any means—secret, insidious, even violent means—to wrest it from you. Let me tell you, sir, that even now, at this moment, you may be, I believe you are, in imminent peril—you and your life."

"But this is a matter for the police!" I cried hotly, springing to my feet.

"Your police cannot help you in this. It is too private and particular, and they are of little good till after the event. What you want is prevention, anticipation. You must meet guile with guile, plot with counterplot, always supposing there is time."

"Where is the hurry?"

"We have reason to know that everything was planned some time since."

"Why, the news is not a day old yet!"

"It has long been expected that the McFaught millions would come to England, but the name of the real heir was only disclosed a week ago. Everything was ready, and the campaign was to commence directly it was known who should be attacked."

I looked at this heavy featured, slow speaking Yankee, wondering whether he was in earnest or only thought me a fool. I knew, of course, that I had now become fair game for the blackmailers, and I was inclined to imagine that Mr. Snuyzer's solicitude was only a transparent attempt to extort money.

"And what would it cost me to secure the good offices of Messrs. Saraband & Sons?" I asked, seeking enlightenment as to his probable demands.

"Our charges, sir, are no more than out of pocket expenses and a small retaining fee, say five and twenty dollars a week. After that a pro rata premium, according to the risks."

"Risks? I do not quite understand."

"The perils, sir, from which you are saved, whether by premonition, guardianship or actual rescue. We have a graduated scale. I shall be happy to leave the 'skedool' with you. Here are some of the items: Divorce proceedings, either side; sequestration, false charges, wounding, loss of limb, death"—

'But this is a matter for the police!' I cried hotly.

"Murder, in short?" I still spoke in a flippant tone. "What is the rate of insurance against that?"

His face did not relax, and he answered gravely:

"From £10,000 up to any sum, according to the nearness of the risk."

"Well, I will think over your obliging offer. Possibly, if I find I cannot take care of myself, I may come to you. For the present I shall trust to Scotland Yard and my own endeavors."

"You are wrong, sir, entirely wrong, believe that," said my visitor darkly as he rose to take his leave. "You are in considerable danger, sir, and it will increase hourly. And you have given points against you. The chief aim of these big 'bunko steerers' is, of course, to pouch your dollars, but it is important that you are concerned with the differences between our two great countries. It is supposed that you hold important military information, state secrets that might be got out of you, squeezed out of you, if they put you in a tight place. You may decline our offer. That is your own affair. But, sir, let me conjure you to carry a six shooter on all occasions. Go nowhere—well, to no strange or unusual places—alone."

"I trust it is not quite so bad as all that, Mr. Snuyzer. Still, I am grateful, and I shall certainly remember you if, if"—

To be continued

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Whenever there is an ache or pain, when the appetite fails, when there are sleepless nights and momentary spells of weakness, look for the cause, and see that it is removed at once.

Cultivate good health while yet there is something to build on, instead of waiting until the nerve force is depleted and vitality completely exhausted.

To persons suffering the results of thin blood and wasted nerves, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food supplies all the needs of the system and brings perfect health. It occupies a field by itself and is unique in these respects: that it cures by forming new, rich blood and nerve force, building up the system and increasing the weight.

It is a reconstructant, restorative and revitalizer of the most unusual merit, which sends new life and new vigor to every part of the body, and gradually and permanently cures all nervous troubles and diseases resulting from weak blood and low vitality. 50 cents a box, at all dealers', or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Dick—I'll never smoke again in the presence of Ladies.

Tom—Why?

Dick—Well, the other day I was smoking in the presence of a young lady and began blowing rings. She slipped her finger through one of them and considered herself engaged.

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From Capt. F. Love, Police Station No. 5, Montreal:—"We frequently use PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER for pains in the stomach, rheumatism, stiffness, frost bites, chilblains, cramps, and all afflictions which befall men in our position. I have no hesitation in saying that PAIN-KILLER is the best remedy to have near at hand."

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THE ADVERTISER, KENTVILLE

1900A. NO. 765

In the Supreme Court

Between
JUDSON O. HUNTLY Plaintiff
and
BRENTON CORKUM,
GLADYS CORKUM and
SARAH CORKUM Defendants

TO be sold at Public Auction by the Sheriff of the County of Kings or his Deputy at the Court House at Kentville in the County of Kings at ten o'clock in the forenoon on

Saturday, the 22nd day of June

A. D. 1901, pursuant to Order of Foreclosure and sale made herein unless before the day appointed for such sale the amount due to the plaintiff with his costs be paid to the plaintiff or his Solicitor.

All the estate, right, title, interest claim, demand and equity of redemption of the defendants herein and all persons claiming or entitled by, from or under Ephriam Corkum and Ada C. Corkum, his wife, original mortgagors herein in to and out of the following described pieces or parcels of land situate lying and being in Cornwallis in the said County of Kings and bounded as follows:

First Lot—Bounded on the east by the old Halls Harbor Road, on the south by lands in possession of William Foley and Joseph Porter, on the west by lands in possession of Wilson Jarvis, and on the north by the east and west highway.

Second Lot—Bounded on the west by said old Halls Harbor Road, on the north by the highway leading past the dwelling house of Levi Thorpe on the east by lands of said Levi Thorpe and the Miller land, and on the south by lands in possession of George Huntly. Lots No. one and two supposed to contain about one hundred and forty acres more or less.

Third Lot—Bounded on the south by lands formerly in possession of Joseph R. Bowles, William and Guilford Newcombe, on the west by lands in possession of Nathaniel Kinsman and the said George Huntly, and the last described lot known as the J. B. Porter lot and on the north and east by lands of said Levi Thorpe supposed to contain about fifty acres more or less, together with all and singular the houses, farm buildings, ways, watercourses, commodities, hereditaments, appendages and appurtenances to the same belonging or in any wise appertaining.

Terms—Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale, balance on delivery of deed.

STEPHEN BELCHER,
Sheriff.

A. E. Dunlop,
Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Kentville, N. S., May 15, A. D., 1901.

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sugar to taste; mix and drink slowly. It will cool, refresh and delight by its delicious flavor and thirst-quenching properties.

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Halifax, July 1899

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The Eagle maintains two free information Bureaus for Resorts—one in Brooklyn and one in the heart of the shopping district of Manhattan. They distribute your circulars, tell visitors about your house, and in every way further your interests. An advertisement in the Eagle supplemented by the free service of its bureaus, is almost a sure investment.

Upon application listing blanks, rate cards and further details will be sent.

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Who exercise good tasteuse, appropriate type and newest ideas, are few. To this class we strive to belong. We do printing for some of the best business and professional men, and would like to do yours.

THE ADVERTISER
Kentville N. S.

Dr. Ludwig Mond has sold his nickel interests in the Dominion and elsewhere to an English syndicate, who will manufacture under the Mond patent.

Lord Roseberry knows nothing of the rumor, started in the United States, that he is to succeed the late Baron Herschell on the Joint High Commission.

E. W. Grove

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