

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1906.

THE ARNCLIFFE PUZZLE,

BY GORDON HOLMES

Author of "A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE."

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XX.

Bradshaw "Makes Good."

Warren's mad drive had not passed altogether unnoticed. May Manning, with a growing appreciation of the qualities of the groom Wilson, was waiting for him in the quietest lane leading out of Arncliffe, the lane which led to Foxgill Moor. She had seen Warren go past with a companion whom she did not recognize. But her quick eye had taken in the bundle under the leather apron; and it seemed to her that there was a projecting foot which could not possibly belong to either Warren or his companion.

She had practically given up all hope of bringing Warren back to his allegiance, and the production of a bank-book, showing a credit balance of close on two hundred pounds, made Wilson distinctly a persona grata. So, of course, when Wilson arrived, she told him what she had seen, and the groom, still intensely jealous of Warren, was only too delighted to put a bad construction on the incident.

"Up to some devilment, you may bet," he said, yet really thinking nothing of the matter.

Between Bradshaw and Lester the close friendship which sprang up, although they had known each other for so short a time, was in no way weakened by recent events. Next morning, when the American learned that Lester had not been in the inn all night, he was genuinely disturbed. His first idea was that the young doctor had returned to London, but the presence of Lester's luggage, supplemented by an inquiry at the local station, effectually disposed of that theory. The individual who combined with in himself the post of book-keeper, ticket collector, and station master at Arncliffe said emphatically that Lester had not been near the station during the past three days. Obviously, he must have gone to the Hall and stayed there. To the Hall Bradshaw went without any delay.

In the grounds he met Phyllis Harland, who, indeed, expected him, and who had arranged a special curl on her forehead for his benefit.

Miss Harland knew perfectly well that she would arrive early. She had made a gratifying conquest in a record time, and the only thing which troubled her was a "naughty, mean, unfair" habit, to use her own adjective, the American had of making her do as he told her. She was always planning how she would bring him to his knees, but, somehow, her plans just failed. He knelt metaphorically, and pleaded as nicely as she could wish; nevertheless, his plea always seemed a command. It was intolerable.

Poor Phyllis had tried demureness, sauciness, and trustful dependence, without attaining that tyrannical ascendancy over him which she wished to establish. Now, as a last desperate resort, she tried being natural.

"How are you, Mr. Bradshaw?" she said, holding out her hand and looking at him with frank, honest eyes.

"I am very well," said Bradshaw, "but at the same time very worried. Dr. Lester has disappeared mysteriously, and this neighborhood appears to be so unhealthy that I am rather afraid he may have struck trouble of some sort."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Phyllis. "Poor Edith!"

"Poor Edith!" cried Bradshaw, curiously. With true masculine density, he did not realize that there was any sort of tender feeling in existence between his friend and the young mistress of Arncliffe.

"How silly men are! And I think you are the silliest of all of them."

"Well, but—" began Bradshaw, rather miffed.

"Silly, silly, silly! Come and tell dear Edith about Dr. Lester. I am sure the news will nearly kill the poor girl!"

"Well," said Bradshaw again, mildly. "Why should it kill the poor girl?"

"Oh!—Phyllis was out of patience—"

"If ever I have charge of you—" she stopped in utter confusion, and made what Bradshaw would have called a "bee line" to the Hall.

The American, alternating between elated joy and intense gloom, walked at her side. He was wondering whether Edith would relent and accept his proposal. Had it not been for that now appalling possibility, he was capable of protruding himself at the feet of Miss Phyllis then and there, although he had known her only three days. In Phyllis, he confessed, Miss Phyllis was entirely capable of accepting him. She had met what she urgently needed, a man of whom she was afraid.

Edith, sunning herself on the balcony, gave them a smiling welcome, delighted, though, it may be, a trifle surprised, to see the pair such good friends. "Well, young people," she called out brightly.

Phyllis was full of her news. She adored Edith, but there was a breathless joy in telling of Lester's disappearance which overcame all other considerations. She arrested Bradshaw with an imperious gesture. "Stop there!" she said. Then, rushing to her friend and clasping her in her arms, she poured forth a narrative from which little was to be gathered save that some calamity had befallen Lester.

Edith stiffened and opened her head. The situation justified a fainting fit; but she was not the fainting type of woman, though she had fainted once at the inquest under deep stress. Besides, there was Bradshaw looking on.

"My dear girl," she cried, with a forced laugh. "Dr. Lester is not a child. You must not think that because there have been two extraordinary incidents here, the place is abounding in murderers and brigands."

Yet she had become exceedingly pale, and her mouth was awry with what she took to be a smile of indifference.

"Of course," said Bradshaw, coming to the rescue. "Lester's all right. So far as I could judge him, he is a man who could easily lick his weight in wildcats. At the same time, I'd feel pretty good if he'd put in an appearance."

"Do not let us worry ourselves about Dr. Lester," repeated Edith. "He is, I am sure, quite capable of taking care of himself. If you will call on him, Phyllis, I will give you some of the finest chocolates you have ever tasted."

Bradshaw, slightly surprised by her seeming flippancy, strolled away with Phyllis, toward a flight of steps leading to the veranda. But, when they reached the top, Edith had left the garden to see Wilson, who had sent an earnest request for an interview.

Edith was beloved and respected by all the servants—respected all the more because, whether as Lord Arncliffe's paid secretary or as the mistress of Arncliffe Hall, she had always treated them with the same unflinching and kindly dignity.

"Well, Wilson?" she asked, as the groom stood twirling his cap uneasily in his hand. "What is it?"

"Why, miss, I—I—of course it may be nothing, but I thought it my duty to tell you. I heard down at the inn that Dr. Lester had not been there all night, and something had come to my knowledge which makes me think it possible the gentleman has met foul play."

"Yes," said Edith, wondering what there could be behind all this mystery. "Yes, go on!"

"Well, miss, there's a young lady I—I am keeping company with and last night she came Master Harry driving like mad with one eye in the gig. There seemed to be a sort of bump under the apron, and she's pretty sure that there was a foot sticking out at the side of the trap. I know it's not my place to speak against the apron, but there are some queer rumors. Any one could see that Master Harry was jealous of the doctor."

"That will do, Wilson," interrupted Edith, lightly. "You will remain here until I return."

She walked back to Bradshaw and Phyllis, outwardly calm, but feeling that every inward step was a miracle.

The pair were laughing together, but Edith's haggard face arrested their mirth. She told them what she had heard from Wilson, calmly, as she thought and with-

out emotion, but her mouth was quivering, and her hands, when she unfolded them, trembled pitifully. "What do you think, Mr. Bradshaw?" she concluded, looking up at him with eyes of anguish.

"I think," answered Bradshaw, still dense, as men always are where women are concerned. "I think things look very black for our friend Lester."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Edith, clasping his hand between hers and forgetting everything save that her lover must be in peril.

"Oh, no! But you will save him, won't you? You are so good and brave and kind. I want him to show me where he is. Why sure, I'll save him if there's any saving to be done. Can you give me a hand?"

"Oh, yes, of course. A dozen if you like."

"Never could ride more than one at a time," said Bradshaw, cheerily, pretending not to notice her emotion. "Perhaps, under the circumstances, Miss Harland will go and order it for me, while I arrange matters with you. And say, Miss Harland, just tell that groom to tip up a horse for himself. I want him to show me where Mr. Warren was driving that peculiar head."

Phyllis tripped away elegantly. She would be elegant on the Day of Judgment. And when she had gone Bradshaw turned and took Edith's hands in his.

"Little girl," he said, gravely, "I think I had better withdraw that proposal of mine. You told me a dreadful fib. There is another man, after all. What are you going to do if I bring him back? Will you promise not to say any more nasty things to me about Lord Arncliffe's money?"

"I will promise anything!" said Edith, fervently.

Wilson came up, leading a horse for Bradshaw, who turned to bid farewell to the girls.

"Don't worry, Miss Holt," he said. "Ten to one Lester is all right; but if he isn't I will see him through the game."

"But you won't run any risks!" pleaded Phyllis, with the nearest approach to real anxiety she had ever exhibited.

When an Englishman boasts, his hearers put him down rightly as a mere braggart, but it is dangerous to judge an American on the same lines. He may boast, but, in his own language, he "makes good."

"Say," remarked Bradshaw, confidently, "there aren't any two men in the county who are going to get ahead of me when I spread myself!"

He swung himself lightly into the saddle, took his hat off, with a kindly smile to Edith and an ardent glance at Phyllis, and cantered off with the easy swing of a horseman from the western prairies.

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A DANGEROUS PLAYGROUND

Said a fellow to his lady love:—
We're reading every day
'Bout places in the city
Where children go to play;

But the men, when work is over,
In groups around the corners,
Or on benches in the square.

Suppose, replied his lady love,
We take a little walk
To some corner of the graveyard,
And have a pleasant talk.

If we do, replied her lover,
Some stalwart form in blue
Will appear among the tombstones
And Lucas through and through.

See then the danger there will be,
Especially for me,
For I may get a prison cell,
While you get off Scott-free.

It would make but little difference
If we took a walk with the best,<
But if found around the graveyard
We are liable to arrest.

The oldest would be killed.
When the time would come to part;
You would then get up a howl,
I would then get up a howl.

She—We will give the cop a jolly,
Call him upright, brave and bright.
He'll only come to take us,
You McCollum what you like.

Then if I go before the judge,
To odds how Ritchie be,
The city's purse will be enriched
By twenty more from me.

She—Those fairy tales you're telling me,
I heard them when a little girl,
I heard them when a little girl,
I heard them when a little girl.

For true Canadian subjects,
We have little claim indeed
On that vaunted British freedom
That was signed at Runnymede.

St. John, August 4, '06.
RUBEN TIPPING.

THE SITUATION

IN RUSSIA

Campaign Begun -- Measures

for Famine Relief Proposed

---A Life for a Life.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 8.—The ministry already is beginning a far-reaching campaign preparatory to the election of a new Russian parliament in December. The ministers insist on a programme that would consist of the promulgation of de-

crees who will represent these instead of letting the elections go by default, as was the case in the last assembly. The ministers declared all intention of attempting to throttle public sentiment, but it is noticeable that their first step was taken through the police, who were asked to report on the possible governmental candidates for seats.

The cabinet of the cabinet today was devoted to measures of famine relief, which is recognized as one of the most urgent problems in the administration, as well as being an eloquent campaign argument. It was decided to recommend to the emperor an additional credit of \$2,500,000 in addition to the \$7,000,000 voted by parliament for their use, \$25,000,000 of which sum is to provide food and employment to keep the stricken population from starvation, and the remainder for the purchase of seed grain.

The cabinet also voted to extend the "state of extraordinary reinforced security" to all districts of the empire where the official famine limit is about to expire.

The official telegram agency tonight reports the formation at Yekaterinburg of a reactionary organization to exact life for life for every official killed by the revolutionists.

Kiev, Russia, Aug. 8.—The peasants of the village of Grany have been almost to death M. Stefanuk, who was a member of the outlawed parliament, and who would not explain to their satisfaction why he returned home without obtaining the aid and liberty he had promised them.

Moscow, Aug. 8.—The strike here is virtually ended. Most of the factories at which strikes were declared have resumed work. The greatest of all has ordered the proprietors of factories to refuse to pay the strikers for time lost.

RECENT DEATHS

John Malcolm, one of the I. C. R.'s oldest employees, died in Moncton yesterday, after an illness of three months with much trouble. He was seventy years of age, and a native of Restigouche county. He was held in the highest respect. His wife and several sons survive. Mr. Malcolm was engaged in the I. C. R. stores department.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lyons, widow of William Lyons, died in the Home for Incurables Tuesday, aged forty years. Mrs. Lyons was an illness of three months with much trouble. She was a daughter of John Beers, of Marsh road, and is survived by her father, mother and two brothers. The funeral will be held this morning at 10 o'clock to Trinity church, where Rev. Mr. Stewart will conduct the burial service. Interment will take place in Fernhill.

Mrs. Margaret A. Lawrence died yesterday at Hampton, aged twenty-eight years. For some time she had been in failing health, but for the past month had been quite ill. She was a daughter of William Boyd, of Hampton, and besides her husband and one son she is survived by her father and three sisters—Mrs. Theodore Parry, of Hampton; Miss Mamie Boyd, of Providence (R. I.); and Miss Beesie, of Boston. Her husband is in the employ of the Flewelling match factory at Hampton.

The funeral will take place at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon, from the Church of the Messiah, Hampton. Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved relatives.

THEY ALL FAILED

Many have tried to devise a corn cure equal to Putnam's, but after fifty years nothing has come upon the market that so readily and painlessly cures corns and warts. Don't experiment, use the best, and that's Putnam's.

TWO-THIRDS OF LARGE LOAN SUBSCRIBED

Toronto, Aug. 8.—(Special)—So far subscriptions to the \$3,000,000 provincial loan have totaled \$1,975,000. Because only one application had been received for an amount of \$2,000, amounts of this denomination have been cancelled, leaving the entire subscription in blocks of \$500 and \$1,000.

According to Hon. Mr. Matheson, provincial treasurer, thirty-year loans seem more popular than those at twenty years.

Toronto Carpenters' Strike is on

Toronto, Aug. 8.—(Special)—The decision of the union carpenters here to strike went into effect this afternoon. The strikers expect to show about 1,000 men have obeyed the order.

Little Irene Conway, daughter of Edward Conway, of No. 121 Sheriff street, occasioned her parents some anxiety yesterday afternoon. She followed a street musical attraction for a few hours and was thought she had become lost. Before dark, however, the little girl had regained her home.

DYKEMAN'S.

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15c. quality White Bared Muslin, 30 inches wide, fine quality, sale price, 8 1-2 cents.

30c. quality fine White Baras Suiting and Waisting, 15c. yard, 30 inches wide.

LADIES' SHIRT WAIST SUITS, all reduced to an easy price.

\$2.25 quality for \$1.50. \$3.50 quality for \$2.75.

3.75 quality for 2.75. 5.00 quality for 3.50.

7.50 quality for 4.95. 9.00 quality for 5.95.

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59 Charlotte Street.



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"FIVE ROSES" FLOUR

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ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

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Men's Patent Calf Boots, - - - \$2.68, were \$3.50, \$4.00
" Tan Boots and Oxfords, - - - 2.68, " 3.50, 4.00
Women's Chocolate Boots and Oxfords, 1.58, " 2.25, 2.50
Women's Chocolate Oxfords, - - - 1.18, " 1.75
Women's Chocolate Oxfords, - - - 1.08, " 1.50
Girls' Chocolate Laced Boots, - - - 1.18, " 1.65
Girls' Chocolate Low Shoes, - - - .98, " 1.25
Children's Low Shoes, - - - .88, " 1.20
Boys' Chocolate Boots, - - - \$1.28 and 1.48, " 1.75, 2.00

If you prefer Black Shoes, we have them at the same Bargain Prices.

MEN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT