

MAGIC READ THE BAKING LABEL NO ALUM POWDER

The Earl's Son;
—OR—
TWO HEARTS UNITED

CHAPTER XXXII.

"How?" asked Mr. Saintsbury.
"By Mr. Denby's aid," replied Mr. Selby. "I am going to ask him a few questions. There are several ways of asking questions, but I know of one—it is common property to us lawyers—by which the interrogated is led on to answer more than is asked. For instance, I shall ask Mr. Talbot if he minds my smoking, and shall borrow a match. He will not have one or he will bring out a brand new match box. I shall admire it, remark on its newness, and he will volunteer the statement that he bought it to replace an old one which he lost—he will say a long while ago. Then—he shrugged his shoulders—"well, I shall forget that chain, Miss Veronica. I am going to the Court to see Mr. Talbot. You will say nothing to Mr. Ralph—beg pardon—Lord Denby?"

He had himself driven to Lynne Court and inquired for Mr. Denby.
"Mr. Denby went by the four-thirty. He was called to town on important business, sir," said the butler.

"Bad news?" asked Mr. Selby.
"What a beautiful place you have here! Great responsibility for you! I hope it wasn't bad news?"

The butler shook his head.
"I'm afraid that there—there was something wrong, sir," he said, gravely. "I heard his lordship the earl and Mr. Denby talking, you might say quarrelling, in the library."

Mr. Selby drove back to Halsery and got hold of Mr. Grey, and they went to the station. The sleepy-headed porter said that, yes, Mr. Gibbon and Mr. Denby—he put Gibbon first—had driven up to the station and that they'd gone by the four-thirty. He hadn't seen them get into the train, but Mr. Gibbon had taken the tickets, and of course they would not have taken tickets if they hadn't wanted to go.

Mr. Selby drew Grey aside.
"Wire to Scotland Yard and tell them to keep an eye on Mr. Talbot Denby," he said.

Grey started.
"Surely you don't suspect—" he exclaimed; but at last Mr. Selby got the wire sent off.

Then he went back to Halsery, and shutting himself up in his room went over the case point by point. Presently there came a knock at the door, and thinking it was the servant come to tell him that dinner was ready, he called out:

"Don't want any dinner. Go away!"
But the door opened and Grey came in. He was pale and excited and so breathless that he could scarcely speak.

"There's—there's been an accident!" he stammered.
Mr. Selby frowned impatiently. What were accidents to him, engrossed in the case?

"All right. Send for the doctor—what do you bother me for? Any answer from Scotland Yard yet?"
Grey shook his head desperately.

"No need to wait for that, Mr. Selby. The accident happened to Mr. Talbot Denby!"
Mr. Selby sprang to his feet all alert and interested.

"Mr. Denby!"
"Yes, he was found lying in the coombe below the viaduct. Gordy Wilson's boy found them when he was fetching the cows home."

"Them?" queried Mr. Selby.
"Yes; his man, his valet, Gibbon was lying beside him. In fact, they were lying gripping each other as if—as if they'd been struggling or caught at one another as they fell."

Mr. Selby was reaching for his hat. "Where are they?" he asked.
"At Lynne Court," replied Grey. "The boy was frightened—as well he might be!—and ran home screaming. He met some men and, recognizing Mr. Talbot Denby, they carried both to Lynne Court."

"Get a fly!" said Mr. Selby.
"I've got one ready."
"Are they dead?" asked Mr. Selby, as the fly started.

Grey shook his head.
"I can't say—I didn't stop to enquire, but came to you at once."
"Quite right! Hi, stop!"

They were opposite the Roebuck. He ran in and found Veronica. She had heard the news and was pale and oppressed by the tragedy.

"You will come with me?" he said.
"The earl will want you."
For answer she went upstairs and returned to him in a few minutes with her hat and jacket on.

Little was said during the drive. They found the Court in a state of excitement, servants standing in groups in the hall, the butler moving about as if he were unconscious of his actions.

"The earl!" were Veronica's first words.
"In his room, miss. Oh, Miss Veronica, I'm so glad you've come. It's—it's an awful thing."

Veronica went straight to the earl's room. He was sitting in his chair, his face white and drawn, his hands shaking.

"Veronica!" escaped his lips, with evident thankfulness and gratitude at her presence. "I—I am glad you have come!"

She knelt beside him and took his hands in hers.
"Tell me, dear," she murmured. "Is—is he badly injured?"

He looked at her strangely, as if with a grim satisfaction.
"Talbot, you mean? He is dead," he said, solemnly. "He was dead when they found him. His man Gibbon, is alive—as yet. He lies in the adjoining room. Doctor Campbell is there?"

"Talbot dead?" she said. It was hard to believe.
He inclined his head.
"Yes."

"How—how did it happen?" she asked, in a whisper.
He shook his head.
"I cannot tell you. I do not know. I only know how they found them. They must have fallen from the viaduct, but how, I cannot say."

"Mr. Selby is here," she whispered.
"Would—would you like to see him?"
As the earl made a gesture of indifferent assent, Mr. Selby knocked at the door and entered.

"Forgive me, my lord," he said, "but I must ask you to come with me. You are a magistrate, and are needed. I have sent the carriage for Lord Saintsbury, another magistrate—"

The earl, assisted by Veronica, rose, and followed Mr. Selby. They passed the room in which Talbot's shattered body lay and entered the dressing room, to which Gibbon had been carried.

He, too, had been terribly shattered by the fall, but strange to say was still alive, and he lay with his bruised and battered face half covered with bandages, and so death-like that but for the occasional flickering of his eyelids he had all the appearance of a corpse. Doctor Campbell, who was kneeling beside him, administering restoratives, looked up and uttered a sigh of relief.

"Glad you've come, my lord!" he said, in a hushed voice. "He is alive still; he has spoken—just a word. The spine—it is a marvel that he should have lived; he cannot last long. Something seems to worry him, to be on his mind—"

They looked down at the death-

WHAT \$10 DID FOR THIS WOMAN

The Price She Paid for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Which Brought Good Health.

Danville, Va.—"I have only spent ten dollars on your medicine and I feel so much better than I did when the doctor was treating me. I don't suffer any bearing down pains at all now and I sleep well. I cannot say enough for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills as they have done so much for me. I am enjoying good health now and owe it all to your remedies. I take pleasure in telling my friends and neighbors about them."—Mrs. MATTIE HALEX, 501 Colquhoun Street, Danville, Va.



No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

stricken man with silent awe. It was evident that his mind was not at peace, for he moved his head from time to time restlessly, and his lips opened, but only with a moan. After awhile Lord Saintsbury was admitted, went to the earl's side and watched like the rest.

Suddenly Gibbon's eyes opened and, drawing a long breath, he looked round.
"The earl—a magistrate!" he gasped.

Lord Saintsbury came to the bedside and bent down.
"The earl is here. I am a magistrate, too. What is it you want to say, my poor fellow?" he asked.

Gibbon tried to raise himself, but, of course, could not do so.
"He—he did it," he said in a voice strangely mechanical and calm, indeed, almost indifferent. "Put—put me on my oath—there's—there's witnesses here, aren't they?"

"Administer the oath!" said Mr. Selby, in a low and eager voice. "For God's sake, be quick, my lord! You do not know how much depends—"

The oath was administered and, after a painful effort, the dying man managed to gasp out in broken sentences, which would have been inaudible if Lord Saintsbury had not knelt beside him and almost put his ear to the bleeding lips:

"He did it—my master, Mr. Talbot. I followed him to the woods and saw him try and steal the pocket book—"

"Pocket book? What pocket book?" muttered Mr. Selby to himself as he bent over the dying man.

"They fought for it, and Mr. Talbot stabbed him. Then—when he'd gone for the spade—I—I took the pocket book from the body. It's—its—feel in the breast pocket of my coat—"

Mr. Selby felt and clutched the precious object, and Gibbon drew a long breath, as if of relief.

"I've—I've carried it there ever since. I—I know why he did it. I've read the certificates. He—he knew that Ralph Farrington was the earl's son—he—he wanted to rob him. But—with a twist of the battered lips—"I—I spoil his game. You'll find his clothes—his dress clothes—in my box—they're all stained and soiled with the mould. He gave 'em to me—the—the fool!—and they're just as—as he left 'em!"

His voice died away and he struggled for breath; then suddenly he

went through the awful scene on the viaduct, repeating almost every word that had passed as if he and Talbot were still face to face.

"Beast!—drunken beast!—dog!—'cur!' He always treated me like that. I was—like the dirt under his feet. I—I hated him, hated him! He used to steal out in an old coat to— to Isaac's gambling place. He was a bad lot, a thorough bad lot. Worse than me—jail—jail-bird as I was!"

There was silence for a moment or two, in which the horrified group about him avoided one another's eyes; then the broken, gasping voice went on:

"Ah, would you—I can see it in your face! There's murder there, as there was the night you killed the man! But I'm—as strong as you, Mr. Talbot! You can't force me over. It's death, death, death! But I'm strong! Oh, God, I'm going! But not alone! No, no! If I go you shall go with me! I'll hold you as the devil himself; I'll hold you when he's taking you to hell with him! I'll hold you— Ah, God, we're over!"

He tried to rise, his arms were flung out, and embraced the empty air with a spasmodic, and awful gesture, the white face was convulsed with a hideous hate and almost as hideous a terror; and when the arms fell they still seemed to strain at some object between them.

With a last effort the wretched man raised his head and, staring straight before him, gasped:

"Together, yes, to-gether! You sha'n't escape! No, no! I'll hang you!—hang you!"

The terrible voice stopped suddenly. Doctor Campbell looked up and quickly drew the sheet over the wreck of a face.

"It is all over," he said.
The earl drew Veronica to him. She was shaking and moaning all unconsciously.

"It is all over!" repeated Doctor Campbell, rather quaveringly. "The man is dead."
"And Lord Denby is cleared!" said Mr. Selby in a low voice, which, for all its gravity, had a note of solemn exultation, as he watched Lord Saintsbury close his note book.

(To be continued.)

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

9994.—A MOST DESIRABLE MODEL. Ladies' "Over All" Apron.



This style covers the dress so well and practically, it may serve in place of a work or house dress. The waist and sleeve portion are cut in one. The skirt has five sections, slightly gored, and is joined to the waist under a belt. The round neck will be cool and comfortable. Gingham, percale, drill, chambray, galatea or lawn are all equally serviceable for this design. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium, and Large. It requires 4 3/4 yards of 36 inch material for a Medium size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

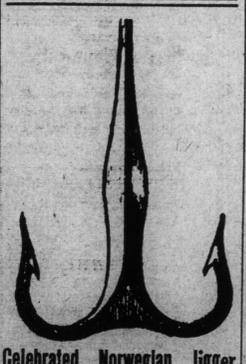
1020.—A NEAT FROCK FOR THE LITTLE MISS.



Girl's Dress. Brown linen with trimming of red and white striped percale is here shown. The dress closes at the left side front. The body and sleeve is cut in one. The skirt is joined to the waist under a broad belt. The model is desirable for any of this season's pretty dress materials, for percale, gingham, chambray, crepe, lawn, dimity, voile or silk. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 yards of 44 inch material for a 6 year size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

Vigorol

VIGOROL, the Great French Tonic, is opposed to disease; therefore it finds it out and drives it away. Your nerves are toned up. Your bowels made healthy and strong. Your blood purified. The kidneys and liver cleaned. Headaches, biliousness, and that heavy, tired feeling, will go. You will feel like a new person. Don't be fooled—get VIGOROL, and you will never regret it. Sold at all drug stores.



Fishermen should use these Jiggers and rig them with swivels same style as in Norway, then the Jigger acts like a minnow and when spinning attracts the fish, so that instead of jigging they really snap the Jigger and in this manner you never fail to catch them. Ordinary leads can be used, but the Norwegian style seems more simple and easily made. Our fishermen should try this great Norwegian fish killer.
O. MUSTAD & SON, Manufacturers of the celebrated Key Brand Fish Hooks, Dappers, Dogfish and all other kinds of hooks used in deep sea fishing.

Lace-and-childen capes are seen for casino wear. As a rule they are lined with black or colored chifton. Nothing in the way of head-dresses is incorrect if it recalls those of the ancient Greek and Roman women.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER

Just Received: GASOLENE,
in barrels and cases.

We are agents for the "Metz" Gearless Transmission Car. This Car is much more easily handled than the gear car, and can be driven by the novice after a few minutes' instruction.

COLIN CAMPBELL,
85 Water Street.

Smart Shoes for Young Men!

The Choice Styles. We've Young Men's Ideal Summer Shoes!

Shoes that are Dashing and Distinctive. Exclusive Styles! These Shoes have a certain swinging grace of form, with "Young Man" written all over their fashioning.

Choice Patent Leathers and the popular Gun Metal Calf. Then, there comes the Season's new Mahogany Calf—it's beautiful!

The receding toes and low heels—the Smart English Models! Lace or Button Style and some handsome new Oxfords.

\$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$6.50. Come, see all this Shoe Swellness, Mr. Young Man, and you'll certainly find your Shoe affinity here!

PARKER & MONROE, LIMITED, THE SHOE MEN.

FARMER! GIVE YOUR Live Stock MOLASSINE MEAL.
HARVEY & Co.

The Indication of Value Plumbing is the Workmanship.

A good plumber can do wonders with a difficult job. The number of orders received from friends of customers leads us to believe that we are good. We have on hand a large stock of STEAM & HOT WATER RADIATORS, all sizes, and can fill any order sent us cheaper than you can import at the present time.

PITTMAN & SHAW,
Plumbers, Steam and Hot Water Fitters,
Phone 461. 66 PRESCOTT STREET.

The Popular London Dry Gin is VICKERS' GIN
O. G. ROBLIN, Toronto Canadian Agent
J. JACKSON, St. John's, Resident Agent

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES SARGET IN COWS

Advertise in The Evening Telegram.