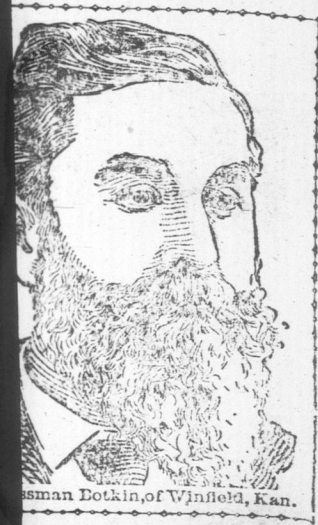


## OFFERED 25 YEARS Catarrrh of the Stomach— Pe-ru-na Cured.



Portrait of Dr. Hartman

...ent letter to Dr. Hartman...  
...man Dotkin, of Vinland, Kan.

...common form of summer  
...of the stomach. This  
...known as dyspepsia. Peruna  
...cases like mine.

...not derive prompt and satis-  
...to Dr. Hartman, giving a  
...of your case, and he will  
...to give you his valuable ad-  
...vice.

Dr. Hartman, President of  
...Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

...OF MRS. H. HILGENSEN  
...ther of Sympathizing Friends  
...Bridget, Address  
...Rev. W. W. Bolton.

...of the late Mrs. H. Hilgensen  
...place from the residence,  
...Thursday afternoon. The at-  
...district and the surround-  
...turned out en masse to pay  
...of respect to the memory  
...most sterling, upright, gen-  
...whole-souled pioneers of the  
...here was every evidence of  
...and heartfelt sorrow de-  
...faces of all in attendance  
...were lowered to their  
...place.

...clock the cortege left her  
...Metochin road, proceed-  
...church. The following gentle-  
...of the district, acted as  
...Wm. Fisher, Sr., S. Roy,  
...John Muir, Geo. Cook and

...as an exceptionally large  
...oral tributes, the basket be-  
...bearing testimony to the af-  
...esteem deceased, through  
...has won in the hearts of  
...of Metochin.

...was entirely inadequate to  
...the large numbers of sym-  
...ends who attended. The  
...W. W. Bolton, conducted  
...services in a most impres-  
...ing manner. In concluding  
...tribute to the life and  
...deceased. His remarks were  
...touching, causing most of  
...to give way to their feel-  
...were acquainted with de-  
...fteen years, and knew  
...ful and earnest worker,  
...the church had sustained  
...It had been principally  
...efforts that the church at  
...as established in 1874. Rev.  
...continuing, said he had of-  
...vice and counsel from her,  
...in her a tower of strength.  
...if the deceased had a motto  
...as: "What thy hands find  
...with thy might." He called  
...not to think of deceased  
...to the casket—but as  
...being the "Well done thou  
...ful servant."

...who contributed floral  
...following: John and G. E.  
...and Mrs. Demers, Miss  
...Mr. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs.  
...Vancouver; Mr. and Mrs.  
...Vancouver; Mr. and Mrs.  
...Hays; Mr. and Mrs. Hay-  
...and Mrs. C. E. B.  
...and Mrs. B. Martin,  
...Heathfield, Mr. and Mrs.  
...Hosin; Mr. and Mrs. G.  
...Bily, Metochin; Dr. and  
...Burt, Burnie and J. Reid,  
...J. Bruden, Miss Una-  
...ood; Roland Stuart, Hat-  
...J. Robins, Arthur, Mr.  
...man, Victoria; Mr. S.  
...Roy, Mrs. H. Fisher,  
...N. Reid, Mr. and Mrs.  
...and Mrs. Tom Parker,  
...Mr. and Mrs. Peatt,  
...Mrs. Cogan.

...STER ROBBED.  
...R.I., Sept. 19.—The pay-  
...man Woolen Co., of  
...eld up to-day near here  
...who robbed him of

## "A Moorland Princess."

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson,

Author of "The Barn Stormers," "For  
tune's Sport," "A Woman in Grey,"  
"Queen Sweetheart," "Her Royal  
Highness," "The House by the  
Lock," Etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

The Secret of the Maltese Cross.

At first she could detect no sound save  
the faint rustle of a dress, but suddenly  
there came a loud noise like the slam-  
ming of a door. Maya's heart leaped  
with fear; then she said to herself: "It  
must be the trap-door. He has lifted it  
and accidentally let it fall again. Yet  
Breakspear was not the man to do  
things accidentally at a moment like  
this, when keeping the head cool meant  
all the difference, perhaps, between life  
and death."

Hardly had the crash ceased to vi-  
brate in her ears when it was followed  
by a great shivering of glass. Then  
shouts sounded more clearly. There was  
a ring of triumph in the harsh voices  
now. Maya's quick wit told her that  
one of the men must have got a hand  
through the window and reached the  
lock at last. It was but a question of  
seconds, and the gang would be swarm-  
ing into the next room.

"They will murder us all three, and  
take the pearls too," the girl said to her-  
self. "So they will have revenge, and a  
fortune as well. They've laid their  
plans wisely. But he—have they killed  
him? He should not be fired at by a  
single shot in our defence?"

In the next room there was a great  
tramping of feet. The men had got  
the window open, and one after another  
they were jumping in. Only that one  
dead between her father and death!

As this thought flashed into her mind,  
Maya turned from the door and went  
to the bed where lay the prostrate figure  
in the grey dressing-gown. It was mo-  
tionless now, turned on its face, the  
white hair shining on the pillow.

"Father!" the girl whispered, half  
under her breath. "Father!"

There was no reply. He had fainted  
again, she thought, and perhaps it was  
better so. He would be saved from the  
torture of suspense—and the end would be  
no worse.

She ran lightly back to the door and  
bent her ear to the keyhole. They were  
talking together. There would be three  
or four men. She would have to be  
much to hear what they were saying,  
but they consulted in low voices, and she  
could not catch the words. Breakspear's  
voice was not among the others. All  
seemed strange to her except one—one  
that was hatefully familiar. But Break-  
spear—her knight; where was he?

Suddenly there was an exclamation;  
a creaking sound that Maya could not  
quite understand, a rushing of feet, then  
silence save for whispering. She seemed  
to find that she must unlock the door,  
fling it open and look out. This she dared  
not do for her father's sake; but she flew  
across the room, turned down the flame  
of the lamp, dropped on her knees and  
peeped through the keyhole. Her eyes  
brighter light on the other side. She  
could see that and nothing else for a  
moment; then a black figure rushed past,  
a loud bang of a door which she had  
heard before and which was re-  
peated, and after that muffled speak-  
ing seemed to proceed from some-  
where underground.

She was still on her knees when there  
came a quick rapping at the door against  
the face of which she was pressed. "Miss Du-  
pont," cried Breakspear's voice, speak-  
ing with controlled excitement. "It's  
all right. They're my prisoners—the four  
of them. Tell your father that the dan-  
gers are at an end."

Bewildered, laughing and sobbing,  
Maya unlocked the door with cold and  
trembling fingers. It was Breakspear  
who opened it, and she held out her little  
hands to him, tears streaming down her  
cheeks.

"I was so frightened—so frightened  
for you!" she faltered. "I thought that  
they had killed you. Even now I don't  
understand. I—"

Breakspear did not let her hands go;  
but his handsome face glowing with the  
joy of success, he indicated with a nod  
towards the corner where he had pointed out  
the trap-door. A glance showed the girl  
that the carpet had been rolled back.  
Underneath, the trap-door was visible,  
with the thick bolt of iron which fasten-  
ed it down.

"If it hadn't been for you, we  
shouldn't have done the trick so easily,"  
Jim said. "We should have had to stand  
a siege, and might have lost more of  
us. But now—there are four rats  
in a trap, and it's for us to say when  
and how they shall come out. I un-  
locked the door, with a little trouble  
for the bolt was rusty, and purposely  
when I had lifted the trap-door and  
looked down to see that there was a lad-  
der leading below I let it slam shut with  
a loud noise. They heard that, of  
course, and a few moments later they  
went to the window unfastened, but mean-  
while I had opened the door leading into  
the main house and slipped out, watch-  
ing what went on in the room through  
a crack."

"I saw them leap through the window  
one after the other, bringing broken  
trials of ivy with them. They looked  
about to see what had made the noise  
in the place where the carpet had been  
rolled back, and when one discovered  
the place where the carpet had been  
turned up, showing the trap-door with  
its bolt locked. Of course, they were  
all very much undernerved, lying in wait  
for them with revolvers, perhaps; but  
evidently they were not much afraid that  
we should take aim, for they went down  
the ladder in great excitement, jabbering  
together, the first one carrying a hand-  
bag and each trying to reach the bot-  
tom first as if to win some reward—and  
perhaps they may have been offered by  
our leader."

"When the head of the fourth duck-  
ed down below the floor I sprang out  
from my hiding-place like a Jack-in-the-  
box, shook the ladder till the fellow

tumbled off in surprise, pulled it up  
with a jerk, slammed down the trap-  
door and bolted it. Now I think we've  
trapped the tables on the enemy. In the  
morning we'll send for the police, and  
then we'll have a good laugh at them."  
"We can't do that for my father's  
sake," stammered Maya. "You have  
saved his life; but, lest he lose it after  
all, we must get him away from this  
place, quickly, quietly. Before those  
black chene men had given her  
for five thousand pounds (twenty times  
more than he had intended), and had dis-  
appeared before her confederate could  
betray her."

As for him he had seen that it would  
be well to leave Dartmoor as soon as  
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caravan need not be discovered (if he  
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lonely place as he could find, unharn-  
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window which he believed to be Maya's.  
From there he went straight to Satan's  
Tor, where he waited in vain for some  
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Maya did not come, but upon this con-  
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that she had saved his life, Vivien Oak-  
ley sat on the driver's seat beside the  
man whom she had married years ago in  
the States. In those days she had lived  
by her wits, not dreaming that some-  
where in the world she had a kindly-dis-  
posed son, who would by his ad-  
vice for her dead sister's daughter,  
lost sight of years ago, and after her  
half of all that was his. She had hoped  
that the Russian adventurer who had  
won her by gifts of false diamonds and  
pretending to be a millionaire, was dead.  
When after seven years of desertion he  
had not appeared, she had told herself  
that, at all events, she was legally free,  
even to marry again if she chose. Then  
she had found her out in England, and  
had promised to help her. Vivien was  
comparatively contented to sit beside the  
man as the caravan jolted over the moor.

Then suddenly a shot had rung out.  
She had seen a sharp pang in her should-  
er, and had uttered a scream of sur-  
prise and pain. A voice had exclaimed:  
"Great Heavens! A woman!" Quick as  
lightning the man at her side had  
snatched his revolver and fired. Michael  
Zelenine, who had followed the carav-  
an, thrown off his guard for a moment  
by the horrible thought that he had shot,  
perhaps killed, a woman, was taken at  
a disadvantage. Before he had recov-  
ered his sense of mind he was struck  
full in the breast by the bullet which  
revenge had shot and fell on his face,  
pierced through the heart. Thus he  
owed his death to Vivien Oakley as well  
as to the man whose hand held the re-  
volver.

Instantly the two had to make up their  
minds what was to be done with the  
dead body, when they had assured them-  
selves it was that and nothing more,  
and that they had informed her com-  
panion that this was the man she had  
seen and spoken to at the farm. It was  
decided at last that it would be better  
to put the body in the caravan with  
Breakspear, who, bound and half-smothered  
by the treacherous chene would not  
be able to see what a strange fellow  
traveller he had been given. It was not  
until they set about to carry out this  
plan that they knew of Breakspear's  
escape, and then it was useless to at-

tempt a recapture. Vivien Oakley's  
scheme was broken in two. There was  
nothing further to keep her on Dartmoor  
since her services were needed no more,  
and her only wish was to escape. Her  
wound was not serious, and she started  
next morning to walk to Mav'sack;  
from there reached London, got rid of  
her disguise, went home to Ma ches-  
ter-square, packed all her jewels, cashed a  
blank cheque her uncle had given her,  
for five thousand pounds (twenty times  
more than he had intended), and had dis-  
appeared before her confederate could  
betray her.

As for him he had seen that it would  
be well to leave Dartmoor as soon as  
possible, though the contents of the  
caravan need not be discovered (if he  
were lucky) for days. He drove it to a  
lonely place as he could find, unharn-  
essed the horse and rode him to New  
Take Farm, which he reached early in  
the morning, and threw the note into the  
window which he believed to be Maya's.  
From there he went straight to Satan's  
Tor, where he waited in vain for some  
hours.

Maya did not come, but upon this con-  
tingency he had calculated and already  
arranged his plan of campaign, in case  
he failed to see the inside of the  
prison last year (being caught on the  
very day he had noted the Dartmoor  
appointment for April 24th, in the act  
of escaping with his box all packed, and  
containing on the day before the sale  
of unclaimed luggage at Victoria), and  
his crime had been the instigation of a  
burglary. Now, on April 24th, having  
missed Maya for the first time, he had  
written by acquaintance of his in  
London to bring two or three "good  
men" to Malley-Tavy at his expense,  
and he would put them on to a "big  
thing." The "good-men" had duly ar-  
rived in the guise of tourists, and wait-  
ed for the word to be given to them.  
Meanwhile, Thomas Truro was lung-  
ed and temporarily laid on the shelf,  
and an effort was made to get Break-  
spear out of the way. Pete had put the  
only other dangerous person at New-  
Take Farm into the power of Leg-  
gates, whose real name was Paul Stro-  
goff; and by teaching his men a few  
Russian words, he intended to frighten  
the old man and the girl, whose secret  
he possessed, into giving up all their  
plans, and to be given to them. He  
had that was worth his having. The  
pearls he would keep for himself, and  
other valuables might be divided among  
his band with the largest share for him-  
self.

All these details Breakspear and others  
learned from the declaration of Paul  
Strogoff during the course of his trial  
for the murder of Michael Zelenine; and  
incidentally the secret of the Maltese  
cross was explained also. But it was  
from the lips of Maya (not Maya Du-  
pont, but Maya Kazan, the daughter of  
Prince Sergius Kazan, once governor of  
Cronstadt) that her lover heard the part  
which concerned her most deeply.

Prince Sergius Kazan's wife had been  
a French woman, a beauty, and a great  
heirress. He spent most of her money,  
neglected her and lost her love. Having  
no faith in her husband, she made an  
extravagant will, leaving all her money  
and jewels to her daughter, so many  
to be given to the girl each year on her  
birthday, last of all the wonderful pearls  
which had been found in Paris and St.  
Petersburg. Once during her mother's  
lifetime Maya had been allowed to make an  
apartment, bringing the pearls to Satan's  
Tor, and a curious chance had made the  
kidnapping of Breakspear possible in-  
stead. It had been thought most desir-  
able to get him out of the way, and his  
advice should, after all, render Maya  
obedient; and Vivien Oakley, in her  
guise, had lent her aid to the  
carrying out of this suddenly-conceived  
plan. But she had understood that Break-  
spear should not be injured. Her  
jealous fear lest he should have grown  
to care for the "Lady of the Lilies" had  
made her fiercely eager to separate the  
two at almost any cost.

Rejoicing in the thought that Break-  
spear, parted from his love, would never  
know what role she had played in his un-  
doing, and must turn to her (Vivien) in  
the end, when he had been led to believe  
that she had saved his life, Vivien Oak-  
ley sat on the driver's seat beside the  
man whom she had married years ago in  
the States. In those days she had lived  
by her wits, not dreaming that some-  
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