

THE ST. JOHN EVENING TIMES, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1904.

Two Blooming Bay Trees. The Adventures of Two Criminals.

BY DOUGLAS WINTON.

"I have seen the wicked... spreading himself like a green bay-tree."—Psalm, xxvii, v. 35.

(Continued.) On Sunday morning he excused himself breakfast and church, and read and smoked the morning away in bed. He wished to be at his best that night. But all went without a hitch; and half-past two on Monday morning saw him entertaining the fat and interesting Mr. Schmidt and a few young men, who thought they were going to set the world on fire, in his bedroom.

Mr. Schmidt was the principal talker. Schemes electrical, mechanical, and political, and even psychological, poured in an unbroken stream of villainous English from his lips, like the yards of coloured paper that flew from the mouth of an old-fashioned conjurer, while the young men smoked cigarettes. Meanwhile, gradually the minute-hand began to creep up towards the top of the clock, and Jack's ears were strained for the sound of the rattle in the safe. It was some minutes past the hour, and he began to get uneasy. Piggy also had been taking furtive glances at his watch; but he had no speaking. Carefully made clockwork has a good memory, and Piggy trusted his. If they heard nothing it must be that the shut safe deadened the sound too much for it to reach them. But it would have been heard in the strong-room and in the adjacent pantry, and that was all that was needed. And, sure enough, soon came the sound of voices and of people moving in the corridor. The conversation, or rather the lecture, stopped, and Jack stepped to the door and gently opened it.

"I say, Demers, don't you give away our late hours to the whole house," said Arty Henshaw, one of his guests. "Sh-sh!" replied Jack, speaking in a whisper. "I only want to see what's up." As Jack opened a crack of the door the voice of the master of the house could be heard saying:—"Yes, but there's the chap himself in the house; after we've gotten hold of him, we'll go down." Jack and Piggy exchanged glances. If Van Coortvelt and Pawkins, or whoever was with him, went to hunt up the German inventor in his room, they would find the door locked, which, to say the least, would look curious. Such a contretemps must be prevented. Jack threw the door wide open, and called out:—"Anything up, Mr. Van Coortvelt, burglars, or any fun of that sort?" "Wa-a, no, I guess not," replied Van Coortvelt, who somehow looked very comical in his attire of dressing-gown and slippers. "I guess it's an alarm of burglars, without any burglars to it. I reckon there's something gotten unhitched about our German friend's invention; got sort of tired of sitting still, thought it 'ud liven us up a bit. We're on our way to find him now, to see if he can't persuade us to keep quiet a bit."

At this point Piggy bustled forward. "Oh! there you are, Mr. Schmidt," said Van Coortvelt. "There is something wrong with your invention. It's begun to sing without the organ, as it were; in other words, it's rattling." "Hah!" said Piggy, looking serious; "dot may be, and on de udder hand"—and he shook his head as if to imply all sorts of dark suspicions. Van Coortvelt understood, and said rather impatiently:—"No, no, Mr. Schmidt; it is certain that no one has been to the safe; but for our mutual satisfaction, I should like it to be opened in your presence." "Let us go at once," said Piggy, hesitatingly. And the whole party accordingly moved off in the direction of the pantry. "Hear it sir?" said Mr. Dwyer, the grizzled, keen-looking American guard. "The peaky thing started like that nearly ten minutes ago; an' there ain't nobody bin a-near th' durned contraption." "Led us 'ad the safe open, said Piggy, cutting him short. According to the guard, first referring to a piece of paper, which he kept in that receptacle known across the Atlantic as the sweatband of his hat, began to turn the big metal dial first to the right, then to the left, finally, after a few more swirls, the ponderous door swung open, and as it did so out burst just such a pandemonium of sound as had been heard the evening of the alarm's installation. Piggy did not lose an instant in stopping the rattle, for he foresaw that if the house were once thoroughly aroused, he might gather more audience than he would find it altogether easy to get rid of. Having made a great show of examining his invention with a candle, he said severely:—"Der vos no burglars; bad der vos some damn carolousness. 'Loed ad dis!" And he hefted up a jewel of which he had slyly managed to bribe a corner. "Dud vos put on de dop of de abarabaras, and zo, ven de toor shut, he shove him de herendicular away from." And he glared at Mr. Dwyer. "You know, sir, I only put him in demporrally," continued Piggy, addressing Van Coortvelt. "If id had been brobery fixed in de case, hot"

ad—that is, if you believes 'im—by Plodden Field—"Eh! He looks pretty grizzly, but shouldn't have thought he was so old as that!" Pawkins looked dignified, but surprised. "Flood and field," suggested Jack, lighting a cigarette. "What sort of adventures, Pawkins?" The longer Pawkins could be persuaded to run on the better. "All sorts, sir; battles, and strikes, and highway robbers, and abductions, and 'orrible murders. 'Ee seems 'at catch a murderer before breakfast, reg'lar, when 'ee's at 'ome." "It's something that he's on the side of law and order," laughed Henshaw. "By the way you spoke, Pawkins, I was afraid you meant—" Just at that moment, q—r—ash! Roverrattling through the silent house came the sound of a rifle shot. All stood up transfixed. Jack felt his very heart stop beating. He gulped down the whisky in his glass, and made a dash for the door; the others followed him. Sounds of feet and voices, showed that they were not the only ones who had heard.

THE ARMY CHANGES. Salvation Army Announces Important Administrative Appointments.

London, Nov. 16.—The changes in the leading administrative posts of the Salvation Army are officially announced as follows: Commissioner "Combe, in charge of the work in the United Kingdom, goes to Canada. Commissioner Ross, in charge of international training work, goes to Sweden. Commissioner MacAlonan leaves Sweden for Switzerland. Commissioner Eva Booth leaves Canada for the United States. Commissioner Eva Booth leaves Denmark for South Africa. Colonel Swotson leaves Chicago, where he has been provisional officer for Denmark. Commissioner Howard vacates the post of foreign secretary to take charge of international training work. Commander Booth-Tucker leaves the United States to become foreign secretary. Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Helberg leave Switzerland and go on furlough. The chief feature of the changes is that the United Kingdom is placed under the direct control of Mr. Bramwell-Booth, the chief of the staff. This special arrangement is believed to be the first step towards the division of the United Kingdom into separate commands under one head, and an all-round strengthening and quickening of the crusade at home. For such a task as this Mr. Bramwell-Booth has the best possible facilities. General Booth's tour throughout the country has probably convinced him that a great deal more can be done at home than has already been achieved. The next interesting feature is Commissioner Eva Booth's appointment. She will rule 3000 officers and 716 ships in the United States. This is the greatest responsibility which has ever been laid upon the shoulders of a woman in the Salvation Army. She will have the support of Commissioner Kilbey, as deputy-commander for the West and Chicago.

IN TELEGRAPHIC AND GENERAL NEWS THE TIMES LEADS.

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