Dark Nights Work

BY PAUL INGELOW. BY PAUL INGELOW.

Continued from 1st page.

Britts had determined to learn had become of the missing Vernon me. This man, Darits Meredith, most red it from the tramp, undoubtand had misappropriated it. It furthermore, probable that, having meter the money, he would not set it immediately to his own use har a later investigation might trace a possibly had it hidden somewhere, acting upon this conjecture, Le

Meredith received him cordially. He was a shrowd man. While Le Britta was cultivating his friendship diligently so as to win his confidence, the scheming wolf in sheep's clothing fancied he was getting in his clutches a new victim to pluck. Le Britta seemed to have plenty of money, he had acted the innocent, inexperienced and moffensive society idler to perfection. Meredith had invited him to his house to treat him well, to profess great friendship for him, and later, to lead him into gambling, when he would fleece him of all his available cash. Le Britta found preparation for a pleasant evening in the coay library. The shutder were drawn, the gas brilliantly lighted, and wine, cigars and cards were near at hand. He never smoked, drank nor gambled, but, even at the risk of slight neuses, he took a few puffs at a havana, his mental excuse being the axigencies of the occasion, and was soon engaged in a brick conversation with his look.

engaged in a brick conversation with his host.

The latter discussed business, society and politics. Then he began descanting on the rare good fortune attending some of his recent speculations. Then he drifted to cards.

"A quiet game, once in a while, is a relaxation," remarked Meredith, "A small state makes it still more interesting. I had quite a run of luck with the governor's adjutant a few evenings since. Won enough to invest in a new diamond pin. Am having it reset now. By the way, Le Britta, suppose we have a round at poker, just to while the time away."

Le Britta, ascertained that the conversation had reached a critical point. He never played cards, in fact, he was ignorant of the details of any game of chance. If he confessed this Meredith would probably shorten the interview peremptorily and defeat his intentions. On the other hand, if he feigned to play, Meredith would win his money, and Le Britta could seasely afford to lose anything, even in pursuit of a cherished purpose.

"I'll two my arrestment." he mur-

system adopted by its most skilful expoments. They facetinate a subject's gaze
first, and then centralizing all their
mesmeric strength endeavor to force the
subject into hypnotic sleep.

Le Britta brought all the energy of
his will to subjugate Meredith. He was
disappointed at the result, however, for
Meredith puffed coolly at his cigar, and
there was not a particle of evidence in
the hard, evil face that he was affected
by sither the drug or the mesmeric
efforts of his guest.

Suddenly, about to turn his eyes away
from the diamond with some indifferent
remark as to its beauty, Meredith started.

Caused by some sudden dizzying effect
of the medicine, an observation of Le
Britta's steady glance or a latent taste of
the drugged liquor in his mouth, Meredith shot a penetrating look at his companion.

panion.

Le Britts, engressed in hypnotizing him, did not observe the suspicious movement. Meredith velled his glance with a grim expression. Then, noticing the spot on the table, where half the contents of the phial had been spilled, his lips became compressed.

hecame compressed.

He fixed his eyes again on the diamond ring extended by Le Britta, the cigar dropped to the table, he drew back, and then—his eyes began to close.

A quick flush of delight sprung to Le Britta's check. Net for a moment did he doubt but that the combined mesuneric influence and the drug had conduced to bring his companion under his influence completely.

CHAPTER XXXV .- DUPED!

"And now for his secret!"

Le Britta arose cautiously and approached Meredith, who had sank back in his chair until his body had assumed a half-recumbent position. He imitated professional hypnotists, by making several passes before the subject; then he stroked his eyes; they opened.

The unsuspicious photographer was satisfied that his experiment had sacceeded in every particular. Meredith was certainly in a meameric trance. His appearance indicated the fact plainly. Le Britta kept his eye fixed upon him in silence for a moment or two. Then he directed, in a low, steady tone of voice:—

"Turn that wine glass upside down." Maredith put forth his hand and obeyed. "Arise to your feet."

Moredith swuggled to an erect position, steadying himself on the back of the chair. And now for his secret!"

"Will you answer me some questions?"
was the next query. "You know a man named Dave Whar-

'He was your "He was your home."
Meredith swayed slightly, and he hesitated a moment or two before replying. His yes were rather clear and intelligent for a person under mesmeric spell, but he finally said:—
4"Yes, he was"
"Have you seen him lately?"
No reply
"The Armant come to you a little over

"Did he net come to you a little over week ago?" week ago?"
Stubborn silence
"Answer!" ordered Le Britta
"He may have done so"
"And bought a package of money? It
as intrusted to your keeping He
sturned for it. You denied having it

Meredith uttered the ejaculation with nergy; his syes dilated "That psckage you must give to me and understand?" That package you must give to me Do you understand?"
It seemed as if Meredith was about to spring upon Le Britta. His eyes glared, his fingers worked nervously. Then, of a sudden, his face resumed its vacant expression, and he murmured.
"You want is?"
"I must have th!" rejoined Le Britte.

must have it!" rejoined Le Britta, ly. "It is in the house!"

all I lead you to it?"

Is Britta gazed curiously about the apartment. It seemed to be a sort of study or business room, for it had a desk, and, sank in the wall of one side, desk, and, sunk in the wall of one side, a huge iron door resembling that of a benk vault. This door had the conventional combination lock and knob.

Meredith swayed dreamily. He really appeared like a man under the combined influence of narcotics and meameric force. "Is it here that I shall find the package belonging to the tramp?" queried Le Britta, sharply

The other nodded affirmatively "Where?"

Meredith pointed to the vault door

"It is in there?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

Le Britta sprang to the door, but found it secured.

"Can you open it?" he queried, eagerly.
"I can."
"Do so."

Meredith approached the door, set the hall against the indented disc figures, whele it once for twice, and the door swang head. swung back. Sheares and cases showed within, crammed full of papers,
"Go and get t. e package," ordered Le
Britta.
Meredith took a step forward. Then wes and cases showed within,

Meredith took a step forward. Then he receled, recoiled, and sank to a chair. His head fell upon his breast Le Britta, alarmed at a fear of failure in his mission when so vitaily near to apparent success, seized his arm roughly "Arouse yourself, I order you," he spoke, hurriedly and with force Meredith only mumbled a few incoherent words
"Get the package!"
"No!"

"You must!"
"I cannot. You get it."
"The drug has delied the mesmeric intelligence, murnaured Le Britta, apprehensively. "Come Meerdith! You tell me to get the package?"

"Yes."
"Where is it?"
"In the vault."
"Where?"

"Left hand cabinet. Lower drawer."
With an exultant cry, Le Britta sprang With an exultant cry, Le Britta sprang into the vault.

The light from the outer room illumined its dark corners sufficiently to show the cabinet described.

Toward this the photographer advanced, his heart beating high with hope. Sudden darkness supervened. Suddenly, too, horror sent his blood curdling in every vain.

All the chart occurses with the label polymerhor and that the label polymerhor and the label pol

Once he halted the horse on a rustic

open country.

Once he halted the horse on a rustic bridge, and seemed about to lift the body of his victim and destroy all trace of his crime by assting it over the rail to the raging stream below.

The approach of a pedestrian sent him speeding on, however. For miles he traveled a cheerless highway.

Finally he made out a diamantled structure standing back from the road. It was a place familiar to him, a residence some years since devastated by fire.

"Just the place!" he ejaculated. "No one goes there. I'll hide the body in the cellur. It will never be discovered."

He entered the house staggering under his burden He reappeared bearing the blanket, glancing apprehensively back ever and anon, and hurrying on the jaded steed once again in the vehicle

"That disposes of him" he muttered "I did not mean to kill him. He brought it on himself No one will ever know What a dolt! I forgot to lock up the vault Should a burglar enter the house and find his way to that room he might beggar me."

and find his way to that room he higher beggar me"
Utterly heartless Darius Meredith grew almost cheerful as he neared home again. A dangerous enemy had been removed from his path. The low-souled scoundret actually congratulated himself on his dark night's work. He ehtered the house and hastened to the apartment where Jera Le Britta had hattled fate and had hear defeated.

and had been defeated.

The lamp still burned on the table.

The vault door was still open.

Entering the vault Meredith examined "All safe!" he muttered "and the He sought to make sure of it by pull-

ing open a drawer and gazing into it.

An awful cry escaped his lips as he Was not there. He recled

outer room. Almost fainting he folt a cold breath of air revice his tottering analyhilities.

With a wild cry he observed that a window was open.
And then the truth paralyzed mind and heart as it fashed across him with he intensity of a highest consensuate one had opened a window and entering the apartment had stelen the treasured package?

There could be no doubt of it and the plotter's heart stood still as he asked hinself the question—
Had this mysterious person as well witnessed the crime, that proven, would send him to the gallows?

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE BORDER.
There is no agent of death more potent and yet deceptive in its effects than that which induced dissolution by means of sufficcation.
In drowning, and the results of smothering gases, no trace of violence exists. There is a certain paliness fading into insentiality, and a suspension of the and alarming, even before death arrival.

The shock to the system clogs the circulation, deadens the brain, chokes the lungs. It is intense, and often, even where the victim has not absolute reastion of vitality.

The superficial examination of his victim made by Mecodith after of soovering Le Britta's insensibility in the two contents of the content of th

imprisonment in that close vault. I will force him to tell me all he knows. All what is that?"

At a window something seemed to tap—to faile in the outer darkness as he glanced thither, startled.

He gan to it, peered anxiously ont, and then drew the shade closer, with the carcless remark:—

"Then the two the transparent of the cake against the pane."

Then the took out a revolver. Approaching the vault, the weapon in his mind, he unlocked its door.

"Come out!" he ordered.

There was no answer.

He threw the door wide open.

"Come out! I say!" he repeated, loud-ty, "only, I am armed, and will shoot if you attempt to escape from this room. If out it is shoot. In diamay and horror.

Across the stone floor of the vault lay a prostrate form—Le Britta a life take the stone floor of the vault lay a prostrate form—Le Britta There was peril. He sampled the light is pallor terribed bin. He sampled the heaves the lay beyond the leading work its victim lay motion-less.

The air-tight compariment had done its deadly work its victim lay motion-less.

He camined the heaver No pulsaxion shere. "Meroy!" he gasped, toltering the was the room for sheet in a delirium of form. He amander it is a prison of the single gand to frame the some or outlines of a prison cell, the folon's dock, the sonfold!

Then fright, deadly feer, smpclied him. He fashed from the sonor. Out he haddered as the gruesome shadows about him seemed to frame the some or outlines of a prison cell, the folon's dock, the sonfold!

Then fright, deadly feer, smpclied him to wuiden, frantic action, out into the yard, thus be made a the gruesome shadows about him seemed to frame the some outlines of a prison cell, the folon's dock, the sondour of the buggry overed it with a horse-blanker as a surface, and the gruesome shadows about to like buggry overed it with a horse-blanker, a sample quants from the bound of the buggry overed it with a horse-blanker, a sample quants or outle the stone of heaven and surface, and the green and the prison of the buggry overed it wit

Back to life in a flash, back to reality, to the earth-earthy, but with an experience that would impress his mind till his dying day, the startled Jera Le Britta was roughly summoned.

With clearer senses on the alert, he could readily discern now that he was not in the vault at Meredith's house.

No, there was a damp cellar-way, and some one was approaching, the whistle announced it, the reflection of the rays of a lantern in some compartment near

announced it, the reflection of the rays of a lantern in some compartment near by plainly indicated it.

To a man who had given up his life as lost, and had bidden farewell to the world, the revulsion of an unexpected recall to earthly existence acted as a decided shook.

Each moment the photographer's senses cleared. A thought of duty at hand. Tasks uncompleted fiashed across his mind, and he took up the armor anew of perseverance and faith without a mur mur.

mur.

Meredith! What a villain — what

depths of syll in his cruel nature! The stolen treasure! Why, as never before, the issues of fate trembled in a perilous, uncertain balance.

"This is some cellar, the cellar of the "This is some cellar, the cellar of the house where Meredith lives," cogitated Le Britta. "Scarcely, for it looks disused and dismantled. Where then?"

That mysterious whistle was repeated, and around a corner of a stone partition the rays of the lantern again glinted across the slimy, damp foundations.

There was something sinister in that whistle, and a thought of Meredith caused Le Britta to hesitate as the impulse came to cry out. pulse came to cry out.

He was glad that he checked it, for just then, as if in response to the first whistle, a second one schoed, and then a gruff voice exclaimed:—

"Ah! you've come at last, have you?"
"Yes, on time, ain't I?"
There was the click of a watch-case and the reply:—
"Scarcely, The appointment was for

and speedy. "Once I wed Gladys Vernon," con "Once I wed Gladys Vernon," con-tinued Durand, "I am sure of a fortune. Then, a new scene of life, a foreign or a distant laud, and let her friends and my foce discover what they will! come." "Where?" queried one of the men, and all three of the conspirators arose to their fect. Durand did not reply, but led the way the window drew into the shadow of some shrubbery.

The trio came out into the garden, Durand in the lead; they traversed its length, and disappeared in a stable.

Le Britta got around to the building,

Durand.

The photographer acted quickly. He sprang into the yawl and crowded through the little door leading into the dark and low-ceilinged cuddy.

It was close and damp but he did not mind those trifling discomforts, although he hoped no necessity would arise for the two voyagers to explore his hiding-place.

easy time during the past week."
"Yes, watching the house where the
girl is with the old woman so she don't

away."
"Good!" commented Durand, "tha

"Good!" commented Durand, "that suits me; I fancy she realizes that to disobey me would involve her lover in serious trouble. Now, then, boys, you understand enough of this affair to realize that this same lover of hers, young Yance, is no friend of mine."

"We can surmise it, governor."

"It is in my power to send him to the gallows. On the other hand, once free, he might accuse me in turn of the murder of old Gideon Vernon. He is a disturbing element in my calculations, and the only one. I have laid my plans for the future, and I don't want them disturbed, so"—
"You want to get rid of the young man

one. I have laid my plans for the future, and I don't want them disturbed, so'—
"You want to get rid of the young manin question," slyly insinuated one of Durand's companions.
"I must. While he is living and a prisoner, he is a menace to the girl. By threatening him, I keep her in my power. All this however may lead to troublehome complications further on, so I have resolved on one grand final move."
"What is it, governor?"

I have resolved on one grand final move."

"What is it, governor?"

"Monty was my primal object in fighting for my position as guardian to Gladys Vernon. To my disappointment when I became legally appointed executor of the Vernon estates I found them heavily mortgaged and the proceeds had vanished. I imagine, I suspect that the girl or some of her friends know where this mortgage money is and are keeping it in hiding until she becomes of age. However even abandoning the hope of ever handling that ready cash I find I can realize as much more by a bold move." an realize as much more by a hold move

"How's that?
"Sell the property at a sacrifice."
"Can you do it?"
"With the girl's consent."

"Not without it?" "Scarcely. So I have resolved to marry her, and end the complication ummarily."
To marry Gladys Vernon! The lister To marry Gladys Vernon! The listening photographer thrilled at the revelation, more than that, he shuddered at the thought of that pure beautiful gi.l wedded to a coarse, brutal villain, who, by thus wrecking her fair, young life would silence her lips against him, would enforce the sacrifice under threat of doon and death for her lover, Sydney Vance "The day that occurs," went on the bold plotter, "I pay you each five huna red dollars."

"And how can we help you?" aske

"And how can we help you?" aske both the men in an eager breath. "The young man Vance"— "Near here. I have held him a clo prisoner. The day of the murder pursued me. We met, I overpowe m. Since then, in one place or anot he has been my captive. I want removed. I dare not leave him al for fear of escape. I dare not trust in this district longer, for fear of di

ery. To-night you are to remove "Where to?" know of lonely caves, isolated had or that out-of-the-way spot wher-

"I recken we can find such a pla "I trust you to do it. You are to charge of him, but watch him closely.
"Never fear!"
"If he escapes, you lose the reward have promised you. I leave him in you keeping. Then I shall propose marring to the city."

"It tell you, the menace I hold against Vance terrorizes her completely. I may have to promise Vance his liberty—I may have to ask you to cuse him to disappear mystopicals." **BATH GLOVES** disappear mysteriously."

The villain paused and glanced signi-

AND MITS.

TOILET SOAPS

--AT--CHATHAM, N. B.

and watched, keeply.

In a few minutes a horse, attached to a covered wagon, was driven out.
This vehicle was formed of boards that inclosed all the back of the driver's seat inclosed all the back of the driver's seak completely, and was only necessible by two doors which opened at the rear. These were now open, but La Britta, pearing past the corner of the stable, could see that they were provided with a in the shop opposite the W. T. Harris store,

> RE - LINING STOVE - OVENS and introduces a

could see that they were provided with a heavy iron staple, padlock and chain, for locking them securely.

Further than that, he could make out the outlines of some human being lying on the bottom of the wagon.

One of the men approached the wagon and selzed the doors, to close and lock them. them.

Just at that moment, however, Dur-"Here, Tom, Bill! I ve got a bottle in the stable. Perhaps you'd like a sup before you start"

The man at the wagon doors aban-doned his task at once, and he and his JOHN DUFF.

"They have a man in that wager Vance!" ejaculated Le Britta, or had What should he do? Someony These two commodious dwelling houses pleasantly situated on the west side of Gunard Street in the town of Chatham, now occupied by J. C. T. Arseneau and J. McCyllum.

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companion disappeared with Durand int

ficantly at the two men. Both, murder-ous wretches that they were, sordid, con-scienceless, the yellow glow of gold obliterated the lurid stain of blood for

them, were the recompense only large

from the room.

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permy mischance escape is no great labor," laughed one of the men.

"And she is safe?"

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