

The Arncliffe Puzzle

By GORDON HOLMES, Author "A Mysterious Disappearance."

"If you are able," cried Lester, passionately.

There was a deal chair beside him. He picked it up and swung it in the air. But his head swam. Leigh took the chair from his hands with what might almost be called gentle courtesy.

"I think we can," said he. "Now, sir, will you promise to stop here quietly until I tell you you can go?"

"You infernal idiot!" broke in Warren.

"Leave me alone," growled the poacher. "I know a gentleman when I see one. Will you promise, doctor?"

"No, by heaven, I will not!" cried Lester.

"Very well, sir. Then I shall have to shut you up."

Warren dragged the poacher to one side, while Lester, still half-dazed, watched them with the abstract curiosity of a man who sees arrangements being made for his own execution yet cannot appreciate the imminence of his peril.

"You are mad!" he heard Warren say peevishly. "Can't you see that he may attract attention to himself? This place is isolated, I know; but some one may pass."

"I will take care of that," muttered Leigh. He walked back to Lester again.

"Doctor," he said, "a man must look after himself, and if you go scot-free just at present I must suffer for it. You won't promise not to escape. Will you promise to keep quiet?"

"No," answered Lester, shutting his jaws with a snap.

"Then when we leave you here, you will not only be bound, but gagged."

Lester was seething with rage, but he saw the determination in the gray eyes, and he was quite alive to the terrible prospect of lying for hours with a gag between his teeth. It was folly to resist under the circumstances, and he was wont to make up his mind quickly.

"Very well," he said. "I will keep quiet for a couple of days, but again I warn you that you will pay bitterly for this outrage."

Leigh wasted no words. "Come along, I know the house," he said to Warren. "Many is the time I have taken refuge here when your cursed gamekeepers were after me."

He led the way up to the first floor and into a tiny room entirely bare of furniture.

Lester followed quietly, with Warren at his heels. More than ever did he see the futility of resistance in his present state; therefore he made the best of the situation.

"There you are, sir," continued the poacher. "They are hard quarters for a gentleman, but from what you have told me, I think you have been in harder in your time. And don't forget that I have your life in my hands, and a gentleman, you won't make a sound. I will bring you some food to-morrow."

The door had a heavy mortised lock. He shut and locked it with a clang which brought a sinking to Lester's heart, brave as he was. He heard the descending footsteps as Warren and Leigh went away. With a natural instinct, he went to the window and looked out. Forty feet and half a ground at the bottom! No escape that way. And then to the door. But his instrument case had been left behind in Leigh's cottage, and one cannot open a door with a watch chain on a handful of keys. These were the only available metal articles he had in his possession. And then he caught the rattle of wheels and the vicious crack of Warren's whip.

He was alone on the moor, ten miles from anywhere.

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 leaves upon, 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 bankbook, showing a credit balance of close on two hundred pounds, made Wilson distinctly a persona grata. For, 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 within himself the post of booking-clerk, 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 he would arrive early. She had made a gratifying conquest in a recent time, and the only thing which troubled her was a "nasty, mean, unfair" habit, to use her own adjectives, 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 had not realized 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 ruffled.

"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 effulgent 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 prostrating himself at the feet of Phyllis. Men and there, although he had known her only three days—and he it 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. "What a young couple," 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 greeted 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 of the events which had befallen Lester.

Edith stiffened and drooped 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 meant 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 come in, Phyllis, I will give you some of the loveliest 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.

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 unfailing and kindly dignity.

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

"Why, miss, 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 has not been there all night, and something has 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, there's a young lady I—I am keeping company with, and last night she saw Master Harry driving like mad with some one in the gig. There seemed to be a sort of bundle 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 Mr. Warren, but there are some queer rumors. Any one could see that Master Harry was jealous of the doctor."

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

She walked back to Bradshaw and Phyllis, outwardly calm, but feeling that every onward 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 without emotion, but her mouth was quivering, and her hands, when she unclenched 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 that 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 might be in peril. "Oh, no! But you will save him, won't you? You are so good and brave and strong. Oh, for my sake, save him!"

"Why sure, I'll save him if there's any saving to be done. Can you give me a horse?"

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

"Never could ride more than one at a time," said Bradshaw, cheerfully 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 fix up a horse for himself. I want him to show me where Mr. Warren was driving that peculiar load."

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 cantered up, leading a horse for Bradshaw, who turned to bid farewell to the two 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."

(To Be Continued.)

LOST HER LIFE IN QUICKSAND

Fatal Accident to Girl Who Was Hanging Out Clothes in the Yard.

New York, July 27.—Entrapped in quicksands in the back yard, Angela Evangelista, an Italian girl, living on Coney Island avenue, lost her life to-day after a long battle in the treacherous sand in which she was aided by three policemen.

One of the patrolmen, Oscar Rothman, was taken to the hospital suffering from exhaustion in fighting the sinking sand to save the girl who died shortly after being drawn from the pit.

The girl was hanging clothes in the backyard and making a misstep fell into a hole about twelve feet in depth and which contained about five feet of water. Roman heard the girl's scream, and leaped in the pit.

The sand slowly gave way under their feet, and trying to secure a grasp of the sides of the wall, brought down upon the struggling pair a slide of mud and earth. Roman and the girl were nearly engulfed when two other policemen heard a despairing shout and ran to the yard. Ropes were lowered and the girl and policeman were brought to the surface. The girl died shortly.

Quebec, July 27.—A tray of diamond rings, valued at \$2,000, was stolen from J. F. Dobbin's jewellery store, corner of Beaudry and Des Trésors streets at 10 o'clock tonight.

The robbery was daring but simple in its execution. A well-dressed man entered the store and asked to see some diamond rings. Mr. Dobbin himself waited on him. The man selected a ring from a tray, and asked that it be polished a little. Mr. Dobbin turned from the counter to comply with the request, and the man bolted, making for the street. Police headquarters, a block away, was promptly notified, and a large number of detectives at once started off in the hope of capturing the thief. Three of them, with boat, and while they were hanging there the boat started on its journey. The detectives will have to proceed to Three Rivers before they can disembark.

Quebec, July 27.—Mayor Stewart made the announcement this morning that he would refuse to sign the contract made by the city council with the Cataract Power Company for power for street lighting and pumping.

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Murray is one of the happiest men on earth, for nature is sincere. He is glad to have his limbs that are racked with rheumatism. To the man glum with brooding over ill fate, Murray's magnetic, uplifting conversation always puts things in a more cheerful light.

Recently this man started giving lectures in small towns. He appears in tight breeches, the arms extending just below the elbows, and the legs just below the knees, and proceeds to dress after the style of the ancient members. Fully attired, he can run and even dance a bit and swings along the street with careless grace. Knives, forks, spoons, matches, tooth pens and the like are easily slipped into openings provided in the wooden wrists, which practice has enabled him to govern accurately. The hooks, handy in dressing, are used more than any of the other attachments.

Murray says that in the 41 years of his life he has never taken a drink, but he chews tobacco incessantly. He seldom smokes, disliking to handle fire.

Manila, July 27.—Lieut. Oswalt, of the Twenty-ninth Infantry, met death here today accidentally, by electrocution. The officer was preparing to take a bath, and had entered the bath tub, when he endeavored to arrange the lighting current for an electric bath.

In some way he came into contact with the wires, receiving the full charge, which proved instantly fatal.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for FIFTY YEARS BY MILLIONS OF MOTHERS FOR THEIR CHILDREN WHILE TEething, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES COLIC, and is the best remedy for diarrhea, and is in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's."

Miss Lillian Smith, captain of the Ladies' Perseverance Swimming Club, of England, has declared her intention of trying to swim the English Channel during the present season.

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for every form of itching, bleeding and protracting piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. Get it at all dealers of EDWARDS, BATES & CO., Toronto.

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LIFE DEPENDENT ON TOSS OF DIME

Flipping of Coin Decided the Fate of an Expert and Scholar.

Los Angeles, July 28.—The toss of a dime sent John W. O'Brien, Shakespearean student, mining expert and globe trotter, to a suicide's death last night in an apartment house on Grand avenue. O'Brien was well known in St. Louis and Chicago, having visited both cities frequently.

Goaded to the deed by financial reverses and possibly by a suicide pact, which was hinted at in letters from a friend found among his possessions, O'Brien seated himself in front of a large mirror and fired a bullet through his heart.

On the floor by his side was found a dime, lying "tails" up, and on the table a note saying "would flip a coin to determine whether he should kill himself or not."

Among his possessions was found a volume of Shakespeare's works, besides numerous notebooks and newspaper clippings concerning the writings of the English author. Many of the passages were marked.

The letter which hinted at the suicide pact were from G. W. Langford, an official of the Philippine Fishing Company, in Yambougo, Philippine Islands. In one of these, dated March 25, 1908, Langford advised O'Brien against getting married, saying that "such entanglements would bring grief and sorrow to dear ones when the time came for them to leave their pledges to each other, unless fortune soon smiled upon them."

Many letters in the same vein were found.

Chicago Police Believe They Have the Man in Custody.

Chicago, July 28.—The police believe they at last have in custody one of the leaders of the Black Hand Society, who is accused of being a manufacturer of bombs, a murderer and a white slave agent.

The subject is Joseph Ruffino, whose capture in Milwaukee was made yesterday. Ruffino's wife also was arrested.

Ruffino, who is a native of Italy, is said to be hunted by the police of many cities in this country and Italy.

Information leading to the arrest was furnished to the police of Milwaukee by Chicago detectives, who had been searching for Ruffino and his wife since July 15.

LOTS OF DIAMOND RINGS STOLEN AT QUEBEC

Thief Seized Them as Proprietor of Store Waited on Him.

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DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

\$1.00 White Batiste Corset, 59c



We have just purchased twelve dozen pairs of the famous D and A CORSETS at a great bargain price. To move them quickly we have priced them at a very low price and offer them to you for 59c a pair.

This offering will be vastly interesting to women who are particular about their figure, as these Corsets are built along the latest style lines.

You shouldn't miss this great Corset-buying opportunity. You are not often offered \$1.00 D and A Corsets for 59c. We have your size now, but we will not be able to promise to have it tomorrow, as prudent women will be prompt to save over 40c on first-class, comfortable, fashionable, healthful and cool Corsets. Sizes are 19 to 25. Corset sale Thursday at 9 a.m.

Now Is Your Time to Buy Flags and Bunting

Flags that the rain cannot spoil, at each, 2c, 4c, 7½c, 10c, 12½c and 15c
Bunting, in white, red and blue, per yard 5c
The tri-color at per yard 6½c

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Don't hesitate a minute. Every day of this sale lessens your chances to get one or more of these beautiful high lots at \$50.00. No interest, no taxes for two years.

Remember, these lots are worth \$150 at the present time. Improvements are now being made. Why pay \$6 to \$10 a foot when you can buy these at \$2 a foot. These are the cheapest and best of any survey put on the market, and the only one nearest to the city. Come out and see the property or call at the office and we will drive you out free of all charge.

This is right in the heart of the manufacturing district. You will make no mistake, as all factories are working eastward. Spring water on the property. Railway survey through the property.

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110 DUNDAS STREET, OVER DOMINION BANK.

MR. CARNEGIE IN A CRASH