

A MYSTERIOUS QUEST.

CHAPTER XII.

Madame's Little Door.

"Who are you?" she cried. "Why do you come here? What right have you to push yourself into my room in this way without an invitation?"

"You will pardon me," said he, with a humble bow, "if I tell you that I have been sent here by your friend, Mr. —" and he whispered a name in her ear.

"He is ill himself to-day and asked me to come and see if everything is going right, and if you can do without him for the present."

Her eyes, which had flashed open at the sound of the name he had mentioned, fell suddenly at his final words.

Turning her back on him with an indescribable air of disdain, she drew toward the open door of a small closet and reached out her hand toward a shawl, which she took down and wrapped about her.

"You are an impostor!" she said, with sudden vehemence. "I don't know any person by that name, and if you persist in staying here, I shall call for help."

"I don't think you will raise your voice," said he, "even though I shut this door behind me and lock it, and put the key in my pocket, so. You are too afraid of the police, Madame Jenny Rogers!"

"Afraid of the police!" she mocked. "Do I look as if I were afraid of the police? What have I done to fear them or you or any one, for that matter?"

"Shall I tell you?" he smiled, looking about the room and satisfying himself that it possessed no other outlet than the one he himself guarded.

"I can tell you many more things than you think I can. For instance, just what your accomplice answered you when you suggested that you were not the only Jenny Rogers in town."

She started, turned pale, and flashed upon him two very dangerous eyes. But she said:

"Accomplice for what? I have no accomplice; you are talking like a fool, and like a fool I shall treat you Stand away from the door!"

"No," said he, "not till you are ready to accompany me. I have a warrant for your arrest, but I shall have it in about half an hour, if my man outside there is spy. And lifting a whistle to his lips, he blew a peculiar call upon it.

Instantly a change passed over her face. She did not move, but he instinctively put his hand to his pocket.

"No tricks," he exclaimed, warningly. "Who are you?" she simply cried. "I am Mr. Gryce of the police force," he grimly answered.

She seemed to measure him with her eye.

"I am stronger than you," she said. He drew his hand from his pocket; it contained a pistol.

She gave a horrified shriek, and bounded into the closet, shutting the door behind her.

"Put it away," she cried, "put it away, and I will come out!"

He smiled, drew up a small table to his side, and laid the pistol on it. "There, I have done it," said he.

Thin, Feeble and Under-Fed

people need more coal, clothes and doctors than the strong, robust and hearty.

Scott's Emulsion

saves coal bills, tailors' bills and doctors' bills.

ALL DRUGGISTS 11-53

"Don't stifle yourself in that place, said he. Come out and talk."

She made no answer.

He took up the pistol again, and crossed the room.

"Come out," he commanded, and pulled at the door. It was locked.

He was old and weakened by rheumatism, but he was very angry, and that made him for the moment strong.

Catching hold of the knob, he wrenched at the door and actually tore it open.

"Now!" he cried, and stepped. An empty space was before him.

He said to the inspector, in relating the story, that he never before felt so foolish. Had she gone through the door? Had she evaporated into thin air? He stood for a moment baffled; then he tore down the clothes hanging on pegs before him, and, searching the walls, found the evidence of a lock in the back partition. But it was a spring lock; and as for the partition itself, it was so strong that it scarcely shook under his weight though he cast himself heavily against it.

Disappointed, but, above all, mortified at what promised to be a complete fiasco, he came from the closet, and, opening the door into the hall, rushed hastily toward the back of the house, in the hope of being able to cut short her escape. But here he was met by a blank wall. On this story of the house the only communication between the front and the rear lay through the closet, and this was effectually closed.

Remembering that the house opened upon an alley-way in the rear, he at once lost heart.

"She is gone," he whispered to himself, and blushed, though there was no one there to see.

And his fears proved true. Neither then, nor for months afterward, did the police succeed in laying hands upon this mysterious woman. She has been imprisoned in Mr. Gryce's eye, and fled opportunely; and all the satisfaction they got out of the matter was the certainty of her being the woman they sought.

CHAPTER XIII.

A CHARGE THAT WOULD SHAKE MOST MEN.

Two weeks went by; two long and wearisome weeks for Hamilton Degraw, who, having received nothing save two wholly unsatisfactory notes from Mr. Byrd, found himself the prey of innumerable anxieties, which rather showed a tendency to increase than diminish with the lapse of time.

He had not been idle, but his work had been entirely expended upon the picture of the signorina, which he was transferring to canvas. In this, he found delight; but no pleasure whatever in anything else that he undertook to do. Even the society of friends was burdensome, and, if he left the studio at all, it was to stray in the direction of the police headquarters, or to haunt such places as had become of interest to him through association with the name of Jenny Rogers.

It was now June, and very warm. He was sitting by an open window, painting. The work upon which he should be engaged stood neglected in one corner, while the work which alone interested him was to him at once a pain and a disappointment. He could not catch the look which made her beauty so individual and alluring. It was in his mind, it was in his heart, but it would not grow from beneath his brush. He had an impulse to make a bundle of sketches and painting both, and had even half risen

to tear them from his easel, when a rude knock was heard at the door, and a messenger-boy came in with a telegram. It was from Byrd, and raised his spirits at once.

"Found; all is well; will see you soon."

He was gazing rapturously at the sketch which now appeared beautiful to him when the young detective came in. He was looking fagged out, but jubilant. It was evidently a great satisfaction to him that he had succeeded in his efforts.

"I am on my way to report at police headquarters," said he, "but I thought it would relieve your mind to know where the signorina is."

"It will, it will! You are a good fellow, Byrd, and I am sure you merit more than my mere thanks. Where in the city is she? And how does she look; for I take it for granted you have seen her."

"She is not in the city at all. She is with Miss Aspinwall at her country seat in Great Barrington."

"With Miss Aspinwall! She could not be in better company, could she, Byrd? But how came you to find her, and have you seen her or not?"

"No, I have not seen her. In the beginning of my search, I visited Miss Aspinwall, and astonished her very much by telling her that the Signorina had come to life. She had seen her in her grave-clothes and was disposed for some time to doubt this astonishing assertion of mine, but when she was finally convinced, she showed so much pleasure in the news that it was very evident she was a true admirer of the signorina. So I gave her some idea of the anxieties suffered by the friends of the missing singer, and easily elicited from her a promise to let me know if she received any knowledge of the signorina's whereabouts. I looked for no results to follow this effort, but herein I was wrong, for this morning, just as I, in sheer despair, was on the point of giving up my search, came a letter from this lady, saying that the signorina had suddenly appeared in the same town as herself—that is, in Great Barrington—and that if I wished to communicate with her, I should find her at the writer's own house, where she had been induced to remain for a few days."

"If I only knew some one in Great Barrington!" sighed the artist.

"Pooh! You must know a dozen." Degraw shook his head, but he was very cheerful, notwithstanding; He had resumed its ancient aspect, and he cast loving glances at his lately despised painting.

Mr. Byrd smiled, uttered some words of admiration, and then turned to go. But before he left, he remarked:

"You must not be astonished if in the event of your finding your way to Great Barrington, you run across a detective there. You know the opinion has changed about the death of the girl who was found in the alley-way. She is now thought to have been discovered, it is only common prudence that the girls who have been or are likely to be the subject of his machinations, should be under the guardianship of the police."

Mr. Degraw assented, and the two young men parted; Mr. Byrd being anxious to respond to a summons he had received from the inspector and the artist being equally eager to put into execution a plan that had suggested itself to him just as Mr. Byrd was leaving. This referred to the possibility of getting a certain brother

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CONTAINS NO ALUMINUM
ITS USE INSURES PURE FOOD
PURE FOOD
INSURES GOOD HEALTH
MAGIC BAKING POWDER
MADE IN CANADA
E.W. GILLET CO. LTD. TORONTO, ONT.

er artist of his to join him in a sketching tour among the Berkshire Hills. There had been some talk of such a thing the year before, but it had fallen through. This time he was determined upon re-opening the subject and bring it to a definite conclusion. He therefore, soon followed Byrd into the street, and before nightfall so succeeded in infusing his own enthusiasm into the mind of his friend that he procured from him a promise to undertake the expedition at once. Elated and gay with hope, the light-hearted artist returned home. Life, earth and nature seemed changed. He sang as he bounded up the stairs leading to his room, and the sound of his cheerful tones seemed to shake the great building and lent sunshine to its somewhat dismal halls. But he did not sing long. As he reached the floor, where his own room was situated, he perceived two men standing like a couple of shadows before his door, and the surprise chilled his blood and hushed his gaiety, for the face of one was the face of Byrd, but so changed from what it had been a few hours before, that he had scarcely known it if he had not recognized in his companion the famous Mr. Gryce, who had been introduced to him at police headquarters.

To be continued.

SELF CURE NO FICTION! MARVEL UPON MARVEL! NO SUFFERER NEED NOW DESPAIR, -

THE NEW FRENCH THERAPION
A complete revolution has been wrought in the department of medical science, what thousands have been restored to health and happiness who for years previously had been merely dragging out a miserable existence.

STATUTORY NOTICE.

In the Estate of ALEXANDER MARSHALL, late of St. John's, Gentleman, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that all persons claiming to be creditors of, or who have any claim or demand affecting the Estate of ALEXANDER MARSHALL, late of St. John's, Gentleman, deceased, are required to send particulars of their claims in writing, duly attested, to John C. Marshall, William Marshall, Alexander Marshall and Hon. H. J. B. Woods, the Executors of the will of said deceased, or to the undersigned Solicitor for said executors, on or before the 15th day of January, 1912; after which date the said Executors will proceed to distribute the said Estate, having regard only to claims of which they shall then have had notice.

St. John's, the 11th day of December, 1911.

F. A. NEWS, Solicitor for Executors, Law Chambers, St. John's. dec11.51m.

Poultry.

A few thoroughbred Cockerels for sale: S. C. Minorcas, Black Orpingtons and Rhode Island Reds.

PERCIE JOHNSON.

The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CARLSON

She isn't unusually pretty. She isn't exceptionally clever. She isn't particularly witty. She isn't strikingly stylish.

And I don't think even her best friend would call her exactly fascinating.

And yet, she has converted a lover who was somewhat of a man about town into a husband who enjoys nothing so much as his own fireside and who, after six years of married life, appears to admire his wife and delight in her company almost as much as he did during the temporary aberration of courtship.

I suppose you are quite ready for the "why." Well, then, let me give it to you in a little incident, as I myself saw it, instead of in a direct statement.

A crowd of us were coming home on the train from an evening function in a distant town. There were several married couples and several engaged. As a rule you could have told the fiancées from the wedded in the usual way—that is, the engaged chatted or gazed meaningfully into each other's eyes, while the wedded sat in meditative silence, or gazed out the window or—surest sign of all—read their newspapers.

But when you came to the seat, on which the little lady of my tale was perched beside her six feet of husband, you would probably have made a wrong diagnosis. My own attention

was first drawn to them by hearing the husband laugh out—the ringing laugh of one genuinely amused. I turned to look at them and saw that the little one genuinely amused. I turned to look at them and saw that the little one genuinely amused. I turned to look at them and saw that the little one genuinely amused.

The woman who can make her husband latch and laugh—the woman who can keep the fretful note out of her voice—the woman who does not drop the engagement manner the moment the honeymoon is over—the woman who flirts with her husband occasionally—

This is the woman I'll back to keep her husband interested and in love after the wrinkles have come, the hair has grown thin, and the bright eyes have become faded.

I think she has twice as much chance of reigning queen of his heart for life, as the woman who does not take care for any of these things, but puts all her trust in powders and potions, and all her effort into keeping herself pretty as long as possible.

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Women's Secrets

There is one man in the United States who has perhaps heard more women's secrets than any other man or woman in the country. These secrets are not secrets of guilt or shame, but the secrets of suffering, and they have been confided to Dr. R. V. Pierce in the hope and expectation of advice and help.

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION: Makes Weak Women Strong, Sick Women Well

Household Notes.

Medicine stains will generally yield to alcohol.

To remove iodine stains apply ammonia or ether to the spot.

To remove coffee stains first put into lukewarm water and soak about 15 minutes. Then wash in warm suds.

All articles stained with cocoa should be put into cold water, rubbed thoroughly and then washed in warm suds.

Paint stains should be removed as quickly as possible. Rub with turpentine or alcohol and wash in warm suds.

A solution of boracic acid is the best known remedy for inflamed, weak or tired eyes. Apply with eye-cup or dropper.

Fresh paint on a coat sleeve or rough material can be removed by rubbing briskly with a clean piece of the same material.

When making puff paste or any pie crust in hot weather fill a bottle with ice water and use for a rolling-pin.

The pastry will be delicate and flaky.

In making children's clothes, sheer underwear or lingerie waists a neat seam can be turned by putting together the smallest hemmer on the sewing machine.

To remove wine stains on tablecloths sprinkle salt on it until it is possible to take out the stain. Then pour boiling water through the cloth until the stain is removed.

Cut the pineapple off in slices, peel them and cut out the heart. Put the pieces through your meat chopper and they will be a uniform size. Pineapple prepared in this way is much better for canning than when shredded.

Never Forget.

The chances we get are mostly self-made.

A foolish act has made many a wiser man.

The best guide we encounter is that of our own conscience.

We do not think about self-sacrifice when it is love which calls for service.

The faith that inspires is the trust which comes from our time-tested friends.

Palaces or beauty do not draw us homeward as surely does a good mother.

We never find the doorway of happiness is open only for ourselves.

No gold is needful to put some in the possession of untold riches of heart and mind.

To achieve the purpose we aim at depends on the energy of the resulting will.

A life of ease is not the best school for the information of the character. The marble must feel the chisel.

Why Don't You Try a 25c. Bottle of

108 Nox a Cold in One Day

It will stop your cough in a few minutes; Nox a cold in a few hours; relieve bronchitis and asthma. Try it. 25c. a bottle. Sold by McMurdo & Co.

Doing Up the Packages

Vastly Important Detail to Assure Unfettered Appreciation.

To send a package that isn't "Christmas looking" is bound to detract from the gift. There are stickers of all sizes and shapes, with Santa Claus, holly sprays, red and gold seals, "Merry Christmas" and gayly bedecked trees upon them. These stickers not only make a parcel more attractive, but they are a great help in tying up, especially a bulky parcel like a sofa pillow, which requires several sheets of tissue paper.

Red, bright green or holly bays ribbon is used for doing up most parcels that are not to go through the mail. The adhesive red and green paper ribbon is often substituted for the other kinds, or sometimes the outer wrapping has the pestered ribbon, while the inner tissue paper is tied.

Inside, instead of using a regular calling card, the name of the sender is written on one of the bright Christmas cards that comes in packages. Minard's Linctment Cures Colds, Etc.

Here is a Real Dyspepsia Cure.

No Indigestion, Gas, Sourness or Headache five minutes later.

The question as to how long you are going to continue a sufferer from Indigestion, Dyspepsia or out-of-order Stomach is merely a matter of how soon you begin taking some Diapepsin.

If your Stomach is lacking in digestive power, why not help the stomach to do its work, not with drastic drugs, but a re-enforcement of digestive agents, such as are naturally at work in the stomach.

People with weak Stomachs should take a little Diapepsin occasionally, and there will be no more indigestion, no feeling like a lump of lead in the stomach, no heartburn, sour risings, Gas on Stomach or Belching of undigested food, Headaches, Dizziness or Sick Stomach, and, besides, what you eat will not ferment and poison your breath with nauseous odors. All these symptoms resulting from a sour, out-of-order stomach and dyspepsia are generally relieved in five minutes after taking a little Diapepsin.

Go to your druggist and get a 50-cent case of Paper's Diapepsin now, and you will always go to the table with a hearty appetite, and what you eat will taste good, because your stomach and intestines will be clean and fresh, and you will know there are not going to be any more bad nights and miserable days for you. They freshen you and make you feel life is worth living.

Get out your stencil outfit and stencil border on each edge of the back, or wrong side, of the carpet. Relay your carpet, and you will be well paid for your trouble.

You can save time by winding the machine bobbin while you are stitching. Put an extra spool of thread on the spool-pin, run the thread through the eyelet on the arm and thread in the usual way. Do not turn the "stop-motion" on the balance-wheel, but continue sewing. Your bobbin will be filled without any effort.

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