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Under False Colors

OR
Lord Somerton's Ally.

CHAPTER XIV.

Ernscliffe retired to his sleeping chamber that night with happy visions of the future crowding upon his brain. The evening had been the most delightful within his memory, and he resolved to lie awake for an hour, and map out his plans for the coming week—plans which were to mark a vigorous course of action, for his sweet love's sake.

Instead of this he dropped to sleep at once, even forgetting to draw down the blind or close the window.

The air was so soft and warm that he had not experienced any inconvenience by neglecting the latter, and the moonlight was too beautiful to be shut out all at once.

When he awoke there was no moonlight, and the air that rushed through the open window appeared to be almost as fresh as it played over his face. He half turned over, and as his senses became more alert he noticed a red glow against the sky.

He sprang out of bed with a bound, positive that there was a fire not far away. He listened intently, and heard the crackling of burning wood, while in his nostrils was the unpleasant odor of smoke from vegetation that was but half decayed.

Within two minutes, he was out of his room and listening intently in the passage. There was not a sound to indicate that a single person was aware of the fire except himself.

He turned and fetched the candle, and he had left burning on his dressing-room table, and walked downstairs and out into the night.

The air seemed full of the pungent odor of burning wood, and Ernscliffe ran quickly in the direction of the flames, which now and again shot upward, though it was evident that they were gradually losing force.

Everywhere around the darkness was profound, and only a faint rim of the moon was to be seen deep down in the horizon. In solemn tones the clocks boomed the hour of two, and Ernscliffe found himself in the park, hurrying toward the bright glow in the heavens.

He was near to the scene of the fire now, for the air was dense with smoke. His throat ached and his eyes smarted.

But for the red cloud that seemed to hover before him his progress would have been difficult. Then he felt a great heat upon his face, and passed, horrified, within a hundred feet of a great mass of smoldering stuff that had but a few hours before been Zeba's cottage.

Not a single board of the little home that she had valued so highly remain-

ed, and the fire had made a huge clearing in every direction.

Ernscliffe deliberated for a few minutes upon the best course to pursue. What had become of the Indian woman? Had she fired the cottage in her insane rage, to prevent it from being molested and gone?

He turned toward the house again, and had proceeded but a few paces when he was conscious of a sudden rush of air, a blow on the head which staggered him, and a confusion of sounds in the ears.

He struck out blindly and clutched at something. It was a man, for he heard a savage oath, and was conscious of being attacked from behind. A shower of blows fell upon his head, and all became blank.

When Ernscliffe recovered consciousness he was in bed. The sun was shining merrily into his room, and for a few moments he wondered if he had a bad dream, for the events of the night before were far from clear in his mind.

He passed one hand to his aching head, and discovered that it was swathed in bandages. So it was no dream, and, luckily, there was not much the matter with him. He felt sure of that, and was thankful for it.

He looked at the timepiece on the mantle, and saw with a pang of dismay that it was eleven o'clock.

At that moment the door opened, and Dr. Denver came in, followed by a servant.

"Ah! I expected to find you recovered by this time, Mr. Ernscliffe. My name is Denver, and I am Sir John Sterne's family doctor."

"Yes," responded the artist, "and there is very little the matter with me, thank Heaven. My head aches, that is all."

"Nevertheless, I cannot permit you to go downstairs to-day," Dr. Denver said. "You will perhaps be surprised to learn that you received a scalp wound requiring a dozen stitches. I am here to dress it again, and then you shall have some breakfast. The cause of your long insensibility was a strong opiate, and you have slept remarkably well."

Ernscliffe submitted with a bad grace to the doctor's orders, but after his head had been dressed he was permitted to leave his bedroom, in preference for the sitting-room adjoining.

"Now, Dr. Denver," he said, "before you leave me I want you to answer me one or two questions. Where was I found, and by whom?"

"In the park, and by Stretton, the gamekeeper, very soon after you had met with your accident."

"Accident!" echoed Ernscliffe. "I met with no accident, sir, but was attacked in the dark by at least two men. And what of Zeba?"

"She perished in the fire," replied the doctor. "I do not think that there

is a doubt of it. I wonder that it has not occurred before."
"Poor creature!" Ernscliffe muttered; then added: "I woke about two o'clock and saw the glare of fire against the sky. I stole quietly out, and was horrified to find that nothing was left of the Indian nurse's cottage but a heap of smoldering fire. I had half resolved to arouse the men-servants, when I was savagely attacked before and behind. I only remembered being beaten to the earth, and everything becoming a blank."

"You place a new light upon the matter," the doctor observed. "I was under the impression that you had been injured by a falling tree. The question of an attack being made upon you never once presented itself to my mind. If the cottage was deliberately fired, there is much more in this than appears on the surface, for the rectory was broken into last night and several valuable papers stolen. You say that two men assaulted you? It is quite possible that the same men are guilty of Zeba's death, and of the burglary at the rectory. Mr. Vallance, who is, in a measure, Sir John Sterne's confidant, has a theory which he hesitates to put into words at present. The matter is already in the hands of the police, and your part in the adventure will be interesting to them."

"And Miss Sterne?" asked Ernscliffe, hesitatingly.

"Naturally, she is very much upset. The nurse's death is so horrible. It is my belief that she was first murdered, and then the cottage fired to hide the crime. The first object was doubtless robbery alone—not the mere theft of her money, but the theft of documents of use only to some implacable enemy of the Sternes. The robbers, whoever they were, had an intimate knowledge of the affairs of the house. It was only this morning that the keepers were told off to guard some new preserves two miles away, or the complete destruction of Zeba's home before any arrival upon the scene would have been impossible. It appears to me now that the whole thing was cleverly planned."

"I almost incline to the belief that the woman set fire to the place herself," Colin remarked. "She had received notice from Miss Sterne that the trees would be cleared away forthwith, and displayed considerable anger thereat. But, then, who were the men who attacked me?"

"I had not heard of Miss Sterne's visit to Zeba," Dr. Denver said, suspiciously. "It appears to me, Mr. Ernscliffe, that you are able to throw more light upon the affair than any one else. I believe that you are a friend of Sir John's nephew—Noel Campbell?"

"Yes, I am Noel Campbell's friend," was the rejoinder.

"H'm!" was the significant exclamation, and Dr. Denver walked unconsciously out of the room.

CHAPTER XV.

There was not much the matter with Ernscliffe the next day, and he was resolved not to await the visit of Dr. Denver. He felt that he was under a cloud of suspicion, and strongly resented it.

With the assistance of one of the men-servants, he managed to get downstairs at rather an early hour, and was pleased and surprised to find Elsie in one of the rooms below, though there were anxious lines about her mouth.

Assured that no one was watching them, Elsie ran into her lover's arms, a glad little cry on her lips.

"Oh, Colin, I am so glad that you are not badly hurt. I was afraid to question Dr. Denver too closely, lest he should be suspicious of my love for you. It is so hard to disguise one's feelings, and both he and Mr. Vallance have been saying cruel things to me."

"What have they said, my darling?" he demanded, with darkening brow.

"Nothing definite, but I think that ugly hints are worse than hard truth. I cannot understand the doctor at all. One moment he appears to pity, and the next to condemn me!"

"Like his infernal impudence!" Colin blazed forth. "Elsie, my sweet love, it is I who am guilty of this new trouble of yours; but for a short time I am unable to protect you! Oh, the bitterness of it!"

"It will all come right, Colin," she interrupted, brightly. "I do not care for them one iota. I care for nothing that they may say, now that I have my lover near me. I feel so strong and brave when I know that you are not far away."

He pushed her gently from him. (Continued on p. 2.)

MRS. LINDQUIST TELLS WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did for Her

Kansas City, Mo.—"I was left in a very serious condition after childbirth and no one thought I could ever be any better. Then came the 'Change of Life' and I was not prepared for what I had to suffer. I had to go to bed at times to be perfectly quiet as I could not even stoop down to pick anything from the floor. I did not suffer any pain, but I was decidedly nervous and could not sleep. For nearly two years I was this way, and the doctor was frank enough to tell me that he could do no more for me. Shortly after this I happened to see in a newspaper an advertisement of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. In a few days the medicine was in the house and I had begun its use and I look regularly until I was well. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to others when I have the opportunity."—Mrs. MAY LANGRISH, 324 Independence Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

The World's Loneliest Job

DRAMAS OF THE DIVER'S LIFE.

One hundred and twenty feet beneath the waves that swirl off the Donagel Coast, among rocks covered with the slime of the ocean depths, and surrounded by little-known forms of marine plant life, a squad of divers has been busily engaged for four years recovering the £7,000,000 worth of bullion that went down with the great liner *Laurentic*.

The story of their achievements, when fully told, will read like an Arabian Nights romance. The divers, highly skilled members of the Navy, have in the aggregate spent months under the waves, blasting away many obstructions and sending to the surface box after box of gold. No treasure hunt has even been more successful.

Training the Beginner. Some little-known facts about divers and their methods were given to the T-B. man by the head of the firm of Siebe, Gorman, and Co., the best-known submarine engineers in the world.

Before a man can become a diver he must be passed as medically fit in every way, while frequent examinations by a doctor are carried out during training. To begin with, the novice, in complete diving kit, is submerged in from ten to twenty feet of water.

His first jobs consist of locating lost articles and slinging them to the approved fashion, so that they can be sent safely to the surface. Clearing propellers of fouling material, recovering cables, and removing rust from ships' bottoms are other jobs that fall to the lot of the beginner, who cannot qualify as a "fully-fledged" diver until he has worked at a depth of 120 ft.

A diver first removes his own clothing and put on an assortment of underclothing, including woollen vests, pants, stockings, and a thick jersey with a woollen cap. The shoulder pad is then put on, after which the diver has literally to be forced into his deep-sea armour. The weight of the complete outfit, including boots that weigh 15 lb. each, and 80 lb. of lead to shield the shoulders, is 175 lb.

The art of diving, apart from that associated with swimming tests, has been known well over 2,000 years. Divers were employed during the defence of Syracuse (215-213 B.C.) to remove barriers which had been sunk in the harbor. It is recorded that Alexander the Great was lowered in-

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Ladies' Pullover and Slipon Jerseys.

In assorted shades and styles.

Each \$2.49 to \$2.98

Ladies' Pure Wool Sweater Coats.

In Tuxedo styles, with brushed wool trimmings, assorted shades.

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Ladies' Button Front Sweater Coats.

Coats with Duchess collar, in colors of American Beauty and Navy.

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Cap and Scarf Set.

Pure brushed wool, in assorted shades. The caps are the close fitting combi.

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Superior quality, unbleached.

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In pretty Pink and Blue stripes.

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Chintz.

In large pieces; pretty patterns.

Per lb. 90c.

White Flette.

Medium width.

Per Yard, 25c.

Magic Hair Curlers.

Magic Magnetic Steel Curler, produces beautiful wavy hair in a few minutes (without heat). Simple to use and also satisfactory.

4 for 18c

Ball Fringe.

In assorted shades of V-Rose, Sage, Emerald White and Cream.

Per Yard, 12c



Men's Sweater Coats.

Heavy knit, tape reinforced shoulders, racketitch facing and bottom, roll collar.

Each \$3.49 to \$3.98

Men's Sweaters.

Men's Blue Pullover Sweaters, in Navy.

Each \$2.98



Auto Shave Razors.

Nickel plated self-sharpening Razor, 3 Valet Auto Shave Blades, 1 horseshoe strap, black finished, metal case, velvet lined.

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Children's Coats

In colors of Fawn and Navy, full lined.

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Collars.

Very handsome Bertha Collars, fine quality, cream net, trimmed with point lace.

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School Bags.

Extra fine, 1 buckle and pocket, long shoulder strap, assorted colors.

Each 49c.

Canvas Mats.

18 x 36.

Each 19c.



Men's Suits

A good assortment made from dark tweed mixtures, also some Blue Serge.

\$9.98-27.98

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White Undershirts.

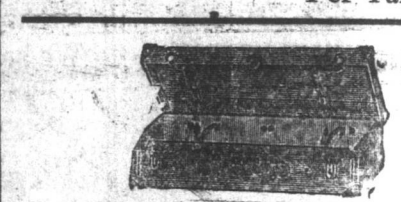
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English Melton Cloth.

Extra good quality, 40 inches wide, in assorted colors of Fawns, Greys and Hauls mixtures.

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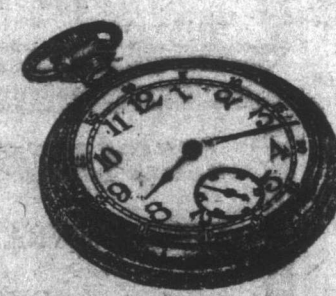
24 inch Suit Cases, bound corners, strap grip and lock.

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Ladies' Garters.

American Beauty. Shirred-Eibbon, frilled elastic, all shades.

Per Pair 45c.



WATCHES
Each \$1.98

Shopping Bags

Each 49c.

Marcel Wavers.

Heat waves in boiling water (so as not to injure the hair) and in a few minutes you will have a perfect wave.

Each 19c.

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Boys' Blouses

Boys' stripe percale Blouses, soft collar, tached.

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Many men suffer from irritation of the skin as a result of shaving. With some it assumes a form of eczema and becomes most annoying and unsightly. By applying a little of Dr. Chase's Ointment after shaving the irritation is overcome and Barber's Itch and Eczema are prevented or relieved.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

A tempting casserole pudding made with mashed sweet potatoes and marshmallows.

1087 THE PHARMACY

Household Notes.

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Garnish each slice of broiled ham with a lengthwise slice of banana fried in butter.



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to the sea in a machine specially designed to keep out the water and admit light. Diving by means of air tubes was also practiced at this period.

One of the forerunners of the modern diving dress was that invented by a German marine engineer, whose device, a cylindrical arrangement with air pipes attached, was in use up to a hundred years ago, when Augustus Siebe produced a form of diving dress, not unlike that worn now, although it possessed many crudities that were not eliminated until many years later.

Attacked by an Octopus. The greatest depth at which a diver has worked with success is 182 ft., the hero of this exploit being a Spanish diver, who recovered £1,200 in

silver from a wreck off Fiumicino. It has been proved, however, that it is possible for a diver in certain circumstances to work at the depth of 210 ft.

A remarkable feat in the history of modern diving is that although divers all over the world wear suits of British design and make, no accident has as yet occurred as a result of faulty workmanship or defects in the material used.

In the case of the *Laurentic*, attacks by giant dogfish have had to be guarded against, while on one occasion a large octopus appeared on the scene, threatening a diver with its unpleasant embraces.