

DID YOU HEAR?  
WE

have a stock of ONE HUNDRED TRUNKS and over TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY Valises and Bags to sell out from. We have too many and have decided to

## SELL

half of this tremendous stock within ten days. We always sell cheap, but we are so greatly in need of room for the large shipments of BOOTS and SHOES arriving daily that the stores have gone forth that during Fair week FORTY

## TRUNKS

and 100 Valises, Bags and Trunks must be sold. That means we must cut prices away down, and sell these goods at

## CHEAP

as to make you buy now, because it won't pay to wait.

Splendid Line Fine Shoes.

MUSSELMAN,

O. D. Johnston's Old Stand,  
198 Dundas Street.

A FATEFUL...  
...DIAMOND

"I suppose the knowledge cannot be very gratifying to your feelings," Margaret asserted; "but I had to do it, nevertheless. Yes, I planned the ride yesterday afternoon, without the slightest intention of accompanying you."

"Then your headache was all sham. I supposed Miss Margaret Houghton to be above the meanness of lying," snapped Arthur, angrily.

"And so I am," Margaret returned, with dignity. "I have told falsehoods; not one; I have simply employed strategy that was perfectly justifiable. My headache was no sham, it was terribly real, proceeding from nervousness, lest any of my plans should fail. But as soon as I had sent you, and mamma, and Floy Arnold off on your excursion, to Buttes Chamont—"

"And Floy Arnold was only a decoy, then?" groaned Arthur.

"Of course, I knew that neither you nor mamma would go and leave me at home, believing me to be ill, unless you stood committed to accompany someone else, and Floy proved to be a very convenient decoy. I could not carry out my plans unless you were out of the way, and something seemed to make me feel that I must work quickly. As soon as you were gone I came directly here to bring the file and saw, and I was also inspired to bring Louis papa's revolver."

"Ah, that was Mr. Houghton's revolver, then?"

"Yes, it was a good thing, my bringing it, for it seems that Louis has made good use of it," Margaret replied, significantly.

Arthur swore roundly at this reference to his uncomfortable situation.

"You are forgetting your manners, Mr. Aspinwall," Margaret said, reprovingly. "I do not think it is exactly kind to exult over a fallen foe, but I must confess that it affords me infinite satisfaction to find you here, when I believed you had left the city."

"I should not have come here today, for Louis told me not to venture again for a few days, but for what you said last night about going away. I felt that it would be safe under those circumstances, and I wanted to ascertain how my hero was getting along, and perhaps aid him a little in his work. Ah! I think he must be coming now!" she concluded, as a step was heard upon the stairs.

The next moment Louis entered the room.

## CHAPTER XL

"Margie!" Louis exclaimed in amazement, and glancing anxiously from her to his captive, as if he feared she might have suffered some harm in coming near him.

She sprang toward him with outstretched hands, her face radiant with happiness.

"Oh, Louis!" she cried, "what delight to see you free once more—to know that you are safe!"

He laid down his revolver and candle, and, taking her hands in his, drew her gently out of the room and away from those lowering, malicious eyes that were watching their every movement; and Arthur Aspinwall, almost maddened by the sight of the mutual joy, threw himself, with a groan of despair, at full length upon his lounge and hid his face in his hands.

"How happened you to come here again today?" Louis asked, as, for the first time in long weeks, he folded his betrothed in a fond embrace.

She explained to him that Arthur had mentioned that he might be away from Paris for a few days, and her father having heard that he had gone, she thought she might come to him with safety, and perhaps help him somewhat in the use of the saw and file.

"What a faithful little woman!" Louis said, while he touched his lips reverently to her white forehead; "but did you imagine I would allow these tender hands to do such rough work?"

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"It would not hurt them: I could have filed while you saved anything to help you out of that dreadful place." Then he related all that had occurred—how he had compelled Arthur to release him, and then had driven him, at the muzzle of the weapon, into captivity in his place.

"But the money, dear," he said, despondingly, in conclusion. "I cannot find it. I have tried in vain to make him confess where it is, and I have looked the building over thoroughly, with no result. I could have taken my oath that it was somewhere here, for I have heard him prowling about in this room and below many a time."

"There is a closet—there is anything in it?" Margaret asked, glancing toward it.

"No, absolutely nothing, save dust and cobwebs."

"Are there no boards loosened anywhere in the floors?"

"Not one; I have examined every inch."

Margaret stood thinking a moment, while her eyes wandered critically all about the room.

Suddenly she started and sprang away from him.

"Here, Louis, the room is waist-scot all around!" she cried, a brilliant flush suffusing her face. "You know," she went on, eagerly, "how much I have read about sliding panels and secret passages in the waist-scot of old houses? Perhaps we may find one here," and she began rapping upon each panel with which the room was studded for about three feet from the floor.

The wood was of chestnut, and each panel was set into a molding like the panel of a common door.

Louis smiled at her suggestion, and shook his head.

"You will find more of such things in novels than anywhere else," he remarked skeptically.

"You need not laugh at the idea," she retorted, gayly. "For truly I saw one in an old manor-house where we visited for a little while in England. Come, dear, help me sound these panels, begin where you stand and work around toward me. It can do no harm to try, and who knows what may come of it?"

Louis was standing by the mantel—a marble one, fastened above the fireplace, and extending down each side to the wainscoting.

He turned slowly to obey Margaret's request, but with an air that plainly indicated no faith in and no hope of making any discovery.

He rapped upon the panel nearest the fireplace on the right of it, and instantly it gave forth a hollow sound.

"Margie!" he cried, astonished. "I will never doubt a woman's intuition again—there is an empty space behind this panel."

"Oh, Louis, are you sure?" she said, springing toward him.

"Yes," he said, gravely; "but I see no way to get into it without breaking it in."

"There must be a secret spring somewhere. Let us look for it," said Margaret, eagerly.

But with all their searching none could be found; the board seemed to be built firmly into its place.

"There was a spring to the one I saw in England," said Margaret, looking disappointed.

"Well, spring or no spring, I am going to know what is behind it," Louis asserted, resolutely, and repaired to the other room to get his file.

He was so intent upon his purpose he did not observe Arthur. If he had done so, he would have observed that he was sitting erect, and in an attitude that would indicate intent listening.

Returning with his file, Louis inserted the point of it at the base of the panel between it and the molding, and tried to pry it from its place.

"At once a noiseless upward, showing that pressure at the bottom would have accomplished what they wished, while a small closet, containing a couple of shelves, was revealed to their eager eyes."

"Oh!" exclaimed Margaret, as she bent to look within it.

"Alas! it was empty. Nothing but the dust of many years was there to reward them for their search."

"I was so sure we had found it," said the young girl, growing pale from disappointment.

Louis also was greatly tried; he began to fear that he might not find the money after all.

"Perhaps," he said, after a moment of silence, and trying to speak hopefully, "there may be a mate to this closet on the other side of the fireplace."

"Ah, yes! strange that I did not think of that; let us look quickly," Margaret assented, eagerly.

"There is!" Louis declared, after tapping upon the panel, while his eyes grew large and intensely black with excitement.

He tried to raise it the same as he had raised the other, but it resisted all his efforts.

Margaret was intensely excited.

"It is there, I am sure it is there!" she cried.

[To be Continued.]

When that cry sounds how people rush to help and sympathize! And when some freeman rescues a woman from the flames, the streets echo with applauding shouts.

And yet if that woman had perished in the flames, it is possible that she would have suffered less than she suffers all from the inflammation which disease has lighted in the delicate womanly organism.

That fire of inflammation can be put out. The gnawing ulcer can be cured. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription not only establishes womanly regularity and dries enfeebling drains, but it heals inflammation and ulcerations and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"I suffered for four years with what four physicians pronounced ulceration and prolapus of the uterus," writes Mrs. Ada Brooks, of Kirbyville, Taney Co., Missouri. "Also inflammation of bladder and urethra. My case was chronic and complicated. Had several good physicians, but kept getting worse. Had been confined to my bed five months when I wrote to you. I received your reply very soon and was dismissed my physician and began taking Dr. Pierce's medicine. I took eight bottles of his Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery, and began to get better at once. In two months I could sit up in a chair, and kept getting better. In four months could do all my house work, including washing and sewing."

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## MANY ILLEGAL MARRIAGES

Believed to Have Taken Place at St. Joe, Michigan.

Unsuspecting Couples Victimized by a "Marriage Bureau."

St. Joseph, Mich., Sept. 14.—There was a slump in St. Joe marriage certificates yesterday, and there may be a panic if the belief of Chief of Police Morton, that many of the couples that have been united here during the summer, have been victimized by bogus marriage bureaus, and are not legally married, is confirmed.

The hundreds of pairs who have looked to this Green at the rate of several score every Sunday for the last three months to find conjugal bliss, would do well to look up their titles to the state, and make sure that the knots were properly tied by persons legally authorized to perform the ceremony.

That persons other than these last named have been doing business here, seems probable from one case that has been reported to Chief Morton, but the number of unsuspecting lovers who went through a mock ceremony and gave their coin for illegal papers cannot even be guessed. It is feared that the business has been carried on for some time, and if that is true, the crooks must have reaped a rich harvest.

The police are hot on the trail of the culprits, and it is said that they will be run down in a short time. The suspicious of Chief Morton were first aroused when George Burke, of Grand Rapids, called at police headquarters with his father. Both men were greatly incensed, and said that the son had been led into a trap and married by a bogus minister, and that three other couples were married at the same house on the same day, without a license.

The elder Burke is a well-to-do man in Grand Rapids, and relying upon his word, Chief Morton began an investigation. The following is the story told by the younger Burke:

"I heard of the fact of getting married at St. Joe, and so went to Kankakee to get the young lady to whom I was engaged. We came over here from Chicago on the steamer City of Milwaukee on Aug. 22. At the top of the slide we were accosted by a man about 35 years old, who asked us if we wanted to get married. I thought at first I would tell him none of my business, but finally listened to him, thinking he might be able to direct us to the proper authorities."

"We followed him up Ship street to some cross street—I forget whether it was Court or Church; there we went south. He led us on a zigzag course, sometimes going on one street and sometimes on another. After a ten-minute walk we came to a house."

"When we entered we found several young people sitting there, evidently waiting to be married. We were introduced to a clerical-looking man, our guide told us that the man was Rev. Mr. Williams."

"Rev. Mr. Williams greeted us effusively. We were told that a license was unnecessary. Everything seemed to be in the regular order, so we stood up and were married by Rev. Mr. Williams."

"After we were married, we paid our guide 50 cents. The minister's fee was \$2, which we also paid. We left the house, the other three couples were married. Neither of us had been married before, and we supposed we were married according to the regular order of things."

Young Burke, accompanied by Chief Morton, located the residence where the marriage ceremonies were performed, but pending further investigation, the chief refused to furnish the name of the family occupying the cottage.

Chief Morton has discovered enough to make him believe the crime was perpetrated, and there is no doubt that "Rev. Mr. Williams" will be captured. Burke described the reverend gentleman who married him as being six feet in height, with light hair, and a pleasant smile. Burke and his wife here and he married over again.

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## Fruit Jars

The best on the market—The genuine Flint Crown Fruit Jars, quart and half gallons. Our price for Saturday: Quarts, per dozen ..... 60c Half gallons, per dozen ..... 80c

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All sizes, cut and corrugated, with and without tin tops; your choice, 3 for ..... 10c

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Cut Glass Fruit Nappies, 3 for .... 10c

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Large Size Fancy Water Jugs, only ..... 15c

## Water Tumblers

Full size, fancy cut bottom, 3 for .. 10c

## Berry Sets

Fancy Cut Glass Berry Dish, nappies to match, per set, only ..... 30c

## Dinner Sets

Combination Dinner and Tea Sets, best English semi-porcelain, new shapes, decorated, in pink, blue, green and brown; regular \$8.75, special ..... \$6.50

97 piece Dinner Set, best English semi-porcelain, in pencil and green, gold filling, regular \$10.50, sale ..... \$8.75

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Ladies' Vests, half sleeves, regular 10c, sale price 4 for ..... 25c

Ladies' Vests, fancy ribbed, regular 15c, sale price 2 for ..... 15c

Pure white Low-neck Vests, short sleeves, regular, 15c, Saturday for ..... 10c

Pure white Fancy Ribbed Vests, low neck, short sleeves, neck and arm trimmed with fancy lace, special ..... 10c

Ladies' Vests, light weight, long sleeves, special ..... 10c

Ladies' heavy weight, long sleeve Vests, regular 15c, Saturday 2 for ..... 25c