

The FUGGEE ..BALL..

BY ANNA KATHERINE GREEN

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CHAPTER VIII.

Slyer Work.

Let me repeat. The person who had left the marks of his presence in the upper chamber of the Moore house was not the man popularly known as Uncle David. What then, had it been? But one name suggested itself to me—Mr. Jeffrey.

It was not so easy for me to reach this man as it had been for me to reach his singular and unimaginative uncle. In the first place, his door had been closed to avoid of since his wife's death. Neither friends nor strangers could gain admittance there unless they came vested with authority from the corner. And this, even if I could manage to obtain it, would not answer in my case. What I had to say and do would better follow in a chance encounter. But no chance encounter with this gentleman seemed likely to fall to my lot, and finally I swallowed my pride and asked another favor of the lieutenant. Would he see that I was given an opportunity for carrying out my message, or of doing some errand which would lead to my having an interview with Mr. Jeffrey? If he would, I stood ready to promise that my curiosity should cause me no point and that I would cease to make a nuisance of myself.

I think he suspected me by this time, but he made no remark, and in a day or so I was summoned to carry a note to the house in K Street. Mrs. Jeffrey's maid did not, however, take the day before and the house looked deserted. But my summons speedily brought a neat-looking, but very nervous maid to the door, whose eyes took on an unmistakable expression of resistance when I announced my errand and asked to see Mr. Jeffrey. The expression showed that she had struck me as peculiar if she had raised any objection to the interview I had solicited. But she did not. Her fear and antipathy, consequently, sprang from some other source than her interest in the man whom I had asked to see. Was it—could it be—on her own account? Recalling what I had heard whispered about the station concerning a maid of the Jeffreys who always seemed on the point of saying something which really never left her lips, I stopped her as she went about to slip upstairs and quietly asked:

"Are you Loretta?"

The way she turned, the way she looked at me as she gave me a short affirmative, and then quickly proceeded on her way, convinced me that my colleagues were right as to her being a woman who had some cause for dreading police interference. I instantly made up my mind that here was mine to be worked and that I knew just the demure little soul best equipped to act the part of miner.

In a moment I was back, and I had a chance to note again her pretty but expressionless features, among which the restless eyes bespoke character or decision.

"Mr. Jeffrey is in the back room upstairs," she announced. "He says for you to come up."

"Is it the room Mrs. Jeffrey used to occupy?" I asked with open curiosity, as an involuntary shudder proved that she was not without feeling. So did the quick disclaimer:

"No, no. Those rooms are closed. He occupies the one Miss Tuttle had before she went away."

"Oh, then, Miss Tuttle is gone?" Loretta disclaimed to answer. She had already said enough to cause her to bite her lip as she disappeared down the basement stairs. Decidedly the boys were right. An uneasy feeling followed any conversation with this girl. Yet, while there was a certain frank honesty visible in it too, which caused me to think that if she could ever be made to speak, her evidence could be relied on.

Mr. Jeffrey was sitting with his back to the door when I entered, but turned as I spoke his name, and he looked at me as if he had been expecting me. He had a large, clear eye, but I had never seen him so dark as when I had been sitting with his back to the door when I entered, but turned as I spoke his name, and he looked at me as if he had been expecting me.

"I had a large, clear eye, but I had never seen him so dark as when I had been sitting with his back to the door when I entered, but turned as I spoke his name, and he looked at me as if he had been expecting me."

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Tortured with Pain. Too Weak to Work.

ULCERS, BOILS AND PIMPLES
ALL OVER HER BODY.

Such was the condition of Mrs. Samuel Daitz, Zurich, Ont.

She happily found relief from her terrible suffering by using

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may interest you to hear about." Here I took from a book I held, a piece of blotting-paper. It was white on one side and blue on the other. The white side I had thickly chalked, though this was not apparent. Laying down this piece of blotting-paper, chalked side up, on the end of a large table near which we were standing, I took out an envelope from my pocket and, shaking it gently to and fro, remarked:

"In an upper room of the Moore house—you remember the southwest chamber, sir?"

"Ah! didn't he! There was no mistaking the quick emotion—the shrinking and the alarm with which he heard this room mentioned."

"It was in that room that I found this." Tipping up the envelope, I scattered over the face of the blotter a few of the glistening particles I had collected from the place mentioned.

He bent over them astonished. Then, as was natural, brushed them together in a heap with the tips of his fingers, and leaped to look again, just as I breathed a heavy sigh which scattered them far and wide.

Instinctively, he withdrew his hand; whereupon the opportunity of turning the blotter over, uttering meanwhile the most profuse apologies. Then, as if anxious not to repeat my misadventure, I let the blotter where it was, and pouring out the few remaining particles into my palm, I held them toward the light in such a way that he was compelled to lean across the table in order to see them.

Naturally, for I had planned the distance well, his fingertips, white with the chalk he had unconsciously handled, touched the blue surface of the blotter now lying uppermost and left their marks there.

I could have shouted in my elation at the success of this risky maneuver, but I restrained myself. I stood and stood quite still while he took a good look at the filings. They seemed to have great and unusual interest for him and it was with no ordinary emotion that he finally asked:

"What do you make out of these, and why do you bring them here?" My answer was written under his hand; but this, it was far from my intention to impart. So putting on my friendliest air, I returned, with suitable respect:

"I don't know what to make of them. This time I am sure they are yours to decide. Do you want them?"

"No," he replied, starting erect and withdrawing his hand from the blotter. "It's but a trifle, not worth our attention. But I thank you just the same for bringing it to my notice."

And again his manner became the plain dismissal.

This time I accepted it as such without question. Carelessly restoring the piece of blotting-paper to the book from which I had taken it, I made a dash for the door, and, as I went, I seemed to be thinking, and the deep furrows which I am sure had been lacking from his brow a week previously, became strikingly visible. Finally he observed:

"Mrs. Jeffrey was not in her right mind when she so hastily took the blotter. I see now that the change in her dates back to her wedding day, consequently any little peculiarity she may have shown at that time is not to be wondered at."

"Certainly not," I boldly ventured; "if such peculiarities were shown under the fright given her by the catastrophe which took place in the southwest chamber of the Moore house and carefully compared the impressions made on it with the marks I had scratched on the surface of the mantel-shelf. It is by laying the one over the other, after having made holes where his finger-tips had touched the blotter. The holes in the blotter and the marks outlined upon the shelf coincided exactly."

[To be Continued.]

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturer has guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your doctor what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 50c a box. Dr. Chase's Ointment. Dr. Chase's Ointment. Dr. Chase's Ointment.

A circular has been issued by Paris physicians taking the radical ground that alcohol is never and never can be of any use whatever to the organism.

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LONDON COLLEGIATE COULD NOT LIFT THE HOUGH CUP

Played at Clinton, and Lost in a Splendid Game by Three to One.

For the first time in the history of the Collegiate Institute the football club of that institution made an effort on Saturday to secure possession of Hough cup and it came a great deal closer to it than the score would indicate. The expense in connection with making the effort, consisting of a collegiate team, and if that could be overcome the students would not wait many years before making another effort. The city league handicapped the college team also by not allowing them to play their Hough cup team in city league games, so that on Saturday the college side was a team to Clinton that had never played together before, besides being deprived of a couple of good men by unfortunate circumstances. But the boys made the trip and now know something of the ground they must travel before becoming the defenders of the Hough cup.

The students went on the morning, L. H. and B. train, and took in the sights of the town before playing a short rest succeeded dinner, and it was not much after half-past one when they stepped into the gymnasium to measure their skill with the students of another collegiate. The president of the Western Football Association appointed Mr. Jackson, of Seaford, as official referee, and "Brown," as they all call him, certainly did not show partiality. He did not follow the ball as closely as some referees do, kept a sharp eye on it and saw most of the serious errors made by either side. By the time the umpires, line-men, and timekeepers were appointed, and the registration lists scrutinized it was a little after the time advertised for the game to start, so it was agreed to make it a seventy-minute game.

At half-time the game stood 1-0 in favor of the visiting team, and a moon-hill; for the inclination from one goal to the other is quite marked although the game was played on a level. The Londoners did so well considering the condition of the team which was so rough as to be totally unsuitable for a match where there was a trophy at stake.

MANY CLOSE GAMES IN THE RUGBY WORLD SATURDAY

Fitzsimmons Wants to Meet Corbett Again—Results of the Turi Events.

FOOTBALL. WHEN QUEEN'S HAD THE BALL. The trick of the Carlisle Indian hiding the ball from the light in such a way that he was compelled to lean across the table in order to see them. Naturally, for I had planned the distance well, his fingertips, white with the chalk he had unconsciously handled, touched the blue surface of the blotter now lying uppermost and left their marks there.

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as follows: Patron, A. F. MacLaren, M. P.; president, I. W. Steinhoff; vice-president, P. Stewart; secretary-treasurer, Captain A. H. Monte; chaplain, Rev. D. Williams, M.A.; Rev. M. L. Leitch; managing committee, J. W. Chown, Joseph Orr, William Maynard, John Welsh, D. M. Ferguson, James MacLaren, J. MacLaren, C. E. Nasmith, with A. F. MacLaren alternative; representative to O. C. A., A. F. MacLaren, with T. O. Robson, St. Marys, alternative. This year the MacLaren cup series will be played in three groups, to be concluded by Feb. 15, 1904.

THE KING.

MUNRO STOPPED MAHER.

Philadelphia, Nov. 7.—Jack Munro, a Butte miner, stopped Peter Maher to-night in the fourth round of what was scheduled to be a six-round bout at the National Athletic Club. Many of the spectators were of the opinion that Maher quit, as he went to the floor after a series of blows on the jaw and body. He took the count and was picked up by his backers, who led him to his corner. The bout was a fierce and bloody one, and Maher was leading until the fourth round. Both men scored knockdowns in the first round, but they were up and fighting before the referee had counted three.

HOCKEY.

VICTORIAS MAY ENTER.

Toronto, Nov. 7.—The Victoria Rugby Club may enter a team in the intermediate series of the Ontario Hockey Association this fall. Hitherto the north-enders have confined their efforts to the Lacrosse Hockey League but there is a growing desire for expansion, which will likely result in a team being placed in the big association.

LEAGUE WILL OPEN TOMORROW

Schedule for Seventh Regiment's Indoor Ball Games Arranged.

The schedule for the Seventh Athletic Association Indoor Baseball League has just been completed by Sergeant Major Milligan. The first game will be played tomorrow evening at the drill sheds between "A" and "B" companies. The teams have been getting in shape for the last couple of weeks, and the league should begin to do good work from the start. The league will likely play until Feb. 2. The games have been arranged as follows:

Tuesday, Nov. 10.—A. vs. B.
Thursday, Nov. 12.—C. vs. D.
Friday, Nov. 13.—E. vs. F.
Saturday, Nov. 14.—G. vs. H.
Sunday, Nov. 15.—I. vs. J.
Monday, Nov. 16.—K. vs. L.
Tuesday, Nov. 17.—M. vs. N.
Wednesday, Nov. 18.—O. vs. P.
Thursday, Nov. 19.—Q. vs. R.
Friday, Nov. 20.—S. vs. T.
Saturday, Nov. 21.—U. vs. V.
Sunday, Nov. 22.—W. vs. X.
Monday, Nov. 23.—Y. vs. Z.

Y. M. C. A. WON CHAMPIONSHIP

Defeated Barracks and Landed McCutcheon Cup—The Fight a Close One.

The Y. M. C. A. sustained its lead in the football league on Saturday, when it met the Barracks team, and thus became entitled to the championship of the city. The battle was one of the hardest of the season, and the champions had to put up a great fight to defeat the soldiers. The score was 2 to 1.

THE WHEEL.

THE SIX-DAY RACE.

Twelve American teams are having a careful preparation for the international six-day cycle race, which starts in Madison Square Garden on Dec. 6. This is just about the number of teams considered probable for the contest, early reports having named but six teams to oppose the five crack teams to be brought from Europe. It is evident, therefore, that at least seventeen teams, and probably more, will start.

The teams lined up as follows: Y. M. C. A.—W. Benson, goal; Cousie, Craig, backs; Nelles, Wiggins, Wickert, halves; Carter, Skinner, Gilbert, fullbacks. The team is regarded as exceptionally strong on the wing. The repeated struggles were the features of the game, and although the Barracks were defeated they certainly deserved much credit for their final fight to put a check on the champions. This game was the last of the season, and the Y. M. C. A. team possession of the hand McCutcheon cup, won last year by the Londoners.

The final standing of the teams is as follows:

Y. M. C. A. 6
Medicals 5
Collegiate 4
Barracks 3
Normals 1

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CELTIC.....NOV. 12, NOON.

ARMENIAN.....NOV. 13, NOON.

OCEANIC.....NOV. 15, 5 A.M.

CYRILLIC.....NOV. 16, 5 A.M.

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TORONTO AND MONTREAL.

"Eastern Flyer" leaves at 6:30 p.m. daily. Cafe parlor car to Toronto; Pullman sleeper to Montreal.

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