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Family Washing. Prices reasonable

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****** The LUST of HATE

BY GUY BOOTHBY

Author of "A Beautiful White Devil", "A Bid For Fortune," "The Marriage of Esther," "Cr. Nikola," Etc

. .

(Continued From Saturday)

The driver descended from perch, while the Jew went to the horse's head. The other was a tall fellow, and until he came into the light of the lamps I could not see his face.

of the lamps I could not see his face. To my surprise, he did not speak, but stood fumbling in the pocket of his oliskin for simething, which proved to be a letter. This he handed to me.

I opened it and scanned its contents. It was, of course, from Nikola. "Dear—Everything is arranged, and I send you this, with the cab, by my servant, who, as you know, will not reveal anything. As soon as you receive it, mount and drive to Pall Mall. Be opposite the Monolith Club punctually at 11.30 and once there, keep your eyes open for the man we want. Be opposite the Monolith Club punctually at 11.30 and once there, keep your eyes open for the man we want. I will arrange that he shall leave exactly as the clock chimes, and will also see that he takes your cab. When you have dropped your fare in a quiet street, drive as fast as you can, go to Hogarth Square, and wait at, or near, the second lamp-post on the left-hand side. I will pick you up there, and will arrange the rest. The man in question has been entertaining a distinguished company, including two dukes and a Cabinet Minister, at dinner this evening, but I have arranged to meet and amuse him at twelve. May good luck attend you. "Yours, N." I stuffed the note into my pocket and then glanced at my watch. It was exactly quarter-past eleven, so if I wanted to be at the rendezvous at the time stated it was necessary that I should start at once. Without more ado, I climbed on to the seat at the back, wound the rug I found there round my legs nut on the backe the

back, wound the rug I found there round my legs, put on the badge the Chinaman handed up to me, and, whipping up the horse, much to the bey's consternation, drove off down the street at a rapid pace. As I turned into Great Windmill Street snow began to fall again, and I gave an evil chuckle as I reflected that even the forces of Nature were assisting me in my murderous intentions. In my heart I had no pity for the man whom I was about to kill. He had robbed me as cruelly as one man could rob another, and now I was going to repay him for his treachery.

CHAPTER IV.

The cab horse was a fine animal and spun along to such good purpose that when I turned from Waterloo Place into Pall Mall I had, contrary to my expectations, still some few minutes to spare. Now that the actual moment for putting into effect the

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The fear that you could not be cured may nave deterred you from-taking honest treatment or you may have been one of the unfortunates who have been treated in vain by inexperienced physicians, free treatments, free trial samples, patent medicines, electric betts and other similar devices. Such treatments cannot and will never cured, mor will those maladies cure themselves and the such that the second of the such and the such as the suc

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threats I had so often uttered against the man who had wronged me so cruelly, had arrived, strange to say I was selzed with a sudden and inexplicable feeling of compassion for him. Badly as he had injured me, and desirous as I was of repaying him for his treachery, I discovered I could not bring myself to do what I had arranged without rejuntance. If it had been bring myself to do what I had arranged without reluctance. If it had been a matter of fair fighting, with the certainty of no one interfering between us, it would have been a totally different matter, and I could have gone into it with a light heart; but now to decoy him to his death by the aid of Nikola's science was an act of cowardice at which my whole nature revolted. Feeling half inclined to put off-if

not for ever, at least for that evening the dastardly deed I had had arranged for me—I drove slowly down the street, quite unable to resist the temstreet, quite unable to resist the temptation of seeing the man whom, if I wished to do so, I could kill so easily In the event of his halling me as had been arranged, I would reply that I was engaged, and leave him to find another vehicle, unconscious of the narrowness of his escape. At any cost I would not let him set foot in my conveyance. While I was thus arguing with myself I was drawing closer and closer to the Monolith Club. Already I could discern the stalwart form of the commissionaire standing upon the the commissionaire standing upon the steps under the great lamp. At the mo steps under the great lamp. At the moment that I approached, two men left the building arm in arm, but neither of them was the man I warted. Little by little their steps died away in the distance, and so nicely had I timed my arrival that the clock at the Palace ahead chimed the half-hour exactly as I came composite the steps At the as I came opposite the steps. At the same instant the doors of the Club opened, and Bartrand and another opened, and Bartrand and another man, whom I recognized instantly as Nikola, came out. The mere sight of the man I hated shattered all my plans in an instant. In the presence of the extraordinary individual accompanying him I had not sufficient pluck to cry. "paggged" so when the corp. "engaged"; so, when the comnothing for it but to drive across the coad and pull up alongside the pavement, as we had previously arranged.
"You're in luck's way, Bartrand,

cried Nikola, glancing at my horse, which was tossing his head and pawing the ground as if eager to be off again; "that's a rare good nag of yours, cabby. He's worth an extra fare."

I grunted something in reply. I can not remember what. The mere sight of Bartrand standing there on the pavement scanning the horse, had roused all my old antipathy; and ss

I have said, my good resolves were cast to the winds like so much chaff.

"Well, for the present, au revoir, my dear fellow," said Nikola, shaking hands with his victim. "I will meet you at the house in half-an-hour, and if you care about it you can have your revenge then; now you had better be going. Twenty-eight, Saxeburgh Street cabbe." street, cabby, and don't be long about

I touched my hat and opened the apron for Bartrand to step inside. When he had done so he ordered me o lower the glass, and not be long in getting him to his destination of hear of it at the other end. He little thought how literally I might inter-pret the command. Leaving Nikola standing on the

beaving Nikola standing on the pavement looking after us, I shook up my horse and drove rapidly down the street. My whole body was tingling with exultation; but that it would have attracted attention and spoiled my revenge, I felt I could have shouted my lovelloud Horse Lines with except joy aloud. Here I was with my enemy in my power; by lifting the shutter in the roof of the cab I could see him lolling inside—thinking, doubtless, of his wealth, and little dreaming how close he was to the poor fellow he had wronged so cruelly. The knowledge that hy simply preceing the had wronged so cruelly. The know-ledge that by simply pressing the spring under my hand I could destroy him in five seconds, and then choosing a quiet street could tip him out and be done with him for ever, intoxica-ted me like the finest wine. No one would suspect, and Nikola, for his own sake, would never betray me. While I was thinking in this fashion, and gloating over what I was about to do, I allowed my horse to dawdle a little. Instantly an umbrella was do, I allowed my horse to dawdie a little. Instantly an umbrella was thrust up through the shutter and I was ordered, in the devil's name, to

"Ah! my fine fellow," I said to my-self, "you little know how near you are to the master by whom you swear. Wait a few moments until I've had a

self, "you little know how near you are to the master by whom you swear. Wait a few moments until I've had a little more pleasure out of your company, and then we'll see what I can do for you."

On reaching Piccadilly I turned west, and for some distance followed the proper route for Saxeburgh Street. All the time I was thinking, thinking, and thinking of what I was about to do. He was at my mercy; any instant I could make him a dead man, and the cream of the jest was that he did not know it. My fingers played with the fatal knob, and once I almost pressed it. The touch of the cold steel sent a thrill through me, and at the same instant one of the most extraordinary events of my life occurred. I am almost chary of relating It, lest my readers may feel inclined to believe that I am endeavoring to gull them with the impossible. But, even at the risk of that happening, I must tell my story as it occurred to me. As I put my hand for the last time upon the knob there rose before my eyes, out of the half dark, a woman's face, and looked at me. At first I could scarcely believe my own eyes. I rubbed them and looked again. It was still there, apparently hanging in mid-air above the horse I was driving. It was not, if one may judge by the photographs of famous beauties, a perfect face, but there was that in it that made it to me the most captivating I had ever seen in my life—I refer to the expression of gentleness and womanly goodness that animated it. The contour of the face was oval, the mouth small and well-shaped, and the eyes large, true, and unfinching. Though it only appeared before me for a few seconds, I had time to take thorough stock of it, and to remember every feature. It seemed to be looking straight at me, and the mouth to be saying as plainly as any words could speak—"Think of what you are doing, Gilbert Pennethorne; remember the shame of it, and be true to yourself." Then she faded away; and, as she went, a veil that had been covering my eyes for months seemed now to drou from them, and

I saw myself for what I really was—a coward and a would-be murderer.
We were then passing down a side street, in which—fortunately for what I was about to do—there was not a single person of any sort to be seen. Happen what might I would now stop the cab and tell the man inside who I was and with what purpose I had picked him up. Then he should go free, and in letting him understand that I had spared his life I would have my revenge. With this intention I pulled my horse up, and, unwrapping my rug from my knees, descended from my perch. I had drawn up the glass before dismounting, the better to be able to talk to him.

"Mr. Bartrand," I said, when I had I saw myself for what I really was-

"Mr. Bartrand." I said. when I had mr. Bartrand, I said, when I had reached the pavement, at the same time pulling off my false beard and my sou'wester, "this business has gone far enough, and I am now going to tell you who I am and what I want-

to tell you who I am and what I wanted with you. Do you know me?"

Either he was asleep or he was too surprised at seeing me before him to speak, at any rate he offered no reply to my question.

"Mr. Bartrand," I began again, "I

ask you if you are aware who I am?"
Still no answer was vouchsafed to sky you ir you are aware who I am. Still no answer was vouchsafed to me, and immediately an overwhelming fear took possession of me. I sprang upon the step and tore open the apron. What I saw inside made me recoil with terror. In the corner, his head thrown back and his whole body rigid, lay the unfortunate man I had first determined to kill, but had since decided to spare. I ran my hands, all trembling with terror, over his body. The man was dead—and I had killed him. By some mischance I must have pressed the spring which opened the valve, and thus the awful result had been achieved. Though years have elapsed since it happened, I can feel the agony of that moment as plainly now as if it was but yesterday.

When I understood that the man

When I understood that the man was really dead, and that I was his murderer—branded henceforth with the mark of Cain—I sat down on the the mark of Cain—I sat down on the pavement in a cold sweat of terror, trembling in every limb. The face of the whole world had changed within the past few minutes—now I knew I could never be like other men again. Already the fatal noose was tighten-ing round my neck.

While these thoughts were racing While these thoughts were racing through my brain, my ears, now preternaturally sharp, had detected the ring of a footstep on the pavement a hundred yards or so away. Instantly I sprang to my feet, my mind alert and nimble, my whole body instinct with the thought of self-preservation. Whatever happened I must not be

caught, red-handed, with the body of the murdered man in my possession. At any risk I must rid myself of that,

At any risk I must rid myself of that, and speedily, too.

Climbing to my perch again I started my horse off at a rapid pace in the same direction in which I had been proceeding when I had made my awful discovery. On reaching the first cross-roads I branched off to the right, and, discovering that to be a busy thoroughfare, turned to the left again. Never before had my fellow-man inspired me with such terror. At last I found a deserted street, and was in found a deserted street, and was in found a deserted street, and was in the act of pressing the lever with my foot when a door in a house just ahead of me opened, and a party of ladies and gentlemen issued from it. Some went in one direction, others in a con-trary, and I was between both. To drop the body where they could see it would be worse than madness, so, almost cursing them for interrupting me. I lashed my horse and darted me, I lashed my horse and darted round the first available corner. Once more I found a quiet place, but this time I was interrupted by a cab turn-ing into the street and coming along behind me. The third time, however, was more successful. I looked carefully about me. The street was empty in front and behind. On either side in front and behind. On either side were rows of respectable middle-class houses, with never a light in a window or a policeman to be seen.

Trembling like a leaf, I stopped the cab, and when I had made sure that

cab, and when I had made sure that there was no one looking, placed my foot upon the lever. So perfect was the mechanism that it acted instantly, and, what was better still, without noise. Next moment Bartrand was lying upon his back in the centre of the road. As soon as his weight released it the bottom of the vehicle rose, and I heard the spring click as it took its place again. Before I drove on I turned and looked at him where he lay so still and cold on the pure white snow, and thought of the day at Markapurlie, when he had turned me off the station for wanting to doctor poor Ben Garman, and also of the morning when I had denounced him to the miners on the Boolga Range, after I had discovered that he had stolen my secret and appropriated my after I had discovered that he had stolen my secret and appropriated my wealth. How little either of us thought then what the end of our hatred was to be! If I had been told on the first day we had met that I should murder him, and that he would ultimately be found lying dead in the centre of a London street, I very much doubt if either of us would have believed it possible. But how horribly true it was!

To Be Continued.

The Last Long Sleep

Familiarity with death is apt to alter one's earliest conceptions of it. Two ideas are very generally accepted which experience shows to be false. One is that the dying usually fear death and the other that the act of dying is accompanied by pain. It is well known to all physicians that when death is near its terrors do not seem to be felt by the patient. Unless the imagination by the patient. Unless the imagination is stimulated by the frightful portrayal of the supposed "pangs of death" or of the sufferings which some believe the soul must endure after dissolution it is rare indeed that the last days or hours of life are passed in dread.

Most sick persons are very, very tired.

Sleep—long, quiet sleep—is what they want. I have seen many people die. I have never seen one who seemed to fear death, except when it was or seem-ed to be rather far away. Even those who are constantly haunted while strong and well with a dread of the end of life forget their fear when that

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Now Knows That

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"Fruit-a-tives" also took away that severe pain in the kidneys.

No cathartic, purgative, pill, powder or salt will cure Constipa. "Fruit-a-tives" will. Cathartics and purgatives do not act on the liver. They irritate the lining of the bowels. This irritation does make the bowels move, but it so tires and inflames the muscles that they won't act again until irritated by another dose of purgative.

Bile from the liver is the only thing that makes the bowels move really. "Fruit-a-tives" don't act on the bowels at all. They tone up and invigorate the liver-enable the liver to send more bile into the bowels—and make the liver so strong that it will do this regularly every day. And bile is nature's only purgative.

Testimonial of A. McBain, Ottawa, Ontario.

Chronic Constipation and Kidney disease Cured by "Fruit-a-tives."

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"I was a great sufferer for years with what seemed to be lacurable constitution, and tried every known remedy and several physicians but at the pills and medicine I took seemed to do me harm. I was advised to try "Fruit-atives" and I can truthfully say they have absolutely cured me, was also affected with a nasty while over the later while the property of the property o



This is what "Fruit-a-tives" are doing all the time Not a day passes in which someone, who has tried pills and tablets and salts in ain, does not have the same experience with "Fruit-a-tives" that Mr. McBain had. 'Fruit-a-tives' are a concentrated combination of fruit juices in

tablet form. They contain no calomel, cascara, senna, jalap. They are nature's laxative and liver tonic. They cure Constipation in the only way that it can be cured-by making the liver healthy and causing the bowels to receive their daily supply of bile. Druggists everywhere have "Fruit-a-tives." If, for any reason, your druggist has none



Delaware's Hundreds. In the days when the Saxons domi-nated England prior to the coming of William of Normandy the people were This was done mainly for military pur poses and the convenience of assembly upon the summons of the powerful earls and barons to whom the people owed allegiance. These hundreds usually consisted of ten families each family being computed at a minimum of ten persons. In time the families increased in membership, but did not lose their individual identity or change the designation of organization. the natural order of events these hun dreds expanded into communities and ultimately into geographical divisions and took on geographical designa-tions. Some of the American colonists adopted this form of geographical division, and thus we still have hundreds in Delaware and Virginia, alhough in the latter state that form of designation is but seldom used. But in Delaware hundred is universally used to describe the divisions of a county

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Perhaps you did not know that these were symptoms of kidney disease, so the trouble kept growing worse, until Neuralgia, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Dropay, and worst of all, Bright's Disease have taken hold of your system.

Doan's Kidney Pills should be taken at the first sign of anything wreng. There is no other asfe way, (plasters and liniments are useless), as the trouble must be eradicated from the system.

Doan's Kidney Pills go to the seat of the trouble, strengthen the kidneys, and help them to filter the blood properly and fush off all the impurities which cause kidney trouble. Mr. Thomas Maybew, Smith's Falls, Ont., writes: "For over four months I was troubled with my kidneys, and my back got so lame I felt miserable all over. After taking five boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills I was as well as ever."

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