

## The Arncliffe Puzzle

By GORDON HOLMES, Author "A Mysterious Disappearance."

Edith herself led him to an arm-chair and tenderly placed a cushion beneath his aching head. Then she sat beside him, and with all a woman's admiration of a brave man dilating her eyes, begged for particulars of this latest outrage. This unnerved him. He felt he must gain time.

"Why, really, Miss Holt, the matter if of no consequence, so far as I am concerned," he protested. "Worst, you tell me, what caused the shots I fired—has anyone been injured?"

"No, Mrs. Warren noticed a man in a blue coat standing outside her window, and as she had provided herself with a pistol she was about to fire when she saw him here, she bravely fired at him. He fell from the tree, but he has escaped. No doubt the police will find him. How came you to be so dreadfully injured, Mr. Bradshaw?" Could it be the same man who attacked you?"

"So, for the sake of the sweet girl who was hanging on to his words, Bradshaw was forced to carry through his disagreeable task. It is nothing to make a song about," he said. "I had strolled part of the way with Mr. Hobson, and, soon after the shots were fired, I intercepted some one who evidently had urgent business in another direction. But don't make me talk about it, Miss Holt. I have been soundly licked. The proud crest of the American eagle is drooping; the Stars and Stripes are trailing in the dust!"

"Oh, do try to be serious for once, Mr. Bradshaw, and tell us what actually happened. Do you think you could identify your assailant if you saw him again?"

"My belief is," answered the American, solemnly, "that he was a grizzly bear. Mercy!" As Edith held up a threatening finger, "I will tell you everything. He was a very powerful man—I am pretty strong myself, and he handled me as if I were an infant—but I should not know him again. We rolled over, I guess, two or three times; and then he managed to hit me on the head with a club he was carrying. The subsequent proceedings interested me no more."

Bradshaw, as he warmed to his subject, brought a little action into the recital, and, in doing so, betrayed his trained and cut fingers.

"Oh, your poor hands!" cried Edith in horror. "How did you hurt them so?"

"The tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive" appealed strongly to the poetic soul of Sir Walter Scott, and the same great thought came into the mind of William L. Bradshaw.

"Good land!" he murmured to himself. "If ever I get out of this tangle I will tell the truth for a month!"

Still, he had by no means reached the end of his resources. "Oh," he exclaimed with easy confidence, "that was caused by the stick he hit me with. I got hold of it, after parrying one blow, and we had a tough struggle

for its possession. But he was too strong for me, and he wrenched it through my hands. I think it was one of those sticks with spikes on them you call blackthorns. I have seen Irish immigrants carrying them in New York."

Edith drew in her breath with a little hiss, as though she pictured the agony of the moment, and looked at him with undisguised admiration. In fact every one in the company regarded him as a paladin, none more sincerely than Detective-Inspector Hobson.

"It so crippled my hands for the moment," went on Bradshaw, entering into the spirit of the thing "that I could not hold him. It was then that he got his blow home."

"So," said Edith, severely, "you had nothing to defend yourself with against that dreadful stick—I know what they are like—and yet you gallantly tried to stop him. Mr. Bradshaw, I think she asserted, with a delightful sincerity, "you are the bravest man I have ever met!"

The American cast a piteous glance toward Hobson, who was eyeing him with malicious enjoyment. No success was to be expected from that quarter. The detective had not forgotten certain allusions to "idiots" and "men" with the instincts of a horse thief. Far from coming to Bradshaw's rescue he added to the chorus of praise showered upon him.

"You may well say that, Miss Holt," he broke in earnestly. "If you had seen the place where we found this gentleman you would have thought there had been a battle between two lions. The ground was so torn and trampled that they must have been at it for a quarter of an hour at least. And the blood Mr. Bradshaw had lost!"

The wounded "lion" uttered a queer little cough. It conveyed a warning to Hobson, but the detective was desperate. He would pay off old scores that night, at any rate.

"There is one thing which may give us a clue," said Edith. "Do any of you know a man in the district who carries a blackthorn?"

"Yes, miss," volunteered Wilson, "Bob Leigh, the poacher, him that Harry caught and gave six months to last year—he is hardly without one in his hands. He would only be out of prison a few weeks, and no doubt he bears a grudge against Master Harry. There's another thing, miss, he is a mortal strong man; there's no one in the village can stand up against him."

"Then that completely proves it!" asserted Edith, calmly ignoring the principles of justice. "You had better go and arrest the man at once, Mr. Hobson."

"Oh, dash it all!" broke in Warren, excitedly, too agitated by this new peril to realize that his mode of address to the stick he hit me with. "I got hold of it, after parrying one blow, and we had a tough struggle

Except for a contemptuous curl of her lip, Edith appeared as though she had not heard him. "At once, Mr. Hobson," she repeated.

Warren's anxiety on behalf of the poacher was not lost on the detective. This development was likely to prove highly embarrassing to himself, however, so he welcomed any diversion.

"Mr. Warren is quite right, Miss Holt," he pointed out. "We require more evidence than that before we are justified in making an arrest. Still, I will institute some inquiries as to his movements, and keep an eye on him generally."

Bradshaw, too, was glad to divert attention from his homeric combat. "It is absolutely impossible for me to identify the man," he joined in. "Therefore, I could not prove anything against him, even if we were to get hold of the right person by chance. Now, Miss Holt, I think I will go back to the inn. I am ashamed to have given you so much trouble at such an hour."

"Go back to the inn, indeed!" exclaimed Edith, with fine scorn. "I have ordered a room to be prepared for you, and when you have taken this" ("this" was a huge bowl of chicken broth, one of the invalid delicacies provided for Aingier) "you are to go straight to bed."

"But really, I am perfectly well," he protested.

"What? When Mr. Hobson says that your wound is so dreadfully bad, sides," she went on triumphantly, "I have sent a messenger for Dr. Lester, and here he comes. We shall soon see whether you are perfectly well or not."

Lester, knowing the errand upon which the pair had set out, was naturally in a maze of conflicting theories as to the cause of Bradshaw's injuries. The footman who summoned him told him an incoherent story, in which burglars and pistol shots figured largely.

And now, as he made cursory examination of Bradshaw's hurts, Edith gave a disjointed narrative of the night's doings, interspersing it with lavish appreciation of the American's gallant behavior.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" groaned Bradshaw, when Edith had delivered herself of a particularly warm tribute to his courage.

"Poor fellow!" she whispered to Lester, with tender pity. "He is in pain."

"He had better go to bed at once," said the doctor.

He was anxious to learn the true details of the affair. Moreover, he did not find this almost fullsome eulogy of Lord Arncliffe's nephew particularly gratifying.

"Have you a room ready?" he asked. "Thank you—then I will just go up and make the patient comfortable. And as I wish to prescribe bed very strictly for you, too, Miss Holt, I will say good night."

His manner was formal, even beyond the austerity which medical men assume, and Edith, unaware that her innocent praise of a courageous action had aroused the demon of jealousy, looked at him in pained reproach. But he kept his eyes steadily averted and walked away, supporting Bradshaw, whose other arm was taken by Hobson.

The detective too was burning with curiosity to learn what Bradshaw had seen before he took that perilous drop

from the tree. When the servants had retold Hobson locked the door. "Now, then," he said, "we must speak softly."

"You are right, my friend," agreed Bradshaw. "I am liable to make use of language which will be all the better for being spoken softly. And see here, you grinning ape, if that irritating smile doesn't leave your face mighty quick, I will shoot it off!"

"May I ask what the joke is?" queried Lester, mildly.

"You tell him, Hobson. If I do, I shall choke before I am half-way through."

Hobson, nothing loath, described their disastrous attempt to spy upon Mrs. Warren and her son. He told of the American's brilliant idea of explaining his injuries, and, with loving touch, drew a picture of the unearned increment of glory which had fallen to the amateur detective's lot. By the time the recital was finished, Hobson and Lester were convulsed with silent mirth, while the unfortunate hero of it all sat on the bed and glowered at them.

Lester had been telling himself that there was nothing so wonderful in collaring a man, and getting the worst of the encounter. But now, when Bradshaw's ridiculous position was made clear, he was not wholly displeased that Edith had showered her praises so liberally.

"All right," grumbled Bradshaw, "laugh away—I suppose one must not expect any sympathy from a licensed assassin and a detective. I was trying to think of some nasty thing to say to you, Hobson, and I think I have struck it. And now, if the professional murderer will be so good as to bandage up my head and hands properly, I should like to go to sleep."

Lester, still smiling, attended to him, but Hobson, true to his craft, anxiously asked for details of the scene in Mrs. Warren's room.

Bradshaw, with inadequate vengeance, by piquing the detective's curiosity. It was only when he felt that he would really like to sleep that he condescended to explain matters. (To Be Continued.)

## MRS. CARTER-PAYNE HAS TO LIVE

So She Tells the Court—Had to Reveal Her Assets—Debt \$150,000.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 22.—Fire in the Carter Payne told United States Commissioner Alexander in the Quinlan Building, she simply had to live, that's all. That was the sad part of her testimony in the examination under the bankruptcy act to reveal assets.

There's one thing more ornery than another to a great deal of the testimony. From 11 o'clock in the forenoon until an hour and a half after high noon Mrs. Carter Payne told every thing divulgable about her assets.

Lawyer Charles R. Carruth, acting for Receiver Ezra Prentice, asked the actress lots and lots of questions about her furniture and the pictures, and where did that ring go, and how about Christmas presents, and the time she strolled out shopping and got \$11,000 worth of clothes, and whether Mr. Dressmaker Hitchens was taken through her house at 115 East Eighth street by the butler, and how much David Belmont owed her, and how about Charley Dillingham, and whether or not (answer yes or no) she gave Mr. Dressmaker Hitchens a drink and sent him at 12:30 a.m. out into the night.

A Good Witness. She was a good witness, Mrs. Carter Payne, except that Stenographer Parsons seemed to think that the actress could have said ten times as much in eight times less time.

After that sad part, where Mrs. Carter Payne told that she simply had to live or die things brightened up. When it came to the testimony about the butler taking the man dressmaker around the house the whole court proceeding bore a striking resemblance to a social function. For Mrs. Carter Payne was radiantly happy then and clapped her hands delightedly.

Owes Nearly \$150,000. In the course of her examination Mrs. Carter Payne related her woes in detail; unfolded her trials and troubles in the theatrical world; told what a terrible time she had with her managers and some other things and when the proceedings adjourned to next Friday the end, so far as she was concerned, was not yet.

When Mrs. Carter Payne was adjudged a bankrupt in November last she owed \$149,418.

Her Ex-Husband. A dispatch from Chicago says: Trembling with sobs and hardly able to speak through her tears, Miss Helen Leslie Carter testified in Probate Judge Tullings' court on Monday that her brother, Leslie Carter, capitalist and former husband of Mrs. Leslie Carter, the actress, was mentally incapable of administering his property.

Following the presentation of evidence and the decision of the jury Charles E. Soule, jun., was appointed conservator, and filed a bond for \$110,000.

Coupled with the plea of Miss Carter for the appointment of a conservator was the surprising statement that her brother's estate is now valued at only \$75,000. A few years ago Carter was rated as a multi-millionaire. His sister's declaration that the estate is worth less than \$100,000 caused great astonishment among the old friends of the stricken capitalist.

Mr. Carter, formerly president of the South Side Elevated Railroad, has been unable to look after his business affairs since he has overcome by gas nearly nine months ago. He has been very seriously ill and has required the constant attendance of physicians and nurses.

Since Mrs. Carter left him to join the Belasco forces and try her power as an emotional actress, he has been decidedly changed from his former self and his friends say that his grief over his domestic troubles has undermined his health.

## GAVE HIS BLOOD TO SAVE WIFE

New Jersey Man Prepared for Death, But Operation Was a Success.

New York, July 22.—Patrick Bradley, of Hackettstown, N. J., leaves St. James' Hospital, Newark, after having successfully undergone an operation by which he placed his own life in jeopardy to save his wife from death. An artery in the man's arm was opened and his blood was transfused into the body of the woman, who for more than eight years has suffered a succession of hemorrhages.

Because of these attacks Mrs. Bradley has been threatened with death several times, and her condition became so bad that on July 10 it was decided to take her to St. James' Hospital for a consultation. The doctors there said her death was only a matter of a few days unless fresh blood could be transfused into her veins, and her husband, a man of 180 pounds and in perfect health, offered his own blood.

The danger of the operation was explained and both were willing to take the risk. For fear that the operation would have a fatal ending the husband took a few days to arrange his business affairs at Hackettstown. He returned to the hospital and went to bed, and arrangements were made for the operation. The last rites of the Roman Catholic Church were administered to both.

At 8 o'clock the next morning the husband and wife were subjected to the operation, cocaine being the anesthetic. Bradley's arm was cut at the wrist as a matter of course, his end was tied and a small silver tube was inserted. In the meantime a vein in the wife's leg had been similarly treated and the other end of the tube pierced it. By this means the blood in the husband's veins immediately began pouring into the shrunken veins of his wife. For an hour the blood of the man was allowed to pass that way.

It was estimated by the doctors that perhaps a quart of Bradley's blood flowed into the body of his wife. While the flow was under way the physicians could notice the color coming into the woman's cheeks and her pulse growing stronger with every beat, while it was seen very weak from loss of blood. Bradley recovered from the operation in less than a day. Mrs. Bradley will remain at the institution until all danger is past. She is getting along excellently.

This Transfusion Failed. Henry Sancton, who died Saturday in Bellevue Hospital, was for many years an engineer in the Quinlan iron works. Three weeks ago his left arm was caught in a cogwheel and terribly mutilated. Before his removal to Bellevue Hospital he became very weak from loss of blood.

Among the persons who frequently visited Sancton in the hospital was Harry Van Winkle, a young man, the fiancé of a daughter of Sancton. When he learned that there was a chance of saving Sancton's life through a transfusion of blood he offered his blood for that purpose. Sancton rebelled against it, but he was persuaded to permit it, and the two men were placed beside each other on the operating table and the transfusion of blood was begun.

Sancton became so weakened from the intensity of his sufferings that he died while the transfusion was going on. He was 58 years old.

## WORK ON BIG DITCH

Culebra Cut (Panama Canal) Is About Half Completed.

Washington, July 22.—Excavation on the Culebra cut on the Panama Canal is about one-half completed. According to reports received at the Washington office of the canal commission a total of 47,945,426 cubic yards has been removed from the cut, while it is estimated that 39,652,822 cubic yards remain to be taken out. Of the amount already excavated 12,600,000 cubic yards were taken out by the old French company from 1881 to 1889, and 10,000,000 cubic yards was excavated by the new French company from 1895 to 1904. Since the American Government took charge of the canal work 18,445,426 cubic yards have been removed.

If the present rate of excavation is maintained the cut will be completed in about three and a half years.

Lieut. Col. George W. Goethals, chief engineer of the canal, has reorganized the administration work on the canal by abolishing the department of excavation and dredging and dividing canal construction work into three divisions.

Under the reorganization each superintendent of construction will have direct supervision not only over the work of excavating, but also of transportation and management of the dumps in his district. No new men have been employed as a result of the new system.

SUCCEEDS BISHOP POTTER Bishop D. H. Greer, a Noted Preacher, Gets the Position.

New York, July 22.—The Right Rev. David H. Greer, who was bishop coadjutor of New York until the death of Bishop Henry C. Potter, which occurred last night at Cooperstown, N. Y., now becomes at once bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York.

Bishop Greer is now in London, but will return to New York at once. The new bishop is 64 years old. It was Dr. Greer's fame as a preacher that attracted the attention of the congregation of St. Bartholomew's and led Cornelius Vanderbilt and other members of the vestry to call him from the charge he had held in Providence for sixteen years. Dr. Greer was consecrated bishop coadjutor of

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## Another Midsummer Clearing Sale

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Grays, fawns, olives; 60 inches wide. Regular prices \$1.50 and \$1.75. Midsummer Clearing Sale Price, per yard \$1.19

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## White Embroidered Wash Belts.

Regular prices 25c, 40c and 50c each. As many 50c as 25c Belts in the lot. Special Midsummer Clearing Sale Price, each, 19c. These are all fresh, clean, new Belts just received from the best manufacturer of high-class wash belts in Canada. We cleared all they had in stock worth up to 50c at a price that enables us to sell them tomorrow (Tuesday) morning at this special price (all pearl buckles), each.....19c

Silkette Lace Hose	Black "Macco" Cotton Hose	Imported Cotton Hose	Imported Torchon Lace and Insertion
Black, tan, white, sky, pink; regular 35c; sale price Tuesday, per pair, 19c. Sizes 8 1/2, 9, 9 1/2, 10.	Regular 40c quality. Sale price Tuesday 25c. Spliced soles, double heels and toes, Hermsdorf.	Black and tan; regular 18c Stockings Sale price, 2 pairs for 25c. Sizes 8 1/2, 9, 9 1/2, 10.	Worth 5c to 10c yard. Sale price 20c for dozen yards.

## All-Wool French Voiles, Black, Navy, Brown, 40c and 50c Qualities, Midsummer Sale Price, 25c Yard.

One piece each (60 yards) of 40-inch All-Wool French Voiles in good shades of navy, brown and black, that cannot be bought regularly at less than 40c to 50c. These go on sale Tuesday morning at nine. Phone orders filled promptly.

## Clearing Sale Prices on Garments All Ready to Wear.

White Muslin Dresses, reg. \$6, sale price Tuesday \$3.95

Eight only Women's White Muslin Dresses—waists embroidered, fronts trimmed with val. lace; skirts have deep flounce and val. insertion trimming.

\$1.50 White Waists, Sale Price, 98c.

Five dozen White Lawn Waists, embroidered fronts trimmed with val. insertion, wide shoulder effects; beautiful waists. At.....98c

\$5.50 and \$6.50 Skirts, Midsummer Sale Price, \$3.95

24 only All-wool Venetian Cloth Skirts, navy, brown, black. Come for these Tuesday morning at nine and secure your size.

## Black Silk Coats

Three-Quarter Length Chiffon Taffeta Coats.

Regular \$20 Coats for.....\$13.50

Regular \$16.50 Coats for.....\$10.00

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the Diocese of New York on Jan. 26, 1904.

Cooperstown, N. Y., July 22.—The funeral of Bishop Henry C. Potter, who died last night, will be held in Christ Church here next Friday, at 11:30 a.m. The service will be private and attended only by relatives of the dead bishop. Public funeral services will be held later, at a time not yet fixed, in New York City.

## 150 CHILDREN IN PERIL

Panic Caused by Alarm of Fire in School—No Lives Lost.

New York, July 22.—Mrs. Leslie Holmes public school caused a panic today among 150 children attending the vacation term. The large building rapidly filled with smoke, and the children, screaming and almost suffocated, rushed from the structure in great disorder. Many were thrown down and trampled, but none were seriously hurt.

Adding much to the confusion was the action of parents of children living near by, who congregated in the main doorway and excitedly called the names of their children.

Principal David Brown and several women teachers barely escaped being overcome. Firemen were quickly summoned and the fire was extinguished with a trivial loss. Burning waste paper in the basement caused the fire.

There are ten negro banks in Mississippi and they have organized a State Bankers' Association of their own.

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In 1870 the population of Manitoba was 17,000; today it is 400,000.

Burning orange peel will dissipate the order of tobacco smoke in a room.

## Advertiser Patterns

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Ladies' surprise dressing sack. Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. The 36 inch size will require 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. This charming negligee of flowered crepe is one of the prettiest designs of the season. The collar and turned back cuffs are daintily finished by button-holed scallops. If preferred, long sleeves gathered into straight bands may be used. Challis, albatross, China silk and lawn will all develop prettily. A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on the receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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Measurement: Bust ..... Waist .....

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CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent measure you need only mark 32, 34, or measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's cannot reach you in less than one week pattern will only be figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "yards." Patterns from the date of order. The price of postage stamps.

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