

ABOUT THE CLOTHES MOTH.

There are several closely allied species of Clothes Moths, Tineina, all so much alike that it is difficult to tell them apart. The Moth finds its way easily into chests of drawers and wardrobes, and lays its eggs. From these eggs the larvae which eat our garments are hatched. Each larva makes a case for itself from fragments of the material on which it feeds.

Nothing short of hermetical sealing will keep the Clothes Moth out of wardrobes, chests of drawers, boxes and similar places where clothes and furs are kept, and under ordinary household circumstances hermetical sealing is impossible. The one way to prevent damage by Moth is to use Keating's Powder, which kills every moth with which it comes into proper contact before it can lay its eggs, or should the eggs have been already laid, it kills the larvae immediately they hatch. Before putting away furs, blankets, Summer or Winter wearing apparel, and clothes of all descriptions, first thoroughly shake them, and then well sprinkle them with Keating's Powder; leave the powder on them. Carpets.—Before relaying carpets see the floor is thoroughly dry, then dust all over with "Keating's" and lay the carpets on top. Furniture.—Blow "Keating's" freely and regularly into the folds of all upholstered furniture and the backs of chairs, bedding, etc.

It is necessary that both the Powder itself and the article on which it is used are absolutely dry. So used it will not injure the finest fabric.

"Keating's" contains no poison, and is absolutely harmless to everything except insect life.

"Yes, sir. House is to let, but no one won't take it," was his respectful reply to the doctor's inquiries.

"Won't take it—how is that?"

"It don't do to talk, sir, but some do say as it is haunted. An' some says the caretakers keep a half-witted daughter there. I've heerd screams myself in the middle of the night, fair blood curdlin', an' onct I see a white face lookin' out of the top winder, the one that's got bars acrost it. No one don't seem to take it."

He coughed discreetly behind his hand.

"Whose property is it?" inquired the doctor with renewed interest.

"Used to belong to a Miss Field-Robinson—maiden lady, sir—she died an' I did hear 'as her nephew come in for it, him as is Lord Wallsend now, sir."

"Why don't the agents look after the property better? It looks as if it had been empty for years!"

"Three years, sir, to my knowledge. There ain't nobody occupied it since Miss Field-Robinson died. Agents puts a caretaker in, sir, an' forgets all about it. Caretakers never lets a 'ouse, sir, if they can help it—'cos why?—they'd have to turn out."

"Thanks," the doctor turned to go.

The man-servant watched him down the steps and closed the door.

Sir Lawrence Goss cast a speculative glance over the great forlorn-looking empty house, then on a sudden impulse mounted the steps and rang the bell. He could hear it clang noisily through the emptiness within. He waited patiently for three minutes, then rang again. He was about to turn away when he heard a door unbolted in the area and saw a tousled head look up.

"This house is to let, can I look over it?" He spoke authoritatively.

"Have you got a permit?" asked the woman suspiciously.

"No. But is that necessary?"

"Can't show no one over without," said the woman, disappearing and slamming the basement door, after which he heard bolts shot home again.

Looking up at the creaking board over the portico for the name of the agent, he was surprised to read that the public were requested to apply to an address on the south coast in the vicinity of Wallsend Priory; apparently it was in the hands of no London firm.

"That accounts for it," he muttered, "people are not going all that way, or to bother to write for a 'permit' to go over an empty house, when there are hundreds to be seen without. By jove, I believe Arnold's right. There is something fishy about it all. I'll put the police on to it."

Being a man of prompt action, the big car was soon speeding on its way to Scotland Yard, and Scotland Yard once more made busy upon the other end of a mystery which they thought had already been solved when the missing specialist was found.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Miss Pragg is Annoyed.

PATIENCE was not Miss Pragg's strong point, and when John Grey failed to put in an appearance after she was dressed and waiting to go out, she went to the telephone and rang up the garage. Such an unprecedented thing had never occurred before in John Grey's time.

Impatience changed to annoyance when she was told that he had left the garage over an hour before and had not returned.

Annoyance became angry indignation when two hours passed and he was still absent. She took off her hat and jacket in a state of great displeasure, and prepared a caustic reprimand for his benefit.

Several times during the day she rang up the garage, with fruitless results.

Consternation took the place of anger the following day, when she learned that he was still missing. She had reached this state of mind when Miss-Peggy Assitas arrived in a taxi, laden with luggage.

She burst upon Miss Pragg and kissed her affectionately.

"I've fled from home, Auntie; I

simply had to come—it's my only chance!"

"Fled from home! What do you mean, child?" asked the worried woman, while the boxes were being dumped into the hall.

Sending Henry to pay for the taxi, Peggy turned to her aunt with a tragic gesture.

"Do you mean to say you have not seen the papers, Aunt Pragg?" Mamma, in the face of all I said, positively went and put the announcement in every paper, that I was engaged to be married to Lord Wallsend. It's—it's outrageous!"

Miss Pragg stared at her.

"What shall you do?"

"Do?" exclaimed the indignant girl, her grey eyes flashing. "Do? I shall never marry. I told you I was determined to be an old maid."

Miss Pragg laughed incredulously.

"I've sent a contradiction to the more important papers—a flat denial, in fact—and asked others to copy. I posted a dozen letters before I came here; but I simply dare not face mamma when the announcement she sent is officially repudiated by me, so I told Clark to throw some things into a box, and I bolted! You know you told me to come to you, Auntie, if I was driven into a corner," she added coaxingly.

"Of course, child! You did right to come; but there will be a row with Eliza." Her eyes sparkled.

"Aunt Pragg, you know you love a row with mamma," said Peggy laughing.

"I feel ready for one to-day," observed Miss Pragg grimly. "Running away seems in the air. Would you believe it, John Grey has bolted—to use your own expression?"

Peggy stared at her aunt in silence, while her face slowly whitened.

"John Grey—bolted," she gasped.

"What do you mean, Aunt?"

"I mean that he walked out of the garage yesterday morning and has not been seen since." Miss Pragg felt it a distinct relief to air her grievance. "Comes of taking a man without a reference—I always said it wasn't safe," she snapped irritably.

"I THOUGHT you did not believe in references?" ventured Peggy unwisely.

"Rubbish! How can you say such a thing? They are most important. I only hope the man hasn't gone off with the silver fittings belonging to the car," she snorted, annoyance getting the better of her commonsense.

"Steal the silver fittings—John Grey!" gasped Peggy, breaking into a hysterical laugh; "he couldn't!"

"Indeed, he could!" contradicted Miss Pragg stridently. "I gave them to myself for a birthday present and paid forty pounds for them—but if he'd really set his heart on them," pursued Miss Pragg plaintively, "I'd rather have given them to him than he should take them—and—and—bolt!"

"Take them—and bolt!" gasped Peggy aghast. "Has he taken them?"

"Oh, I don't know—how can I tell?—I haven't seen the car since he left"—this peevishly.

Margaret Assitas strode to the telephone without another word and rang up the garage.

"Has John Grey returned?"

"No, miss."

"Is there anything missing from the car?"

"No, miss."

"It is all right?"

"Yes, miss."

"What did John Grey say when he went away?"

"Said he'd be back in ten minutes; was just going out to buy a paper."

"Are his things at his lodgings?"

"Yes, miss."

"Does anybody know where he is?"

"No, miss."

Margaret Assitas hung up the receiver and turned to Miss Pragg.

"The car is all right—nothing is missing."

"I didn't say there was," retorted Miss Pragg. "I said I hoped there wasn't."

"He didn't bolt," continued Peggy firmly, ignoring her aunt's evasion.

"But he's gone," complained Miss Pragg. "Mark my words, he won't

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