Tale of Mystery

CHAPTER XXVI.
DAPHNE'S STORY.

'You might as well ask me where last night's moon is,' exclaimed de Montalt, with a short laugh. 'I have enough of this rigmarole and am tired of it. I don't know where this young woman without a name is, and don't want to know. Moreover, if I did know, I certainly should not utter a word to help you. Now, Dora,' he added, in a sharper voice, 'what are we to do next? Are you as tired of this cage as I am? I may say at once that so far as this story goes, I shall take only one course. It is true that Miss Merrion—or Miss Marlow, or whoever she is—did make this very preposterous accusation against me. I held it back from you because I did not want you to be worried with fables of that ridiculous character. But I did then what I will do now. I will leave it to Mr. Cheriton, who is an English lawyer, to decide what proofs he wishes to have that there has been nothing but a hideous mistake in regard to me. I shall have no difficulty whatever in explaining the nature of this extraordinary resemblance.'

'Resemblance! exclaimed Mrs. Davenant, speaking now for the first time. 'Why, when I was here yesterday you did not attempt to deny your identity.'

'Nevertheless, the fact is as I say,' he returned, quite unmoved. 'I can explain the whole matter to Mr. Cheriton's complete satisfaction, and am ready to do so.'

'No time like the present,' said Tom Cheriton. 'Do it before we leave the room.'

'I must get my papers. They are at my hotel. You can come with me; and if you give me your word that I shall never be offended by seeing you again, you need not take your eyes off me until I have convinced you.'

'I can trust myself so far,' said Tom; and he opened the door.

'In less than hour I shall be back, Dora,' said de Montalt to Mrs. Markham. 'And then at last we shall be freed from this canaille.'' He growled the word from between his teeth.

'Mr. Cheriton, you will need all your wits. He is never more treacherous than when complying,' said Daphne, warmly. 'You had better have the police.'

'You shall have them when I return,' said de Montalt.

A cab was fetched and the two men left together, de Montalt with a profusion of regrets for tearing himself away from Mrs. Marsham for even an hour; and his last word was a pledge of honour to be back within the hour.

But he had already made up his mind that he could never set his foot inside the house again. He knew when he was beaten; and he knew now that so far as marrying Mrs Markham was concerned the chance was utterly lost.

He ceased to strive, therefore, and chose the one remaining course that was open to him.

He intended to shake off Cheriton and make a dash for St. John's Wood, get the rubies from Dessie, and then laugh at those who found him out.

It was quite dusk as the cab rattled along the Brompton Road, and the two men sat side by side in stolid silence; de Montalt thinking quickly as to the best means of getting rid of his companion.

Fortune favored him. When the cab reached Hyde Park Corner there was a block and a crowd caused by a street accident. The cab stopped, and Cheriton, in his eagerness to see what had happened, rose from his seat and holding by the rail of the splash board, stood up to look out.

Watching his opportunity, de Montalt grabbed the reins as they hung in the front, pulled them with a violent jerk on the horse's mouth, and so caused the animal to start back suddenly. At the same instant he put all his strength into one vigorous thrust, and pushed his companion off the cab into the road, where he staggered and nearly fell. He recovered himself in a moment or two. But it was too late.

The cab was empty. De Montalt had sprung out on the other side, and dashing in among the people, was lost sight of directly among the surging, heaving crowd.

CHAPTER XXVII.
WITH INTENT TO MURDER.

The elation which de Montalt felt at having so easily shaken off the inconvenient companionship of Tom Cheriton soon gave way to a fit of intense passion at the failure of his plans.

Despite his practised and habitual self-restraint, his ill-temper completely mastered him, and as the thought grew upon him that the chief cause of all was the girl who had first bearded him, his rage concentrated itself upon her. If it had not been for Dessie nothing could have robbed him of success, no one would have had a suspicion of his real identity, and nothing could have stepped in between him and his purpose.

Gradually the feeling prompted a desire of revenge upon her, and he began to think how best to shape his plans so as to take that revenge completely and safely.

In her present position he ought to have no difficulty in getting her absolutely at his mercy. She was in Landale's house, alone, unprotected and absolutely defenceless. Not a soul, save himself, Landale and the confidential blackguard of a servant knew of her presence there, and if anything was to happen to the girl—if she were to die suddenly, for instance—the trouble would be much more likely to fall on the baronet than on him. And that sort of shield for his own crimes had always had an attraction for him.

There was one difficulty. He had tried to get Sir Edmund out of the house before, and had failed. If he could think of a ruse to effect that, the rest would be easy. But if not the man must take his chance of what happened.

He turned this problem over and over in his thoughts, and at last resolved to send a telegram saying that he himself had met with a very serious accident, and had made a most important discovery, which must be disclosed to Sir Edmund at once, if he would come to the hotel.

He thought round this very shrewdly, and mentally approved the plan. He would send off the telegram, follow in person as quickly as possible and thus watch the baronet out of the house. If the bait was taken the coast would be clear for at least an hour, and in that time he could do everything.

But before despatching the telegram he had to do two things—to prepare for what might happen if he succeeded in luring the baronet away, and a much more critical matter, to prepare for what he might have to do if the ruse failed. He was not a man to stick at half measures. He meant to get the rubies into his possession by fair means or foul, and also to vent upon Dessie his rage at the failure of his plans.

In one shop he bought a revolver and a handful of cartridges, and in another a long, ugly-looking knife. It might be dangerous to use firearms, he thought.

As soon as he had completed the purchases, he jumped into a cab, and was driven to the post-office nearest to his hotel, and from there he sent off the decoy telegram.

He took the trouble so that there might be no loophole for the other man's suspicions to creep in, and as soon as he had handed the form to the clerk, he got into his cab again, and told the man to drive with all possible speed to St. John's Wood.

When he reached the place he chose a spot from which he could watch the gateway of Landale's house, and note the effect of his message.

His cabman had beaten the telegram office. He had been some minutes at his post of vigilance before he saw a lad in uniform come leaning up the road and as he neared the house begin to fumble in his wallet for the message, and seek for the name and number of the house.

He watched him deliver it, and saw him come out again, and go back the way he had come, swinging his arms and whistling loudly.

Ten minutes later, to his intense pleasure, de Montalt saw the bait had been swallowed. The baronet himself came out of the gate, looked up and down the road as if for a cab, and then turned and walked at a brisk pace in the direction of the town.

As soon as he was out of sight, de Montalt slipped from his hiding place, crossed the road rapidly, walked up the drive to the front door, and rang the bell. He waited impatiently for the dor to be opened. He was eager to get to work. He had much to do, and only a little time to do it in. An hour at the utmost would bring Landale floundering back, with the knowledge that he had been fooled; and probably with more knowledge than that if Cheriton went on to the hotel, as was exceedingly probable.

When no one answered his ring his impatience grew rapidly, and he pealed the bell twice very vigorously. He could hear it clanging in the lower part of the house, but still no one came to open the door, and then he began to guess the truth.

Landale had sent even his servant away; and Dessie was absolutely alone in the house. His heart beat with exhilaration at the thought; and a minute later he resolved to break into the house.

He went to the back of the house to find a weak spot by which to get in. All the windows were fastened; but he was too old a hand to be stopped by a check of that kind. Selecting one of the smallest, he passed the thin long blade of the knife between the sashes, and with a dexterous movement unfastened the catch and opened the window. Thus, in less than a couple of minutes he was inside the house, and having fastened the window again was feeling his way through the gloomy passages and kitchens to the staircase.

He crept up very silently, looking on all sides warily to satisfy himself that no one was about, and when he reached the hall he stepped quickly to the front door and shot the bolt, a smile of sardonic satisfaction passing over his face.

To be continued.

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Dear Sirs:—

Some time ago I was persuaded to purchase four boxes of Dr. Bovel's Iron Tonic Pills. At the time I had little faith in them, as I had been a sufferer from nervous trouble for several years. At the same time I was very much run down and out of sorts. I am now pleased to say that after using eight boxes of your pills I am entirely built up, and have to thank your company for my good health.

Yours truly,
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The above is only one of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, actually does cure these obstinate diseases of women after all other means have failed, and that every such suffering woman owes it to herself to at least give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation, or giving up hope of recovery.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health and her advice is free.

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The largest anchor ever made has just been completed at Dudley, England. It has been constructed for the White Star liner "Titanic," built at Belfast, and weighs 16 tons. It required 20 horses to draw it to the railway station. The anchor, with cable and outfit, will weigh 100 tons, which was the tonnage of the ship in which Sir Francis Drake sailed around the Globe. It has been said that the anchor and its business associate, the block, vary as little in style as a professional politician's speeches.

On this subject Mr. C. Holland has this to say in his book, "From North Foreland to Penance," about the anchors and blocks in use in the British Navy: "In Anchor Lane, Portsmouth, one has another object lesson in what is practically a street composed of anchors ready for any demand or contingency. Many things have changed but the anchor and block, though the size and pattern of the former have from time to time been modified, remain, we are told, practically the same as a century ago. The navy blocks—which are made of elm after 'pickling' in salt water mud for at least two years—are made in precisely the same way as when, a century ago, the elder Brunel invented and introduced a special machinery for their manufacture."—Nautical Gaette.

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If your hair is getting thin, gradually falling out, it cannot be long before the spot appears.

The greatest remedy to stop the hair from falling is SALVIA, the Great American Hair Grower, first discovered in England. SALVIA furnishes nourishment to the hair roots and acts so quickly that people are amazed. A large bottle for 50c.

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How far can you walk without suffering in one way or another from discomfort to your feet?

Modern footwear is a prison house and the result is chafed, scalded, inflamed feet.

You can get a world of comfort by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment when your feet give you trouble. This treatment is so delightfully soothing and healing that helps you at once.

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When the feet are chafed, scalded, itching and tired, it takes out the stinging and burning and its benefits are both quick and lasting.

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A
Adams, John
Adams, Annie, card, Field Street
Adams, J., Queen's Road
Andrews, C. B., retd.
Ackerman, W. H., retd.
B
Barrett, Miss Annie, Pleasant Street
Brady, Mr.
Bassie, Mrs. Eddy, Cabot Street
Braithwaite, Miss Evelyn, care Gen'l Delivery
Barnes, Harvey
Bannister, Miss P., late Hospital
Ball, Albert, retd.
Brady, Michael, Gen'l Delivery
Best, Miss, retd.
Bennett, F. P., retd.
Beddlescombe, Mr., Allandale Rd.
Bennett, Herbert, care G. P. O.
Brien, Michael
Breene, M. J., retd.
Brown, Patrick, late Sound Island
Brown, Martin, late Botwood
Butler, E. J., Mt. Scio Rd.
Butt, Miss Margaret, Carter's Hill
Budden, Miss L., Gower St.
Butler, George, Long Pond Road
Brushett, Miss Teresa, New Gower Street
Bussey, Alfred, retd.
Burns, Master Wm.
Butt, N. H.
Butler, Azariah, card, Lion's Square
C
Clarke, Pricella, retd., late Carbonear
Cannings, W. F., care G. P. O.
Cave, F., care Reid Nfld. Co
Caldwell, W. T., Engineer
Callahan, George, Water St.
Clarke, Willis, care G. P. O.
Cash, A. B.
Carey, Bob, South Side, St. John's
Coughlan, Bernard, care Henry Blair
Caldwell, Miss Jennie
Costello, Fannie, Adelaide Street
Collins, Mrs., Military Rd.
Cotter, D., Nagle's Hill
Cole, Reuben, card
Carbery, Mrs. Georfige, retd
Cooper, Miss Mary Grace
Cooper, Edward, Scott St.
Cluney, Miss Aloysius, Middle Street
Cuddihy, Richard, St. John's
D
Dawe, Gordon, Gower St.
Delaney, Miss, card
Dyke, Hannah J., 9 —— Place
Dwyer, Michael, Nagle's Hill
Downs, Miss Lillie, care Gen'l Delivery
Down, Mrs. Wm., care Gen'l Delivery
Downey, Miss K., card
Duffy, Thos., retd.
Dalton, Bridget, George's Street
E
Edgar, Joseph
Edney, Mrs. Lucy, card, Flower Hill
Escott, Miss Maggie, St. John's Place
F
Farrance, P. H., care G. P. O.
Frampton, John, care Jas. House, Bond Street
French, Miss Fannie, Cabot Street
Fitzgerald, Mary, Carter's Hill
Fitzgerald, Mr., Carter's Hill
Fitzgerald, Mrs. Fred., Central Street
Fisher, Miss L., retd., New Gower Street
Froud, Philip, care Nathaniel Froud
Foster, Miss N., card
G
Grant, Miss Alice, retd.
Greene, Miss Lizzie, card, care Gen'l Delivery
Greene, Minnie, card, care Gen'l Delivery
Greene, Miss Bride, card, care Gen'l Delivery
H
Hallett, Mrs. Thos., Bond Street
Hanlon, P. J., card
Harvey, John
Harding, Mary, New Gower Street
Hawcks, Miss Sarah, Middle Street
Hanlon, J.
Hanlon, Mrs. M., retd.
Herbert, A.
Heartery, Minnie, card, Gower Street
Heart, Miss L., care Mrs. Geo. Hea
Hiscock, Miss Jessie, Brazil's Square
House, Fred., retd.
Hollett, Miss E. J., card, Bond Street
Hutchings, Miss Minnie
Hussey, N., card Hamilton Street
I
Isaacs, Alfred, late of Charlottetown
J
Jacobson, N., Bond St.
Janes, Thomas
Jackman, Mrs.
Johnson, Miss M., Moore Street
Jackson, Archibald, late Witless Bay
Johnson, Miss B., care Mrs. Puppy, Theatre Hill
Jacobs, Winnie, card, George's Street
Janes, S., slip
K
Kelly, Mrs. S., Pleasant Street
Kelly, John, care Gen'l Post Office
King, Miss May E.
Kirby, Charles, Water St.
King, Martha, retd.
L
Lane, William
Lainwood, George
Larder, A. C.
Lewis, Patrick, retd.
Lynch, Mrs. Thos., Field St.
M
Martin, Agosto, care Gen'l P. Office
Mayer, Albert, care Mrs. has. Lester
Martin, Miss B., card, Middle Street
Martin, ——, care Gen'l Delivery
Martin, Nicholas, retd.
Maywood, Miss Jenny
Marshall, H., ook's Hill
Mercer, Wm., Cornwall Avenue
Miller, Wm., Pleasant St.
Miler, John, Wickford St.
Mills, Mrs. O.
Miller, Miss Ethel, Gilbert Street
Morgan, Mrs. Wm., Moore Street
Moore, Wm., Moore St.
Moyst, John, Mundy P. Road
Molloy, Mrs. Mary, retd.
Moore, Peter D., Cabot St.
Morgan, R.
Mullowney, Miss Annie, Waterford Bridge
Murphy, M. J.
Mc
McMartin, John, St. John's
McCormack, N.(retd.
McKay, James, card, Prince's Street
McDonald, Florence
N
Noseworthy, Wm., Holloway Street
Noseworthy, Miss Alice, Prince's Street
Noseworthy, J., care Geo. Knowling
O
O'Neal, John, Water St. West
O'Brien, Maria, retd.
O'Brien, Maggie, Prescott Street
Oliver, Miss Mary, Spencer Street
P
Parsons, Frederick, retd.
Pardy, Eli
Parsons, Miss L., Avenue —— 7
Pearce, Mrs. Robert
Padgett, Mrs. John
Pretty, Miss Lucy, Brazil's Square
Peckham, Thomas, Water Street
Pilley, Master George
Pippy, Alfred
Piercey, Miss Grace, Adelaide Street
Pynn, G. W.
Power, Miss Katie, Balsam Street
Power, Miss Lilian, card, Henry Street
Porter, M., Duckworth St.
R
Reid, Miss G.
Reardon, Robert, retd.
Rilles, John, 46 ——
Riley, H. C., retd., care Gen'l Delivery
Roache, Miss Margaret, care Miss Katie Roache
Rose, Monsieur Eugene
Rowsell, J. R.
Roberts, Geo., slip
Rowles, James, late of Sussex Place
Roberts, Mrs. Mary, retd.
Rogers, Katie, retd.
Rogers, Mrs. Maggie, Stephen's Street
Russell, Edward, Blackmarsh Road
S
Stamp, Edward, retd.
Shaw, Anna, retd.
Saunders, Mrs., retd.
Stamp, James, retd.
Shaw, Mrs. George, card
Sparrow, Mrs. Katie, card
Stewart, Mrs. Albert, retd.
Sheppard, S. L., Monroe St.
Serrick, George
Sheehan, H. J.
Seviour, Mrs., Hamilton Street
Smith, Miss Dolly, College Street
Snow, Wm.
Snow, Wm. H.
Snow, J. C., retd.
Sullivan, Nicholas
T
Taylor, Arthur
Taylor, Mrs., Colonial St.
Tobin, Miss Bride
Turner, Mrs. Jas.
Turpin, Wm., card
Taff, George
W
Walsh, Martin, Mount Scio
Way, Annie, card
Wheeler, Elizabeth, G. P. O.
Westbrook, George
Whelan, Miss Lizzie
Wersall, K. J.
Whitefield, W. J.
White, E. R.
Wilkinson
Williams, Miss M.
White, Miss Thelominic
Y
Yetman, Moses, George's St.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

A
Arnebury, H. S., schr. A. K. MacLean
B
Ayers, Simeon, s.s. Beatrice
G
Butler, Lewis, schr. Glide
I
Parks, Capt., schr. Inga
Ford, James, schr. Inga
P
Blagdon, Silas, schr. Portia
Mosher, Wesley, schr. Portia
V
Hobbs, Capt. Robert J., schr. Vaudeville
W
Johns, Capt., s.s. Whitefield
Rowe, J., s.s. Whitefield