FOUNDED 1853

THE INGERSOLL CHRONICLE,

AND CANADIAN DAIRYMAN.

G. F. GUERETT, Proprietor.

Terms for THE CHRONICLE AND DAIRYMAN, by mail, if called for at the office of publication, or at the bookstores, $1.50 in advance; $2.50 if not so paid. Delivered at houses, or business places of subscribers, in town, $1.75 in advance, or $2.75 if not so paid.

The circulation of THE CHRONICLE AND DAIRYMAN, by general admission many times greater, both in town and surrounding country, than any other newspaper in South Oxford. It is the best medium in this district to reach the farming community of the county and adjoining townships.

It has the largest circulation among Canadian Dairymen, being devoted specially to the interests of that class.

Printing by Steam Power in all its branches.

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Advertisements will be inserted in THE CHRONICLE AND DAIRYMAN, at 8 cents per line for the first insertion, and 2 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

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6 weeks..	3 60	6 00	9 60	14 40	24 00
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The Ingersoll Chronicle,

AND CANADIAN DAIRYMAN.

VOL. XXXV.—NO. 28. INGERSOLL, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1888. WHOLE NO. 1800

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

A. N. CHRISTOPHER,

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(NOT INCORPORATED.

Money Loaned on Notes and Mortgages at Lowest Rates of Interest.

Deposits received and interest allowed thereon, which can be withdrawn at any time. Real estate bought and sold upon reasonable terms. Special attention paid to collections and prompt remittances.

$50,000 to Loan at 5½ & 6 per cent per annum.

Office, King St., Market Building.

INGERSOLL.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Gives Relief at once and Cures

Cold in Head

CATARRH

HAY FEVER

Not a Liquid, Snuff or Powder. Free from Injurious Drugs and offensive odors.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail registered, 60 cts. Circulars free. ELY BROS, Druggists, Oswego, N. Y.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD, ROSE-COLD, CATARRH, HAY-FEVER, RELIEVES HEADACHE. EASY TO USE. PRICE 50 CENTS. ELY BROS. OWEGO, N.Y. U.S.A.

HAY-FEVER

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

Epps' Cocoa.

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

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Capital Paid Up, $1,500,000.

Rest, - 650,000.

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Another Wonder.

It never was intended so far as I can learn, That either man or woman were intended to be bald; I think you will believe me, Indeed I'm sure you will, If at the "Paris Hair Works" you have called.

There is one thing Nature thinks of—let us thank her all we can— She takes particular trouble with our race; She knows a scanty growth of hair, the grey and whitening locks, Will detract from the beauty of the face.

But Nature has her laws so strict that you must never err, For you'll surely pay the penalty at last, Sustain it that bonificous head of hair, Doctor Dorwend's Hair Magic's unsurpassed.

And if that you are afflicted, you never will regret, The Magic was never yet known to fail; And the good that it will do you will make you soon forget The expenditure a bottle will entail.

This now famous preparation for invigorating and stimulating the growth of the hair is universally accepted as the most valuable specific on the market. All diseases of the scalp are either relieved or permanently cured. A rich and rapid growth of hair will follow after judicious and regular treatment. It remains with the user alone to secure the desired results. Dr. Dorwend's "Hair Magic is sold by all druggists at $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. If not obtainable in your own locality send direct to the sole manufacturer, enclosing price. A Dollar saved is a Dollar earned. Address, Paris Hair Works, 103 and 105 Yonge street, Toronto. For sale by J. Gayfer and all druggists.

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THIS BANK TRANSACTS A General Banking Business, Buys and Sells Exchange on England and the United States, and issues Drafts on New York and all parts of Canada. Particular attention paid to collections for Customers and Banks.

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Transacts a General Banking, Loan and Insurance Business.

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CHEESE MAKERS ATTENTION

Having purchased the

DAIRY FURNISHERS SUPPLY AND PROVISION BUSINESS

Lately carried on by Mr. C. H. Slawson

At the Old Stand, Thames Street, Ingersoll.

We intend keeping a general stock of the best brands of Annatto, Rennets, Rennett Extract, Presses, Hops, Curd Knives, Rubber Goods, Brushes, Press Rings, Test Instruments, Glassware, Milk Books, Scale Boards, Cheese Cotton, Strainer Cloths. The best brands of salt and all other articles required in the cheese manufacturing business, also Hams, Bacon, Lard, Butter, &c.; all of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices.

We Solicit the Support of all our old Friends,

and the trade generally. Satisfaction guaranteed both in quality and price.

CASSWELL & CO.,

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IT CURES LIVER COMPLAINT, BILIOUS DISORDERS, ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.

BRANDON, MAN., 21st Oct., 1886.—I find Campbell's Cathartic Compound the best article I have ever used for costiveness or biliousness, and easy to take. I am, yours truly, A. N. McDONALD.

Sold by dealers in family medicines everywhere. 25c. per bottle.

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TRADE MARK

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST, CONTAINS NO ALUM, AMMONIA, LIME, PHOSPHATES, or any injurious materials.

E. W. GILLETT, TORONTO, ONT. CHICAGO, ILL. MAN'F'R of the CELEBRATED ROYAL YEAST CAKES.

COUGHS, COLDS, Croup and Consumption CURED BY ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM 25c. 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

1000 Fine White Business Envelopes, with Card neatly printed for $2 25. Best value. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Send copy, with remittance. Postage prepaid to any part of the Dominion. THE CHRONICLE, Ingersoll

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CURES Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Kidney Troubles, Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, and all impurities of the blood from whatever cause arising. Female weaknesses and general debility. Purely vegetable.

Highly Concentrated. Pleasant Effectual Safe

ASK FOR DR. HODDER'S COMPOUND.

Take no other. Sold everywhere. Price, 75 cents per bottle.

DR. HODDER'S Cough and Lung Cure

Sold everywhere. Price 25 cents and 50 cents per bottle. Proprietors and manufacturers.

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OFFICE, opposite the Caister House, Woodstock. Office hours from 9.30 a.m. to 4 p.m., and from 6 to 8 p.m. Residence, corner of Ingersoll Avenue and Light Street. 23

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January 31st, 1884. 1586-y

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Ingersoll, 15th Oct. 1885. 167daf

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Treats all Diseases of Horses and Cattle.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS A SPECIALTY.

A full supply of medicines for horses and cattle always on hand.

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LICENSED AUCTIONEER

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is prepared to attend all sales in town or country. Ingersoll, April 20th, 1883. 1493

Lowest Rates to Europe

By the Following First-Class Steamship Lines:

White Star Line sailing from N.Y. every Wednesday.
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The White Star and Inman Lines will furnish saloon accomodation on special steamships for passengers holding second cabin tickets.

Price only $35.00.

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Steerage by all Lines $20.00.

Parties intending to visit the Old Country are requested to call at my office for further information which will be cheerfully given.

WM. ROBINSON, AGENT, G. T. R. Station, - Ingersoll.

CARSLAKE'S Grand Derby Sweep $25,000.00.

		Total
Betbores (in duplicate)	$3,000 each prize,	$6,000
3rd " " "	$2,000 " "	$4,000
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5000 Tickets at $5 each.

Drawing May 25th. Race May 30th 1888. Ten per cent deducted from all prizes.

Address, GEORGE CARSLAKE, Prop. Mansion House Montreal.

The Great English Prescription. Cures Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotence, Impotency, and all diseases caused by abuse or indiscretion. One pill, six $5, mail or druggists. Take no other substitute. Sealed pamphlet 3 stamps. Address, EUREKA CHEMICAL COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH. For sale by D Secord, Ingersoll.

Countess Narona.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER VIII.

On the 14th the directors and their legal advisers met for the reading of the report with closed doors. These were the terms in which the commissioners related the results of their inquiry:

"Private and Confidential.

"We have the honor to inform our directors that we arrived in Venice on Dec. 6, 1880. On the same day we proceeded to the palace inhabited by Lord Montbarry at the time of his last illness and death.

"We were received with all possible courtesy by Lady Montbarry's brother, Baron Rivar. 'My sister was her husband's only attendant throughout his illness,' the baron informed us. 'She is overwhelmed by grief and fatigue—or she would have been here to receive you personally. What are your wishes, gentlemen, and what can I do for you, in her ladyship's place?'

"In accordance with our instructions, we answered that the death and burial of Lord Montbarry had caused us to arrive at a certain more complete information relating to his illness and to the circumstances which had attended it than could be conveyed in writing. We explained that the law provided for the lapse of a certain interval of time before the instrument of inquiry was opened, and we expressed our wish to conduct the inquiry with the most respectful consideration for her ladyship's feelings, and for the convenience of any other members of the family inhabiting the house.

"To this the baron replied, 'I am the only member of the family living here, and I and the palace are entirely at your disposal.' From first to last we found this gentleman perfectly straightforward and most amiably willing to assist us.

"With the one exception of her ladyship's room, we went over the whole of the palace the same day. It is an immense place, only partially furnished. The first floor and part of the second floor were the portions of it that had been inhabited by Lord Montbarry and the members of the household. We saw the bed chamber at one extremity of the palace, in which his lordship died, and the small room communicating with it, which he used as a study. Next to this was a large apartment or hall, the doors of which he habitually kept locked, his object being—as we were informed—to pursue his studies uninterrupt edly in perfect solitude. On the other side of the large hall were the bed chamber occupied by her ladyship and the dressing room in which the maid slept previous to her departure for England. Beyond these were the dining and reception rooms, opening into an ante chamber, which gave access to the grand staircase of the palace.

"The only inhabited rooms on the second floor were the sitting room and bed room occupied by Baron Rivar, and another room at some distance from it, which had been the bed room of the courier, Ferrari.

"The rooms on the third floor and on the basement were completely unfurnished, and in a condition of great neglect. We inquired if there was anything to be seen below the basement—and we were at once informed that there were vaults beneath which we were at perfect liberty to visit.

"We went down, so as to leave no part of the palace unexplored. The vaults were, it was believed, used as dungeons in the old times—say some centuries since. Air and light were only partially admitted to these dismal places by two long shafts of winding construction, which communicated with the back yard of the place, and the openings of which, high above the ground, were protected by iron gratings. The stone stairs leading down into the vaults could be closed at will by a heavy trap door in the back hall, which was broken by the baron himself led the way down the stairs. We remarked that it might be an event of little trouble to fall down and closed the opening behind us. The baron smiled at the idea. 'Don't be alarmed, gentlemen,' he said: 'the door is safe. I had an interest in seeing to it myself, when we first inhabited the place. My favorite study is the study of experimental chemistry—and my workshop, since we have been in Venice, is down here.'

"These last words explained a curious smell in the vaults, which we noticed the moment we entered them. We can only describe the smell by saying that it was of a twofold sort—faintly sweet, as it were, in its first effect, but with some after odor very sickening in our nostrils. The baron's furnaces and retorts, and other things, were all there to speak for themselves, together with some packages of chemicals, having the name and address of the person who had supplied them plainly visible on their labels. 'Not a pleasant place to study,' Baron Rivar observed, 'but my sister is timid. She has a horror of chemical smells and explosions—and she has banished me to these lower regions, so that my experiments may neither be smelled nor heard.' He held out his hands, on which we had noticed that he wore gloves in the house. 'Accidents will happen sometimes,' he said, 'no matter how careful a man may be. I burned my hands severely in trying a new combination the other day, and they are only recovering now.'

"We mention these otherwise unimportant incidents in order to show that our exploration of the palace was not impeded by any attempt at concealment. We were even admitted to her ladyship's own room—on a subsequent occasion, when she went out to take the air. Our instructions recommended us to examine his lordship's residence, because the extreme privacy of his life at Venice, and the remarkable departure of the only two servants in the house, might have some suspicious connection with the nature of his death. We found nothing to justify suspicion.

"As to his lordship's retired way of life, we have conversed on the subject with the consul and banker—the only two strangers who held any communication with him. He called once at the bank to obtain money on his letter of credit, and excused himself from accepting an invitation of visiting the banker at his private residence on the ground of delicate health. His lordship wrote to the same effect on sending his card to the consul, to excuse himself from personally returning that gentleman's visit to the palace. We have seen the letter, and we beg to offer the following copy of it. 'Many years passed in India have injured my constitution. I have ceased to go into society; the one occupation of my life now is the study of Oriental literature. The air of Italy is better for me than the air of England, or I never should have left home. Pray assure the lady of my honor by proxy and an invalid. The active part of my life is at an end.' The self seclusion of his lordship seems to us to be explained in these brief lines. We have not, however, on that account, spared our inquiries in other directions. Nothing to excite a suspicion of anything wrong has come to our knowledge.

"As to the departure of the lady's maid, we have seen the woman's receipt for her wages, in which it is expressly stated that she left Lady Montbarry's service because she disliked the continent and wished to get back to her own country. This is not an uncommon result of taking English servants to foreign parts. Lady Montbarry has informed us that she abstained from engaging another maid in consequence of the extreme dislike which his lordship expressed to having strangers in the house in the state of his health at that time.

"The disappearance of the courier Ferrari is, in itself, unquestionably a suspicious circumstance. Neither her ladyship nor the baron can explain it, and no investigation that we could make has thrown the smallest light on this event, or has justified us in associating it, either directly or indirectly, with the object of our inquiry. We have even gone the length of examining the portmanteau which Ferrari left behind him. It contains nothing but clothes and linen—no money, and not even a scrap of paper in the pockets of the clothes. The portmanteau remains in charge of the police.

"We have also found opportunities of speaking privately with the old woman who attends to the rooms occupied by her ladyship and the baron. She was recommended to fill this position by the keeper of the restaurant who has supplied the meals to the family throughout the period of their residence at the palace. Her character is most favorably spoken of. Unfortunately, her limited intelligence makes her of no value as a witness. We were patient and careful in questioning her, and we found her perfectly willing to answer us; but we could elicit nothing which is worth including in the present report.

"On the second day of our inquiries we had the honor of an interview with Lady Montbarry. Her ladyship looked miserably worn and ill, and seemed to be quite at a loss to understand what we wanted with her. Baron Rivar, who introduced us, explained the nature of our errand in Venice, and took pains to assure her that it was a purely formal duty on which we were engaged. Having satisfied her ladyship on this point, he discreetly left the room.

"The questions which we addressed to Lady Montbarry related mainly, of course, to his lordship's illness. The answers, given with great nervousness of manner, but without the slightest appearance of reserve, informed us of the facts that follow:

"Lord Montbarry had been out of order for some time past—nervous and irritable. He first complained of having taken cold on Nov. 13, last; he passed a wakeful and feverish night, and remained in bed the next day. Her ladyship proposed sending for medical advice. He refused to allow her to do this, saying that he could quite easily be his own doctor in such a trifling matter as a cold. Some hot lemonade was made at his request, with a view to producing perspiration. Lady Montbarry's maid having left her at that time, the courier, Ferrari (then the only servant in the house) went out to buy the lemons. Her ladyship made the drink with her own hands. It was successful in producing the perspiration—and Lord Montbarry had some hours of sleep afterward. Later in the day, having need of Ferrari's services, Lady Montbarry rang for him. The bell was not answered. Baron Rivar searched for the man, in the palace and out of it, in vain. From that time forth, not a trace of Ferrari could be discovered. This happened on Nov. 14.

"On the night of the 14th, the feverish symptoms accompanying his lordship's cold returned. They were in part, perhaps, attributable to the annoyance and alarm caused by Ferrari's mysterious disappearance. It had been impossible to conceal the circumstance, as his lordship rang repeatedly for the courier; insisting that the man should relieve Lady Montbarry and the baron by taking their places during the night at his bedside.

"On the 15th (the day on which the old woman first came to do the housework), his lordship complained of a sore throat, and of a feeling of oppression on the chest. On this day, and again on the 16th, her ladyship and the baron entreated him to see a doctor. He still refused. 'I don't want strange faces about me; my cold will run its course, in spite of the doctor'—that was his answer. On the 17th he was so much worse, that it was decided to send for medical help whether he liked it or not. Baron Rivar, after inquiry at the consul's, secured the services of Dr. Bruno, well known as an eminent physician in Venice, with the additional recommendation of having resided in England, and having made himself acquainted with English forms of medical practice.

"Thus far, our account of his lordship's illness has been derived from statements made by Lady Montbarry. The narrative will now be most fitly continued in the language of the doctor's own report, herewith subjoined.

"'My medical diary informs me that I first saw the English lord, Montbarry, on Nov. 17. He was suffering from a sharp attack of bronchitis. Some precious time had been lost, through his obstinate objection to the presence of a medical man at his bedside. Generally speaking, he appeared to be in a delicate state of health. His nervous system was out of order—he was at once timid and contradictory. When I spoke to him in English he answered in Italian, and when I tried him in Italian he went back to English. It mattered little—the malady had already made such progress that he could only speak a few words at a time, and those in a whisper.

"'I at once applied the necessary remedies. Copies of my prescriptions (with translation into English) accompany the present statements and are left to speak for themselves.

"'For the next three days I was in constant attendance on my patient. He answered to the remedies employed—improving slowly, but decidedly. I could conscientiously assure Lady Montbarry that no danger was to be apprehended thus far. She was indeed a most devoted wife. I vainly endeavored to induce her to accept the services of a competent nurse; she would allow nobody to attend on her husband but herself. Night and day this estimable woman was at his bedside. In her brief intervals of repose her brother watched the sick man in her place. This brother was, I must say, very good company in the intervals when we had time for a little talk. He dabbled in chemistry down in the horrid under vaults of the palace, and he wanted to show me some of his experiments. I have enough of chemistry in writing prescriptions, and I declined. He took it quite good humoredly.

"'I am straying away from my subject. Let me return to the sick lord.

"'Up to the 20th, then, things went well enough. I was quite unprepared for the disastrous change that showed itself when I paid Lord Montbarry my morning visit on the 21st. He had relapsed, and seriously relapsed. Determining him to discover the cause, I found symptoms of pneumonia—that is to say, in unmedical language, inflammation of the substance of the lungs. He breathed with difficulty, and was only partially able to relieve himself by coughing. I made the strictest inquiries, and was assured that his medicine had been administered as carefully as usual, and that he had not been exposed to any changes of temperature. It was with great reluctance that I added to Lady Montbarry's distress; but I felt bound, then she suggested a consultation with another physician, to own that I too thought there was really need for it.

"'Her ladyship instructed me to spare no expense, and to get the best medical opinion in Italy. The best opinion was happily within our reach. The first and foremost of Italian physicians is Torello of Padua. I sent a special messenger for the great man. He arrived on the evening of the 21st, and confirmed my opinion that pneumonia had set in, and that our patient's life was in danger. I told him what my treatment of the case had been, and he approved of it in every particular. He made some valuable suggestions, and (at Lady Montbarry's express request) he consented to defer his return to Padua until the following morning.

"'We both saw the patient at intervals in the course of the night. The disease, steadily advancing, set our utmost resistance at defiance. In the morning Doctor Torello took his leave. "I can be of no further use," he said to me. "The man is past all help—and he ought to know it."

"'Later in the day I warned my lord, as gently as I could, that his time had come. I am informed that there are serious reasons for my stating what passed between us on this occasion, in detail, and without any reserve. I comply with the request.

"'Lord Montbarry received the intelligence of his approaching death with becoming composure, but with a certain doubt. He signed to me to put my ear to his mouth. He whispered, faintly, "Are you sure?" It was no time to deceive him; I said, "Positively sure." He waited a little, gasping for breath, and then he whispered again, "Feel under my pillow." I found under his pillow a letter, sealed and stamped, ready for the post. His next words were just audible and no more—"Post it yourself." I answered, of course, that I would do so—and I did post the letter with my own hand. I looked at the address. It was directed to a lady in London. The street I cannot remember. The name I can perfectly recall; it was an Italian name—"Mrs. Ferrari."

"'That night my lord nearly died of asphyxia. I got him through it for the time; and his eyes showed that he understood me when I told him, the next morning, that I had posted the letter. This was his last effort of consciousness. When I saw him again he was sunk in apathy. He lingered in a state of insensibility, supported by stimulants, until the 25th, and died (unconscious to the last) on the evening of that day.

"'As to the cause of his death, it seems, if I may be excused for saying so, simply absurd to ask the question. Bronchitis, terminating in pneumonia—there is no more doubt that this, and this only, was the malady of which he expired, than that two and two make four. Doctor Torello's own note of the case is added here to a duplicate of my certificate, in order, as I am informed, to satisfy some English offices in which his lordship's life was insured. The English offices must have been founded by that celebrated saint and doubter, mentioned in the New Testament, whose name was Thomas!'

"Doctor Bruno's narrative ends here.

"Reverting for a moment to our inquiries addressed to Lady Montbarry, we have to report that she can give us no information on the subject of the letter which the doctor posted at Lord Montbarry's request. When his lordship wrote it? what it contained? why he kept it a secret from Lady Montbarry (and from the baron also)? and why he should write at all to the wife of his courier? these are questions to which we find it simply impossible to obtain any replies. It seems even useless to say that the matter is open to suspicion. Suspicion implies conjecture of some kind—and the letter under my lord's pillow baffles all conjecture. Application to Mrs. Ferrari may perhaps clear up the mystery. Her residence in London will be easily discovered at the Italian couriers' office, Golden square.

"Having arrived at the close of the present report, we have now to draw your attention to the conclusion which is justified by the results of our investigation.

"The plain question before our directors and ourselves appears to be this: Has the inquiry revealed any extraordinary circumstances which render the death of Lord Montbarry open to suspicion? The inquiry has revealed extraordinary circumstances beyond all doubt—such as the disappearance of Ferrari, the remarkable absence of the customary establishment of servants in the house, and the mysterious letter which his lordship asked the doctor to post. But where is the proof that any one of these circumstances is associated—suspiciously and directly associated—with the only event which concerns us, the event of Lord Montbarry's death? In the absence of any such proof, and in the face of the evidence of two eminent physicians, it is impossible to dispute the statement on the certificate that his lordship died a natural death. We are bound, therefore, to report that there are no valid grounds for refusing the payment of the sum for which the late Lord Montbarry's life was assured.

"We shall send these lines to you by the post to-morrow, Dec. 10, leaving time to receive your further instructions (if any) in reply to our telegram of this evening announcing the conclusion of the inquiry."

CHAPTER IX.

"Now, my good creature, whatever you have to say to me, out with it at once! I don't want to hurry you needlessly; but these are business hours, and I have other people's affairs to attend to besides yours."

Addressing Ferrari's wife, with his usual blunt good humor, in these terms, Mr. Troy registered the lapse of time by a glance at the watch on his desk, and then waited to hear what his client had to say.

"It's something more, sir, about the letter with the thousand pound note," Mrs. Ferrari began. "I have found out who sent it to me."

Mr. Troy started. "This is news indeed!" he said. "Who sent you the letter?"

"Lord Montbarry sent it, sir."

It was not easy to take Mr. Troy by surprise. But Mrs. Ferrari threw him completely off his balance. For awhile he could only look at her in silent surprise. "Nonsense!" he said, as soon as he had recovered himself. "There is some mistake—it can't be!"

"There is no mistake," Mrs. Ferrari rejoined, in her most positive manner. "Two gentlemen from the insurance offices called on me this morning, to see the letter. They were very much puzzled—especially when they heard of the bank note inside. But they know who sent the letter. His lordship's doctor in Venice posted it at his lordship's request. Go to the gentleman yourself, sir, if you don't believe me. They were polite enough to ask if I could account for Lord Montbarry writing to me and sending me the money. I gave them my opinion—I said it was like his lordship's kindness."

"Like his lordship's kindness!" Mr. Troy repeated, in blank amazement.

"Yes, sir! Lord Montbarry knew me, like all the other members of the family, when I was at school on the estate in Ireland. If he could have done it, he would have protected my poor dear husband. But he was helpless himself in the hands of my lady and the baron—and the only kind thing he could do was to provide for me in my widowhood, like the true nobleman he was!"

"A very pretty explanation!" said Mr. Troy. "What did your visitors from the insurance offices think of it?"

"They asked if I had any proof of my husband's death."

"And what did you say?"

"I said, 'I give you better than proof, gentlemen; I give you my positive opinion.'"

"That satisfied them, of course?"

"They didn't say so in words, sir. They looked at each other—and wished me good morning."

"Well, Mrs. Ferrari, unless you have some more extraordinary news for me, I think I shall wish you good morning, too. I can take a note of your information (very startling information, I own); and, in the absence of proof, I can do no more."

"I can provide you with proof, sir—if that is all you want," said Mrs. Ferrari, with great dignity. "I only want to know, first, whether the law justifies me in doing it. You may have seen in the fashionable intelligence of the newspapers, that Lady Montbarry has arrived in London, at Newbury's hotel. I propose to go and see her."

"The deuce you do! May I ask for what purpose?"

Mrs. Ferrari answered in a mysterious whisper: "For the purpose of catching her in a trap! I shan't send in my name—I shall announce myself as a person on business, and the first words I say to her will be these: 'I come, my lady, to acknowledge the receipt of the money sent to Ferrari's widow.' Ah! you may well start, Mr. Troy! It almost takes you off your guard, doesn't it? Make your mind easy, sir; I shall find the proof that everybody asks me for in her guilty face. Let her only change color by the shadow of a shade—let her eyes only drop for half an instant—I shall discover her! The one thing I want to know is, does the law permit it?"

"The law permits it," Mr. Troy answered, gravely, "but whether her ladyship will permit it, is quite another question. Have you really courage enough, Mrs. Ferrari, to carry out this notable scheme of yours? You have been described to me, by Miss Lockwood, as rather a nervous, timid sort of person—and, if I may trust my own observation, I should say you justify the description."

"If you had lived in the country, sir, instead of living in London," Mrs. Ferrari replied, "you would sometimes have seen even a sheep turn on a dog. I am far from saying that I am a bold woman—quite the reverse. But when I stand in that wretch's presence and think of my murdered husband, the one of us two who is likely to be frightened is not me. I am going there now, sir. You shall hear how it ends. I wish you good morning."

With those last words she took the courier's wife gathered her mantle about her and walked out of the room.

Mr. Troy smiled—not satirically, but compassionately. "The little simpleton!" he thought to himself. "If half of what they say of Lady Montbarry is true, Mrs. Ferrari and her trap have but a poor prospect before them. I wonder how it will end?"

All Mr. Troy's experience failed to forewarn him of how it did end.

CHAPTER X.

In the meantime Mrs. Ferrari held to her resolution. She went straight from Mr. Troy's office to Newbury's hotel.

Lady Montbarry was at home, and alone. But the authorities of the hotel hesitated to disturb her when they found that the visitor declined to mention her name. Her ladyship's new maid happened to cross the hall while the matter was still in debate. She was a Frenchwoman, and, on being appealed to, settled the question in the swift, easy, rational French way. "Madame's appearance was perfectly respectable. Madame might have reasons for not mentioning her name which miladi might approve. In any case there being no orders forbidding the introduction of a strange lady, the matter clearly rested between madame and miladi. Would madame, therefore, be good enough to follow miladi's maid upstairs?"

In spite of her resolution, Mrs. Ferrari's heart beat as if it would burst out of her bosom, when her conductress led her into an anteroom, and knocked at