

THE ADVENTURE OF THE
YELLOW FACE.

(CONCLUDED)

"Trust me, Jack," she cried. "Trust me only this once. You will never have cause to regret it. You know that I would not have a secret from you if it were not for your own sake. Our whole lives are at stake in this. If you come home with me, all will be well. If you force your way into that cottage, all will be over between us."

"There was such earnestness, such despair, in her manner that her words arrested me, and I stood irresolute before the door."

"I will trust you on one condition, and on one condition only," said I at last. "It is that this mystery comes to an end from now. You are at liberty to preserve your secret, but you must promise me that there shall be no more night visits, no more disclosures of secrets which are kept from my knowledge. I am willing to forget those which are passed if you will promise that there shall be no more in future."

"I was sure that you would trust me," she cried, with a great sigh of relief. "It shall be just as you wish. Come away—oh, come away up to the house."

"Still pulling at my sleeve, she led me away from the cottage. As we went I glanced back, and there was that yellow face watching us out of the upper window. What link could there be between that creature and my wife? Or how could the coarse rough woman whom I had seen the day before be connected with her? It was a strange puzzle, and yet I knew that my mind could never know ease again until I had solved it."

"For two days after this I staid at home, and my wife appeared to abide loyally by our engagement, for, as far as I know, she never stirred out of the house. On the third day, however, I had ample evidence that her solemn promise was not enough to hold her back from this secret influence which drew her away from her husband and her duty."

"I had gone into town on that day, but I returned by the 2.40 instead of the 3.36, which is my usual train. As I entered the house the maid ran into the hall with a startled face."

"Where is your mistress? I asked."

"I think that she has gone out for a walk," she answered.

"My mind was instantly filled with suspicion. I rushed up stairs to make sure that she was not in the house. As I did so I happened to glance out of one of the upper windows, and saw the maid with whom I had just been speaking running across the field in the direction of the cottage. Then of course I saw exactly what it all meant. My wife had gone to the cottage, and had asked the servant to call her if I should return. Tinging with anger, I rushed down and hurried across, determined to end the matter once and forever. I saw my wife and the maid hurrying back along the lane, but I did not stop to speak with them. In the cottage lay the secret which was casting a shadow over my life. I vowed that, come what might, it should be a secret no longer. I did not even knock when I reached it, but turned the handle and rushed into the passage."

"It was all still and quiet upon the ground floor. In the kitchen a kettle was singing on the fire, and a large black cat lay coiled up in the basket; but there was no sign of the woman whom I had seen before. I ran into the other room, but it was equally deserted. Then I rushed up the stairs, only to find two other rooms empty and deserted at the top. There was no one at all in the whole house. The furniture and pictures were of the most common and vulgar description, save in the one chamber at the window of which I had seen the strange face. That was comfortable and elegant, and all my suspicions rose into a fierce bitter flame when I saw that on the mantle piece stood a copy of a full-length photograph of my wife, which had been taken at my request only three months ago."

"I staid long enough to make certain that the house was absolutely empty. Then I left it, feeling a weight at my heart such as I had never had before. My wife came out into the hall, and I saw her, but I was too hurt and angry to speak with her, and pushing past her, I made my way into my study. She followed me, however, before I could close the door."

"I am sorry that I broke my promise, Jack," said she; "but if you knew all the circumstances I am sure that you would forgive me."

"Tell me everything, then," said I.

"I cannot, Jack," she cried.

"Until you tell me who it is that has been living in that cottage, and who it is to whom you have given that photograph, there can never be any confidence between us," said I, and breaking away from her, I left the house. That was the end of my first interview with her, and I have not seen her since, nor do I know anything more about this strange business. It is the first shadow that has come between us, and it has so shaken me that I do not know what I should do for the best. Suddenly this morning it occurred to me that you were the man to advise me, so I have hurried to you now, and I place myself unreservedly in your hands. If there is any point which I have not made clear, pray question me about it. But above all, tell me quickly what I am to do, for this misery is more than I can bear."

Holmes and I had listened with the utmost interest to this extraordinary statement, which had been delivered in the jerky broken fashion of a man who is under the influence of extreme emotion. My companion sat silent now for some time, with his chin upon his hand, lost in thought.

"Tell me," said he, at last, "could you swear that this was a man's face which you saw at the window?"

"Each time that I saw it I was some distance away from it, so that it is impossible for me to say."

"You appear, however, to have been disagreeably impressed by it."

"It seemed to be of an unnatural color, and to have a strange rigidity about the features. When I approached, it vanished with a jerk."

"How long is it since your wife asked you for a hundred pounds?"

"Nearly two months."

"Have you ever seen a photograph of her first husband?"

"No; there was a great fire at Atlanta very shortly after his death, and all her papers were destroyed."

"And yet she had a certificate of death. You say that you saw it."

"Life is Misery."

To many people who have the taint of scrofula in their blood. The agonies caused by the dreadful running sores and other manifestations of the disease are beyond description. There is no other remedy equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, salt rheum and every form of blood disease. It is reasonably sure to benefit all who give it a fair trial.

The sound of vowels is photographed. Use Skoda's Discovery, the great blood and nerve remedy.

WORKS CAUSE MUCH SICKNESS among children. Freeman's Worm Powders prevent this, and make the child bright and healthy.

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"Yes; she got a duplicate after the fire. Did you ever meet any one who knew him in America?"

"No."

"Did she ever talk of revivifying the place?"

"No."

"Or get letters from it?"

"No."

"Thank you. I should like to think over the matter a little. If the cottage is now permanently deserted we may have some difficulty. If, on the other hand, as I fancy is more likely, the inmates were warned of your coming, and left before you entered yesterday, then they may be back now, and we should clear it all up easily. Let me advise you, then, to return to Norbury, and to examine the windows of the cottage again. If you have reason to believe that it is inhabited, do not force your way in, but send a wire to my friend and me. We shall be with you within an hour of receiving it, and we shall then very soon get to the bottom of the business."

"And if it is still empty?"

"In that case I shall come out to-morrow and talk it over with you. Good-by; and, above all, do not fret until you know that you really have a cause for fear."

"I am afraid that this is a bad business, Watson," said my companion, as he returned after accompanying Mister Grant Munro to the door. "What do you make of it?"

"It had an ugly sound," I answered.

"Yes. There's blackmail in it, or I am much mistaken."

"And who is the blackmailer?"

"Well, it must be the creature who lives in the only comfortable room in the place, and has her photograph above his fireplace. Upon my word, Watson, there is something very attractive about that livid face at the window, and I would not have missed the case for worlds."

"You have a theory?"

"Yes, a provisional one. But I shall be surprised if it does not turn out to be correct. This woman's first husband is in that cottage."

"Why do you think so?"

"How else can we explain her frenzied anxiety that her second one should not enter it? The facts, as I read them, are something like this: This woman was married in America. Her husband developed some hateful qualities; or shall we say that he contracted some loathsome disease, and became a leper, or in imbecile, or flies from him at last, returns to England, changes her name, and starts her life as she thinks, afresh. She has been married three years, and believes that her position is quite secure, having shown her husband the death certificate of some man whose name she assumed, when suddenly her whereabouts are discovered by her first husband; or, we may suppose, by some unscrupulous woman who has attached herself to the invalid. They write to the wife, and threaten to come and expose her. She asks for a hundred pounds, and endeavors to buy them off. They come in spite of it, and when the husband mentions casually to the wife that there are new comers in the cottage, she knows in an instant that they are her pursuers. She waits until her husband is asleep, and then she rushes down to endeavor to persuade them to leave her in peace. Having no success, she goes again next morning, and her husband meets her, as he has told me, and came out. She promised him then not to go there again, but two days afterwards the hope of getting rid of those dreadful neighbors was too strong for her, and she made another attempt, taking down with her the photograph which had probably been demanded of her. In the midst of this interview the maid rushed in to say that the master had come home, on which the wife, knowing that he would come straight down to the cottage, hurried the inmates out at the back door, into the grove of fir-trees, probably, which was mentioned as standing near. In this way he found the place deserted. I shall be very much surprised, however, if it is still so when he reconnoitres it this evening. What do you think of my theory?"

"It is all surmise."

"But at least it covers all the facts. When new facts come to our knowledge which cannot be covered by it, it will be time to reconsider it. We can do nothing more until we have a message from our friend at Norbury."

"But we had not a very long time to wait for that. It came just as we had finished our tea. 'The cottage is still tenanted,' it said. 'Have seen the face again at the window. Will meet the seven-o'clock train, and will take no steps until you arrive, as I was waiting on the platform when we stepped out, and we could see in the light of the station lamps that he was very pale, and quivering with agitation.'

"They are still there, Mr. Holmes," said he, laying his hand upon my friend's sleeve. "I saw lights in the cottage as I came down. We shall settle it now once and for all."

"What is your plan, then?" asked Holmes, as he walked down the dark tree-lined road.

"I am going to force my way in and see for myself who is in the house. I wish you both to be there as witnesses."

"You are quite determined to do this, in spite of your wife's warning that it is better that you should not solve the mystery?"

"Yes, I am determined."

"Well, I think that you are in the right. Any truth is better than indefinite doubt. We had better go up at once. Of course, legally, we are putting ourselves hopelessly in the wrong; but I think it is worth it."

"It was a very dark night, and a thin rain began to fall as we turned from the high-road into a narrow lane, deeply rutted, with hedges on either side. Mr. Grant Munro pushed impatiently forward, however, and we stumbled after him as best we could."

"There are the lights of my house," he murmured, pointing to a glimmer among the trees. "And here is the cottage which I am going to enter."

We turned a corner in the lane as he spoke, and there was the building close beside us. A yellow bar of light across the black foreground showed that the door was not quite closed, and one window in the upper story was brightly illuminated. As we looked, we saw a dark blur moving across the blind."

"There is that creature!" cried Grant Munro. "You can see for yourselves that some one is there. Now follow me, and we shall soon know all."

We approached the door; but suddenly a woman appeared out of the shadow and stood in the golden track of the lamp-light. I could not see her face in the darkness, but her arms were thrown out in an attitude of entreaty.

"For God's sake, don't, Jack!" she cried. "I had a presentiment that you would come this evening. Think better of it, dear! Trust me again, and you will never have cause to regret it."

"I have trusted you too long, Effie," he cried, sternly. "Leave go of me! I must."

When a doctor considers it necessary to prescribe sarsaparilla, he simply orders a bottle of Ayer's, knowing full well that he will obtain thereby a surer and purer preparation than any other which the drug-store can furnish. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the Superior Medicine.

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pass you. My friends and I are going to settle this matter once and forever!" He pushed her to one side and we followed closely after him. As he threw the door open an old woman ran out in front of him and tried to bar his passage, but he thrust her back, and an instant afterwards we were all upon the stairs. Grant Munro rushed into the lighted room at the top, and we entered at his heels.

"It was a tiny, well-furnished apartment, with two candles burning upon the table and two upon the mantel-piece. In the corner, stooping over a desk, there sat what appeared to be a little girl. Her face was turned away as we entered, but we could see that she was dressed in a red frock, and that she had long white gloves on. As she whisked round to us, I gave a cry of surprise and horror. The face which she turned toward us was of the strangest livid tint, and the features were absolutely devoid of any expression. An instant later the mystery was explained. Holmes, with a laugh, passed his hand behind the child's ear, and a mask peeled off from her countenance, and there was a little coal-black negress, with all her white teeth flashing with amusement at our amazed faces. I burst out laughing, out of sympathy with her merriment; but Grant Munro stood staring, with his hands clutching his throat."

"My God!" he cried. "What can be the meaning of this?"

"I will tell you the meaning of it," cried the lady, sweeping into the room with a proud set face. "You have forced me, against my own judgment, to tell you, and now we must both make the best of it. My husband died at Atlanta. My child survived."

Your child?"

She drew a large silver locket from her bosom. "You have never seen this open."

"I understood that it did not open."

She touched a spring, and the front hinged back. There was a portrait within of a man strikingly handsome and intelligent-looking, but bearing unmistakable signs upon his features of his African descent.

"That is John Hebron, of Atlanta," said the lady, "and a nobler man never walked the earth. I cut myself off from my race at the time of the rebellion, and I have lived since I for an instant regret it. It was our misfortune that our only child took after his people rather than mine. It is often so in such matches, and little Lucy is darker far than ever her father was. But fair, she is in my own dear little girl, and her mother's pet." The little creature ran across at the words and nestled up against the lady's dress. "When I left her in America," she continued, "it was only because her health was weak, and the change might have done her harm. She was given to the care of a faithful Scotch woman who had once been our servant. Never for an instant did I dream of deserting her, but when she came to me and threw you in my way, Jack, and I learned to love you, I feared to tell you about my child. God forgive me, I feared that I should lose you, and I had not the courage to tell you. I had to choose between you, and in my weakness I turned away from my own little girl. For three years I have kept her existence a secret from you, but I heard from the nurse, and I knew that all was well with her. At last, however, there came an overwhelming desire to see the child once more. I struggled against it, but in vain. Though I knew the danger, I determined to have the child over, if it were but for a few weeks. I sent a hundred pounds for the passage, and I gave her instructions about this cottage, so that she might come as a neighbor, without my appearing to be in any way connected with her. I pushed my precautions so far as to order her to keep the child in the house during the day, and to cover up her little face and hands so that even those who might see her at the window should not gossip about there being a black child in the neighborhood. If I had been less cautious I might have been more wise, but I was half crazy with fear that you should learn the truth."

"It was you who told me first that the cottage was occupied. I should have waited for a warning, but I could not sleep for excitement, and so at last I slipped out, knowing how difficult it is to awake you. But you saw me go, and that was the beginning of my troubles. Next day you had my secret at your mercy, but you nobly refused to betray me. For three years, however, I have lived in terror, and the nurse and child only just escaped from the back door as you rushed in at the front one. And now to-night you at last know all, and I am what you call a free woman. My child and me!" She clasped her hands and waited for an answer.

"It was a long time minutes before Grant Munro broke the silence, and when his answer came it was one of which I love to think. He lifted the little child, kissed her, and then, still carrying her, he held his other hand out to his wife and turned towards the door."

"We can talk it over more comfortably at home," said he. "I am not a very good man, Effie, but I think that I am a better one than you have given me credit for being."

Holmes and I followed them down the lane, and my friend plucked at my sleeve as we came out.

"I think," said he, "that we shall be of more use in London than in Norbury."

Not another word did we say of the case until late that night, when he was turning away, with his lighted candle, for his bedroom.

"Watson," said he, "if it should ever strike you that I am getting a little over-confident in my powers, or giving less value to a case than it deserves, kindly whisper 'Norbury' in my ear, and I shall be infinitely obliged to you."

The Modern Jack Horner.

"Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, Eating a Christmas pie; He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum, And said 'What a good boy am I!'"

But little Jack Horner became a deep mourner When older he grew and a glutton. For his liver, ill state, was like a lead weight, As he drew out the too much mutton.

Poor Jack's time of grief, however, was brief, And of sickness he ceased to be fearful. For a bonny friend said, "Well, let's try Pierce's Pellets."

And with good liver both are now cheerful. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, absolutely effective in cases of sick headache, constipation, indigestion, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. Satisfaction guaranteed.

\$500 reward offered for an incurable case of Catarrh by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Remedy. 50 cts. by druggists.

Agriculture employs 280,000,000 people. Street Car Accident.—Mr. Thos. Sabn says: "My eleven-year-old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street railway. We at once commenced bathing the foot with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, when the discoloration and swelling was removed, and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency."

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A Story of Two Glasses.

There was once a lad who was very sick indeed. The doctor brought him a little glass, like this, full of this black, ugly looking medicine. It smelled bad and tasted worse, and the lad struggled and screamed and pushed it away and tried to spill it. He said he was afraid to take it. He believed it was poison. At last they held him and forced him to swallow the medicine, and it cured him.

That same lad a few years afterward was with a lot of his comrades, and they got him to go into a saloon. One of them set before him a little glass of wine—just like this. It looked good, and it smelled good, but the lad shrank back. He had heard what wine would do to his body, and his brain, and his soul, and he hesitated. "Huh! You're afraid!" sneered one of the boys standing near.

"Who's afraid?" asked our lad, and he snatched up the glass, drinking all the wine. Then he called for another glass, to show that he was not afraid.

The other day this boy, who was afraid of the little glass of black, healing medicine, but was not afraid of the little glass of red, deadly wine, died in a terrible way and was buried in a drunkard's grave. Of which will you be afraid?—Golden Rule.

Alcohol Is a Pure Poison.

Dr. E. N. Allen says: "Alcohol is an artificial product obtained by fermentation and is never found in a simple state. It is a poison in both its nature and its effect. It is pronounced such by the highest authorities and proved to be such by the test of chemistry as well as physiology. Alcohol undiluted is a pure poison, and though taken into the system in a diluted state, without at first apparently any injurious effects, it is still a poison and does the work of a poisonous agent."

An Eye to Business.

When some one remonstrated with an old saloon keeper for enticing in the boys, he replied, "Oh, it is beezness, beezness—the old drinkers will soon be dead, and where will my beezness be if I don't get the boys?"—Exchange.

A Mission.

Small as I am, I've a mission begone— A mission that widens and grows as I grow. 'Tis to let alone cider and brandy and gin, 'Tis to keep well away from these poisons of sin.

'Tis to make myself noble and manly and true; 'Tis to let no tobacco, not smoke and not chew. That unhealthily weed that women detest. And all people know is a filthy old pest.

'Tis to say unto all what I say unto you— Let these things alone if you would be true. They are foes to all virtue and lead down to shame. Shut drink and tobacco and keep your good name.

Cold water that comes from the well is my drink— The healthiest, purest and sweetest, I think. I'll never make drunkards, it never brings woe— I'll praise it and drink it wherever I go.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Having been troubled with dyspepsia and general debility—my wife was also in very delicate health—I procured one bottle of Williams' Royal Crown Remedy. I found that it gave us both great relief. I take great pleasure in recommending it to the public.

Skoda's Little Tablets cure headache and dyspepsia.

Dizziness Caused by Dyspepsia. "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for dizziness, which came over me in spells, so that I had to quit work for a while. The B. B. B. entirely cured me."

JAMES WRIGHT, Chesterfield, Ont.

St. Marys, April, 1881.

Some three years ago Isaac Williams' Royal Crown Remedy was introduced to me for sale; since then it has had a steadily increasing sale. It seems to give the best of satisfaction wherever used.

S. FRALEIGH, Chemist, St. Thomas, Aug. 14th, 1879.

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Palpitation OF THE Heart, Nervous Exhaustion AND Stomach Trouble.

Rockland, Mass.

My daughter, Mrs. Mars, has been suffering from the above diseases for years, and employed all the

Leading Physicians in Rockland and Specialists in Boston, but got no relief. They said it was caused by a bad state of the blood. She could not sleep nights; bowels constipated, and palpitation of the heart so bad she could hardly walk. She has taken a bottle of

Skoda's Discovery, and SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS. Now she can work every day, eat well and sleep soundly. I can never express my gratitude.

MRS. S. E. CHOWELL, Rockland, Mass.

Medical Advice Free.