

# A Tangled Web

BY MRS. ALEXANDER

Author of "Beaton's Bargain," "His Perfect Trust," "By Another Name," "Her Hea't's Idol," "Half a Truth," "H's Rival."

## CHAPTER V.

The day succeeding the ball was one of intense excitement to Marsden's somewhat scruffy household. For although, during a short visit to his old home in the early summer, his establishment had been put on such a footing as would enable him to come down for occasional visits with a few friends, in the shooting season, all descriptions of auxiliaries had to be hastily engaged to carry on the extensive service required for such a party as he had invited for his sudden outbreak of hospitality.

It was many a day since the Old-bridge police had risen to such importance, and they made the most of it.

Evesleigh House was pervaded by stalwart guardians of the public peace. They rummaged the rooms, sent the high-minded housemaids into hysterics by examining their boxes, they tramped to and fro in the grounds, every now and then carefully following foot-prints which had been made by their fellows. They nearly took the Italian confectioner, sent down by the great London house which furnished the more sublime portions of the supper, into custody; they examined the men and were "sauced" by the women; but they discovered nothing, and they impressed Marsden with a vision of their incompetence. He despatched a telegram to his solicitor, requesting him to obtain the assistance of a detective from Scotland Yard.

When Nora walked over to inquire for Mrs. Ruthven on the afternoon following the search she was a little surprised by being admitted to the presence of that lady, who rose from her writing-table to greet her with a smile.

She looked pale, and the shadows beneath her eyes were dark, as if she were exhausted by the excitement she had gone through.

"Thank you, my dear Miss L'Estrange, for coming to see me," Captain Shirley told her, "you were so good as to be very frightened about me last night. I assure you, I am grateful. I fancy few care much for me."

"Oh, every one likes you," cried Nora, touched by her caressing manner and soft voice, "and was awfully frightened you looked like death! I wonder you are as well as you seem."

"I feel very shaky, however. Was there ever so audacious a crime? That awful long knife I must have been near death for a moment."

"Don't think of it," said Nora, shuddering, "and they have found no clue as yet to the thief?"

"None—not the faintest. The cloak, hat, and mask were all rolled up together, with the knife, I am told; and are none of them of English make. They are no help. Captain Shirley says, no doubt the robber had other clothes or covering to put on, and probably walked away coolly and openly, as a guest who was enjoying the freshness outside after warmth within."

"But he will be discovered? Surely he will not escape?" said Nora.

"Not if money and perseverance can trap him," said Mrs. Ruthven, in a low, resolute tone, that struck Nora as having a touch of cruelty.

"What an ending to a charming ball!" she continued, "though it did not quite end—did it? I believe you had a few dances after."

"Yes," returned Nora, "all the people did not know for some time what had happened, so the band played on, but by half-past two all was ended."

Something had kept her back from saying that she and Marsden had danced.

"Oh, of course!" said Mrs. Ruthven, slowly raising her eyes, till they rested on her companion's face. "There was no reason why two or three hundred strangers should 'cease their funning,' because an outsider was robbed. And who did you dance with?"

"With the squire; you know he always said I should have one dance with him, if he ever gave a ball."

"Very natural, indeed," said Mrs. Ruthven, sweetly, "you have known him, I believe, all your life."

"Oh, yes, when I was quite a baby, he was so much with my father, I used to think him a second one, when I met him again I was quite astonished to find him so young."

"And not at all fatherly? I understand. How long was it since you had met?"

"Nine or ten years; but he was just the same as ever, so good-natured and pleasant, though he treats me like a great baby, and never speaks a reasonable word to me," said Nora smiling, and coloring at the tone in which Mrs. Ruthven had uttered her last words.

"Well, he must be a charming relative," remarked Mrs. Ruthven, with a slight sigh, and for a short while they talked pleasantly of Evesleigh and country life, the various places both had visited on the continent, and the delights of the past season in London.

"It was rather ominous, was it not, that you should express such a wish last night to see all my jewels?" said Mrs. Ruthven. "If you like I will show you what is left of them. Unfortunately I put on the best I possessed to do honor to the Evesleigh revile."

"Thank you very much, I am exceedingly fond of seeing pretty things."

"Come, then," said Mrs. Ruthven, and led the way into her bedroom,

would keep talking to him, and I heard him say he wanted to take you an' so."

"And then?"

"Oh! then Mr. Winton proposed we should go and look at the tent, but when we came to the conservatory, the door was shut and locked. Mr. Marsden was looking angry and bewildered. Then he suddenly remembered the way by the corridor, and we saw him go past and return immediately to call for help. So Helen, Mrs. L'Estrange, and I went in. She raised your arm, you were lying like a dead creature, and began to fan you."

"And who lifted me from the divan?" looking hard at Nora.

"No one; at least, not while I was there."

"Not Mr. Marsden?"

"Oh, no! He looked so white, so dreadfully distressed. He stood behind Helen, and kept begging her to see if you were hurt. Then the doctor came and sent every one away except the squire and Lady Dorrington."

"Yes! Here was the first face I recognized, and then Lady Dorrington and the doctor helped me upstairs; it is strange I can not quite account for what happened."

"For what, Mrs. Ruthven?"

"Oh, nothing; only a curious impression that some one had lifted me up—some effect of returning consciousness, I suppose!"

"The fall into a fit of nursing."

"From this she coaxed herself to ask a good many questions about Winton and his old friendship with Mrs. L'Estrange, giving Nora a sensation of being gaily but thoroughly sifted. Moreover, one or two significant looks and words conveyed the alarming idea that the clear-sighted widow suspected Winton of admiring Nora, or Nora of admiring Winton, which made that saucy young lady vexed and uneasy."

"What I suppose I must let you go," said Mrs. Ruthven, as Nora rose to escape further cross-examination. "It is so good of you to come and sit with me. In truth, I was glad to get rid even of dear Lady Dorrington, who is so full of gossip, usually, or let me speak of what is unimportant in my mind."

"I shall come and say good-bye to you to-morrow," returned Nora. "I earnestly hope you will soon shake off your nervousness, though you are wonderfully brave and composed."

Mrs. Ruthven went with her to the door, and then again sunk into the faintest, where she remained for some time in deepest thought.

Nora L'Estrange attracted her curious, her evident satisfaction and liking soothed the little lady's indomitable vanity, while it overpowered her comprehension. She was too happy an observer to believe it was altogether put on, still she occasionally doubted her sincerity, and, so contrary was a woman's honest appreciation of another woman, to all her previous expectations.

Nora's pleasant, varying voice and frank looks had a certain charm for her, even while she feared their effect. Mrs. Ruthven, then, gave her a selfish, fiery, material creature glances of possible sweetness that would never clear of their heat, and free from all dross of passion or self-interest. But, perhaps, the strangest sensation she ever felt, and which she never forgot, was that of the girl's fresh, youthful good looks, but of her free, untrammelled spirit, every word, every attitude, was unadorned, spontaneous; she wanted so little, her simple, poverty-stricken life, as Mrs. Ruthven considered it, seemed to her joyous and satisfying, she appeared to have no craving for rank or riches or jewels. Little by little her existence was enough; she had nothing to strive after, or scheme for, or want from her life, and she seemed—yes, seemed—but who could tell what lurked under the seeming? She must have her silver, her diamonds, her passions, what she dared not show the world. What was she? what did she want? By the way, shutting her jewel-case sharply, "the only part of my parure that worth preserving were the bracelets on my sleeves. I suspect, he had not time to tear them off. She shivered. Is it not a horrible thought? That wretch stooping over me, touching me while I was insensible! Pray ring the bell, dear Miss L'Estrange, so I do want a cup of tea. You will stay and have one with me, will you not? You cheer me."

"I shall be very glad."

"Come into the next room then," said Mrs. Ruthven, adding, "I shall not send Virginia before you, it might hurt her feelings, and she is a clever maid, but she must have been handling my things carelessly to let that diamond drop."

"I am glad I am not your maid, to have the care of such precious gems," said Nora smiling.

"My dear Miss L'Estrange! What an idea! When you marry, and have jewels of your own, you will know how to take care of them. Bring tea, Virginia; bring it quickly."

And Mrs. Ruthven applied herself to put the papers and letters lying on the table together with considerable method.

"What a charming view!" said Nora, strolling to the window. "Do you know I never was in these rooms before. They were Mrs. Marsden's, and used not to be opened, at least, when I was here as a child."

Mrs. Ruthven looked down thoughtfully. "These rooms are over the library are they not?" she asked. "On the same side as the conservatory? I would rather look out in any other direction. I shall not soon get over the impression of last night's terror."

Here Virginia brought in the tea, and Mrs. Ruthven, setting herself in a large arm-chair, asked Nora to pour it out.

"None of them will tell me any particulars about how I was found, or what happened," resumed Mrs. Ruthven. "I fancy that gruff old doctor ordered me to be kept from speaking of it. But you will not be so unkind! Besides, I am not to be kept from thinking of my misadventure by his dictum. Tell me, dear Miss L'Estrange, were you there when Mr. Marsden first found me?"

"Yes! I was in the breakfast-room when he was trying to break away from an old gentleman who

"By an early train to-morrow."

"And I, in the afternoon. Shall I see you on my arrival?"

"If you need my services, yes; but I had intended running over to Ostend to see my sister, who has been seriously ill. I ought to have gone before."

"To Ostend?" repeated Mrs. Ruthven, as if to herself.

"But if I can be of any use—"

"Yes, you can," she interrupted abruptly. "Do you remember a wonderful detective, who was employed by Lady Darrity to obtain evidence against her husband in that famous case?"

"I do, at least. I recollect hearing of him."

Shirley rose as he spoke, and rested his arm on the mantelpiece, his face deep in shadow, as the lamp was behind him.

"If you will get me this man's address, I should be glad."

"I have not the faintest idea where to find him."

"Lady Darrity's solicitors would tell you. He is a private detective, you know, and I do not want any creature to know that I am employing one of my own account. I must undertake this for me, Shirley."

"I will, if you are anxious for it. But I must warn you that he will be a costly machine, and, unfortunately, you have not the faintest clue to guide him; wait until—"

"Until all chance of discovery has passed by? No, Captain Shirley, I have too much common sense. Find out this man, or I shall do it myself."

"I will look for him and bring him to you, Mrs. Ruthven."

"I shall be quite content with his address."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Read it Through

"TWOULD SPOIL THIS STORY TO TELL IT IN THE HEADLINES."

To use an eighteenth century phrase this is an "O'er-true tale." Having happened in a small Virginia town in the winter of 1902, it is a story very much of the present. Up to a short time ago Mrs. John E. Harmon, of Mills Station, Va., had no personal knowledge of the rare curative properties of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

"Last January," Mrs. Harmon told me, "my baby took a dreadful cold and at one time I feared she would have pneumonia, but one of my neighbors told me how this remedy had cured her little boy and I began giving it to my baby at once and it soon cured her. I then tried the remedy on my husband's cold, and it cured him. I have placed so great a credit in my reach, I cannot recommend it too highly or say too much in its favor. I have all who read this will try it and be convinced as I was." For sale by A. M. G. McDonald.

Salmon Beach

Knowing that the Events is not as interesting to some, unless it contains some Salmon Beach notes, I would write a few, as the other correspondent seems to have given up his job.

We have had a few days of fine weather, but now it is almost as cold as ever.

Miss Alipha Nicoll of Bathurst who has spent the past week here, the guest of Mrs. E. Miller, returned home Tuesday evening.

Mrs. E. Dempsey returned home from Bathurst, where she had been visiting her sister Mrs. Ed. Hall.

One night last week a much respected resident of one of the lower parishes, returning from Bathurst with a heavy load met a young couple in a sleigh at a crossing. The gentleman, thinking they could pass without trouble did not haul off his horses. They passed safely but the young gentleman thought he should have had half the road and did not hesitate to say so. He was answered as he deserved to be and drove off, feeling no doubt rather cheap. Now young men when you are out driving with your best girl don't try to appear smart but respect the rule of the road and make room for the loaded team.

Mrs. Nellie Norton returned home Friday from Caron Point where she has spent the past two weeks.

Mr. Percy Ramsay spent Sunday at Mr. John Norton's.

The trustees of this school are putting forth their best efforts to secure a teacher for this term, but so far they have been unsuccessful.

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MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

Mr. P. W. Meyers, King St. E., Berlin, Ont., says: "I suffered for five years with palpitation, shortness of breath, sleeplessness and pain in the heart, but one box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills completely removed all these distressing symptoms. I have not suffered since taking them, and now sleep well and feel strong and vigorous."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure all diseases arising from weak heart, worn out nerve tissue, or watery blood.

**River du Loup**

After a long absence I will once more endeavor to let our readers know how our village is progressing.

The weather has been remarkably cold and some of our people are complaining, for lagrippe has visited our vicinity as well as other districts.

Mr. Joseph Rattie left Thursday morning for parts unknown.

Mr. Scett Moffat paid us a visit on Friday.

Miss Emma Jane Boudreau of Oak Bay visited friends here last week.

Miss Annie Annington spent a few days in Cton the guest of her sister Mrs. G. Dobson.

A. Boucher has been accepted for the vacant school in St. Francis.

Miss Minnie Cleavel of Tobique is visiting friends here.

Mr. John Campbell and H. McDavid of Oak Bay visited our vicinity Friday evening.

**Nouvelle**

It is a long time since we saw any notes from this large municipality which in the past year was so well represented by numerous correspondents and was much appreciated and interesting to the many readers of Events and I am well assured that its circulation in this place has taken a great increase. But now that because of those correspondents this is a question that I received from a friend subscriber of the United States stating that he will be much pleased when reading his paper to see news of his native place and others. Although my humble experience obliterate I will be permitted to take the opportunity to write these few lines if it is to the benefit of the paper and to the satisfaction of the many friends who ask me to do so, and I hope it will not fail to be inserted.

Since the beginning of the winter to the present time we had a very cold temperature and not much snow which was a great benefit to the A. & L. S. Ry for trains are always on time with many loads of freight this means that the products are going out of the country of Bonaventure and particularly the oats and we have noticed that the market has been rising. On Monday the 15th inst took place the marriage of Mr. Theodore Fahn to Miss Leonie Goss, daughter of Mr. Nevel Arsenault of this place. After the ceremony which was performed by Rev. Father Drapeau the new couple took the train to New Carleton and returned on Tuesday to the groom's fathers where their friends gathered and an enjoyable evening was spent by all.

Mr. J. B. Wagner, an agriculturist conference will be held in this place this week by an experienced speaker, all particulars next week.

Mr. Thomas McCreedy had the misfortune to lose his favourite horse, Scott, which died of inflammation of the bowels.

Boys and girls in this place have taken advantage of Valent's day for many exchanges have been made.

**How's This,**

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honourable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

Walding, Kinnaird & Marvin Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**Point St Peter**

Mrs. James R. McPherson of Charlott is visiting friends in town. Mr. Wm. McMillan Esq. of Vancouver is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. Donald McMillan during his 18 years sojourn in the "West" has travelled extensively and gives interesting accounts of the places visited.

During the past few days we have had much weather, but the roads are rather heavy.

Mr. E. A. Prevost representing Hudson Herbet & Co. of Montreal was here Wednesday and transacted business.

Capt. P. Mercier crossed over from Plateau Island this morning and intends spending a few days at St. George de Malbaie.

Many travellers have visited this locality lately.

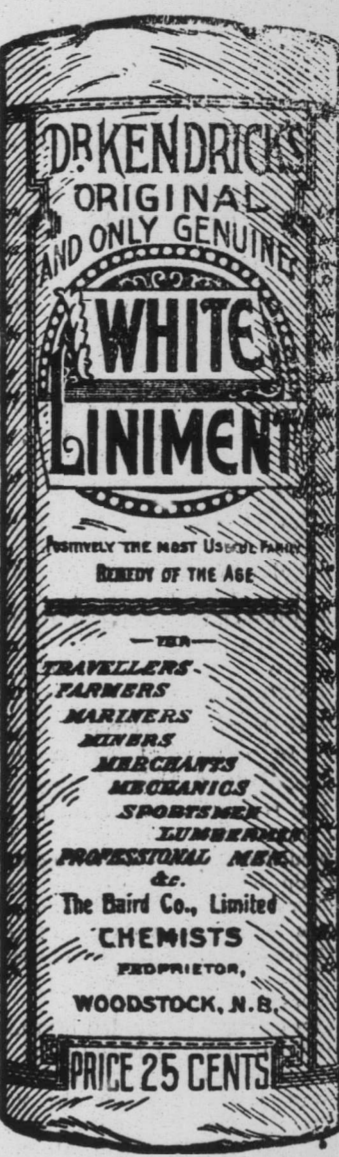
Hay is very scarce in this locality and holders are now asking \$16 to 17 per ton.

The many friends of Hon. Rodolphe Lacombe are pleased to learn that he was elected today member for the Co. of Gaspé by acclamation.

Wm. Baker of Cape Cove paid a short visit to this place last Thursday.

**Colds Are Dangerous**

How often you hear one remark: "It's only a cold," and a few days later learn that the man is on his back with pneumonia. This is such common occurrence that a cold, however slight should not be disregarded. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy counteracts any tendency toward pneumonia. It always cures and is pleasant to take. For sale by A. M. G. McDonald.



**KENDRICKS**

I can recommend KENDRICKS LINIMENT highly as the best household remedy I have ever used.

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I suffered for three months with severe pains in my side, and for a time was unable to work. I used KENDRICKS LINIMENT which completely cured the pain, and I am able to work as well as ever.

WASSON BRIDGES  
Gordonville, N. B.

KENDRICKS LINIMENT gives the best of satisfaction.

GEO. E. COLWELL  
Fredericton, N. B.

We have always used KENDRICKS LINIMENT, and strongly recommend it to others. JUSTUS W. MCKAY.  
Haynesville, N. B.

KENDRICKS LINIMENT is a good seller, and gives excellent satisfaction.

F. D. SADLER.  
Perth, N. B.

**LINIMENT**

**TAILORING!**

We can make it worth your while to order a new suit now instead of waiting till Spring. Can't afford to rest on our oars because it happens to be mid-winter.

It is worth something to us by way of advertisement. Everybody doesn't know yet what we mean by good cutting and fitting, good linings and show. We expect to pay something for an introduction. Come and see.

We're ready for all the business there is in the right kind of tailoring.

**J. B. Wagner**  
The People's Tailor

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