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POOR DOCUMENT

THE STORY OF A GREAT SECRET.

Millions of Mischief.

By HEADON HILL.

Author of "By a Hair's Breadth," "The Duke Decides," "A Race with Ruin," Etc., Etc.

"And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, millions of mischief."—
Julius Caesar, Act IV., Scene i.

(Continued.)

"How do you do, Mrs. Krance? I have brought my patient up to time, you see," said Herzog, playing his horrid part with the ponderous affability o' a pompous medico. "Our

Mrs. Krance hesitated in her reply. Her small birdlike eyes seemed to be mastering every feature of my countenance, and trembling before her devouring gaze I feared that something had gone wrong with my disguise. But the ordeal passed, and she ushered us in.

"Yes, Doctor Barrables, the rooms are quite ready. You will find everything to your liking, I am sure," she said jerkily, as she opened the door of the room opposite that in which Colonel Chilmark was sitting. "There is only one alteration I have been obliged to make in the arrangements you stipulated for. I cannot possibly put you both in the same bedroom."

"But that was the essential part of the bargain, Mrs. Krance," said Herzog with displeasure in his voice.

"I cannot help it, sir," the landlady replied. "The village is so full, and there has been such a demand for extra bedsteads on hire that I could not procure two small ones to go into the bedroom you chose, in place of the full-sized bedstead there. And there isn't space for the only other bedstead I have, also a full-sized one, to be moved in. Mr. Martin will have to occupy the next room to yours—unless you would prefer to look elsewhere, though I don't believe there are any vacant apartments in the place."

"The room you propose for Mr. Martin has the same aspect as mine?" said Herzog, after a pause.

"Exactly the same, sir—over our little bit of garden into the grounds of 'Ardmore,' with a glimpse of the sea beyond," was the reply.

"Very well, we must make the best of it," said Herzog with evident reluctance. "You can send us up a snack of something, and then we shall probably go for a walk."

As soon as we were alone in the sitting-room, Herzog came up to me, and, resting his hands on my shoulders, looked me full in the eyes. I returned the stare boldly, for I saw that he was trying to read my inmost soul. Finally he relaxed his grasp and broke into a disagreeable laugh.

"I do not think you are so foolish as to try to take advantage of the mistake about the bedrooms, my friend, but if there is anything of that sort in your mind do not forget that success in giving me the slip would also mean success in getting yourself hanged," he said softly.

"Why do you keep harping on that?" I replied, affecting to be irritated by his suspicions. "So long as my bedroom window gives a fair shot into the 'Ardmore' grounds you will have no reason to grumble. I am playing for a bigger stake than you, you know."

He appeared to be satisfied, and proposed that we should go upstairs and view the new arrangement which had unexpectedly thwarted his intention not to let me out of his presence by day or by night. Bracing myself in case we should meet Janet on the stairs, I accompanied him to the upper floor, where, after a glance into the room he had originally selected for our joint use, he led me into the next one—a slightly smaller apartment, not quite so well furnished.

It was the window that interested him, and me also, for the matter o that. Immediately beneath it was the small back garden of the house we were in; but beyond that, separated by the terminal hedge, was a lovely vista of well-kept lawns and shrubberies, with a peep of a large modern mansion between the trees. I was determined to take the wind out of Herzog's sails this time.

"Look at that seat under the lime tree by the fountain," I whispered, 'The distance, I judge, to be a hundred and twenty yards. If Lord Alphington sits there I could pick him off with a sporting rifle to a certainty. That is," I added doubtfully, "if you mean to entrust me with firearms."

He gave me one of his quick glances. Yes, I think that the suppressed eagerness in my tone really did deceive him that time, for he broke into the low-chuckled comment—"When the chance comes, I shall find a weapon for you, never fear, But I hardly think that it will be a thing that makes a noise and might compromise your presumed medical guardian. You seem to have got your knife, figuratively, into his lordship my noble captain; perhaps I shall be able to engineer an opportunity for you to do so literally."

He was gaining confidence in me. I could see, but was not yet quite convinced. I was fighting for my life, more or less in the dark, remember, and to deceive this man was the essence of a righteous cause. I essayed another stroke on the anvil of his unbelief.

"Look here!" I blurted out impetuously. "The chances from the next room are the same as from here whatever you may be planning. If it will make you easier about me, why shouldn't we both occupy the same bed in there. I don't mind, if you don't."

I had struck home. His brow cleared and his baggy cheeks rippled in a voluminous smile. "No, my friend, it is not necessary," he said. "Why should we sacrifice our comfort, when we see eye to eye to this matter? Come, let us refresh the inner man before we investigate further."

For the present Herzog believed in me. How long should I be able to sustain that belief?"

So, ostensibly on terms of perfect accord, we descended to the sitting-room and partook of the meal which Mrs. Krance had prepared for us. As we were discussing it a well-loved voice sounded in the passage outside our door, and, a moment later, looking through the window, I saw my Janet's trim figure pass down the path and disappear through the garden gate into the road. She was walking quickly, as though under the influence of some excitement.

My heart thrilled at the probabie cause. She must have heard of my escape from jail, and the thought of her reception of the news, not daring to let her father see her interest in it, brought home to me the slow agony she must have suffered since my conviction. To have had a lover lying under sentence of death, and to have been without comfort or sympathy, must have been little short of martyrdom.

And how was I to gain speech of her, with the lynx eyes of my custodian ever on me?

CHAPTER V.

I Try a Ruse.

As my association with Herzog progressed, the more was I convinced that he was a many-sided man. He had the faculty or at least the semblance, of detaching himself from the deadly purpose in hand, though without ever losing sight of it, and of thoroughly enjoying his surroundings—his meat, his drink, his excellent cigars, and his own conversation It may be that he only feigned this attitude in order to throw me off my guard, but I am inclined to think that some of it was natural to him.

"Come," he said, when we had finished our lunch, "let us combine business with pleasure and take a stroll. As a soldier you will want to reconnoitre your ground,, while as a student of seascapes I shall be able to indulge my hobby. There is nothing like a combination of purple heather, blue water, and lapping tides to make a world-wearied man feel young again."

No one would have suspected the speaker of endeavoring to compass the death of the greatest statesman of the age by cold-blooded murder, and when we had sallied forth, still under the vigilant eye of Colonel Chilmark at his window, I plucked up spirit to rally him on the subject.

"You are pretty cheerful," I said "considering that if I succeed in killing the Prime Minister and am caught afterwards, you will most assuredly be hanged as an accessory before and after the fact."

Had I touched him on the raw? For one fleeting second I thought so, from the swift contraction of his brows and the quaking of his baggy cheeks. But no. He placed his forefinger alongside his fleshy nose and solemnly winked at me.

"Make your mind easy on my account, and also on your own," he chuckled. "In the fact that I shall take good care that you are not caught lies my safety, and yours. Within limits we are hunting in couples—with this difference, that if the catastrophe you foreshadow should occur, I have a nice little bolt-hole, all cut and dried, to wriggle out of. But his lordship does not arrive till the day after tomorrow, so let us shove black care into the background to-day. By George! what a view."

We had turned out of the road in which we lodged, and had passed round into that on which "Ardmore' fronted. It ran at right angles to the cliffs, and both ahead of us and to the left stretched the glorious panorama that had called forth Herzog's exclamation. Under a cloudless sky the sea, framed in the emerald leafage of the nearer distance, shimmered in the dancing sun-rays, while the grand curve of the island coast-line swept round to the wave-washed sentinels of the Solent, the Needles Rocks.

I gave vent to what was intended to be a snort of disdain. "I have no taste for scenery so long as my neck is in danger," I growled. "These appear to be the entrance gates of Alphington's residence. Why should we not call to inquire if Lady Muriel is any worse for her ducking. It would give me an opportunity of prospecting the lay of the land."

But Herzog, as I had hoped he would, dissented vigorously from the proposal. "I perceive that I shall have to ride you on the curb," he said. "It would be a fool's trick, betokening eagerness and possibly engendering suspicion, to do any such thing. The first overtures must come from the other side."

In spite of his prohibition, I lingered for a moment at the gates, peering up the carriage-drive, and pretending to scrutinise windows and doors, till Herzog plucked me angrily by the sleeve.

"You will give the show away if you carry on so," he snarled. "I have a plan of the house, which you can safely study indoors if it becomes necessary. By reconnoitring your ground I meant that you should master the geography of the neighborhood, for it is most probable that it will be in the open country that you will get your chance."

Sowe started for an exploration of the lanes and by-ways, taking an inland course towards Freshwater first, and returning to Totland by way of the heather-clad warren. Any minute a breach of confidence on my part towards Herzog, or close pressure by the pursuers, who were in full cry after me, might drive me to fly for my life, and I had used my walk, not, as I led my companion to believe, to search for convenient spots to kill Lord Alphington, but rather in looking about for routes of retreat in case of emergency.

In all truth it was a difficult place to win free from. I was not only on a narrow promontory of it, bounded at any time, but now ten-fold so by reason of the summer visitors. We met girls in blouses and young men in flannels, afoot and on bicycles, at every turn, and more than once I heard these gay butterflies chattering as we passed about "the escaped murderer," and speculating as to his recapture.

(To be continued.)

WHAT DO YOU CARE? YOU'VE GOT YOUR HEALTH.

Great Natures Do Not Despair at Disappointment—They Look for Something Else to Do.

The broad-gauged man of today does not get blue just because things don't always come his way unless there is something the matter with him. If he "falls down" on one proposition he immediately starts to look up another. He always looks forward and keeps on hustling. A man with his health and faculties has plenty of opportunities and the man who gives up or even feels like it has either a small nature or some physical weakness.

Dyspepsia certainly puts the best of men out of condition for work of any kind. You cannot blame the dyspeptic for getting blue. The very nature of his disease is most depressing and calculated to deprive him of ambition, energy and hope. There is hope for him, however, certain and sure.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are recognized throughout the length and breath of the land as the one cure that's safe and sure. Their unbounded popularity—resulting from the thousands of cures they have effected, prove beyond the shadow of a doubt their greatness as a cure. Wherein lies their greatness? In the very fact that they are Nature's own simple remedy. They do the exact work in exactly the same way that the digestive fluids of the stomach do because they are composed of exactly the same elements and possess the same properties. They relieve the weak and worn out stomach of its burden of digestion and permit it without let or hindrance to rest and grow sound and well. The stomach will get well quick enough in its own natural way if it is let alone. That is what Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets do. They not only let it alone themselves but make the food taken into the stomach do the same.

You can satisfy yourself of the truth of this statement by putting the food you would eat into a glass jar with sufficient water and one of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. The process of digestion will be taken up and carried out just as the gastric juice and other digestive fluids would do it. Their action is natural and they cause no disturbance in the digestive organs. In fact you forget you have a stomach when they begin to do their work, so mild and natural is the operation. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are for sale by all druggists at 50c. a box.

IT WILL PAY YOU, IF YOU ARE IN BUSINESS TO ADVERTISE IN THE TIMES.

READS LIKE FAIRY TALE.

Two Ontario Workmen, Heirs To Large Estate in England.

Lindsay, Ont., Dec. 20.—(Special) — James Hobbs, blacksmith at Janetville, and his brother in law, W. Griller, of Valentia, have received word they are among the heirs to an estate of $30,000,000 in England. Both are poor men and are taking steps to prove their claim to the fortune.

THE DOUKHOBORS.

Three of the leading members of the Doukhobor colony, Peter Viriging, Simeon Roban and Nicolaia Zebroff, arrived in Winnipeg this week to pay a number of large bills which had been contracted by the colonists during the summer and fall. These include accounts for clothing, provisions, machinery and payments on their land. They report the colony has had a very prosperous year, and that conditions are considerably improved.

WOOD ALCOHOL.

Ashland, Ky., reports a case of wood alcohol poisoning, the victims numbering five. It takes a long time, even in these days of newspapers for knowledge to reach the whole people. For many months the public has been told almost every week, and in a way to make the lesson startling, that wood alcohol is deadly. That it has not been well enough learned the sort of report that comes from Ashland every now and again bears testimony to.

Hot Spring Chickens.

To hatch chickens by means of the waters of the famous hot springs at Glenwood Springs, Colorado, is the scheme projected by a wealthy Philadelphian. He proposes to erect eight incubators, near several unused springs, on the south bank of the Grand river, and to employ running hot water in place of the lamps which usually supply the necessary heat. The projector of the plan hopes to hatch out from 5,000 to 6,000 eggs each month.

Corns Grow Between the Toes

But can be cured without pain in one day by Putnam's Corn and Wart Extractor. This standard remedy never burns the flesh—it is entirely vegetable in composition and does not destroy the flesh. Use only Putnam's, it's the best.

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN."
LINIMENT

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This medal was awarded to Minard's Liniment in London in 1886. The only liniment to receive a medal. It was awarded because of strength, purity, healing powers and superiority of the liniment over all others from throughout the world.

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Per Glass or Tankard.
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The paper that reaches the home is the paper you should advertise in. The Evening Times does this. Advertise in its columns and increase your business.

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CLEARANCE SALE

Owing to change of business, which will continue until the whole new and complete stock ($15,000) has been disposed of. Such Bargains in Ladies' Garments, Ready-to-Wear Suits, Skirts and Coats, we venture to say have never before been offered in this city.
Absolutely no reserve and no two prices.

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