

The Arncliffe Puzzle

By GORDON HOLMES, Author "A Mysterious Disappearance."

Edith appreciated the kindly badinage which endeavored to cheer her under painful circumstances. Though she was none the less resolved to make restitution, she felt that her task would be fraught with many difficulties and objections. It was the fault, perhaps, of her single-hearted honesty that she did not yet realize how slanderous tongues were already branding her as a schemer who had supplanted Lord Arncliffe's rightful heir. She had, indeed, grave misgivings that her purity of motive was being impugned, but the episode of the three hundred pounds given to her by Lord Arncliffe was more nearly in her mind. Had she only taken the experienced and trustworthy lawyer into her confidence in that matter, she might have saved herself many heartburnings.

She had a brother, two years younger than herself, to whom the affections of her orphan heart were given without stint. She had regarded him with a selfless devotion which governed her whole life. Lord Arncliffe had helped the boy as he had helped her, and would have forwarded his career with no niggard hand had he shown himself worthy. But Lord Arncliffe, a man who had won a vast fortune by his own unaided efforts, would encourage no drones. Thus it was that the youngest, after receiving a sound education, was placed in a commercial house on probation, with the ultimate prospect of a substantial position in one of the great enterprises under Lord Arncliffe's control, directly he should win his spurs in the arena of business.

And then came the old, old tragedy—a lad spending a little more than his salary so that he might "do as the other fellows did"—a loving sister making matters worse by sending him every penny she could save out of her own earnings. And finally, a tampering with money-lenders, a juggling with accounts, a dread of disgrace, and a despairing threat that was not, perhaps, merely a threat, of suicide.

It was only three hundred pounds, but Edith had already given him all she had, and it was at that moment, in a frenzy of anguish, she appealed to Lord Arncliffe. The old peer had, indeed, given her the money—she would have saved young Holt from the consequences of his folly, even without Edith's intervention—but he had no sympathy with one who transgressed the first rule of a business career. He was so angry that Edith, for her being, supposed her benefactor to be hopelessly offended with her.

"You can have the three hundred pounds you ask for," he said, but it will be the last money you can hope to receive from me. I had, of course, intended to make some provision for you after my death, but I should do you no kindness in giving you an income that he should leave the firm whose confidence in him was weakened, and make a fresh start. And for one unreasoning moment she imagined her brother had come forward to clear her reputation at the expense of the firm whose confidence in him was weakened, and make a fresh start. And for one unreasoning moment she imagined her brother had come forward to clear her reputation at the expense of the firm whose confidence in him was weakened, and make a fresh start.

She now slipped out to the balcony, and left the two men talking together. Her thoughts wandered again to the rosy future she had mapped out for her bright, careless brother. He was to return to college for a year or two, grow sturdier under a good tutor, and then, perhaps, enter the army. And presently he would meet some nice girl, and Edith would buy them a house, and they would look after him until her reckless boy had learned to know the value of money so that he could be trusted with a great, great income of his own. And today it threatened, perhaps, trying to drag that whole miserable business into the light—to ruin the boy's future all for one youthful folly.

"Never, if I die for it!" she exclaimed, bringing her little white teeth together with a snap. And then, womanlike, she began to sob hopelessly.

It was at this moment that Lester, who had been listening with exemplary patience to the placid iterations of Mrs. Angier, made a decorous escape. By some subtle instinct, he found himself on the balcony with Edith.

"May I intrude on your solitude, Miss Holt?" he asked.

Somehow, she felt safe in his presence. She gave him a tremulous smile, and strove to frame an answer, but the smile took a downward curve, and she was fain to turn her head away though she put out a nervous, detaining hand in unaffected appeal for sympathy.

Lester promptly tucked that nervous hand tightly under his arm. There was nothing of familiarity or presumption in his action. It was, in its inception, the mere protective instinct of the strong man, as free from any thought save friendship as Edith's own involuntary movement.

Presently, indeed, he began to feel a magnetic glow from the hand. He was filled with a vague desire to slay unoffending dragons. So that his arm tightened to his side somewhat—since man cannot harbor such strenuous thoughts without some tension of the muscles. And Edith would have slipped her hand away, only that her action would have seemed like a marked repulse, and that was not her intent. So the hand remained.

"I am very stupid to give way in this fashion," she faltered at last. "But it has been such a trying day. And people appear to think such dreadful things of me—"

"My dear Miss Holt," protested Lester, "you must not notice all the vulgarities of a corner's inquest. It is not conducted according to ordinary legal rules, and any idiot can make himself as offensive as he pleases. I wouldn't give another thought to the matter."

"There is one thing I must think of. Of course, Dr. Lester—Edith sud-

denly regained possession of her hand—the appearance of Lord Arncliffe's nephew will make a great difference to me."

"But why?"

"Can't you see?" she cried, almost petulantly, "I dare not keep all this money when I know that Lord Arncliffe would have given it to his nephew if he had lived long enough to meet him?"

"Well," admitted Lester, "I suppose the meeting might have brought about some change in the bequests; but, under the circumstances—"

"I shall hand over the estate to Mr. Bradshaw," said Edith with determination. "I want you to believe this, because I would not have you think me capable of acting dishonorably."

"You may count on my implicit belief," he exclaimed so earnestly that the girl's eyes fell in confusion. "Of course," he added hurriedly, "you are right. In a way, but from the little I have seen of him, Bradshaw does not impress me as a man to take anything he is not legally entitled to. In any case, it is quite evident that Lord Arncliffe would have made handsome provision for you."

"That is another matter," rejoined Edith. "But, the real fortune must go to Mr. Bradshaw. I shall never accept it. I am coming to think, really, I shall be happier without such a great responsibility."

Lester, ordinarily so self-possessed, began to feel a delicious tremor of anxiety. He had regarded Edith's wealth as offering an insurmountable foothold to his suit. Although not so foolish as to prefer a dowdier maid to one who brought an income which should preserve her from want in the event of his death, he never contemplated marrying an heiress, a woman who would rank with the few really wealthy people in the land. Now Edith's determination to relinquish Lord Arncliffe's millions opened up infinite vistas.

"Perhaps you are right," he said quietly, though his heart went pit-a-pat in the most unprofessional way. "After all, a lot of money must be a nuisance. Now, about fifteen hundred a year?"

"I made fifteen hundred last year, but I shall do better next. And—and—"

He had managed to take her hand again, and with it seemed to go all the troubles which harassed her so sorely. He was big and strong and trustworthy—

"Yes," she whispered softly.

But Edith's Puritany was not destined to end that night on the terrace. A door opened. They heard Mr. Angier's voice.

"Ah! there you are, Miss Edith! Come here and convert our American cousin. He says that most of his armor ought to be put on the scrapheap. Really, he is incorrigible!"

CHAPTER IX.

Harry Warren Supplies a Fresh Sensation.

The shadows were lengthening, and the first suggestion of evening's hush were softening the vivid hues of the summer landscape, as Harry Warren strode through the Arncliffe grounds on the day following Mr. Bradshaw's arrival. There was a hint of uneasiness in his gait. His face was deeply flushed. The haggard misery in his eye was of that enduring type which may be dulled, but cannot be drowned, by potatoes. He was taking his troubles like a child, blaming himself for his own folly, and almost ready to weep at the monstrous injustice of it all. He was indeed a child, in the sense that the savage is childish, an overgrown booby, absolutely deficient in self-control, and ready to gratify any passing fancy without a thought for the day of reckoning.

And now, when that most unpleasant date in the calendar of life loomed dangerously near, he was nursing himself with a self-control, and ready to gratify any passing fancy without a thought for the day of reckoning.

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THE LATE T. OS. BALLANTYNE

A PRACTICAL PATRIOT — WHAT HE DID FOR THE DAIRY INDUSTRY — A LONG AND USEFUL LIFE.

Montreal Herald: The career of Thomas Ballantyne, who died the other day, may be taken by the younger generation of Canadians as a sign of what this country owes to the Scottish immigration. He was a boy of sixteen when he came to Canada, in 1852, and settled in the Township of Downie, where he joined farming, which he proposed to learn, to school teaching, for which he had the training of the Scottish school. His equipment was not such as would excite the wonder of our present day college graduates, but it was enough to mark him out for distinction in that little pioneer community, and he became successively auditor, clerk and reeve of Downie.

His first great accomplishment lay in the successful effort to get the Stratford and Warton railway to pass through the township. Shortly after he landed, the Crimean War broke out, and that war sent the price of wheat up to two dollars a bushel. Everybody was growing wheat who wasn't growing barley, which was bought by the American millsters at the farmers' own prices. Ballantyne was one who preached that these conditions were too good to last, and that the farmers ought to prepare for a change. The reverse came, with the close of the war, but a few years later came the Canadian war, and with it a heavy demand for Canadian farm produce.

By 1867 Ballantyne and those who thought with him had found what they believed to be the solution of their problem. The Black Creek co-operative cheese factory was started in that year, and Ballantyne, convinced that

for one reason and another the price of cheese must come down, and classified of the capabilities of Western Ontario as a dairy country, made himself a sort of apostle of the movement. That was, in fact, the beginning of what is today Canada's greatest industry. By the year 1888 the production of cheese had progressed so far that half a million dollars' worth was exported. Nowadays our export cheese stands for twenty-five millions a year, butter for five millions, and bacon for as much as fifteen millions. The three branches of dairy work a yearly income of forty-five millions a year, by long odds our greatest source of revenue from outside. Those who have taken the trouble to study the development of this vast but humble industry, know well that its growth has not been accidental, and that its relative perfection has not been attained without intelligent direction, well organized and tactfully directed. It was Ballantyne who caused it to be inaugurated, the system of training instructors, which was afterwards carried by enlightened departments of agriculture through its logical developments. In the natural order of things, Mr. Ballantyne's association with the dairy development brought him increase of private as well as political popularity. He served in the Legislature, where the same long-headed good sense made him as valuable a counselor as his hearty, cheery disposition made him popular with his colleagues. He had not been much in the public view of late years, but he must have felt, as he contemplated the ever-increasing importance of the industry whose early organization he had played so active a part in, that he had done for Canada at least as much as she had the right to claim from the raw lad who nearly sixty years ago came seeking his fortunes to her shores.

THE FOREIGNER IN ENGLAND

MANY FAMOUS MEN HAVE TESTIFIED TO OLD COUNTRY'S CHARM — FRENCHMEN WHO ACKNOWLEDGED THEIR INDEBTEDNESS TO ENGLAND.

It is a sort of policy in American diplomacy that no ambassador is to be allowed to remain long in London, because the charm of English life has a tendency to captivate the sojourner and dull his perception of national interests.

Bancroft, Motley, Lowell, Bayard and Choate all confessed the fondness of English people and English ways which grew on them, the more they experienced the generous and stately hospitalities of England. Living in an atmosphere of courtesies and tact, they came to have a preference for it over the homely ways of their own country.

The tradition of English life was early established. During five centuries and more foreigners have been contributing their testimony to the pleasures of their sojourn in the most entertaining society in the world.

Writing in 1477, Philip de Commines expressed himself thus: "In my opinion of all the countries in the world with which I was ever acquainted, the Government is nowhere so well managed, the people nowhere less obnoxious to violence and oppression, nor their houses less liable to be destroyed and demolished by war, than in England, for there the calamities fall on the authors of them." This, from a man who knew England well, is early and excellent testimony.

Writing in 1498 to a friend in Paris, Erasmus said: "If you are a wise man you will cross the channel yourself. A witty gentleman like yourself ought not to waste his life among those French. If you knew the charms of this country your ankles would be winged, or if the gout was in your feet you would wish yourself Daedalus." And many years later, about 1516, he still could write when he was no longer there: "No land in all the world is like England."

Long after his time three great Frenchmen, in succession, took refuge in England, and paid to its merits the tribute of their praise. Their experiences have been part of the literature of France during three centuries, and Mr. Churton Collins has recently published a volume in which their experiences have been related for the benefit of English readers.

Voltaire was in England from May 30, 1726, to March 1729. Montesquieu was there from the spring of 1729 to the summer of 1731, and Rousseau from January, 1766, to May, 1767. Each of them found there generous hospitality, each expressed himself after his own fashion; each found there new sources of inspiration.

It is not necessary to dwell on the personal characters of these men of genius. Voltaire was a man of ineradicable wickedness, whose unrestrained impulses were always bad. Montesquieu was, above all things, a great

gentleman with fine instincts. Rousseau was compounded of all the evil instincts of humanity and dominated by a vanity which amounted to simple madness. But each in his way was a man of genius. Their genius was fatal to their own country, but they had little but commendation for England.

Voltaire, banished from Paris, found in London a generous reception. He conquered the language first; then he conquered the society. He was known to be insincere, humorous, double-dealing; but he was a man of parts and was respected as such. Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke, Walpole, the Duchess of Marlborough, the King, the Queen—all received and entertained him with enthusiasm.

He wrote there his English letters, and his "Henriade"; he studied English literature and became a life-long pupil of Locke; he collected there the materials of his *Reign of Louis XIV.* and his *Life of Charles XII.* And his final country was this: "Had I not fixed the seat of my retreat in the free corner of Geneva, I would certainly live in the free corner of England." He came there almost destitute. He left it with the foundation of a fortune. And it is pleasant to his credit that never in France was his door closed to an Englishman. His gratitude at least was sincere.

Montesquieu was also ignorant of English when he arrived; nor did he ever acquire the language. But then, as now, no Frenchman fails to find Englishmen well acquainted with the French tongue. Like Voltaire, he found our countrymen at times austere, and suffering from the east wind, of which both the Frenchmen had a just complaint.

Chesterville was his greatest friend, and no one could have a better cheerier friend. He wrote of him: "He well knew and justly admired the happy constitution of this country, whose fixed and known laws equally restrain monarchy from tyranny and liberty from licentiousness. In England he began his studies on the 'Greatness and Decay of the Romans,' and on the always famous 'Esprit des Loix.'"

His opinion was "that Germany was made to travel in, Italy to sojourn in, France to live in, and England to think in." He found, as so many foreigners have found, that in England thought was free; and men of genius rarely found that on the continent. His own books were published abroad.

Rousseau's short sojourn in England was by his own fault part travel and part farce. He came there under the protection of Hume. The historian procured friends, a home, and even a pension for him. But he quarreled with Hume on a trivial matter; he insulted his benefactors; he irritated society; he left in disgust with the world in a fit of excessive vanity.

From English sources he drew much. To Richardson he owes somewhat of the "Houelle Heloise." And the "Contrat Social" is inspired in part by Hobbes, Sydney and Locke. He began his "Confessions" in England. And in spite of all his eccentricities he was treated always as a

man of genius, who was more than half mad.

He was the only one of the three great Frenchmen who did not record his admiration of England; but it is pleasant to him to say that he has confessed his obligations to English literature, in which he found inspiration. In common with the others, he interpreted it to some extent for all Europe.—M. F. G. in Toronto Star.

WOMAN HUNTS FOR BIG GAME

BRAVES DANGERS OF LOWER CALIFORNIA IN SEARCH FOR BIG HORN SHEEP.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard S. Reed, of their recent two months trip in Lower California, shot more big horn sheep than ever before were secured by one hunting party, and this means much for the successful stalking of sheep on the peninsula is regarded as one of the most difficult of accomplishments. The Reeds' nineteen victims were not only excellent specimens, but included big horns of all ages.

Mr. and Mrs. Reed, who were accompanied by Elbridge D. Rand, went down the west coast in a schooner and landed at a village not far from Magdalena Bay. They had three guides and packers; a pack train of eight mules and three more animals on which they rode.

The Reeds gradually worked their way 150 miles inland, reaching a region seldom invaded by white sportsmen. The scarcity of water was a very serious matter. It had sometimes to be packed for thirty miles and was seldom of good quality. The water holes when found proved to be more or less contaminated. The country is as wild and rocky as parts of Wyoming. Before the trip was ended nearly all the footwear was torn to pieces. It was almost impossible to keep shoes on the mules.

Unquestionably the success of the Reeds on the recent trip for big horn sheep was due to the fact that Mr. Reed has been a close student of sheep in every range from northern Alaska to the point furthest south where they are to be found.

The big horn sheep, like the antelope, is growing very rare, and even in Lower California it taxes the ingenuity of a hunter to get a shot at one. Mr. Reed was anxious to secure specimens of all ages for preservation in some museum. Every animal shot was carefully measured, samples of shrubs or other food on which it may have been feeding gathered, and a photograph taken. For the establishment of a museum of natural history in California Mr. Reed has contributed money as well as his personal efforts, and his hope will probably be realized in the near future.

Mrs. Reed has often taken her life

in her hands. She can skin and preserve big game like a professional, knows woodcraft thoroughly and is a dead shot with the rifle. Fatigue seems to assist her in perfect harmony in her love of the wilds. When in the field she wears a short khaki skirt, dannel shirt, khaki hat and elkskin shoes and leggings. In Alaska she carried a .405 Winchester and in the South a .351 Remington, the weapon that shoots through steel.

Mrs. Reed is the only white woman who has ever had the courage to penetrate the wilderness of Lower California. She bagged two sheep, one fine ewe and a ram. She also bagged her own skinning, and the old Indian guide did war dancing when he saw her skill with the hunting knife. The ewe killed had a lamb and the huntress decided to raise it.

The killing of a famous ram was one of the exciting incidents of the trip. Mr. Reed had heard stories of the monster, and wished eagerly for a shot. For years big game hunters had chased it in vain. Some had even come over from England, lured by romantic tales of the gigantic sheep, but until Mr. Reed's arrival it had escaped leaden pills. The monarch of the peninsula led a solitary life, keeping apart from the band and generally taking up a position on some almost inaccessible crag, where he could see approaching enemies.

The Reeds followed the trail eagerly, but it was a week or more before their opportunity came. Near sundown the big ram was seen on a distant crag, silhouetted against the glowing skies. He had already seen the hunting party and evidently was curious about the mules.

Leaving his companions, Mr. Reed began crawling on his hands and knees toward the animal, and when within 75 yards fired straight and true for the sheep's shoulder. The horns measure 17½ inches at the base.—Los Angeles Times.

HIRED HEADGEAR FOR WEDDINGS

HOW A VETERAN SILK HAT MAKER WOULD RETAIN SOME OF HIS TRADE.

In a little shop near Clement's Inn there lives a veteran hatmaker of 82 summers who hopes that the day of the top hat will come again this year, says the London (Eng.) Daily News.

Filled against the panes of the window fronting Houghton street are rows of silk hats of varying shapes and degrees of glossiness. In front two handbills, bearing the imprint of an old-time printer of Boulevard street, announce that Christopher Clarke has for sale a variety of silk hats ranging in price from 4s 6d to 10s 6d each. On a circular board hung over the door it is stated that silk hats may

be "hired for weddings and funerals."

"Trade is nothing like what it was," he confided yesterday to a member of our staff, "and orders for silk hats are not nearly so plentiful as they were when I started in the business in 1854. A good hat doesn't wear out every day, and it can be remade quite easily now."

The lending of hats, he added, is not a very important or lucrative branch of the business, and it was only adopted three or four years ago to assist in retaining some of the trade that was slipping away. One shilling per day is charged for the loan of a smart, up-to-date hat for use at a wedding or other social function.

The formation of a new political party—with the million and a half railroad employees of the country as a "nucleus"—to combat restrictive railroad legislation, both in the National Congress and in the State Legislatures, was advocated by John H. Clarke, counsel for the business center, at the annual banquet of the American Railway Engineering Association in Chicago.

Having no use for the money Washington lodge of Oddfellows of Detroit has voted an offer of \$150,000 for its 40 feet of property in the business center of the city. The lodge reserves only a part of the building for its lodge rooms, and collects sufficient rentals from the remaining portion to pay all the lodge expenses, members having paid no dues for many years.

Days of Dizziness

Come to Many London People.

There are days of dizziness, spells of drowsiness, headache, sickache, backache.

Sometimes rheumatic pain after urinary trouble.

You are plainly told that the kidneys are sick.

Booth's Kidney Pills cure all kidney ills.

Mr. Robert Temple, of 102 Waterloo street, London, Ont., says: "I have been a sufferer from kidney complaint for years, and have doctored considerably to cure the malady. Nothing that I used gave me any kind of benefit or relief until I commenced to use Booth's Kidney Pills, procured at the W. T. Stewart drug store. This remedy, before I had used three boxes, gave me much relief, the headaches and backaches were greatly lessened, the dizzy spells and weakness of the kidneys stopped, my complexion was not yellow, and I did not look haggard and weak as I had before. The sediment in kidney secretions is entirely gone. I am continuing with this medicine, and actually expect to soon be entirely free from the disease. I give all praise to Booth's Kidney Pills." Sold by all dealers. Price 50 cents. The R. T. Booth Company, Limited, Fort Erie, Ont., Sole Canadian Agents.