

# Mark Well

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ific man whose testimony had finally convicted him; Nelson, the impersonal Nelson, who had admitted on plantation of those half dozen gray hairs found in the clutching dead fingers of old man Mackenzie.

Nelson! The idea of Nelson possessed him suddenly and with strange power. Once more he weighed the half-formulated plan he had already entertained—the plan of taking the gray wig to the doctor, of telling his story, of driving home its truth upon that chill and calculating brain, of enlisting the scientist in his cause.

A forlorn hope? Maybe, Nelson, largely responsible for having sent Arthur away for life—would he, could he now afford to reverse his opinions and champion a man he had helped damn? Could scientific honesty and ethical uprightness so far overbalance the natural human pride of opinion?

Arthur's mind and body were in no condition for analysis. All that he recalled as he sat there, suffering torment on that dirty cot in the doss-house, was that the idea of Nelson, of the wig, of justification, had suddenly obsessed him once more; and that moreover, he stood in direst need of medical attention.

Enough! Arthur's decision, swiftly made, settled into firm mold with equal swiftness. Standing up, he drew his clothing on again and fixed the scuff-wearer down close over his telltale stubble of prison-cut hair.

Nobody noticed him in that sad place; none questioned and none cared. He sat down again, hauled on the beach-comber's huge sea-boots and clumped to the door. At the right Bill sat yawning over a pink sporting paper and inhaling a cigarette. A little row of butts stood on his greasy desk, upright like tenpins. He gazed at Arthur with a watery eye, scratched his bristling chin, and then resumed his study of the shapeliness and valor abundantly portrayed in the pink pages.

"Give us a slant at your telephone-book there, Jack!" demanded Arthur, simulating the speech of the gutter.

The clerk in silence shoved it over to him. He turned the pages eagerly, emotions at his heart as strange as if the giant of a new hope over the inky wastes of despair had been a ray that dazzled him.

Nell—Nell—Nelson—Nelson. Albert E. Edward F. Nelson, Harland, physician, 121A Madison avenue.

Arthur stared at the address, burning it into his memory. "Thanks!" And he shoved the book back again. The bristly clerk merely yawned.

"I'm going out a while. Got a return-check there?" asked the fugitive, keen on maintaining an illusion of belonging to the underworld.

"Nothing doing," answered he of the watery eye, sticking another butt at the end of the row. "No checks, if we had 'em maybe three or four boxes would raim sweeps in one night. You either stay in or stay out—see?"

Arthur raised a point, but to no avail. He finally had to leave without the desired check. Two minutes later, with the beach-comber's clothes upon him and Slayton's one hundred and eighty-six dollars in his pocket, he was on the street.

The storm had cleared off cold and freezing, with a promise of moonlight again through the scudding clouds. Ice coated the sidewalks and skinned the little pools between paving-stones or in gutters. Pedestrians hurried past, their breath blowing in vapor swirls.

Arthur, not yet wholly dry and suffering acute pain, shivered as the nipping air searched through the dilapidated garments of the beach-comber. He turned into Christopher street and walked rapidly toward the Sixth avenue "L," keeping a sharp eye posted for trouble.

Uncollected he reached the "L," got off at Twenty-Eighth street, and caught a cross-town car to Madison avenue. Some few persons regarded him with curiosity, for the figure of a waterman in oilskins and with a broken arm hanging in a sling of sail-cloth was no every-day sight. Yet nobody spoke to him, nor was he disturbed in any way.

He passed near two policemen, but neither one stopped him. Two detectives would have been able to "make" him in that outfit. Police, plain-clothes men, and detectives all alike were on the lookout for Arthur dressed in Slayton's clothes, the loss of which had been noted. That suit now was lying safely at the bottom of the Bay. The oilskins, sou-wester, and huge sea-boots were life-savers for the fugitive. Some few minutes later Arthur approached the physician's door.

In front of it a magnificent limousine was standing with a blaze chauffeur yawning on the seat. Arthur mounted the marble steps and rang the electric bell of a door which bore a shining plate of brass, engraved with the name:

KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

## 2 IN 1

**SHOE POLISHES LIQUIDS and PASTES**

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HARLAND NELSON, M. D. Physician and Surgeon.

A maid in cap and apron presently opened the door, surveyed this rough-and-ready figure with disapproval, and shook her head. Her voice was colder than the night wind, which was chattering Arthur's teeth, as she announced:

"The doctor's hours are from seven to nine. You can't see him to-night."

"A doctor's hours are whenever he's needed," retorted the fugitive. "I must see him!"

The maid stared at the sound of this kind of voice and expression in the mouth of a longshoreman, but stood firm.

"You can't!" "I can, and will!" He pushed past her into the hall.

"Go and tell him it's urgent!" "He's got company to-night, and—"

"He'd leave anything if he knew who was here. Go get him!" Fairly outplayed and dominated, the maid shut the outer door, peered a moment with indecision at this extraordinary visitor, then waved a hand at the curtained doorway on her right.

"Step into the office, please," bade she.

Arthur nodded in silence and clumped in over the polished hardwood floor, his big sea-boots making a formidable clatter of hobnails that argued no good for the parquetry. The maid stared at him in indignation, then turned and flounced upstairs.

This peculiar, tall, big-shouldered waterman, who kept his sou-wester on in the house, whose oilskins showed many a rip, and whose rough boots scarred the waxed floor, yet whose broad brows commanded and whose blue eyes and low-pitched voice somehow stirred her heart, surely was the most disconcerting patient ever she had ushered into that office in all the three years of her service.

Thus, piqued, angered, yet unrepentant all well pleased to serve him, she ran lightly up the broad stairway. The door had told her positively he would see no more patients that night, and had settled down to a game of chess with his friend, while his wife and the visitor's daughter had a bit of Brahms and Dvorak in the music-room. Yet the longshoreman had commanded, and she had performed. Biting her lip, she did his bidding.

Arthur, listening at the office-door with contracted brow and a poignant nervousness gaining on him moment by moment, heard the murmur of voices upstairs. He caught the tones of Nelson's dry, cold speech, well-remembered from the trial when the doctor had so dispassionately, so impersonally blighted his prospects and sealed his fate. And at that sound again his unjured hand clenched hard, his face grew harsh, and into his blue eyes a glint of steel seemed to flash and quiver.

The maid's pitty-pat of footsteps, descending, made him draw back into the clear-lit, immaculate, and splendidly equipped office—the office of one of New York's most eminent and successful practitioners. A bit embarrassed, the girl announced:

"He'll see you in a few minutes," and—having cast an appraising glance at the patient—disappeared.

Left to his own devices, Arthur took stock of the place, listened to some vagrant chords of music that floated down from the upper regions, picked up a copy of the *Lancet* and tried to read, but by ill-luck opened at an article on "The Role of the Specialist in Criminal Jurisprudence" and hastily felt in his pocket for the hundredth time to assure himself he still had that all-precious wig; then stood up and paced the floor, trying to keep a grip on badly frayed nerves that now were struggling to get away from him.

He no longer seemed to feel much pain in his scalp-wound or in his broken arm. The intensity of his emotions, now that he stood at last on the very threshold of defeat or victory, obliterated physical anguish.

This thing he was about to do was freighted with most tremendous consequences. It meant life or death to him—no less. He an escaped convict now accused of still another murder, was about to present himself to a medical assistant closely connected with all the powers of the law—the very man who had been instrumental in convicting him.

Could it be possible that he was to tell now hung everything. If that story failed to carry, death stared him in the face. Could wig as corroborative evidence—a wig that might have been bought in any one of a hundred shops—batter down the mountains of proof against him? Could it clear his name and restore to him, so far as ever now could be restored, his good name and his chance to live?

Impossible, it seemed. Something whispered to the fugitive: "Away, away, before it is too late!"

Out of this house, and save yourself! You may yet escape by flight. Remaining, you are lost!"

Arthur stopped in his pacing, faced the door and took one step toward it. His face had gone paler than ever. As if a chill he shivered. Life or death—which was it to be? On this cast of the coin of Fate he might win all or lose all.

Flight meant that he never could be justified. It meant an admission of blood-guiltiness. Remaining, telling his story and trusting to the facts pre-supposed their truth. It might win for him. Yet the chance was desperate. Racked by terrible emotions, Arthur stood undecided, with a heart that beat so thick and fast its drumming choked the breath in his throat.

Then suddenly he decided: Flight! He could not face the issue. His story was too frail, the only bit of evidence in his favor too tenuous to warrant gambling his life upon it. In a court-room again any tenth-rate attorney could riddle it and fling it

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to derision. And on this had he pinned his faith?

A sudden revulsion of feeling swept over him. A branded fugitive he had been, was and still must be. Safety for him could mean nothing; but the safety of the hidden and the fleeing. To stand, to turn, to fight meant annihilation.

Fully decided now, he tiptoed toward the office-door as quietly as his big boots would let him. Now he was almost there. A moment more and he would be in the hall, through it, out of the door and away.

But he did not enter the hall. Instead, with a look of wonder, astonishment, and incredulity on his wan face, he grasped the jamb of the door with his left hand and stood there listening at the crack in the portiere.

People were coming down the stairs. He heard them distinctly. Their footfalls sounded plainly on the hardwood steps. And their voices, too, were clearly audible.

One voice in particular it was that had thus transfixed him; that had paralyzed his muscles and inhibited his flight. A voice he would have known anywhere in this world, at any time, in any anguish.

It was the voice of a woman.

It was the voice of End Chamberlain.

(To be continued.)

## Asthma Cured To Stay Cured!

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One of the finest discoveries in medicine was given to the public when Catarrhazone was placed on the market about fifteen years ago. Since then thousands have been cured of asthma and catarrh. An interesting case is reported from Calgary in a letter from Creighton E. Thompson, who says:

"Nothing too strong can be said for Catarrhazone. I suffered four years from asthma in a way that would beggar description. I went through everything that man could suffer. I was told of Catarrhazone by a clerk in Findlay's drug store, and purchased a dollar package. It was worth hundreds to me in a week, and I place a priceless value on the benefit I have since derived. I strongly urge every sufferer to use Catarrhazone for Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh."

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# THE ALIBI

—BY—

## Geo. Allan England

Author of "Darkness and Dawn," "Beyond the Great Oblivion," "The Empire in the Air," "The Golden Blight," "The After-Glow," "The Crime-Detector," etc.

Not yet had he done murder. With her to uplift and strengthen him he could not do it now. So long as End's blessed memory should abide with him, hunted though he was and hounded through the rat-pits and sewers of the underworld, he could not kill.

His heart rose surging up to her in love and gratitude supreme. "De profundis!" he murmured fervently, and again in long weeks of anguish he felt the burning solace of teardrops starting in his eyes.

CHAPTER XXXII. "Till the rope, there, Bill!"

Bill, clerk of the doss-house, upstairs over the prison, being thus injured by a human wreck slouched far down in a broken-seated chair beside the pot-bellied stove, rattled the cord that drew back the lock of the wire-grated door. Doss-house doors must always be kept locked from the outside. Otherwise the fifteen-centers would inevitably prawl in and sleep gratis.

Bill surveyed Arthur, who returned the observation. The clerk seemed constitutionally in need of a shave and congenitally hard of heart. No



# Old Dutch Cleanser

—is great for cleaning plain or painted wooden floors, oil-cloth or linoleum. It is better and more economical than soap or any other material for cleaning everything throughout the house.



appeals unbacked by cash could conceivably procure free sleep from him. He moved a shirt-sleeved, notably unclean, and jerked his thumb toward the inner regions.

Arthur was free to enter the pearly palace of slumber. The ticket in his hand—the ticket that the wretch in the chair had noted, even as he had observed Arthur's obvious lack of familiarity with the customs of doss-houses—entitled him to go through. He accordingly passed from the outer region of bare benches and tables with ragged old newspapers on them, the region adorned with recruiting posters and many indubitable proofs of the tobacco habit, to the inner region of tiered-up rows of cots, whitewashed walls, and numerous signs prohibiting everything in general.

Appallingly foul the air was. The filthy bunks in superimposed tiers repelled the newcomer. Four or five down-and-outers had already crawled into their bunks. These were probably men who the night before had "carried the banner" and who now by look or croak, having got hold of the coveted "pad-money"—more precious far than coin for cots—had with the drawing on of night gone to their slumbers at the first possible moment after the opening of the doss. Heaven knew—perhaps—when some of them might sleep under a roof again!

Only with the greatest repugnance could Arthur force himself to choose a bunk in this iniquitous den; but his throbbing head and swollen arm, joined to a vast weariness of flesh and spirit, forced him to lie down among these outcasts. He chose a flop in the very farthest corner where the light was dim. Shucking only his boots and outer clothing, which he warily rolled all up together and used as a pillow, thus safeguarding himself against disadvantageous exchanges of apparel, he sought repose. Over his clipped head the sou-wester still extended its protection.

For a few minutes physical pain and mental anguish kept the fugitive awake, but gradually exhaustion claimed its due; his ideas and sensations grew vague and uncertain, and he slept.

He awoke suddenly, not understanding where he was, sat up on the bunk, and blinked around him. The place was full of unfortunates, most of them scolding and grumbling dolefully. So thick and heavy had the air become in that tight-closed pit of social misery that the one or two incandescents burning there seemed dimmed thereby. The clock on the farther wall marked nine-twelve. Arthur had slept four hours like one dead.

With returning plenitude of consciousness he found that an intense pain in his arm had wakened him, despite the splints and wrappings, it had continued to swell. The bone had been broken some twenty hours before. Exposure, hardship, rain, lack of proper care had all wrought havoc with it. Arthur realized as he sat there on the edge of the bunk, feeling of the arm and peering at it by the vague light, that serious developments were forward.

"I'm liable to lose this," he muttered. "If I don't do something for it, and do it quick!"

Inwardly he cursed the luck which, playing him as a cat plays a mouse, had let him escape only with this injury, which might yet drag him down to capture and to death. Were any investigation of his hurt made, it must inevitably lead to exposure. He dared not ask for help, yet help he must have. The impasse loomed up appallingly before him.

All at once out from the back of his subconsciousness the image of Dr. Harland Nelson rose and stood before him—Nelson, the cold, calm, scien-