## THE MYSTERY OF GRASLOV

crowd, Denton turned suddenly.

dastardly Neslerov had feigned. He

Denton as he drew his revolver. "Let

me see if we can't settle you once for

While it might be that not one of the

villagers sympathized with Neslerov,

yet his act was not a crime to them.

With their sordid understanding of women having no rights, no freedom,

place looked upon the eagerness of

One of them, realizing that the gov-

a knife through the fleshy part of his

And now began a duct.

dra to go unprepared for enemies, hu-

And now began a duel the like of

The blood from the wound in Den-

the bruises on the governor's face grew

death would be preferable.

ferred their company to boors. They

Denton and Neslerov kept fighting

on, the villagers too much aghast to

Neslerov felt his right arm getting weaker. Denton's knife had slashed

through the sleeve of his coat and found the bone near the elbow. An ar-

tery must have been cut, for the blood

was thrown from the end of the sleeve.

Made desperate, he gathered all his

strength for a final effort and sprang

. Denton, seeing an opportunity and knowing that nothing but a deathblow

seemed likely to end the fight, met the

plunge and drove his knife into Nesle-

With another curse, a spluttering of

to say. Here, you!"

The old priest came mumbling to-

the rest. Get some water, bathe these wounds, take a few stitches in the long

cuts and bandage him up."
"Yes, little father," sald the priest,

He strode to the bank of the stream.

over which he had but a few months

before built a bridge, and bathed his

wounds. Then he went into the hut

trembling. "But what of you?"
"I can take care of myself."

"You know more about surgery than

step between or utter a word.

bodily upon his foe.

rov's side.

ward him.

parted then and had not met till now.

man and otherwise.

again.

The pistol fell to the earth near that

a girl as natural.

At the cry, which was echoed in the

"Please do not," cried Frances. "He has stolen me from my father! He is a cruel monster! I cannot marry him!"
"He is his excellency, the governor,"
"Oh, you are an assassin, ch?" said muttered the old man. "We must

Neslerov seized her by the wrist and swung her toward the priest. The villagers crowded round, awestruck at the great name they had heard. They well ew the governor. Many of them had felt the knout at his command.
"It must be done," again muttered the priest.

'No. no!" cried Frances, trying to Wiench away from Neslerov

A boy slid quietly away from the crowd and ran. "Stand there, curse you!" said Nesle-

roy, grasping Frances by the hair. The pain of his rude hand on her lovely hair made Frances cry out in terror, pain and shame. "Fil kill you if you arm. move again!"

of Neslerov and two villagers picked them up and hid them. There was the sound of a quick and stealthy tread. There was a swish in Like a flash Neslerov was upon his unarmed foe, and his knife was raised the air. There was a gasp, a murmur from the crowd, which fell back in to strike, but Denton, with a quicker consternation.

A heavy Russian riding whip swung through the air in an arc and, descending, cut the skin across the face of Neslerov.

"Curse you!" said a hearty American "I'll have your life for this!" "Jack! Oh, Jack!" cried Frances, and then, the last vestige of her strength deserting her, she fell unconscious into Jack Denton's outstretched

CHAPTER VII.

A DUEL.

ESLEROV recoiled, and the writhing of his face in pain and fury, together with the long red cut made by the whip, gave him the expression of a de-

"You! You!" he gasped. "Yes, I!" said Denton. "Fortunately, I arrived in time to foil this dastardly attempt of yours to take advantage of a defenseless girl. I have been riding along the railway from stream to stream examining the bridges. I reach ed this place on my horse a moment movement, drew a knife from his belt. ago. A boy saw me coming and hur. He had ridden too often over the tunried to tell me what was going on. I had no idea I should find a friend in need of help. But, thank God, I was in time.'

"You will never leave this place alive!" said Neslerov. He plucked a revolver from his pock-

et and aimed at Denton.

A woman standing near held out her ton's arm was flung over the face and hands and caught the form of Frances clothing of Neslerov, while that from and bore it into her house. Denton, with flashing eyes, leaped forward and thick and dark, making him truly hideclosed with Neslerov. "It is a battle to the death between

With a grasp as of iron Deaton seiz-The pistol fell from the grasp of Negiants!" cried a man in the crowd. sleroy, and the whip before wielded or got it away and cut to the bone half the length of Denton's finger. by Denton dropped to the ground. But the American scarcely felt the wound. He was not fighting now for

The iron fingers of Denton would close on the throat of Neslerov, and it life, nor for vengeance. He was fighting for that girl who lay in the hut. seemed as though the struggle would end that moment, but Neslerov would wrench himself free and leap at his He knew that if Neslerov killed him enemy with a curse and growl. and was not killed himself, her life "It is you or I! One of us must die!" would be made such a hell in the power of this monster of brutality that

A swinging, crashing blow from the American's right hand sent the gov-ernor to the ground, where he lay as if

"Take care of him, somebody," said

Denton in Russian. "I don't want to He turned without a look at the fall en man and started toward the hut into which Prances had been carried.

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to see Frances, as if nothing had hap-

RANCES lay on a rude bed, searcely conscious, and reton stood a moment looking down solemnly upon the lovely upturned face. He bent over her, touched her brow and felt her pulse. All sense of his own injuries seemed to eave him as he saw her need of immediate care.

0 0

0 0

Frances felt his touch and looked up at him with about the same expression she might have worn had he been a stern and high priced specialist called

n to make an examination.
"You are merely knocked out by the shock," He said, with assumed indiffer-ence. "You will probably be all right is soon as we get to Tomsk.

"Yes, if I could get there," she whis-"My father will be anxious." "We must relieve his anxiety as soon ssible. You must not worry

"What will you do? And Neslerov?" "Never mind Neslerov now. You've got to be braced up a little. I wish I had some wine. "There was some in the car," she answered. "Neslerov had it. He tried to

no liberties save what their lords and masters gave them, the men of this make me drink, but I would not." Denton went to the car, still on the nain track, and brought from it the re-Neslerov to be married to so beautiful mains of the bottle of wine Neslerov had opened. This he took with him to the hut and offered some to Frances ernor's safety was necessary to their own, sprang upon Denton and drove "I don't want it. I refused it before,"

"Oh, don't you want it?" he asked ironically. "I suppose in your keen and subtle mind there is no distinction between a glass of wine offered by Nesleov when you were his prisoner and by when you are ill."

"I did not mean that," she said meek-She reached out her hand, took the cup-and drained it.

"Now, then," said Deaton, coolly seating himself on a stool near her bed, "tell me this whole miserable business from the beginning. "I haven't thanked you yet, Jack,"

she said, with a return of color. "Never mind thanking me, I did merely what any other American would have done, and, seeing you in langer, it would not have been manly, indeed, to stand off. I accept your hanks, but let's get to the business How did you happen to be here-with

There was a meeting about the new railway." "Yes, I know. That was what took

"We were in Moscow," she said.

Neslerov there." "He had an interview with papa while in Moscow-he"-

"Why do you hesitate? It is not a new experience to have a man want to marry you, is it? You gave him the usual answer, I suppose."

"Oh, Jack! There was but one answer papa could give him. I do not like the prince, and papa knows I will never marry a man I do not love." "Everybody knows that-who knows

you," said Denton soberly. which the banks of the Irtish or its "He told him about you-and about branches will probably never see Vladimir-and the prince got angry." "About Vladimir! Who is he?"

"Vladimir Paulpoff, an ironworker, new sent"-"Never mind, we will get to that

afterward. You started for the Obi. where Gordon is to take a house in Vashlov." "No, not yet. I must tell you about Vladimir-poor fellow! I met him in the railway was being put through

Perm. Papa and I went there. He is marvelous man, Jack. You would blok as much of him as I do if you knew him. He is so handsome and strong. He is"-

"Do you mean young Paulpoff, the blacksmith of Perm?" "Yes, Jack. Do you know him?"

"I've had him turn out some iron for mall bridges. Well?" "He is so intelligent, and was so

A year ago she had told him she did anxious to learn, to improve, I helped him. I used to send him books, panot and never could love him. It had been a quarrel. She didn't want to get pers, magazines, scientific works-any married, and he asked her if his rough thing I could get hold of that would exterior, the result of years of hard work him. He studied hard, poor felin rude and dangerous places, was dislow! He grew to-I think he loved me agreeable to her. He said there were fine gentlemen at Paris, New York, -he" London and St. Petersburg. She had answered that she knew it. She pre-

"Of course you returned his affection. You've done it so-I mean it came quite easy."

Tears glistened in her eyes, and she turned away her head. She had quarreled with this man and had said she would never marry him, and their friendship had been almost cut asunder. But he had saved her from Nesleroy. Now he was chiding her. "One could not know Vladimir with-

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Mrs. P. Brown, 19
Oneen St. St. Thomas. blood and a groan the governor of Tomsk sank to the ground at the foot of his adversary unconscious.

"Take care of him, you fellows; no need to let him die," said Denton, examining the wound. "His lung is not touched. Nothing fatal here, I am glad

Miss. P. Brown, 19
Queen St., St. Thomas,
Ont., and whose husband
is a shoemaker, states:

"I suffered a lot with
nervous, sick headache,
my digestion was not
good, and my nervous
system generally was
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to see why I should be put through this

atechism by you."
"You needn't be if you don't want to," he answered coldly. "This is a nice, quiet village. Neslerov is lying not far away, somewhat cut up now, but he will get over that. I could go on my way and leave you if my ones there must be an explanation to this affair, and I'd like to know what it is to be. It is no trifling matter to cut the governor of a Russian province to

"Have you been fighting " she asked quickly.
"No," he replied, with a tinge of sar-

casm. "Nyslerov and I indulged in a few pleasautries. He doesn't feel as gay over them as I do; that's all." "Oh, I see Your hand is bandaged—I never noticed it. Oh, Jack, forgive me!'

'We were following a course of inquiry," he said, putting the bandaged hand behind him. "This Vladimiryou met-there was an attachment-so far, so good. Now, how did that lead to this affair?"

"I wanted to see Vladimir and went by train from Moscow to Perm. I found a drosky at the station and was driven to the shops. Shops, house—all were deserted. I found Neslerov there taking it away. It was a beautiful picbeautiful face. I asked the

hearted fellow! For what?" "Conspiring with others to kill the ezar. We were alone; the drosky drivme. I fought him; I shot him."
"You shot Neslerov?"

"Yes, I shot him. I would again. I Siberia. We soon after started for the fire of wood. Obi and stopped at Perm. We saw the he would help him."

"He might as well have said that if he discovered the moon was cheese he'd give it to you for lunch. Things like that are rarely corrected in Russia."

"When we left Perm, Neslerov was on the train. Of course, as papa did not know anything about the shooting in the house of the Paulpoffs he greeted Neslerov as a friend. Everything went well till we had crossed the border and come into Neslerov's own province. At this place—I had been sleep-haste. ing-I woke up. The car had become detached from the train. I was alone with Neslerov. He took my revolver from me and dragged me here and ordered the priest to marry us. Then

"Yes, I think I came just in time," said Denton

Then a stern look came again upon

"Frances," he said, "I do not know, of course, how this matter will end. If Yeslerov wishes, he can destroy me. If he finds it advisable to keep silent, then I may find a way to assist this Vladimir. I think we shall soon be on the way to the Obi."

With these words he left the hut and WATER PIPING was met at the door by an angry,

threatening mob of villagers. "There he is?" growled an old man, evidently the leader. "He tried to kill his excellency. Kill him!"

governor's command. He put the iron road, the bridge, the devil wagons, Part of through our country. The czar does not wish it, and we must avenge the wrong. Kill him!"

CHAPTER IX. DENTON TURNS LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER. ENTON presented an unruffled front.

"Take me to the governor," he said. "The governor is resting," growled a fellow whose face was a mass of greasy hair. "You will kill him."

"Nonsense! Take me to the governor. If you kill me he will die

"Why is that, builder of bridges? Is there a god who avenges the death of

"It will need no god to do that now. The case is simply that Neslerov needs better care than you can give him. He is badly injured. It is necessary that he shall be taken to Tomsk at once. I can start within the hour. There will not be another train to the Obl in four days. Do you desire to keep your preclous governor here and have him die on your hands?"

'No. Let us see what the governor has to say." It was a solemn crowd that marched in two columns, with Denton between,

to the hut of the village priest, where Neslerov lay. "Why do you bring him here?" asked the priest. "Heard you not what his

excellency said?". "Hold your peace. Wait till you hear them speak together." was the reply.

Neslerov looked up at his conqueror.

and an expression of hatred came into

his eyes. Denton made no show of sentiment or compassion. "I understand you commanded these

villagers to kill me," he said, standing at the side of the bed and looking cold ly and sternly at his victim. "I just wanted to say before they kill me which they certainly will do if you insist—that in that case you would probably die here for lack of proper care." "You cannot help me - you would not," answered Neslerov.

"That is for you to say. I am not a murderer. I had no desire to kill you. You attacked me, and I defended myself. I am going back to Tomsk, prowided your savage villagers don't kill me, and I merely came to ask if you would be pleased to go."

in."

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But how? There is no train the an

"I will take you to Tomsk if you promise never again to molest Mr. Gordon or his daughter." "I promise," said Neslerov. "I will order the villagers to permit you to

Denton then went to the car and exwere deserted. I found Neslerov there amined it. He discovered where a with a painting under his arm. He was flaw in the iron had weakened the

He was followed at a short distance prince where Vladimir was. He said by several young men, among whom that all the Paulpoffs—father, mother was the boy who had run to tell him and Vladimir-had been sent to Sibe- that a woman was being roughly handled by Neslerov, and who had "Sent to Siberia! That big simple taken his horse to shelter. He ordered the boy to bring the horse. Mounting, he was soon out of sight. He did not go far, however. He rode along the er went out, and Neslerov tried to kiss track until he reached a siding a short distance from the bridge, where there was an old construction engine.

Denton examined the old hulk. It then returned to Moscow, but did not was fit only for drawing one or two tell my father anything about the mat- cars. Denton carried water from the ter, save that Vladimir was sent to river and filled the boiler and built a Soon after the villagers were sur-

governor, and he promised that if he prised to see a wheezy, rickety old endiscovered that Vladimir was innocent gine coming slowly, with a prodigious poise, into view. Denton's horse had no difficulty in keeping up with it. The old engine was coupled to the car, and then Denton went for

> "The train is ready," he said. "The train! What train?"

"The train that is to carry you to the Obi, where you will join your father." "But there is no train!" "There is a train, and as the steam

is up and the track clear I suggest Your father is probably anx lous. She went with him. At the sight of

the engine she understood. "You are a wonderful-you are doing this for me!" she said. "Yes, but Neslerov will be a passen-

ger.' "Engineer, conductor, guard-all?" He took her to the car and made he comfortable.

To be Continued.

AND SEWERAGE. The undersigned wishes to inform the public that he is prepared to do work of "Kill him!" said another. "It is the this kind in a thorough and workmanlike

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La Montt-Who is that old fellow that is always hunting for you to buy him a drink.

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