

The Semi-Weekly Telegraph

VOL. XLIV

ST JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1903.

NO 7

AMERICAN BANKERS FAVOR SUBSIDIES FOR MERCHANT MARINE

Strong Resolutions Passed at Annual Meeting Calling on Congress and the Senate to Pass Such a Measure as Will Revive Their Carrying Trade on the Seas.

Washington, Oct. 12.—The American Association of Bankers today put itself squarely on record as favoring government subsidies for the upbuilding of the American merchant marine...

EDMUNDSTON MAY GET ITS TRAIN

Conference Between Petitioners and Supt. Wm. Downie Held Thursday.

INDICATIONS OF AN ARRANGEMENT

General Manager McNicol Did Not Ignore Petition Sent Him, But It Went Along Usual Course, and There Were Some Misunderstandings.

Edmundston, N. B., Oct. 12.—(Special)—A conference was held here this evening between Mayor Burpee and a number of leading citizens and Wm. Downie, the general superintendent of the Atlantic division of the C. P. R., and as a result Mr. Downie has promised to use his efforts to meet the wishes of the people here and to carry out an arrangement of train service for the winter season...

NEWFOUNDLAND STRIKES AGAIN

American Fishermen Ordered to Stop Fishing for Herring

CHARGE CRIME TO ONE

Three of the Prisoners Declare That Henry Scott Shot and Killed the Five Victims and Threw Their Bodies Overboard, But Their Story is Denied by the Man.

Wilmington, N. C., Oct. 12.—Her decks and cabins spotted with blood from the fearful butchery following the mutiny aboard early today morning off the North Carolina coast, the four-masted schooner, Harry A. Burdick, of Philadelphia, was towed into the harbor today by Wilmington tugs. On board were the prize crew of the New York schooner Blanche H. King, who are charged with mutiny against the three negroes shackled and brought to the Cape Fear quarantine station on Wednesday, charged with mutiny and murder.

NECESSARY THAT THE TEACHER SHOULD MAKE STUDY OF HIS PUPILS

Dr. Stetson of Maine Delivers an Able Address Before the Teachers' Institute Here--The Different Stages in Child Life--Mayor White Welcomes the Visiting School Instructors.

At Thursday night's public session of the Teachers' Institute in the High School W. S. Carter, school inspector, presided, and owing to the disagreeable weather, the audience was not particularly large. There were speeches by Mayor White, Dr. W. W. Stetson, chief superintendent of education for the State of Maine, Mrs. H. H. Pickett, and Rev. Dr. W. O. Raymond.

WOODSTOCK MOURNS FOR LEWIS P. FISHER

Funeral Thursday Attended by All Classes of Citizens, and Business Was Suspended.

Woodstock, N. B., Oct. 12.—(Special)—The funeral of the late Lewis P. Fisher, K. C., was held from his residence this afternoon. At 2.30 friends began to gather at the house and all passed to the room containing the body anxious to have a last look at the one they loved so well.

MONCTON'S OLDEST RESIDENT DEAD

Mrs. Sarah B. Wood Passed Away Thursday Almost 100 Years Old--Formerly Lived in St. John.

Moncton, Oct. 12.—(Special)—Moncton's oldest resident passed away this evening in the person of Mrs. Sarah B. Wood, widow of John Wood, of St. John. Mrs. Wood lived until the second of next month she would have been 100 years old.

REPUBLICANS OF NEW YORK FIND A MAN TO RUN FOR MAYOR

New York, Oct. 12.—Wm. Mills Irvine, who acted as counsel for the Fasset legislative committee in 1892 and was a city member under Mayors Hewitt and Grace, today became the Republican candidate for mayor of New York city when he accepted the nomination made by a committee appointed to fill vacancies in the nomination of that convention.

TWELVE SUSPICIOUS FIRES IN BROOKLYN

All Occurred Within a Few Hours, and in Every Case Were Tenement Houses.

New York, Oct. 12.—Twelve fires, declared to be incendiary in origin, and occurring in a few hours of each other, today set the tenement dwellers of a part of Brooklyn in a state of panic and called out a large force of police and detectives in an effort to capture the alleged incendiary.

SANDFORD'S YACHT BACK FROM HOLY LAND

Portland, Me., Oct. 12.—The Coronet, Rev. W. Frank Sandford's yacht, arrived here today from a cruise to the Holy Land. The vessel left here last June.

WHAT ST. JOHN HOTEL IS FOOLING THE PUBLIC?

Customs Inspector Jones Says It Has Been Selling Canadian Cigars as "Underground," and it May Cost \$200 Fine.

Digby, N. S., Oct. 12.—(Special)—A St. John hotel has been selling what they claim to be smuggled cigars. Customs officials heard it and acting under instruction of Customs Inspector Jones, made an investigation. The cigars proved to be Canadian ones and were being sold as "underground" to create a demand. This, however, is in violation of section 212 of the customs act with a penalty of \$200.

WINTRY WEATHER IN THE UNITED STATES

Altoona, Pa., Oct. 12.—An inch of snow fell last night at Cresson and other towns on the Allegheny Mountains near Altoona and today there was a slight fall here.

STORY OF DIAMONDS FOUND IN ALGOMA CAUSES STAMPEDE

Rault St. Marie, Ont., Oct. 12.—(Special)—It is claimed that the discovery of diamonds and rubies here has caused a stampede of prospectors to the town.

AYLESWORTH TAKES OFFICE MONDAY

Will Be Sworn in Postmaster General in Mulock's Place--Writ for North York Issued at Once.

Ottawa, Oct. 12.—(Special)—A. H. Aylesworth, K. C., will be sworn in Monday as postmaster general in the place of Wm. Mulock, who will be sworn in as a member of the privy council and appointed postmaster general.

RAISE IN ARCANUM RATES WORRIED WOMAN AND SHE WENT LED HERSELF

Proscott, Ont., Oct. 12.—(Special)—Worried over the fact that her husband had to drop his business because of the increased rates, the wife of Wm. Gladstone, a blacksmith, of Donville, four miles from here, committed suicide by cutting her throat.

SHOT BIG MOOSE NEAR POINT WOLF

Penobscot, Oct. 12.—Moose appear to be unusually plentiful this year. Charlie Kelly shot a fine bull at the head of Point Wolf stream and today sent the head to Carleton Place, Ont., to be mounted. The spread is fifty-four inches and the shape is very fine.

GOW GOT THREE MONTHS FOR KILLING ONTARIO CHILD

Portlano, Ont., Oct. 12.—(Special)—Charles Gow, who shot and killed the 11-year-old son of Robert Hill, the Dumfries township farmer, was today sentenced to three months imprisonment.

BOSTON DOCTOR WANTED IN SUIT CASE MYSTERY FOUND AND PROVES AN ALIBI

New York, Oct. 12.—It became known today that a Boston physician who was subpoenaed by the police of that city to show something about the suit case mystery, was visited recently by detectives at the Hotel Bristol in New York.

Lower Coverdale Barn Burned

Moncton, Oct. 12.—(Special)—A large barn situated on Bridge street and belonging to Mrs. Wallace Steeves, Lower Coverdale, was burned between ten and eleven o'clock. The barn contained about twenty tons of hay and the loss will be \$700 or \$800. It is said there is no insurance.

Another Victim of the Auto.

Middleton, Conn., Oct. 12.—Mrs. Walter G. Gove, of Hartford, who was injured in an automobile accident at a railroad crossing in C. Hill, last Saturday evening, died at the afternoon at the Middlesex hospital.

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A GREAT MEETING
A meeting marked by noble emotion was that in the business world of the Edmundston district to patronize the I. C. R. and Temiscouata only. The Telegraph learns that a representative of the C. P. R. went to Edmundston yesterday, apparently upon a personal examination of the situation. This may result in a satisfactory arrangement of the difficulty. Unless it does the people of the district, who are thoroughly aroused, will push their complaint in every quarter where influence can be brought to bear upon the railroad.

MRS. CAMPBELL PROTESTS
At Action of Presbyterian Synod and Refuses to Receive Alms.
(Special Recorder).
Editor Daily Telegraph:
Sir—I notice that the synod at its recent meeting in Sydney has particularly placed me on the list of those asking alms. I have no objection to receiving alms, but I do not desire to be placed on the list of those asking alms. I have no objection to receiving alms, but I do not desire to be placed on the list of those asking alms.

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That flurry of snow in Manitoba the other day will have gone to blizzard proportions by the time the news of it gets to England, so willingly do some writers seek to maintain in Britain and in Europe the false impression that Canada is almost uninhabitable during seven or eight months of the year. Mr. R. F. Stupart, director of the Dominion Meteorological Service at Toronto, has just returned from Austria, whether he went on official business. He visited several countries of Europe and spent some time in London.

MAKING SOCIALISTS
The amazing conditions revealed by the New York insurance investigation invest with considerable importance the striking editorials in yesterday's New York Sun and Evening Post which are reviewed in our special despatches this morning. The Sun bluntly charges that Odell and Harrison, wishing to "hold up" Thomas F. Ryan, who is a member of the Executive Committee of the National Association of Manufacturers, have secured a legislative inquiry into insurance conditions, believing all the time that they could prevent any such inquiry as might be really dangerous or disturbing to their own interests. Ryan, the Sun asserts, would not be "held up" and Governor Higgins, defying the Odell machine, has permitted an investigation of the most thorough sort, one of the results of which is to uncover the corruption of the Albany ring of which Odell has been the directing force. A tardy attempt to sidetrack Hughes, the investigating committee's counsel, by nominating him for mayor, having failed through his refusal to be named, leaves the graters face to face with a situation beyond their control and becoming more dangerous day by day.

NELSON AND TOGO
The British committee having in charge the Nelson centenary celebration are reminding the public that one of the features of the meeting in Royal Albert Hall, London, on Oct. 21, will be the presentation to Admiral Togo, through the Japanese ambassador, of a bust of Nelson, mounted on a pedestal of "Victory" oak. "No doubt," the committee-men observe, "this precious memento will ultimately find its place in Japan's chief national school."

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land expects that every man will do his duty, would naturally be the penetrating and inspiring thought. But the heavy, though such a mighty leader of men, ever showed the greatest kindness to his youthful midshipmen, and self-sacrificing helpfulness to the weaker scholars might in some cases be specially considered.

EDMUNDSTON IN ARMS
Anybody who has thought of Edmundston as a town likely to endure without protest anything that it views as a substantial grievance will change his opinion upon reading The Telegraph's report of a public meeting held there on Tuesday night last. The business men of Edmundston and that section of country generally complain that the Canadian Pacific Railway has cut off a train that was important to the business world, and has substituted a mixed freight and mail train that comes and goes at inconvenient hours, is intolerably slow, and generally threatens the progress of a region the railroad is supposed to serve.

THE LATE CANON ROBERTS
Death has made extensive gaps late in the ranks of New Brunswick's foremost men. The removal of Canon Roberts is a cause for general mourning. A man of power in the church and a leader in the literary life of his city and province, the reverend gentleman held a high place in an extensive circle of people who know his worth as a pious and good man. He was the father of a family of remarkable literary ability, whose inherited talent developed rapidly in the atmosphere of the Roberts home.

NOTE AND COMMENT
There are no more "Hardshell" or Free Will Baptists.
When the distinguished Mr. Crowe was taken to Omaha by the police, thousands of his fellow townsmen cheered him. Evidently Mr. Crowe's enterprise are heartily endorsed by those who know him and who have heard about Mr. Rockefeller. But the hard-hearted authorities find it necessary to discourage the kidnapper. Success in Mr. Crowe's line breeds too many imitators in the United States.

NEW COMPANIES INCORPORATED
Robert Maxwell, M. P. P., One of the New Owners of the Gleaner
OTHER CHARTERS
York Theatre Company and Power Company of Hampton—Some Minor Government Appointments—C. P. R. Conductors Change Trains—Other News of Fredericton.

FREDERICTON, Oct. 11—(Special)—The following provincial appointments are gazetted:
York—John Valentine Magee, of Fredericton, to be notary public.
Kings—Alexander Somerville, M. D., to be coroner.
Carleton—Edward L. Clarke, to be justice of the peace.

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money—the price but big enough—will buy anything in sight, including human life and honor, must result in adding many thousands of recruits to the Socialist army. The volume and discontent is already great. It is finding daring leaders who do not lack cunning and power. A large section of the American newspaper press is already committed to the most radical measures, and its daily report of the follies and crimes of those who have more wealth than brains or honesty or public spirit tends mightily to encourage the unrest of the masses in the great cities and align them under one banner.

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NELSON AND TOGO
The British committee having in charge the Nelson centenary celebration are reminding the public that one of the features of the meeting in Royal Albert Hall, London, on Oct. 21, will be the presentation to Admiral Togo, through the Japanese ambassador, of a bust of Nelson, mounted on a pedestal of "Victory" oak. "No doubt," the committee-men observe, "this precious memento will ultimately find its place in Japan's chief national school."

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH
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B. W. MCGOWAN, Editor.
S. J. MCGOWAN, Bus. Mgr.

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Semi-Weekly Telegraph
ST. JOHN N. B., OCTOBER 14, 1905

OPEN TILL 11 O'CLOCK TONIGHT

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Big Clothing Sale

Getting Bigger Each Day

This is the most important sale we've ever had. Our added store gives us more room for bigger stock, then there are bigger bargains and bigger sales. Last Saturday's prices hold good and we're adding many new lines today.

Think of Men's \$10.00 Suits for 5.00; and \$10.00 and \$12.00 Raincoats for \$7.50; and \$10.00 Fall Overcoats for \$7.50; Men's \$25 to \$35.00 Pants for 98c, \$1.49 and \$1.98; Fancy Shirts, regular 50c to 1.25 for 44c, and 60c; Boys' 3 Piece Suits, regular \$3.00 to \$5.50 for \$1.98, 2.49 and \$2.98; Boys' 2 Piece Suits, regular \$1.75 to \$2.49 for 98c, \$1.49, \$1.98 and \$2.49. Other lines accordingly.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE SALE TODAY

J. N. HARVEY,

Mens' and Boys' Clothier,
199 and 207 UNION STREET.

NEW COMPANIES INCORPORATED

Robert Maxwell, M. P. P., One of the New Owners of the Gleaner

OTHER CHARTERS
York Theatre Company and Power Company of Hampton—Some Minor Government Appointments—C. P. R. Conductors Change Trains—Other News of Fredericton.

FREDERICTON, Oct. 11—(Special)—The following provincial appointments are gazetted:
York—John Valentine Magee, of Fredericton, to be notary public.
Kings—Alexander Somerville, M. D., to be coroner.
Carleton—Edward L. Clarke, to be justice of the peace.

FREDERICTON, Oct. 11—(Special)—The death occurred at his home here at five thirty this morning of Rev. George Goodridge Roberts, rector of Fredericton and canon of Christ Church Cathedral.

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ELITE ENAMELED WARE

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We have just received
Preserving Kettles
Saucepans
Tea Pots, Coffee Pots, Rice Boilers, Etc.

We are showing a large range of Kitchen Cooking Utensils. Best Silk Boiling Cloth.

W. H. THORNE & CO., Ltd., Market Square, St. John, N. B.

CANON ROBERTS HAS PASSED AWAY

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FOR DOUBT

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A story of a novel type, stirring, fascinating; the most striking success in recent fiction.

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CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued.)

"Indeed? I should like to know how you propose to do that?"

"I shall prove it at once. You were under the impression that you possessed the only copy of the 'Crimson Blind' in existence. When you lost yours and a copy of the picture was found in my possession, you were perfectly justified in believing that I was the thief."

"I did take that extreme view of the matter," Litterer said, dryly.

"Under the circumstances I should have done the same thing. But you were absolutely wrong, because there were two copies of the picture. Yours was stolen by an enemy of mine who for the most urgent reasons for discrediting me in your eyes, and the other was concealed amongst my belongings. It was no loss to the thief, because subsequently the stolen one—my own one being restored to you—could have been exposed and disposed of as a new find. Your print, in the house?"

"It hangs in the gallery at the present moment."

"Very good. Then, my lord, what do you say to this?"

Bell took the roll of paper from his pocket, and gravely flattened it out on the table before him, so that the full rays of the electric light should fall upon it. Litterer was a fine study of open-mouthed surprise. He could only stand there gasping, touching the stained paper with his fingers and breathing heavily.

"Here is a facsimile of your treasure," Bell went on. "Here is the same thing. You are a good judge on these matters, and I venture to think you will call it genuine. There is nothing of forgery about the engraving."

"Good heavens, no," Litterer snapped. "Any fool could do that."

"Which you will admit is a very great point in my favor," Bell said, gravely.

"I begin to think that I have done you a grave injustice," Litterer admitted, "but under the circumstances, I don't see how I could have done anything else. Look at that picture. It is exactly the same as mine. There is exactly the same discoloration in the margin in exactly the same place."

"Probably they lay flat on the top of one another for scores of years."

"Possibly. I can see the slightest difference in the smallest particular. Even now I cannot tell the difference between the two. I am the victim of some kind of plot or delusion. The house is quiet now and there is nobody about. Before I believe the evidence of my eyes, I have had to cause to doubt them more than once—I should like to compare this print with the original. Will you be so good as to turn on the electric light?"

Litterer took the treasure from the table gingerly.

Litterer smiled and at the same time disappointed; pleased to find that he had been mistaken all these years, sorry in the knowledge that his picture was unique no longer. He said nothing until the light was reached, and Chris drew back in the shadow to let the other pass.

"X to see it the question for all time," Litterer murmured. "You will be so good as to turn on the electric light. You will find the switch in the angle of the wall on your right. And when you have set the light, far and I have apologized to you in due form, you shall command my services and my purse to fight the wrong. If it costs me £10,000 the money, I will give it. I shall suffer. Please to put up the light, Bell."

Chris hesitated breathlessly. She was not quite certain what she was about to see. She could hear Bell fumbling for the light, she heard the click of the switch, and then she saw the flash of the flame flooding the alcove. Litterer passed and glanced at Bell, the latter looked round the alcove as if seeking for something.

"I cannot see the picture here," he said. "If I have made a mistake—"

Litterer stood looking at the speaker with eyes like blazing stars. Just for a moment or two he was speechless with indignation.

"You charlatan," he said, hoarsely. "You bell-facile trickster."

Bell started back. His mute question stung Litterer to the quick.

"You wanted to be cleared," the latter said. "You wanted to befool me again. You come here in some infernal cunning fashion, you steal my picture from the frame and have the matches alighted to pass it off for a second one. Man alive, if it were easier I would have you flogged from the house like the ungrateful dog that you are."

Chris checked down the cry that rose to her lips. She saw, as in a flash of lightning, the brilliant simplicity and cunning of Henson's last and most masterly scheme.

with a second engraving in your possession." "As I hope to be saved, I swear it!" Bell cried.

"Of course you do. A man with your tenacity would swear anything. Credit to you as I may be, I am not credulous enough to believe that my picture would be stolen again at the very time that you found yours."

"Abstractly, by my enemy on purpose to land me in this mess."

"Ridiculous," Litterer cried. "How, I am a fool to stand here arguing! I am a fool to let you stay in the house. Why I don't believe you could bring a solitary witness to prove that your picture was yours."

"You are mistaken, my lord. I could bring several."

"Credible witnesses? Witnesses whose characters would bear investigation?" "I fancy so," Bell said, quietly. "Two nights ago, for instance, I showed the very picture lying before you to a lady of your acquaintance, Miss End, Henson's cousin. She could not have had your picture two nights ago, could she? And Miss Henson was graciously pleased to observe that I had been made the victim of a vile conspiracy."

"Why do you insult me by mentioning that name?" Litterer said, hoarsely. His face was very pale, and his eyes gleamed in his eyes.

"Tell me your name, my lord. I could show the thing to my wife next."

"I did," said Bell, coolly. "Lady Litterer was in the room at the time."

Something like a groan escaped from Litterer's pallid lips. The smouldering light in his eyes flashed into flame. He advanced upon Bell with quivering, uplifted arm. Chris slipped swiftly out of the shade and stood between the two men.

"Dr. Bell speaks the truth," she said. "And I am going to prove it."

Litterer dropped into a chair and gave way to silent laughter. His mood had changed utterly. He lounged there, a cynical, amused man of the world again.

"Upon my word, I am vastly obliged to you for your comedy," he said. "I hope your salary as leading lady in the Belle company is a handsome one, Miss Lee."

"Let us hope that it is more handsome than your manners, my lord," Chris said, tartly. "I beg to remark that you have never seen Dr. Bell before. Oh, yes, I have been listening to your conversation, because I expected something of the kind. The Rembrandt was stolen some time before Dr. Bell arrived here, and in due course I shall show you the thief. Lord Litterer, I implore you to be silent and discreet in this matter. Have a little patience. Quite by accident I have made an important discovery, but this is hardly the place to discuss it. Before daylight I hope to be able to prove beyond question that you have greatly wronged Dr. Bell."

"I shall be glad to be convinced of it," Litterer said, sincerely. "But why this secrecy?"

"Secrecy is absolutely necessary for the conviction of the thief."

Bell looked eagerly at the speaker.

"I have not the remotest notion who this young lady is," he said, "but I am greatly obliged to her."

"My secretary, Miss Lee," Litterer murmured. "An American from Boston, and evidently a great deal cleverer than I gave her credit for, which is saying a great deal. Miss Lee, if you know anything, I implore you to speak."

"Not here," Chris said, firmly. "Stone walls have ears. I tell you the Rembrandt was stolen just before Dr. Bell's arrival here. Also I tell you it is imperative that nobody but ourselves must know the fact for the present. You trust me, Lord Litterer?"

"I trust you as implicitly as I do anybody."

Chris smiled at the diplomatic response. She approached the panel of the wall on which the Rembrandt had been fastened. She indicated the long steel stays which had been clamped on to the iron frame.

"Look at them," she said. "It was my suggestion that the stays should be attached to the frame to prevent anything like this robbery. I made the stays myself. And what happened? The picture was taken by a man who had been fastened. She indicated the long steel stays which had been clamped on to the iron frame.

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"I dare say I can manage it," said Litterer, cynically. "I used to be a society man once."

Henson did not receive me for a moment," Chris went on. "He was bound to have the picture, and, being baffled one day, he tried another. Look here, and you will see that he had attached it quite recently? And could he be in the short time at his disposal have procured the necessary tools to cut away the stays? Again, Dr. Bell can prove, suppose, exactly what time he left London today. No, we must look farther for the thief."

"There is something else we have to look for," said Dr. Bell. "And that is the frame. You say it was of iron and consequently heavy. The thief would discard the frame and roll up the print."

"That is a brilliant suggestion," said Chris, eagerly.

"And if we only had the frame I could see Lord Litterer's duff to rest calmly. I happen to know that the thief came and went by the cliff under the terrace. If the frame was thrown into the gorse, there—"

"Might stay for ages," Litterer exclaimed.

"By Jove, I'm just in the mood to carry this business a stage or two farther before I go to bed. Bell, there are two or three eyes laid on the gorse. You used to be a pretty fearless climber. What do you say to a hunt round for an hour or two whilst the house is quiet?"

"And I am going to prove it," Litterer said, dropping into a chair and giving way to silent laughter. His mood had changed utterly. He lounged there, a cynical, amused man of the world again.

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"I had to restore it to you before the day had passed."

Litterer applauded, gently. He was charmed, he said, with the whole comedy. The first two acts had been a brilliant success. If the third was only as good he would regard Miss Lee as his benefactor for ever. It was not often that anybody intellectually amused him, in fact, he must add Miss Lee to his collection.

"Then you must play a part yourself," Chris said, gaily. "I am going into Moreton Wells, and Dr. Bell accompanies me. Mr. Henson is not to know that we have gone, and he is not to leave the house for a good hour or so after our departure. What I want is a fair start and the privilege of bringing a guest to dinner."

"Vague, mysterious, and alluring," Litterer said. "Bring the guest by all means. I will pledge my diplomacy that you have enjoyed myself very much. You shall have the big wagnette for your journey."

"And join it beyond the lodge-gates," Chris said, thoughtfully. "Dr. Bell, you shall stroll through the park casually. I will follow as casual as I can."

A little later Henson emerged from his room dressed evidently for a journey. He looked flabby and worried.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked, in a low voice, as he saw Chris in the corridor was deserted as the Rembrandt hung. He passed before the picture in a hesitating manner. His feet seemed to pull up what he involuntarily.

"What does it mean?" he muttered. "What in the name of fate has happened? It is impossible that Merritt could have played me a trick like that; he would never have dared. Besides, he has too much to gain by following my instructions."

Henson slipped up to the picture as a sudden idea came to him. If the picture had not been removed all the stays would still be intact. And if they were intact Merritt was likely to have a bad quarter of an hour later on. It would be a good thing.

But the stays were not intact. The heads had been shaved off with some cutting instrument; the half of the stays remained in the wall, but the other half, Henson dwelt upon it the more he was puzzled. He began to wonder whether the man who had taken the picture had some deep trap was being laid for him. But, no, he had no signs of it. In some way or another Bell had managed to ingratiate himself with Litterer again, but not necessarily for long. Henson told himself that he would have to be on his guard. Litterer the kind of man who ever troubled himself to restrain his feelings.

If he had got to the bottom of the whole business he would have had Henson kick him out of the house without delay.

But Litterer suspected nothing. His greeting just now showed that Bell suspected nothing, because he had not been in the least manner suspicious. And as for Miss Lee, she was no more than a smart Yankee girl, and absolutely an outsider.

Bell was dreadfully puzzled. And it was not nice to be puzzled at a time when the arch-conspirator ought to know every move of the game. Henson kicked himself for not having been more suspicious. He was going to see Merritt without delay. As Henson crossed the hall the cheerful voice of Litterer hailed him.

"I want your assistance and advice."

With a muttered curse Henson entered the library. Litterer was seated at his table with a cigar in his mouth, his brows drawn over a mass of papers.

"Sit down and have a cigar," he said. "The fact is I am setting my affairs in a brilliant train of events. There was a brilliant man who had been with me for an hour. And then for the best part of the morning he sat fuming politely, whilst Litterer came in and made an attempt to get into the room and see Henson in a better mood. It was quite obvious that he suspected nothing. Merritt was reached in due time, and they went back in the roomy wagnette, so that the servants could not hear them. Chris regarded Bell with a brilliant smile on her face.

"I indeed rejoice—rejoice!" he said, with a look of intense delight. "I indeed rejoice—rejoice!" he said, with a look of intense delight. "I indeed rejoice—rejoice!" he said, with a look of intense delight.

"I hope to restore it to you before the day has passed."

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"What does it mean?" he muttered. "What in the name of fate has happened? It is impossible that Merritt could have played me a trick like that; he would never have dared. Besides, he has too much to gain by following my instructions."

Henson slipped up to the picture as a sudden idea came to him. If the picture had not been removed all the stays would still be intact. And if they were intact Merritt was likely to have a bad quarter of an hour later on. It would be a good thing.

But the stays were not intact. The heads had been shaved off with some cutting instrument; the half of the stays remained in the wall, but the other half, Henson dwelt upon it the more he was puzzled. He began to wonder whether the man who had taken the picture had some deep trap was being laid for him. But, no, he had no signs of it. In some way or another Bell had managed to ingratiate himself with Litterer again, but not necessarily for long. Henson told himself that he would have to be on his guard. Litterer the kind of man who ever troubled himself to restrain his feelings.

If he had got to the bottom of the whole business he would have had Henson kick him out of the house without delay.

But Litterer suspected nothing. His greeting just now showed that Bell suspected nothing, because he had not been in the least manner suspicious. And as for Miss Lee, she was no more than a smart Yankee girl, and absolutely an outsider.

Bell was dreadfully puzzled. And it was not nice to be puzzled at a time when the arch-conspirator ought to know every move of the game. Henson kicked himself for not having been more suspicious. He was going to see Merritt without delay. As Henson crossed the hall the cheerful voice of Litterer hailed him.

"I want your assistance and advice."

With a muttered curse Henson entered the library. Litterer was seated at his table with a cigar in his mouth, his brows drawn over a mass of papers.

"Sit down and have a cigar," he said. "The fact is I am setting my affairs in a brilliant train of events. There was a brilliant man who had been with me for an hour. And then for the best part of the morning he sat fuming politely, whilst Litterer came in and made an attempt to get into the room and see Henson in a better mood. It was quite obvious that he suspected nothing. Merritt was reached in due time, and they went back in the roomy wagnette, so that the servants could not hear them. Chris regarded Bell with a brilliant smile on her face.

"I indeed rejoice—rejoice!" he said, with a look of intense delight. "I indeed rejoice—rejoice!" he said, with a look of intense delight. "I indeed rejoice—rejoice!" he said, with a look of intense delight.

"I had to restore it to you before the day has passed."

Litterer applauded, gently. He was charmed, he said, with the whole comedy. The first two acts had been a brilliant success. If the third was only as good he would regard Miss Lee as his benefactor for ever. It was not often that anybody intellectually amused him, in fact, he must add Miss Lee to his collection.

"Then you must play a part yourself," Chris said, gaily. "I am going into Moreton Wells, and Dr. Bell accompanies me. Mr. Henson is not to know that we have gone, and he is not to leave the house for a good hour or so after our departure. What I want is a fair start and the privilege of bringing a guest to dinner."

"Vague, mysterious, and alluring," Litterer said. "Bring the guest by all means. I will pledge my diplomacy that you have enjoyed myself very much. You shall have the big wagnette for your journey."

"And join it beyond the lodge-gates," Chris said, thoughtfully. "Dr. Bell, you shall stroll through the park casually. I will follow as casual as I can."

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kept himself. On the whole the prospect appealed to his imagination. Henson would not like it, but then, Henson was not in a position to say too much.

"I thought perhaps if you came over with us and dined at the castle," Chris suggested. She spoke slowly and thoughtfully, with her eyes on the ground. "Say tonight. Will you come?"

Merritt grinned extensively once more. The idea of his dining at the castle appealed to his own peculiar sense of humor. He was at his ease, seeing that Bell failed to recognise him. To dine at the castle, to note the plate, and get a minute's geographical knowledge of the place from personal observation! . . . His mouth watered at the thought.

"They ought to be more careful yesterday," he suggested. "There's plate and there's pictures."

"Nothing has ever been stolen from Litterer Castle," Bell said, crisply. He read the leer in Merritt's eyes as he spoke of pictures. "Nothing whatever."

"What, not lately?" Merritt asked.

"Didn't I hear tell of a diamond star?" Merritt asked, with a look of intense interest. "I love the pictures," he said. "Bell shook his head again. An utterly puzzled expression crept over Mr. Merritt's engaging countenance. At the present moment an act of treachery stood in that very room, and here was a party from the castle utterly innocent of the robbery. Chris glanced at Bell and smiled. "I love the pictures," he said, "especially the prints. That Rembrandt, the 'Crimson Blind,' for instance. I found a fresh light in it this morning and called Lord Litterer's attention to it before we started. I should look that up if it were mine."

Merritt's eyes fairly bulged as he listened. He he not half-suspected some deep plan? He would have been vastly amused. But then he had got the very picture these people were speaking about close to hand at the very moment.

"Tell you what," he said, suddenly. "I ain't used to swell society ways, but I'm ready to sacrifice myself to see you fellows who ain't found the straight path like me. And if you get up your bazzar, I'll do what I can to 'help.'"

"Then you will dine with us tonight?" Chris asked, eagerly. "Don't say no. I met a man once with a past like yours at Lady Rowingham's, and he was so intelligent. We will call for you in an hour's time with the wagnette. Then we can settle half our plans before dinner."

Merritt was graciously pleased to be agreeable. Moreover, he was utterly puzzled and absolutely consumed with an overpowering curiosity. It seemed also to him to be an absolutely good providence to be asked such an offer. And the plate at Litterer Castle was superb!

Meanwhile Chris and Bell walked down the street together. "He was puzzled over the Rembrandt," Chris said, "seeing that he has our picture—"

"No doubt about it. The picture was run up and stood on the mantelpiece. I followed Merritt's gaze, and perceived perfectly well that it would rest presently on the picture if it was in the room. At the same time, our interesting and chuckling over the way he had lived up, clean forgot the yellow pawlicket lying on the table."

"Dr. Bell, do you mean to say that—"

"That I know where your diamond star was pledged. Indeed I do. Merritt had probably 'stole' it out of the pocket of the Rembrandt. The pawlicket was on the table and related to a diamond cigarette pawned by one James Merritt—mark the simple meaning of the name, please. Rutter & Co., 117 High Street. That in itself is an exceedingly valuable discovery, and one we can afford to keep to ourselves for the present. At the same time, I should very much like to know what Rutter & Co. are like. Let me go down to the shop and make some simple purchases."

"But you had better be very, very high class shop indeed, despite the fact that there was a pawnbroking branch of the business. The place was quite a respectable one. The goods were brilliant and substantial, the assistants quite above provincial class. As Bell was turning over some silver and gold cigarette cases, and the like, she picked up a cigar case at length and asked the price. At the mention of the quantity of the case, she chuckled over the yellow pawlicket lying on the table."

"It looks as if it had been used," she said.

"It is not absolutely new, midam," the assistant admitted, "therefore the price is low. But the gentleman who sold it to us proved that he had only had it a few days. The doctor who dropped it, him not to smoke in future, and so—"

Chris turned away to something else. Bell completed his purchases, and together they left the shop. Once outside Chris gripped her companion's arm excitedly.

"Another great discovery," she said. "Did you know that Bell's face betrays nothing. All the same he was following Merritt's unsteady eye till it rested on a roll of dirty paper on the wall. Merritt had pushed the paper up, followed by Bell, before the occupant could lay down the foul clay pipe he was smoking and button the unaccustomed stiff white collar round his throat. Merritt whipped a tumbler under the table with amazing celerity, but no cunning of his could restrain the smell of gin that hung pungently on the murky atmosphere."

Merritt dodged his head back defiantly as if half expecting a blow. His eyes were strained a little anxiously over Bell's shoulder as if fearful of a shadow. Bell had seen the type before—Merritt was unconsciously looking for an unpolished, but he was so glad to find you at home, Chris said, sweetly.

Merritt muttered something that hardly sounded complimentary. It was quite evident that he was far from returning the compliment. He had recognized Bell, and was wondering fearfully if the latter was aware of his identity. Bell's face betrayed nothing. All the same he was following Merritt's unsteady eye till it rested on a roll of dirty paper on the wall. Merritt had pushed the paper up, followed by Bell, before the occupant could lay down the foul clay pipe he was smoking and button the unaccustomed stiff white collar round his throat. Merritt whipped a tumbler under the table with amazing celerity, but no cunning of his could restrain the smell of gin that hung pungently on the murky atmosphere."

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