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FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE

October 14, 1911

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PRICE 1d

You Can Begin this Splendid Story To-Day



NEW READERS START HERE.

Mary Pemberton, the daughter of the tenant of Bruckhurst Farm, is the dearly-loved sweetheart of Roger Ellis, son of Squire Ellis of Copstone Hall. But Sam Thorley, head gardener at the Hall, also loves Mary, and one evening attempts to take her in his arms. Mary resists. Roger comes on the scene, and gives Thorley a thrashing. The latter vows to be revenged. Roger is now determined to tell his father of his love for Mary. He makes his way to Copstone Hall, only to find his father struck down with paralysis, the old man dying without regaining consciousness. Roger is now the owner of Copstone Hall, and Mary, the farmer's pretty daughter, his promised wife.

Jonathan Coates, the dead Squire's lawyer, arrives at Copstone Hall to wind up his late client's affairs. He reads the will, in which Roger inherits everything but a few legacies, including a sum of £150 annually to Sam Thorley. Why should his father have done this? Roger wonders. But he is soon to know. Jonathan Coates tells him that he is not the son of Squire Ellis, that he is the child of old Mother Thorley, and that Sam Thorley is the legal heir to the estate. "Mother Thorley," says the lawyer, "substituted the one child for the other when you were brought to her to nurse." He tells Roger he will keep the matter secret on condition that he marries his daughter, Violet Coates, who during her stay at Copstone Hall has done her best to capture his affections. Roger refuses to have anything to do with the wily lawyer's scheme, and will not believe his story.

He visits Mary, and is assured of her undying love, whether he be peer or pauper. Thus comforted, he goes off to Mother Thorley's to find out what truth there is in the lawyer's story. He finds the cottage door open and the place in darkness. Entering, he feels for his match-box, and strikes a light. Something meets his gaze—something horrible. Old Mother Thorley lies huddled up on the bed—murdered!

MARY PEMBERTON.

Story of a Famous Cheshire Mystery.

If He Had Only Spoken.

Roger's first impulse was to run from the spot and leave someone else to make known the ghastly tragedy, the result of which he had just witnessed. But his better feelings prevailed; his manliness came to the rescue, and he rushed off, fleet of foot, to get help for the poor old woman.

It happened that Richard Harvey, the gamekeeper, was walking in the wood that night, keeping a sharp look-out for poachers, of whom there had been plenty of late. He heard someone coming quickly along the path, crashing through the brushwood as if in a violent hurry. Richard Harvey, a strong, stalwart young fellow of four-and-twenty, determined to see who was approaching, so he hid himself behind the hedge and waited.

Mistaking the man who came rapidly along for a poacher, he darted forward and seized his arm.

"Not so fast, if you please," he said in a tone of authority. "What's your business in the woods to-night?"

The next moment he started back, exclaiming, "Beg pardon, sir; I declare I didn't recognise you." He looked very foolish, as well he might, for he had actually taken his young master for a poacher.

But Roger, his thoughts on other things, paid no heed to the apology. Ghastly pale he looked in the half light, and Harvey saw that he was trembling from head to foot.

"Run for a doctor, Harvey," exclaimed Roger, "and send him to old Mother Thorley's. Something's the matter there; don't lose a moment."

The gamekeeper started off, and Roger, knowing he could do nothing more than he had done, remembered that Mary would be waiting for him at the entrance to the woods.

He had but a few moments in which to pull himself together, for he was close to the spot; another moment, and he caught sight of Mary standing by the gate. He could not speak of this awful horror he had witnessed. Why should he upset and agitate his darling unnecessarily? She would hear of it soon enough the next morning. With this determination he met and clasped her to his heart.

"My darling, how good of you to come!" he whispered. "I hope I haven't kept you waiting?"

"No, dear; but—but what's the matter, Roger? You are so pale and white; your arms tremble as they hold me. Tell me, what has happened to upset you?"

Well for him would it have been had he told his sweetheart the truth, but out of consideration for her feelings he kept it back.

"Dearest, there is nothing the matter. I've been walking fast; that's all." And

twining his arm round her, he walked with her, talking on different subjects, trying to blot out from his mind the terrible thing he had witnessed. But in spite of all his efforts he could not deceive Mary; she felt intuitively that Roger was agitated and unstrung from some cause he had not told her. And it was with anything but a light heart that she kissed him good-night and parted from him at the end of the lane.

What was she thinking about as she took her way homewards towards Bruckhurst Farm? Was it of that sudden visit Roger had paid her earlier in the evening? Of that strange question he had put to her? Whatever it was troubling that gentle girl, she told her thoughts to no one, but went straight upstairs to bed, locking the door of her room. She passed an uneasy night, for dreams visited her, all of a distressing nature. Roger always seemed to be in some trouble, from which she had no power to extricate him.

Early next morning she was awakened by someone knocking at her door. With a startled exclamation Mary rose to open it; already fear was tugging at her heart, she knew not why.

Outside stood her mother. "Oh, Mary, such terrible news!" she cried. "Poor old Mother Thorley was murdered last night. Father's just heard it. The police went out there at once, but they can't find out who did it."

Mary for the moment turned quite sick and giddy, panting, she stood against the door, trying to control herself.

"Yes, it's given me a shock too," said her mother, observing her daughter's distress. "Make haste and dress, Mary; I'm all in a tremble, I declare."

When Mary did get downstairs she found Richard Harvey talking to her father in the kitchen. He was describing his visit to the cottage in company with the doctor and the police.

"There was the old woman lying with her throat cut," he said. "It gave me a turn, as you can imagine. But though the police searched the cottage thoroughly they couldn't find any clue. Who was in the woods last night? That's what they've got to find out."

Mary fancied Richard Harvey looked at her in rather an odd way; immediately cold fears seized her; she could say nothing, but in the general talk and confusion of things her silence was not noticed except by the gamekeeper himself.

"Well, I met the Squire there last night," said Harvey. "He was tearing on at a frantic rate. He gave the alarm, and told me to run for the doctor."

Mary turned away, and began laying the table for breakfast; but her hands shook and she let a plate fall to the ground with a crash.

"Why, what's come to you, my dear?" said her mother reproachfully.

Mary made no answer; she did not trust her

MARY PEMBERTON—Continued.

voice; nor could she tell anyone of the distressing thoughts that flashed like lightning through her brain. As fast as she put them from her, so fast they gathered again, and as there was little talked of all through the district that day but the mysterious murder, poor Mary could not get away from them.

What puzzled the police was the total absence of any motive for the brutal deed for whilst searching through the cottage they came upon a box containing the old woman's little hoard of gold, which was tied up in a bag and placed beneath her bed.

Evidently robbery was not contemplated by the villain who took the life of the helpless old woman. Then what other motive could there be? The police worked untiringly, making inquiries in every direction, but when night closed in they were as far as ever from success.

Roger spoke of the tragedy to no one when he returned to the Hall, and after his guests had retired, went upstairs to bed, but very little sleep visited his eyelids. The distressing news he had learned the previous night, followed by the ghastly sight he had witnessed, had upset his nerves to such an extent that to hope for sleep was impossible.

Everyone noticed how pale he looked the next morning, and when the butler brought the news of the tragedy into the breakfast-room it was Mr Coates who exclaimed, "And have they arrested no one yet?"

"No one, sir; the police have no clue to go upon, so I hear."

Roger felt the lawyer's eyes upon him; he must break the silence; so he said, "I heard of the murder last night. I thought I wouldn't say anything as your daughter was present."

Even then, from some reason scarcely acknowledged to himself, he did not say that he had been to old Mother Thorley's cottage and had witnessed the ghastly scene himself.

After breakfast Jonathan Coates went out; where he went no one knew but he was not back for lunch; only when the shades of evening were beginning to fall did he return, and hanging up his coat in the hall, sent a message by the butler to know if he could speak to his host in the library.

Roger, who had spent a restless day, and had not left the house except for a short stroll in the grounds, expressed himself quite ready to see his guest.

With tightened lips and an expression of firm determination on his face, Jonathan Coates, when he found himself in Roger's presence, went straight to the point.

"Look here, Ellis," he said, eyeing him fixedly, "have you thought any more of what I said last night? I mean about hushing up this scandal as to Thorley being the real heir?"

"Why should I think any more of it?" asked Roger bluntly. "I'm not likely to alter my mind; what I said last night I should repeat again now."

"Come, come!" and the lawyer altered his tone a little. "You'd best give in; you'll find yourself in a deuce of a hole if you don't."

Unused to being threatened, Roger turned sharply upon his guest. "I don't understand you, sir. I have not the slightest intention of hushing up any secret that could only be kept with dishonour. On the other hand, as far as I am concerned, I shall do everything in my power to set things right."

The lawyer's lips were pressed tightly together. Haughty insolence now could be read on his face.

"I think you've hardly counted the cost," he said scornfully. "I must ask more plainly, I see. I don't mind telling you now that reports are going about the village not altogether to your credit. Why didn't you tell me last night of this shocking murder? Wasn't it rather an odd thing to do to go right away to your room and say nothing? You made the excuse of my daughter's nerves as a reason for your silence. But I wonder if a Coroner's jury would believe that."

Roger started, his face turned pale, then was suffused with a deep flush. Alarm first filled his mind, then indignation replaced it.

"How dare you!" he cried, looking the lawyer in the face. "How dare you threaten me like this? I am quite ready to stand any inquiry, but I shall certainly not answer to you for any of my actions."

"Very well," said Jonathan Coates, "please yourself. But it certainly is an odd fact that you were seen in the woods last night. Indeed it I mistake not, you went to the old woman's cottage. What did you go there for, Roger Ellis?"

Dead silence. Roger began to feel the net he had inadvertently drawn around his feet tightening with unpleasant grip. Then he spoke up, determined to show no fear.

"You are a scoundrel!" he cried. "I begin to see through you now; you think to frighten me into consenting to your shameful plan. But I've nothing to be afraid of, and can face any inquiry with a brave front. I was in the woods last night; I was foolish not to say so before. And when I went to the old woman's cottage to discover if there was any truth in what you told me, I found her lying on the bed with her throat cut. There, now, I have told you all."

A scornful smile appeared on the lawyer's face. "A very neatly-concocted story," he said. "But I wonder how it will sound at the inquest. Of course, you'll be called to appear, and it may be a little paper I have to bring forward won't help to mend matters. But go your own way; you've had a fair offer, and rejected it. Now, you must take the consequences of your folly upon your own shoulders."

"I'm ready to do that," quoth Roger in a towering passion. "But I think as things are it will be pleasanter for both of us if you left my roof, Mr Coates."

"I certainly shall," cried the lawyer. "And without any further delay."

Without another word Jonathan Coates left the library, banging the door violently behind him. Seeking his daughter in her boudoir, he told her that she must pack up at once as they were leaving the Hall that very evening.

"Oh, what's the matter?" cried Violet, who was beginning to think that success would attend her efforts to capture a rich husband.

"I'll tell you later," he said. "Don't stop to talk now; go and pack your things. I am not going far away. Oh, no, I'm not going to leave the district," he added, with a knowing smile. "I've got a good deal more to do before I do."

While things were in this state Roger was pacing his study, his brain in a whirl. He had to allow that things looked black; but still, if he told the truth, he should certainly be able to extricate himself from the difficulties of his position. He wished now, when it was too late, that he had mentioned the tragic murder to Mary, and also to his guests when he reached home last night. He had acted foolishly, no doubt; but as his own conscience was perfectly clear, surely he would be able to convince others also of his absolute innocence?

 * **Richard Harvey Speaks.** *

The next morning Roger was informed that the gamekeeper Harvey wished to speak to him.

"Show him in," said the Squire, then, with pallid face he braced himself up for the ordeal before him.

The gamekeeper came into the study, cap in hand; he greeted his master with respect; but as soon as the door was shut and they were alone Roger felt his manner alter.

Instinctively he perceived that he was not the same polite, respectful fellow he had known him.

He came a little nearer to his master, and said in an odd voice—"I've come to have a word with you, sir, about this murder. I know what it is to have a good master and a good berth. I've been subpoenaed to appear at the inquest. What am I to say ch, sir?"

Roger's face changed too; he saw through the wily man; the oily words and servile manner did not deceive him. This man was trying for hush-money. He could be bought at a price, and would swear just what he was told to swear.

"What are you talking about, Harvey?" asked his master haughtily, looking him full in the face.

A little surprised, for he thought his master would fall into the net spread for him, Harvey replied—"Well, sir, you know I met you rushing through the woods last night? You said you'd come from Mother Thorley's, didn't you?"

"Well, suppose I did?"

It was an open challenge, and put the gamekeeper at a disadvantage. He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, sir, it'll be my unpleasant duty to tell the Coroner what I heard some time before that. It was a scream—a woman's scream, and it came from the direction of old Mother Thorley's."

"You can tell the Coroner what you think fit," said the young Squire sternly. "But I warn you, Harvey, you won't get a penny out of me for keeping anything secret. I am willing that the most searching investigation should be made."

"Oh, sir, you've made a mistake," said the wily man, changing his tactics. "I ne'er dreamt of asking for money; I was merely doing a friend's part in putting you on your guard. I only want to hush up anything that might do you damage."

"I want nothing hushed up," said the Squire haughtily, "by you or any other man." And his thoughts reverted to another offer that had been made to him. "When the right time comes I can tell my own story, and abide by the results."

With face black as night Roger signed for the gamekeeper to take his departure, which Harvey did, decidedly crestfallen, almost wishing he had not spoken quite so openly. But he never thought the Squire would act with such spirit, and throw his words back in his face as he had done.

He slunk away from the hall down to the village, and entered the inn, where, to his surprise, he saw Mr Coates, the Squire's lawyer, talking to the landlord. The instant he approached Jonathan came towards him and touched him on the arm.

"You're the very man I want to see," he whispered in his ear. "Will you step this way? I want a word with you in my private room."

It was the first intimation Richard Harvey had that Mr Coates had left the Hall. But the latter soon put him in possession of the facts.

"I've had a fall out with your master," he said easily, "and I thought it better to leave the Hall. He's an obstinate young cub; if he don't take care he'll find it difficult to get his neck out of the noose he's put it into."

"That he will," cried Richard Harvey. "I could say a thing or two that would tighten the noose if I liked."

Jonathan Coates said nothing at present; he merely rang the bell and told the landlord's daughter to bring some ale and a bottle of brandy to his rooms.

"Now, look here," he said, when with full glasses before them the two men sat together over their liquor, "if you and I pull together we shall make a lot out of this. Let's hear what you know about the matter. You want a lawyer to advise you, and I'm ready to do it if you like."

And before very long, under the influence of the liquor with which he was generously plied, the gamekeeper related all he knew, even embellishing the facts a little.

"Now, isn't that enough to put the rope round his neck?" he said, looking triumphantly into the lawyer's face when he finished his recital. "And yet when I went up to the Hall and offered to lie low and say nothing, blest if the young Squire didn't ride the high horse and order me to leave the room."

Jonathan Coates' face beamed: he leant over and grasped the gamekeeper by the hand. "We'll pull together, you and I," he whispered in a hoarse voice. "I've got a grudge

MARY PEMBERTON—Continued.

against the young upstart as well. Keep your lips closed; say nothing to anyone till I bid you open them. We'll pull the rope so tight then there'll be no wriggling out of it for him."

Farmer Pemberton came home to dinner that day full of the gossip he had picked up during the morning. Added to that, he had called at the inn on his way home from the fields, and had learnt there that Lawyer Coates had fallen out with the Squire, and had taken rooms there for his daughter and himself.

"You may bet they had words over this murder," said the farmer. "There's all kinds of reports going about, but no doubt the Squire was in the wood last night; some say he went to the old woman's cottage."

Mary's cheeks blanched a deathly white; all her uneasy fears rose again. Seeing how pale her daughter had become, Mrs Pemberton thought this a fitting opportunity for a few words of warning.

"What's wrong with you, Mary?" she asked, eyeing the girl severely. "You're as white as a sheet. You've never been the same since you took these foolish notions into your head about the Squire. Mark my words, my girl, nothing good will ever come of your marrying out of your station. Sam Thorley's the husband for you, and me and father will stick to that."

Mary said nothing: lately she had schooled herself to silence when these attacks were made upon her. But the thought fastened upon her with persistency that would not be shaken off. She must see Roger or she would go mad.

Fortune seemed to favour her. After dinner was cleared away, and the dishes washed up, the farmer having previously gone off to the fields, Mrs Pemberton expressed her intention of visiting a sick neighbour.

"Now, keep a look to the fire, my dear," she said to Mary, "and put the kettle on in good time. I shall be back to tea."

Off went the busy housewife, a well-filled basket upon her arm. And Mary, left to her own devices, sat down by the open window and took up her sewing. But she did not progress very fast with the seam; the work dropped upon her lap whilst she indulged in a day-dream, but presently the sharp trotting of a horse was heard, and Mary, with bright crimson cheeks, flung the window open and peeped forth. Yes, she was right, it was her lover. How handsome and manly he looked in the saddle. He was stopping at the door; he must have come to see her. On wings of love she flew down the path and met him at the gate.

"Oh, Roger, Roger," she panted, "I have been longing to see you. Come in, dearest. I have so much to say to you."

Roger tied his horse to a ring in the wall, and followed his sweetheart up the path and into the house.

When they were safely in the kitchen he took her in his arms, and pressed his lips tenderly to hers.

"My dearest," he said, "I would have come before; but so much has happened since last night that—that—" He paused, noting Mary's pallid cheeks and red-rimmed eyes.

"Darling, are you ill? Mary, love, what's the matter? Don't tell me you believe the ghastly things they are saying about me? My darling, if I thought that I should go mad."

"Roger," cried the agitated girl, drawing his head down level with her face, "you ought to trust me better than that. But what is this story father has brought home? He says you and Mr Coates have quarrelled, and that the lawyer and his daughter are staying at the inn. Is this true?"

"It is, my dearest. We had high words last night. I have found out what a rogue the fellow is, and I told him so to his face; also, that I did not desire his company any longer. He threatens to make me a penniless beggar, but I do not mind even that if I keep

your love, my darling. Mary, tell me once again you would not desert me even if I had nothing but love to offer you?"

"No, no, a thousand times no," cried Mary, the love-light flashing in her eyes. "What I said before I say again. Nothing could part us but death or dishonour."

A cold shudder convulsed Roger. Would Mary call it dishonour if she were to see iron fetters on his wrists? But he could not stay long, even though he found it hard to part from her. He was on his way to Mr Medicote's, the Magistrate. The latter was an old friend of his father, and the only man Roger thought of in this emergency who could give him sound advice.

"I must go now, my darling," he whispered into Mary's ear. "I'm riding over to Transley Towers to see Mr Medicote."

"Yes, yes; I won't keep you, Roger," she said as she nestled in his arms. "To have had these few moments with you has braced me up again. When shall I see you again?"

"I shall be riding back this way in an hour or two," replied her lover. "Could you not be on the watch for me?"

"Indeed I will." And, embracing him tenderly, Mary released her lover, and followed him down to the gate, waiting to see him mount his horse.

As he rode away Roger felt his heart a little lighter within him. It was always so after he had been in Mary's company, she possessed so soothing and calming an influence. If only he could have her for ever at his side; but now circumstances had arisen which might part them for ever. No, no, he would not allow it even to himself, and hot tears gathered in his eyes at the bare thought of having to part from his sweetheart.

Arrived at Transley Towers, he asked if he could see Mr Medicote upon important business. He little knew who had been there before him, or the important legal document the Magistrate had already signed.

Roger felt that Mr Medicote's manner was not as usual. He was cold and stiff, and even before he uttered a single word as to the reason of the visit he informed him in pompous voice that if he wished to say anything about the murder committed the previous night he must at once inform him that he could do nothing to prevent the law from taking its course.

Roger stared at him, scarcely comprehending his meaning. "I am the last person to wish to prevent it," he said quietly. "But I thought under the circumstances you would advise me what to do. Through a most regrettable error and foolish conduct of my own last night I have placed myself in very unpleasant surroundings."

And without more ado Roger proceeded to relate his case to the stately old man with his cold grey eyes and white waxed moustache. At the close of his narration he merely answered—"Well, what you tell me places you in a very unpleasant predicament. I can say no more. As things stand the facts must go before the Coroner at the inquest. What steps the police are taking is, of course, a very different matter."

There was so much meaning in these words that Roger looked up mystified.

"I trust I shall be able to clear myself completely," he said warmly.

"I trust you may," was the grave answer; and then, without a word of advice, without bestowing another look upon the young man, the bell was rung, and Roger Ellis was shown from the Magistrate's room.

He left Transley Towers burning with indignation. It was too bad to treat him as a guilty man in this way. What had he done to deserve it? Had he fallen in with Jonathan Coates' shameful proposition he would have had something to be ashamed of. But his conscience, so perfectly clear as it was, without a shadow of crime upon his soul, he bitterly resented being met in this fashion by one of his father's oldest friends.

Half-way between Transley Towers and the

village he came upon Sam Thorley walking in the lates, and not alone. With him, engaged in deep and earnest consultation, was Jonathan Coates.

The sight of the two heads put together caused Roger's fiercest resentment to rise.

"What? Plotting fresh treason against me?" he exclaimed bitterly as he reined up and faced the two men.

Sam Thorley turned away, not caring to meet the Squire's look. But the lawyer faced him boldly. "You will learn soon, Roger Ellis what a fool you've been," he said scornfully. "When it is too late you'll repent the part you've played."

"Not I!" cried Roger. "Come what may, I'll fall into the hands of honest men, not scamps like you and Thorley."

The words called up a purple flush in the latter's face. He shook his fist after the departing horseman. But his friend reminded him that his time was short. "Don't you mind him, the stupid young fool!" he exclaimed. "He'll feel the irons on his wrists before nightfall."

Meanwhile Roger, all the fiercest passions he was capable of were sweeping over his soul. To see the man his father had trusted and called "friend" in league with one of his own servants against him was indeed a humiliating thing. The only consolation that presented itself to his mind was the thought that evil machinations do not always turn out well.

And at this moment a turn in the road brought Bruckhurst Farm into sight, and the fond lover recollected that Mary might be waiting for him in the lane that ran parallel with the farm.

Ah, yes, there she was, his sweetest treasure. He caught sight of her pink sunbonnet through the foliage. The next moment he had dismounted, and with the bridle over his arm was walking at her side.

"Well?" she queried, her pretty eyes speaking the question she dared not put.

Roger shook his head.

"No use, darling. Mr Medicote would not listen to me. I fancy some enemy had been beforehand with me. At anyrate, he told me to my face the jury at the inquest would have to settle things. He could offer no advice whatever."

The pretty little hand upon his arm tightened its hold. "Never mind, dearest," whispered Mary. "Truth will triumph. Innocence will be established. My own darling Roger, if only I could help to bear this for you."

"Dearest, what makes it easier is the thought that you believe in me, that nothing will change you," he cried. "Come what may, Mary, will you swear to be true to me?"

"Come what may, I am always yours, and for ever," said Mary, her eyes looking into his, her hand nestling fondly in his arm.

At this moment there was a sound of wheels in the lane. The lovers stopped, and Roger backed his horse into the hedge to let the trap pass. It contained the inspector of police, a man well known to Roger, and he nodded familiarly to him. But to his amazement the vehicle pulled up, out jumped the inspector, and came to his side.

Without a moment's hesitation, without any preliminaries, he said in a loud, clear voice—"Roger Ellis, I arrest you on the charge of murder!" The next instant his hand was torn from Mary's, and encircled with a pair of heavy irons.

Mary cried aloud in alarm. At this moment someone crashed through the hedge, and hurried to the spot. It was Farmer Pemberton. He was just in time. Before the amazed Roger could speak, could move a limb or utter an exclamation, Mary fell backwards in her father's arms in a deep swoon.

Are the lovers to be parted for ever? Poor Mary, there is sorrow in store for her, as you will learn from the splendid chapters of this fine story which appear next week.

HOW TO DO IT.

A few minutes work for half-a-crown; how is it done? I will tell you. Jot down that funny story you heard the other day on a postcard and send it to the Joke Editor, He awards four prizes of half-a-crown each week to the senders of the best jokes for this page.

Almost Lost It.

Mrs Smith was known to her boarders as being rather "near" in the portion of food she doled out at her table. At one dinner, wishing to be polite to a new boarder, she asked—"Mr Finley, how did you find the steak this morning?" "By turning my potato over," replied the boarder.—Prize of 2s 6d.—R. Barton, 1 Church Street, Ribchester.

His Deep Concern.

The kind old lady noticed a small lad entering a cobbler's with a small package. "What have you there, sonny?" she asked kindly. "Ma's slipper," replied the lad. "You see, there is a tack out of place in it, and I want to have it fixed before ma notices it." "Ah what a considerate little boy. I suppose you are afraid the tack might hurt your mother's foot?" "Well, it isn't exactly that. You see, the tack is sticking out on the sole, and this is the slipper ma spansks me with."—Ernest Rigby, Liverpool.

Doubtful Bliss.

It was a sweet, sad play, and there was hardly a dry handkerchief in the house. But one man in the gallery irritated his companions excessively by refusing to take the performance in the proper spirit. Instead of weeping he laughed, while others were mopping their eyes, and endeavouring to stifle their sobs, his own eyes brimmed with merriment, and he burst into inappropriate guffaws. At last the lady by his side turned upon him indignantly. "I d-don't know what brought y-you h-here," she sobbed with streaming eyes, and pressing her hand against her aching heart, "but if y-you don't like the p-play you might l-let other p-people enjoy it."—Prize of 2s 6d.—E. Bassnett, 22 Butts, Coventry.

The Tongue and the Wag.

Binks and Jinks met in the Strand yesterday, and got talking. "I was on the top of a tramcar the other day," said Binks, "puffing quietly at my cigar, when suddenly a lady sitting by me calmly snatched it away from me, and aimed it overboard. 'You've no right to smoke on a tram,' she said. 'It is not allowed.'" "Well?" said Jinks. "Well, I was rather taken aback at first, but in a minute I grasped the poodle she was carrying in her lap and dropped it overboard. 'You have no right to have dogs on a tramcar,' I said. 'It is not allowed.' She glared, and we both looked over into the road, and what do you think it had in its mouth?" "The cigar?" "No," said Binks; "its tongue."—Prize of 2s 6d.—Albert Thorne, 3 Manor Street, St Paul's, Bristol.

He Missed Part.

The youth was brave, as all lovers are. "I will sing to my sweet," said he. He caught up his worse-for-wear guitar, and strangled thoughts of her cross papa, who jibbed at his son-to-be. To his love's abode he made his way with a jaunty and fearless stride. "Let pa with his shot gun blaze away," he laughed in tones that were blithe and gay. "I'm safe by this rain-butts side." And the stars looked down on this Romeo, their twinkling eyes a-shine. "Love me," he sang like an opera pro, his head perked up and heart aglow, "and the whole wide world is mine." There came the clank of a rusty chain, a growl, and the pad of feet; they'd have counted that songster 'mong the slain, if he hadn't scooted might and main, dog-chased, down Sloshton's street. He starts the tale—"Talk of narrow squeaks," so the dog never quite got there. She loves him well, local gossip speaks, but the world's not his for his blue serge breeks, or part, went as Towzer's share.—C. Engaine, Colchester.

No Wonder Ho Turned Pale.

Wife—"Wretch! show me that letter!" Husband—"What letter?" Wife—"That one in your hand. It's from a woman I can see by the writing, and you turned pale when you saw it." Husband—"Yes, here it is. It's your dressmaker's bill."—Fred Hornsby Mexboro.

Easily Cured.

Doctor (to new assistant)—"I want you to look after my practice while I'm off to Scotland for a holiday." Assistant—"But I've just graduated, doctor—have had no experience." Doctor—"That's all right, my boy. My practice is strictly fashionable. Tell the men to play golf, and order the lady patients to Monte Carlo."—H. Newton, Huddersfield.

Rough on the Jury.

They were a rough-looking lot that jury, but they were the best material that could be collected in that district, which was notorious for its lawlessness. "Gentlemen of the jury," said the crier of the Court, "you will now take your accustomed places." The first man looked up with a start, and then dejectedly led the way into the prisoner's dock.—Sam Hayes, Blackburn.

He Found It.



A Lancashire man and his wife were returning from their holiday after a lively week. He remarked to her—"Well, lass, I reckon we're about spent up?" "Ay, Ah reckon we are, but we shanna be quite broke when we gettin' whoam." "Why, what dosta mean, lass?" "Well, Ah put thirty shillin' under th' candlestick upo' th' mantle afore we coom away." "Ay, an' Ah fun' it."—Prize of 2s 6d.—W. Davies, 25 St Thomas Street, Netherton, near Dudley, Worc.

All's "Fare" In—

The 'bus conductor had an afternoon off, and he was spending part of it in a little nap, when his loving wife awoke him, and exhibited for his admiration a lamp shade. It was made of coloured tissue paper and cardboard, and its scalloped border was perforated with little holes, through which the light would percolate. "I made it myself, George," she said enthusiastically. "Isn't it beautiful?" "Yes, it is," said George. But when he scrutinised it more carefully he turned a sickly green. "Did you make those holes with my bell punch?" he asked. "Yes, wasn't it a capital idea," said his wife. "Why, what's wrong?" "Nothing," said poor George very calmly; "only you've rung up enough fares to use up six months' screw, that's all."—Charles A. Gracie, Dundee.

Compromise.

A man took the pledge after much persuasion on the part of his clergyman. The minister saw this man's daughter hastening homeward with a jug of beer one day. He stopped, and said, "My dear child, where are you taking that beer?" "Home to father, sir." "But surely your father doesn't drink beer," said the minister, "after taking the pledge?" "Oh, no, sir," said the girl; "he doesn't drink it. He only soaks his bread in it!"—J. H. McCulloch, Glasgow.

Eloquent.

Si and Josh were settlers in Australia, and when they met one morning indulged in the following brief conversation:—"Mornin', Si." "Mornin', Josh." "What did you give your horse for a chill last week?" "Turpentine." "Mornin'." "Mornin'." At another meeting a few days later this dialogue ensued:—"Mornin', Si." "Mornin', Josh." "What did you say you gave your horse for a chill?" "Turpentine." "Killed mine." "Mine too." "Mornin'." "Mornin'."—J. A. Cook, West Gorton.

Now Is My Chance!

Young Rector (in evident embarrassment)—"My dear Miss Clara, I (trying to leave the chair) believe I have formed an attachment, and—" Miss Clara (blushing furiously)—"Oh, Arthur—I mean—Mr Green, this is so unexpected! I must—" Young Rector (frantically)—"Beg pardon, Miss Clara, but I was about to say that I formed an attachment to this chair, due to the presence of a bit of cobbler's wax placed there by that ungenerate brother of yours."—M. Raby, Lancaster.

Fishy!

It was the old lady's first trip on the briny ocean, and she straightway made her way to the captain, and implored that he would let her know whenever a whale hove in sight. The captain promised her he would certainly inform her whenever a whale was sighted. After persistent inquiries about twenty times a day, the captain could stand it no longer, and exclaimed, "My good woman, whatever do you want to see a whale for?" "Well," replied the old lady, "it's like this. I've heard a lion roar, a dog whine, and I would so much like to hear a whale blubber!"—T. Peacock, Darvel.

Help!

A physician was heard to use very uncomplimentary language about a certain butcher. "Why is it," asked his friend, "that you abuse the butcher so much?" "It's a good reason," was the reply. "Last winter I owned a fat pig. I sent for that butcher to kill and dress it. He did so, but what do you think he told me when I wanted to know what the bill was?" "I have no idea." "Well, that butcher patted me on the back and said, 'Never mind the bill. We're in the same business, you know. We professional men must help each other!' What do you think of that?" continued the doctor. "I was so angry with him I could have—" "Prescribed for him!" added his friend.—C. Clifford, Erdington.

The Hints That Failed.

An enthusiastic literary gentleman had consented to deliver a lecture in the village club on Burns. For weeks beforehand the boardings and boardings showed announcements, and when the appointed night arrived the hall was full to overflowing. He began with "The Cottar's Saturday Night," "Tam o' Shanter," and "The Jolly Beggars," and was proceeding with "John Anderson," when there came an interruption from the back of the hall. "What is it, my man?" inquired the lecturer. "Hi, when are you goin' to give us a few 'ints?" came the reply. "Hints?" repeated the puzzled gentleman. "Yus, 'ints!" growled out the man. "I paid threepence to come in 'cos you was supposed to know all about burns, and there you stands, spoutin' poetry like a parrot, while my missus, who's upset a saucepan o' boiling water on 'er foot is waitin' ter 'ear whether she'd best souse it wi' oil or shake the flour-dregder over it!"—B. Hill, Glasgow.

'You Must Give Me Up, Maggie'

Story of a Broken Engagement.



"So I want to give you back your promise, Maggie. I shall always have to use crutches, and a fine handsome girl like you does not need to tie herself for life to a cripple."

Ever since the day Jem Halley had met with the accident to his leg, and the doctors had told him they were afraid he would never have the proper use of it again, he had been preparing himself to say those words to Maggie Pratt, the girl he loved with all the strength of his manly nature. Now they were spoken. He had explained how hopeless the doctors considered his case to be, and Maggie, who had not imagined that her handsome lover was permanently injured, heard him in tearful dismay.

"I don't want my freedom, I will stick to you, Jem!" she managed to say at last, but Jem had seen the shrinking look in her brown eyes, and he knew that Maggie, who had admired him first because of his strength and fine appearance, would soon have her love killed if she had to walk about by the side of a man on crutches. Her pride would not withstand the pitying looks of those who had envied her only a few short weeks ago.

"I want you to give me up, Maggie," he therefore said gently. "You would only be sticking to me through pity, and I could not bear that."

"If you insist I suppose I must," said Maggie a trifle sulkily, for she knew that a more unselfish girl would have thrown herself upon her lover's breast, and told him that his injury could make no difference to their love. "But don't you put the blame on me, Jim, and let people say I jilted you because of the accident."

"I will make it all right for you, little girl," Jem said, but a spasm of agony crossed his face at her apparently heartless words, and seeing it, the girl seized his hand and burst suddenly into tears.

"I am a hateful, selfish thing, Jem," she sobbed, but the man pressed her fingers reassuringly.

"It's hard on you, Maggie, just now, but you will see when you think it over calmly that we could neither of us have acted any differently. Kiss me for the last time, dear, and then go out to mother. She will wonder what you have been doing all this time."

When Maggie joined Mrs Halley outside the hospital she looked very white and subdued, so different to the bright-eyed girl who had entered the building a short while before. And Jem Halley's mother, who loved her only son passionately, looked anxiously at this girl in whose hands the happiness or misery of his future lay.

"Has he told you, Maggie?" she asked.

"Have you let him give you back your freedom?"

"Yes," Maggie answered. "Don't look at me so reproachfully, Mrs Halley. It isn't my fault. Jem insisted, and he did not seem very downhearted about it either. Why, he actually smiled when we said goodbye."

Poor Jem! He had acted his part bravely to the end, and Maggie could not guess that the strong man had turned his face to the wall and sobbed when she was gone. But his mother understood, and her careworn face lighted up with pride.

"He's a good, brave lad!" she whispered to herself, but Maggie heard, and her heart once more reproached her for her selfishness. But she could not summon up sufficient courage to face the future as a cripple's wife, and although she longed to weep out her sorrow and disappointment in Mrs Halley's comforting arms, she let Jem's mother leave her without a word of regret.

Within a month Jem was able to get about with his crutches. He bore his trouble as a brave man should, but it was a cruel blow to him when he first saw Maggie walking with his former rival, Alf Trunner. His mother had tried to prepare him for the shock, but in his inmost heart he had refused to believe it till seen with his own eyes.

The man and girl were laughing and talking when first he caught sight of them, and although Maggie's face grew grave and ashamed when she saw him his lucky rival did not attempt to disguise his feeling of triumph. It hurt Jem more than anything else to think that his peerless Maggie could care for such a man as Trunner, whom all the men at least, if not the women, knew to be a coward and a sneak.

Perhaps poor Jem would have felt more comforted had he known that Maggie accepted Trunner's attentions really because she felt too sore at heart to repulse him. She had not received much sympathy from anyone. Her mother had spoken bitterly of Jem, as if it were his own fault that the accident had happened, and in a way it was, for he had received his injuries whilst pushing a young lad out of danger. Then Maggie's sister had always been jealous of her luck in winning the love of handsome Jem Halley, and now she did not try to hide her spiteful satisfaction at the cruel end of Maggie's engagement.

So the girl for whom Jem was breaking his heart thought that she had good cause to feel aggrieved, and she turned to Alf Trunner for relief from her unhappy thoughts. Too generous to try and profit so soon from their friend's unfortunate accident, all Maggie's old admirers had held aloof even when they knew that she was once more free. Only Trunner, who cared for no man but himself, stepped readily into the vacant place, and laughed Maggie's first faint objections to scorn.

That evening after seeing Maggie the unhappy Jem dragged himself wearily homeward, feeling that such a life as his was not worth living. His mother met him at the door, led him to his couch, and made him as comfortable as she could. But all her loving ministrations could not deaden the gnawing pain at his heart.

"You have seen them?" she asked bluntly, when he pushed away untasted the cup of coffee she had made for him, and he nodded his head wearily, without speaking.

"A selfish, worthless hussy!" she continued, angrily brushing away the tears that would roll down her cheeks. "She wasn't worthy of you if she could put a man like Alf Trunner in your place, Jem. Make up your mind to forget her, my boy."

"I love her, mother," Jem answered sadly. "Don't reproach her; it only hurts me more to hear you talk like that of Maggie, and we

have no right to blame her, for I gave her her freedom although she did not want to take it."

"She was ready enough, only ashamed to admit it," was his mother's gruff reply, but she saw that her words really pained him, and said no more.

CHAPTER 2.

One evening a few weeks later Maggie was out with Alf Trunner. Several times lately he had asked her to marry him, but she held him off with a coquetry that had never been shown to Jem. Sometimes he frightened her. His domineering ways were so different to the quiet Jem's, and she felt that he would one day make her say "Yes" when she only wanted to say "No." Trunner had already bought a ring, and had shown it to her, flashing the large pastes before her eyes. It was so different to the simple ring that she had worn so proudly during those happy months when she had been Jem's promised wife, and the sight of it filled her with loathing.

But Trunner was persistent, and her home life was far from happy. So she let him meet her every evening, and each time told him that he should have his answer on the morrow, till Trunner grew impatient.

"I am going to have my answer to-night," he informed her, as they walked along, "and it's going to be 'Yes' or I will know the reason why. Do you understand, Maggie?"

"Yes, of course," she answered; "you are so impatient. Anyone would think I was likely to run away."

"I'd follow if you did," said Alf truculently. "That sort of game won't come off with me. After all the encouragement you've given me I won't be made a laughing-stock of. Here's Jem Halley. Doesn't he look sick to see you and me together!"

"You are a cowardly brute!" Maggie informed him, when Jem had passed with hardly a look in their direction, although Trunner's sneering laugh must have reached his ears.

Alf only laughed again at Maggie's uncomplimentary remark. He fancied that to be called a cowardly brute by a woman proved a man to be strong and commanding, and indicated a sense of inferiority on her part. He was quite confident that Maggie would give him her promise in the end, but he wanted to put his flashy ring upon her finger, so that he could openly boast about it to Jem Halley and the other men who he knew looked down upon him.

For some time they walked on almost in silence. Maggie always had these fits of depression after she had seen Jem, especially if she were in Alf's company, as generally seemed to be the case.

"You're a nice, cheerful companion. I must say," Trunner remarked at last. "For two

EXPERIENCE.

*The cycle of the dewdrop and the cycle of the sea,
The smallest and the greatest, 'Tis a question of degree.
'Tis the same within the ocean and the drop of water small;
And the dweller in the dewdrop has felt and known it all -
Yea, I, within my dewdrop, have felt and known it all.*

TEMPTED BY GOLD.

Story of a Yorkshire Farm Tragedy.



"I'm tired o' Ellen—tired o' seein' her face day after day. It should have been you I should have wed, Mary."

The woman looked up into his face and smiled. Hers was not a pretty face. Indeed, it would have been counted uncommonly plain by most men, but it was fated to change the quiet stream of Jonathan Taylor's life into a turbulent stream that would bear him upon the rocks.

"Then why don't you leave this place?" asked Mary Garbutt. "There's plenty in Hull for a man like you to turn his hand to."

Jonathan Taylor thought hard for a minute or two. Ellen had a sharp tongue at times, though she was a good wife—as prudent and thrifty a helpmate as any Yorkshire farmer had. She lectured him, and he felt that he was no longer master on the farm.

"I'll go with you, Mary," he said. "For I'm tired o' this life."

So Jonathan Taylor left his farm, his wife and family at Escrick, which is near Selby, and

Joined the Other Woman,

Mary Garbutt, in Hull. He had rented a farm from Lord Wenlock, and although a capable farmer, it was said that he was lazy, and that if it had not been for his wife he would have been cleared out long before.

Ellen Taylor shed a few tears over her wayward husband, but she was not the one to cry her eyes out. She was plucky, and when her husband had gone she took on a tenancy of the farm jointly with her sons. Jonathan settled down as a publican in Hull, and had Mary Garbutt to help him. When he heard that the farm now belonged to his wife he paid a hurried visit home and demanded that he should get a certain sum of money. His wife did not ask him to return to her. She knew his nature, knew his craving for money, and foolishly she resolved to pay him a small sum. She also told him that if he cared to return and work on the farm he would be paid a weekly wage like the rest. Jonathan Taylor went back to Hull, and the years drifted past. He paid periodical visits—truly a strange situation for husband and wife—but did not stay long. It was always the same tale, the same request—money.

But if the truth be told, Jonathan Taylor had rued the step he had taken, for he saw that his wife and family were prospering, and that when he returned he was treated like a hired servant. The fascination that Mary Garbutt had had for him was dying, if not already dead, and Jonathan regretted the past. His one great regret was that he had not made money as his wife had. He knew that she had plenty of money, although she grudged him a few shillings.

In October the Taylors were busy gathering in the potatoes, so Jonathan thought that would be a proper time to pay another visit. He bade goodbye to Mary Garbutt in Hull, and duly presented himself at the farm. He was

Greeted as Coldly as Ever,

his eldest son telling him that there was plenty of work amongst the potatoes. Jonathan

screwed up his mouth, but he took off his coat and went out to the fields.

He had been working for three or four days when the something happened that set the spark to Jonathan's avaricious nature. They had all come in from the fields for the midday meal, and Jonathan was in the kitchen at the table. While the meal was going on a neighbour came in to pay a debt of seventy pounds.

Jonathan's eyes glistened as he saw the golden coins counted out, and he watched his wife go to a chest, which she used as a safe box for the money she kept in the house, and placed the bag with the coins inside. Then she shut the lid and placed the key in her pocket.

Jonathan went on with his dinner, and never uttered a word about the transaction. Had he known that his wife within half-an-hour had handed the money to her son to take to the bank it would have been well for Jonathan Taylor, well for everyone concerned.

He returned to his work in the fields, about half-a-mile from the house, and when it came to dropping work for the day he proceeded home. Nothing was done, however, until the Monday.

With the exception of Mrs Taylor, who looked after the house, they all went to work in the fields. Jonathan was not present at the breakfast table, and his sons and daughters left without seeing him. One of the daughters made up the fire in the kitchen, and it was soon blazing merrily. It was after noon that the two girls came home, and one was in advance eager to tell her mother that her father had not turned up to work, and that that he would likely have gone back to Hull.

It was the youngest sister who was the first to cross the threshold.

A Strange Smell Assailed Her Nostrils,

and all was still in the house.

She looked in, then shrieking wildly, terrified at what she had seen, she rushed back to her sister, who had gone to fetch a milking pail.

"Lizzie, there's something awful happened," she cried. "Mother is lying on the floor—near the fire, and I think she's dead!"

The elder sister hurried into the house, and a terrible spectacle presented itself to the young girl.

Her mother lay on the floor right across the hearth—in old farmhouses the fire was piled on the hearth—and the lower part of the body seemed to be terribly burned. Part of the poor woman's clothing was still smouldering.

"She is—dead!" exclaimed Lizzie with bated breath. "Mother is dead."

"What mark is that on her neck?"

The girls looked, and could easily distinguish a deep purple ring which seemed to be sunk into the skin.

The sons had arrived, and when they had lifted their mother's body they noticed her keys lying on the floor beneath her. The first impulse was to search the chest of drawers and see if anything had been stolen.

The money was gone, along with a bottle of rum which the mother had kept locked up.

About four o'clock Jonathan Taylor appeared upon the scene, and a neighbour told him that his wife was dead.

"I've been at Selby," he said. "I've never been near the house all day."

He entered the kitchen, where his dead wife lay, and, bending down, took her hand.

"She was a good wife to me," he said, shedding a few tears. "I durstn't do this if I had any hand in her death."

No one had suspected him, but already he

was on his defence. The folks in the room noticed that he reeked of rum. Now everyone

Regarded Him With Suspicion,

and then it was whispered that a man named Kettlewell had called at the farm, and had met Jonathan.

Then several labouring men who had been working in a field which commanded a view of the house declared that they had seen Jonathan leaving the house. Still another declared that he had walked with Jonathan to Selby, and when the path they had traversed was examined an empty rum bottle was found in the ditch along with two lengths of rope which had hung in the farm kitchen.

The cry flew round that Jonathan Taylor had killed his wife, and Jonathan, instead of returning to Hull, was taken to prison.

The crime could easily be constructed. Jonathan had made up his mind to possess the money which he thought was in the drawer. He had waited his opportunity, and, stealing into the kitchen, had attacked his wife. After stunning her he had twisted a rope round her neck, and slowly strangled her. Then, thinking to hide all trace of his crime, he had placed the body on the fire, thinking that it would be believed she had met her death by accident. But the flames had not removed the tell-tale mark on the neck, and the doctors declared she had met her death by strangulation.

That was the terrible indictment of fact that Jonathan Taylor had to face when he stood before Baron Rolfe in the dock at York. There could be no defence to such a mass of condemnatory evidence, and the Judge declared that if the jury believed only one half the evidence they would be entitled to return a verdict of guilty. Restless and uneasy in the dock, often burying his face in his hands, Jonathan Taylor must have felt that his hour had come. The jury did not even take the trouble to leave the box, but, consulting in whispers, gave the one verdict possible—guilty.

Taylor was asked if he had anything to say.

Like a man waking out of a dream, he answered absently—

"I suppose it's all right—but I'm innocent!"

No one believed him, and the Judge in scathing words told him not to add lying to his other sins. He was hurried below, and when he came to himself, when he realised that there was

No Hope of Mercy

from man, he turned to the chaplain, who is the last friend of the doomed, and in trembling tones confessed his guilt.

"It was the sight of the money that did it," he exclaimed. "Mary Garbutt and me had often talked about going abroad, but we never had the money."

For a few pounds and a bottle of rum he had murdered the woman who would have loved him and shared her last penny with him had he played the man—the wife who would have forgiven him at any time and taken him back and for that paltry stake he himself was to meet death on the scaffold.

One morning Calcraft came to the prison at York, and was cheered by a large throng of Yorkshire men.

The doomed man was not hanged. He was strangled to death, for, as it often happened with Calcraft, the drop was too short, and Taylor dangled at the end of the rope, writhing and twisting for a long time. It was the same death as he had dealt his wife, and who shall say he did not deserve that fate?

NEXT WEEK—

The Borrowed Cloak.

Daring Escape from a Lancashire Prison.

THAT BOY CECIL.

The Part He Plays in His Sister's Wooing.



"Ah, Cecil, my boy. Home for the holidays, are you? Well, well, boys will be boys. I remember the time; it is not so very long ago." but Martin Wells found that he was talking to empty air. Cecil Forsyth had disappeared.

"Impertinent young imp!" he muttered angrily. "Why couldn't they have kept him at school all the year round? It's a nuisance, but I suppose I'll have to be decent to him. He seems to get on all right with his sister."

His eyes brightened as he saw Miss Mamie approaching from the orchard. She wore a dark tweed costume, which looked neat and serviceable, and the bloom of health was on her cheek. There was a light in her eyes which a close observer would have put down to amusement which she was trying to suppress, but Martin Wells saw no reason why it should not be pleasure at sight of him.

"Ah, Miss Mamie, bright and blooming as usual," he remarked in his pompous tones. "Whither away, if I might ask the question?"

Mamie blushed. "I'm going to the station to meet Mr Gautrey," she replied. "He hasn't had time for any holiday all summer, and he's managing to spare a week for us just now."

Martin Wells repressed a desire to frown. He had heard a great deal of the brilliant young traveller, who had distinguished himself by exploring a hitherto unknown tract of land in New Guinea.

"I don't blame him," he replied with heavy gallantry. "Who wouldn't make an effort if a holiday spent in such charming company was the reward?"

Mamie tried hard not to giggle. "I must hurry," she said hastily. "The train is about due. Have you seen Cecil anywhere about?"

"He was here a moment ago," Wells said huffily. "I'm afraid he did not find my company or conversation congenial."

He walked stiffly to the house, and Mamie stood looking after him with an amused smile on her lips. "I don't blame him," she murmured in exact imitation of Wells' tones. "Coo-ee!"

Cecil appeared from behind a tree, munching an apple. He pointed expressively in the direction of the retreating stockbroker.

"Got fed up with him," he explained briefly. "I wasn't going to have him patronising me. Not much!"

Mamie laughed. "What did he say? Oh, I can see him putting you on the head and saying 'Well, my little man? But he's father's guest. We mustn't laugh at him. It's too bad really.'"

Cecil fell into step beside her as she hurried in the direction of the high road. The fallen leaves made a pleasant rustling beneath their feet, and there was a cold snap in the air that already betokened the coming of winter.

"I'm awfully glad Mr Gautrey's coming," Cecil said. "It'll be something to tell the chaps when we go back that he's been staying at our house, won't it?"

"It's all that, and a good fellow into the bargain," Cecil replied emphatically. "A bit

different to this other Johnny. Won't I take a rise out of him before I'm many years older!"

"You mustn't," Mamie protested. "Remember that he's father's guest. You must be polite, Cecil."

"Oh, I'll be polite all right," Cecil said airily. "It won't do for me to let on that I know anything about it if he gets scared out of his wits."

Cecil maintained a mysterious silence when Mamie questioned him, and refused to be drawn further. They arrived at the station just as the train steamed in, and Cecil waved his cap as a tall young man alighted from a compartment.

Harry Gautrey waved his hat in reply, and hurried towards them.

"How are you, Miss Forsyth?" he asked as he took her hand. "Do say you are glad to see me."

Mamie withdrew her hand. It seemed to her that the young man was rather too sure of his welcome.

"Of course," she replied primly. "We are all very pleased that you have been able to come. Father is sending down for your luggage."

Harry Gautrey looked a trifle disappointed. This cool, self-possessed young lady was a different person from the blushing school-girl who had wept on his shoulder when he had gone away three years before. Mamie was almost distant to him; at any rate, she made it very evident that she had got over her girlish foolishness, and that he was no more to her than any other acquaintance, or, as she primly put it, "Friend of her father's."

With a pretty air of interest she begged the explorer for an account of his travels.

A shade of annoyance crossed his face. "Don't make me talk about myself," he said.

"I want to hear about Harding; it is three years since I have been here. Is Bingo quite well, and are there any apples left in the orchard? In other words has my young friend been home for his holidays long?"

"Nearly a day," Cecil replied promptly. "And I haven't eaten more than a dozen, and a sour lot they are. I wish you joy of them. And there's an old cove staying here that'll nearly drive you to drink. You might spare him his reminiscences. Sis. Old Wells will see to that all right."

"Is that Martin Wells, the financier? Is he staying here?" Harry asked.

"Yes, he's been here a week, and likely to stop longer," Cecil said. "He's sweet on Sis, you know."

Mamie blushed crimson. "You are a naughty boy, Cecil," she said angrily. "I told you before that you should not allude so disrespectfully to Mr Wells."

Cecil winked at Harry Gautrey, but that gentleman had put quite the wrong construction on Mamie's confusion.

"I daresay Cecil has only told me what I would see for myself in another hour," he said pleasantly. "What form are you in now, Cecil?"

"I'm in the cricket eleven," Cecil replied proudly. "And a fellow told me that I might be picked for the boating crew. What do you think of that? I tell you, we put up some very good form on the river. Oxford and Cambridge might begin to look pretty sick if we rowed against them."

Gautrey laughed. "I see you don't stock humility in large quantities," he remarked. "Do you ever learn anything by any mischance?"

"We do that," Cecil replied energetically. "We have to swot pretty hard, I can tell you. It's a regular grind, and I'm not sorry the holidays have come round."

"Poor boy. You look worn out, doesn't he, Miss Forsyth?"

Mamie smiled at her brother's fresh, round face. "I'm hoping that he will recuperate," she said. "Rest and quiet will do him good."

They both laughed as with a wild whoop Cecil started to race down the road. He had caught sight of Bingo, the old collie, and as he ran the dog leaped up at him, barking delightedly.

"It is grand to be here," Harry Gautrey sighed contentedly as he watched Cecil playing with the dog. "You have altered a great deal, Miss Forsyth."

He glanced admiringly at her as he spoke, and Mamie was conscious that he considered the change an improvement.

"You think so," she replied indifferently. "I can't say the same about you. You look much the same as usual."

Gautrey thought he detected a note of disparagement in her tone, and wondered uneasily if Wells was very good-looking.

Martin Wells came towards them at that moment, and Mamie performed the introduction with a conscious blush that deepened the impression already formed in Gautrey's mind.

As soon as they reached the house Mamie slipped away, and she did not meet Gautrey again until just before dinner. Cecil had been allowed to dine with the elders, by virtue of his fifteen years and his Eton suit, and he sidled up to Mamie as she turned over some music in the drawing-room after dinner.

"It's in the air," he whispered mysteriously. "Old Wells has been talking to the Dad this afternoon, and I feel it in my bones it's about you. And then Gautrey's dead nuts on some girl or other. It makes me feel quite sad, so far away from Gwendoline."

"You ridiculous boy," Mamie laughed. "Wait till you grow up before you fall in love, and then don't—if you can help it."

Cecil sighed. "I couldn't help it," he admitted.

"Who is she?" his sister asked. "Not anybody I know?"

"Her father keeps a sweet shop near the grounds. She's got yellow hair in two plaits, with bows on the end, and she always gives me a few extra to the penn'orth. Half the fellows are gone on her, but I'm sure she likes me best."

"You'll get over it, and so will Mr Gautrey—if he really is in love." She spoke with studied carelessness, but she was all eagerness to hear what was behind her brother's allusion. Surely, even if Harry wanted to resume the friendship broken off three years ago, he would hardly confide in such a feather-brain as Cecil!

"He dropped a photo," Cecil confided. "And when I was going to pick it up for him he nearly bit my head off. It was a girl in a white dress, but I couldn't see what she was like."

Mamie was thankful for the firelight, which hid her sudden pallor.

"Well, it's no concern of ours, Cecil," she replied carelessly. "And it's very bad taste to pry into other people's affairs."

"I wasn't prying," Cecil said indignantly. "But when anybody drops anything you naturally want to pick it up for them. But catch me doing it again, that's all. He can go dropping things all about the place for all I care."

Cecil stalked away then, and was not seen again until bedtime. Mamie wondered uneasily if he was up to any mischief. It was

THAT BOY CECIL—Continued.

seldom that he was invisible for so long at a time.

But a summons from the library made her forget Cecil. Her father wanted to speak to her, and as she was alone, the two guests walking together in the garden, she went at once.

"Ah, my dear," her father said, looking up. "I wanted to tell you about Mr Wells. He asked me for your hand this afternoon. I am aware that as yet he has said nothing to you, a most proper proceeding on his part. I do not hold with the lax methods of the present generation. An affair of this kind needs the wisdom of older heads if it is to be a success."

"Did you ask grandpa for mother before you spoke to her?" Mamie asked innocently. She knew well that her father's had been a runaway match, and that they had been absurdly happy.

Mr Forsyth frowned. "The circumstances were exceptional," he replied. "I merely want to tell you that I consider Mr Wells a most suitable match for you. He is rich, though I do not attach primary importance to that fact. I believe that he will make you an excellent husband. He is very devoted to you, and I doubt not would be exceedingly kind."

Tears were in Mamie's eyes. "Oh, I know," she cried. "I believe he is all that. But—"

Her father glanced at her kindly through his spectacles. "Please yourself, child," he said. "I merely wanted to assure you that I approve of Mr Wells. Do nothing hastily, though. I would not wish you to act contrary to the dictates of your heart. Suppose you think it over, and let me know what you have decided to-morrow?"

"Very well," Mamie replied in a choked voice. "I will do that."

She went straight up to her room, and sat down by the window. The offer was tempting, she admitted that. Not because Martin Wells was rich. She cared little for wealth for its own sake. But Harry Gautrey had been almost her lover in the old days. Now it was evident that he no longer cared for her, indeed that he loved someone else. She even wondered if he had taken this roundabout means of letting her know that there could now be nothing between them.

Her pride was up in arms at the thought. She must let him know that she did not care, she could not be too emphatic, and surely the best way was to let him see her happily engaged to someone else.

She thought long and earnestly, but always she came back to that one consideration. And since Harry did not love her it did not matter what became of her. She might as well marry Martin Wells as do anything else with her life.

"I'll do it," she decided, then started up in alarm.

A series of discordant screams rent the air. They were repeated with incredible rapidity, and Mamie rushed out into the corridor with blanched face.

The sounds seemed to be in a man's voice, and she felt relieved as she saw her father emerge from his room farther on. It was not her father. Could it be Cecil?

"Cecil?" she asked him, her breath coming and going, for the agonised screams still continued.

"I left him asleep," her father said sternly. "He's sleeping with me, you know."

Mamie wondered how he could possibly sleep through the disturbance. Then it struck her that he might be responsible for it, and "lying low."

She remembered that he had promised to frighten Mr Wells out of his wits, and slipped back into her own room while her father knocked at Wells' door.

"Is anything the matter?" she heard her father ask. "Are you ill?"

There was a moment's silence, then she

heard Martin Wells' voice, broken by sobs and choked with indignation.

Presently she heard her father's voice again. "Why, man, it's nothing but a piece of cardboard. Somebody's painted it with phosphorescent paint so that it would shine in the dark, that's all."

"But it danced about just as if it was alive," a tearful voice replied.

"There's a bit of string attached to it, I see," Mr Forsyth said. "I must apologise, Mr Wells. You may rest assured that I will sift it to the bottom. It looks like one of my son's escapades."

"It's an outrage," Wells stormed. "Scaring me out of my wits like that."

Mamie giggled. It seemed comical to hear Cecil's threat repeated in such tragic tones. Then as an awful silence fell she realised that she must have been heard. A door slammed violently, and then she heard her father returning to his own room.

But the incident had served to make her mind up. A man who could howl like that because a schoolboy tried to frighten him with a piece of luminous cardboard was no husband for her.

But she found that her decision was unnecessary. When she went down to breakfast she found that Mr Wells had taken the first train to London. He had not mentioned her, and evidently his offer of marriage was withdrawn.

"I expect he reflects that you are Cecil's sister," Mr Forsyth said severely. "And really, Mamie, I considered it very bad taste on your part to laugh as you did last night."

"Well, it was funny," Mamie said apologetically, "to make all that fuss about nothing. I should think the real reason he has gone was because he daren't face us after the exhibition he made of himself. Where's Cecil?"

"He's upstairs," Mr Forsyth said sternly. "Where he will remain until it is time for him to go to the station. He spends the remainder of his holiday at school."

"Oh, father!" Mamie cried in dismay. "And he's only had a day."

"Then he must learn to behave properly when he comes home," her father replied. "He treated our guests disgracefully."

"Guests?" Mamie repeated faintly.

"Yes, he put a square of luminous cardboard in Gautrey's room as well. It had a face painted on it, and was, if anything, even more grotesque than the one that frightened Mr Wells. He had strings tied to them, and was actually manipulating them in bed while I thought he was asleep. I shall be surprised if Gautrey doesn't make some excuse to go during the day."

Harry Gautrey did leave Harding during the day, but Mr Forsyth did not rightly place the cause. Mamie treated him with contemptuous coldness, for she thought he had complained to her father about Cecil's conduct. As a matter of fact Cecil had told his father about the cardboard in Gautrey's room, while descanting on the cowardice of the financier.

For three days Mamie wandered about, restless and miserable. She missed her brother, and she missed Gautrey more than she could say. The sight of him had revived all her girlish affection, but it had returned with tenfold strength as a woman's love.

And he wanted none of her, but carried another girl's photo about with him, a photo which he jealously guarded.

She worried a great deal about Cecil alone at school. He had told her that none of the boys were staying this term. There would only be the housekeeper to talk to, and perhaps Gwendoline.

She decided that she would go to see him. It would perhaps cheer him up. She obtained her father's consent with difficulty, but she obtained it, and took the first train to Barlow next day.

Cecil was alone in the classroom, looking disconsolately out of the window, and he gave a whoop of joy when he caught sight of his sister.

"Now this is bully!" he exclaimed as he gave her a bear-like hug. "You're a real brick, Mamie, and a sight too good for old Wells. Has he come back, or written, or anything?"

Mamie shook her head with a smile. "He has done with the family that has Cecil Forsyth for one of its members," she said.

"Hurrah!" Cecil cried. "I wish I'd seen him before he went. I'd have told him, 'Boys will be boys,' what he told me the day before. Old Gautrey's worth a dozen of him."

"Mr Gautrey went away too," Mamie said coldly.

"He was frozen off, you mean," Cecil said. "Oh, he told me all about it."

"Told you!"

Cecil nodded. "He's here, you know. Came to stay at the King's Arms, and he's stopping all the holidays to keep me company. Something like a pal that. Oh, and it was your photo. He had in his pocket that day. One he pinched before he went away, and carried it all around with him. I can tell you, Mamie, that chap's got a bit about him, you take it from me. He didn't raise the roof as bad as if he was being murdered, 'cos a bit of cardboard dangled on the end of a string. He just laughed, and said I'd put the paint on streaky. He's here now. Going to take me on the river this morning."

Harry Gautrey entered the room at that moment, and Mamie considered it her duty to apologise for her coldness, and to thank him for his kindness to her brother.

It took her nearly half-an-hour, and she found that the apology had to include several kisses and a promise that the engagement should not be unduly prolonged.

Cecil was nowhere to be found, but they decided that he would have gone to get the boat out.

He had indeed got the boat out, it was tied to the little jetty, and pinned to a cushion was a scrap of paper.

Harry picked it up, and found it to contain the message, "Two's company."

"That boy's a genius," Harry said emphatically, as he handed Mamie into the boat. "I shall be proud to have him for a brother-in-law."

While Mamie, her eyes misty with happy tears, murmured "Bless him!"

MUST HAVE IT.

ONE FOOD ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

Tradition or custom has long denominated bread as the "staff of life," but there are times when bread even palls on the appetite.

There is one food, however, that seems to appeal and satisfy even the poor sufferer from dyspepsia and indigestion. The following will verify this statement:—

"A little over two years ago I was very ill, so thoroughly run down with indigestion, neuralgia, &c., that I had to give up business and go under a doctor's treatment for several months.

"I did not seem to improve much, lost my appetite, the very sight of food made me feel worse.

"Having read about Grape-Nuts, I tried it, and found that it agreed with me. I did not get tired of it like everything else.

"Soon I found myself getting stronger, more energetic, rested better at night, was more refreshed in the morning.

"Now, I am happy to say, thanks to Grape-Nuts, I am at business again, feeling strong and healthy. I would gladly do without any other article of food but Grape-Nuts. I have proved it to be the best food for indigestion, and shall always remember with gratitude what it has done for me."

"There's a reason."



This is a rather strange happening, but in every detail perfectly correct.

A bright girl used to consult me. She had no relatives in the city, and only few friends, and it had always given her confidence in any change or undertaking if she previously had my advice on the subject. She was a bright, practical girl, an orphan, and had been brought up until she was the age of twelve in an orphan home not many miles from Manchester.

At that age she had been claimed by a cousin of her mother's, residing in Yorkshire, and who had married a small farmer there. The couple had died within a few years of each other, and had left the little farm and their small savings to the girl. She then came to Manchester, and had invested her small capital in a shop in a good locality. She had very great personal attractions—plenty of tact and charm of manner—and her business venture was a great success. She was sensible beyond her years. Her early days had done much towards making her so. She soon had many friends, and also had received

Several Offers of Marriage.

The thought of marriage seemed rather to amuse her, for, as she expressed it, she knew where she was, and did not know where marriage might lead her. This was not "lip talk," but the straight view of a hard-working, earnest-minded young woman. One day, however, she came to see me and to consult me as to the advisability of keeping on her shop and putting in someone to manage it, or selling right off, as she was getting secretly married.

I felt astonished that she, of all others, should meditate this step, and in a manner so seemingly hidden. She told me that the young man was in his third year at the University. When his studies were finished, and he had bought a practice, they would be married. She consented to this on condition that his friends were agreeable.

"Like yourself, Marion," he replied, "I have few relatives, and my mother will be only too pleased. Although I am an only son in the house, and she does her duty to me, there is not much in common with us. You see, she is very worldly, and fond of travelling, and when I am married and settled down she can have no anxiety about me."

Soon he brought along

An Invitation for Marion

to come and meet his mother. She seemed a sensible, cold, very strong-minded woman, but received the girl, if not warmly, at least graciously. After things had been talked over she said bluntly—

"Well, Marion, and you, Dick, I have not the slightest objection to you becoming engaged, granted that you consult me openly and fully before you think of bringing off the marriage, for I certainly would not even dream of sanctioning a marriage until your studies are

"There Must be No Marriage!"

Extraordinary Romance of Love and Greed, by
Madam Sara Lomax.

complete and you are settled in a profession in life. Under your father's will your trustees and I have full powers, if we think it necessary, to withhold your estate from you until you are thirty. There is a clause added that if even at that age we do not consider you mentally competent to take it in hand we can retain it for your benefit."

The couple were quite content to wait the required time, and the elder woman seemed to thaw greatly towards the younger. However, one evening some straight questions she had put to Marion as to her relatives and her past had caused the girl to show some embarrassment and nervousness. The elder woman was told the girl's history, the death of her parents, and her subsequent life in the Orphanage.

"Did you tell this to Dick?" she asked.

"No," replied the girl. "He said when I wished to tell him that it was myself, not my past, that he wished to marry."

"Then you must never tell him now. He is very proud, sensitive, and quixotic, and would go on with the engagement from a sense of duty. But the thought of his future wife having been brought up a pauper in an orphan home would sour his whole life. Promise me, give me your word, that you will not tell him."

The girl did so, but ere long she had strong reason to regret that she had ever

Trusted Her Secret

to Dick's mother. She received neither calls nor invitations to the house of her prospective mother-in-law, who seemed as if she had been deceived, and tried to put every obstacle in the way of the young couple meeting.

Dick soon noticed the change, and insisted in his sweetheart telling him what had come between his parent and she. The girl yielded to his pleading, and told him of the interview. He was angry, and tried unavailingly to get his parent to alter her views and attitude towards his fiancée. She in turn announced that she was going abroad shortly, and that unless he saw fit to accompany her his allowance, which he only received subject to her approval, would be stopped.

The young man realised this journey abroad was for the purpose of parting them, and so they decided that as he was still dependent upon his mother for the means to live until he could find some suitable occupation, they would marry and

Keep the Marriage Secret

until the fates would prove more kindly to them. This all seemed good enough reasoning, and I agreed that the mother of the young man was certainly a tyrant, and also that when such a strong affinity and affection existed there should be no parting.

She strongly desired that I should take the glove lately worn by the young man and get psychometry from it. I took the article, and immediately said, "There must be no marriage. It was very fortunate that you came here."

"Oh, what is wrong? Surely I could not be mistaken in Dick?"

"No," I replied. "His character is all you have thought, his mind noble and generous, but I get from this article you are prohibited by blood from marriage. I must warn you to be careful. Your intended husband is a near relative."

She was astounded and shocked. She left me, and that same day returned with the gentleman—a tall, athletic-looking youth. Whilst he had never consulted me before, he had been an ardent reader of Professor Coates, the great lecturer and writer on mental science, and had also attended and been greatly interested in Sir Oliver Lodge's lectures. After some conversation with me, he admitted

that on the face of my results he dare not proceed with the marriage. He also very sensibly admitted that his supposed mother must know all. I insisted that he could only

Solve the Mystery

by bringing her to me, as I would require her presence to get full and comprehensive results.

He returned next day, having managed easily enough to interest and induce her to come. She was a tall, haughty-looking lady.

I described to her her husband's sudden death, and her anger when she discovered that, except for a small portion, he left the rest of the money in trust for the boy, of whom she was really only step-mother, her husband having been previously married. Then I saw two little boys playing together, both very fair and like each other in appearance, except that one looked more delicate. Then I described the passing away of the little delicate boy, and the other taking in childish innocence his name and place, as a condition of the will had been that if the boy died before coming of age the father left the money in equal proportions to his wife and his brothers and sisters, of whom there were seven.

She listened to all this and more, much more in stony silence, paid my fee, and swept majestically from the room, followed dutifully by her supposed son. She had been

Taken So Much by Surprise

that on reaching home she had a very bad "attack of conscience," and admitted everything to her adopted son, for such only he was.

Her step-son had always been delicate. She would be his guardian until manhood, and have control of ample interest and money. If he died she would have only a portion with other seven people, such as she was already enjoying. She saw that the boy lacked stamina and could not possibly live long. So she had taken a little orphan boy from the Homes already mentioned as a supposed playmate and brother for her step-son, taking care to make sure that the child would have no inquiring relatives seeking him out. She also took possession of his certificate of birth, and had a full knowledge of his general history. The little delicate boy died some few months later. She had him buried under the name of the little orphan, and the innocent orphan child, too young to realise, now became the

Heir to the Much-Coveted Money.

Even yet he had hazy recollections of his little playmate. She had ascertained that the boy had a little sister, two years older than himself, also at the Homes, and great was her consternation when by the irony of fate she discovered that Marion was that little orphan girl, and that they should by that strange force of circumstances be so attracted to each other.

The shock, of course, to the young people was dreadful, but they fully realised what an awful mistake would have been made if discovery had not been in time.

As atonement, the elder woman went abroad, and left ample proof for the rightful heirs of the deception. Of course, the young man who had been brought up in the belief that he would in time have control of thousands, was now without anything, but the uncles and aunts of the dead boy fully understood how he also had been wronged, and settled enough money upon him to allow him to begin life anew.

This he has long since insisted on paying back. His sister is happily married, but he is still a bachelor, or, as he says, "wedded to his profession." He is a consulting specialist of great repute. Sister and brother are devoted to each other.

Don't miss Madam Sara Lomax's startling revelation next week.

My Runaway Ride in a Coal Mine

Thrilling Experience of a "Red Letter" Reader.

During my thirty-five years' experience of working in a coal mine I have had more than one touch-and-go with death, but the one adventure where I saw my danger the most, and was least able to help myself has been very vividly brought to my mind again by the thrilling accounts told by the survivors of a recent charabanc disaster, where a runaway motor dashed down a steep hill, then overturned, killing ten of its thirty-five occupants outright and more or less injuring nineteen others.

The affair with which I was too intimately connected took place in

The Darkness of a Coal Mine,

and being all in a day's work, as one might say, little notice was taken of it.

It happened over twenty years ago. I was then working at St Hilda Colliery, Co. Durham. At that time the coalface was such a long distance from the shaft that we used to ride to our working-places on trams specially made to lighten the toilsome travelling on foot. The height of the travelling way being sometimes no more than four feet six inches high, the trams were very low-built—about two feet high, in fact. Each tram carried nine persons, closely packed, sitting astride as on a horse, and crouching as best they could to avoid hitting their heads on jagged parts of the roof of the mine.

In ordinary circumstances there was no great amount of danger attached to this method of locomotion—after you had become accustomed to the road, and knew when to duck your head to avoid the lower parts of the roof—the overhead haulage ropes, sheaves, signal wires, and fixings, &c.

The chief element of danger lay in the fact that the trams were unprovided with brakes, and that the motive power was a pit pony harnessed simply with collar and chain traces—the only means to prevent the trams dashing against the pony's heels was by the driver placing his feet against the hind parts of the pony and then pushing with all his might against the parties who sat behind him—a most primitive method of "putting on the brake," it must be admitted.

Still, from time immemorial almost, this custom of riding in-by and out had been carried on without any very serious accident happening. There were accounts of runaway trams now and again, but

Bruised Heads and Broken Limbs

were what miners took as part and parcel of their hazardous calling, and they would rather take their chances than forego the ease derived from a two-mile ride underground, taking into consideration that underground walking is immensely more fatiguing than the same distance above.

There were different ponies to draw us in each different shift that we happened to be in, and I always had a sort of dread when a certain pony, called Sergeant, had to take us in to our working-places. This pony was a very strong, wild, and nervous pony. On account of his flighty nature he could not be trained to do the usual work of strong ponies—that of drawing coals, so he was entrusted with the charge of drawing the riding trams, where men's life were at stake!

On July 9th, 1891, I was in the foreshift, and with twenty-four fellow-workmen was waiting at the station for the official in charge of us to come and drive us out-by. We filled three trams. Sergeant was the pony for us that morning. The official was rather late, so he came hurrying out and jumped on the last tram.

"Drive on," he called out to the foremost man on the trams. There was nothing unusual in this, as most of us could manage to drive.

Off we went at a moderate pace, but suddenly our pony took fright at a piece of white paper that was lying on the road in front of him. He stopped so quickly that he took the driver unawares, and the man was unable to prevent the flying trams from dashing against the nervous pony's heels.

"Look out, men, he is running away!" shouted the driver to us as the pony took the bit between his teeth, and dashed off along the engine plane.

The warning for each man to look after himself was needless. We could not if we tried. We were sitting packed so tightly astride of the trams that not a man could make a move to jump off to save himself if he tried. Even to do that was fraught with some certain injury to body and limb, as there was such scant room betwixt the tram lines and the walls of the gallery that there was the risk of being knocked down amongst the wheels of the trams.

We could do nothing but ride on to what we all thought would be certain death, or very severe injury, at the least. If the trams left the rails, as they seemed likely to do by their

Swaying From Side to Side,

it would probably have stopped the pony, but it might also have meant the knocking out of the timber supporting the roof, when we would likely have been buried by falling stone.

However, the trams kept on the rails, and on we rushed for over a mile-and-a-half, expecting the crash that might bring death to some of us at any moment.

At last it came! The gradient became so inclined that the pony could not keep ahead of the runaway trams.

There was a sudden stop; pony, trams, and men became all mixed up in a confused heap. Most of our lamps were extinguished, but with the few remaining lighted those of our party, who were least injured, began to extricate their comrades from beneath the trams. Beyond a few bruises I was none the worse myself, but we found one of our mates had had his last ride in the mine. He was lying between two trams with his head crushed. We sent out to the shaft for a stretcher, and when it came placed his mangled body on it, and followed it reverently to his home, knowing full well that his fate might have been ours: that only by a miracle the death-roll was not into the teens.

It remains but to add that Sergeant was immediately taken out of the pit for ever; that the chain-traces were abolished, and limmers substituted for the ponies from that day, and that this system of hurrying men in-by to their work was abolished altogether not long after.—Prize of One Guinea—E. Ward, 112 Chichester Road, South Shields.

HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES.

Many readers can doubtless look back to one supreme moment in their lives when they seemed to be face to face with death or disaster. They could tell at least one thrilling story, and to induce them to do so for the benefit of "Red Letter" readers I offer

ONE GUINEA

for each of such experiences published. They should be told in from 1500 to 2000 words, and must be records of genuine happenings. Never mind though your grammar is shaky. If your story is a good one, the Editor will put that right. Address all contributions of this kind—Escapes Editor, "Red Letter" Office, 170 Fleet Street, E.C.

FACTS IN BRIEF.

Wine is sometimes made from potatoes.

Aquatic birds are more numerous than land birds.

Cloth is now being successfully made from wood.

Ireland's population in 1841 was 251 to the square mile; now it is 144 only.

Eighteen hundred miles is the measurement of the coast line of England and Wales.

Matches to the value of £25,000,000 are annually consumed throughout the world.

A Dutchman is reported to have discovered a form of petrol which will not explode in any circumstance.

St Petersburg possesses the largest bronze statue in existence—that of Peter the Great. It weighs 1000 tons.

Mr J. H. Boynton, of the Garden Village, Hull, has grown a cabbage which is fifteen feet in circumference.

Madrid's famous bull-ring is situated a mile or so outside the city. It was built in 1874 at an estimated cost of £80,000.

Twelve bees, released at a distance of three miles from the hives, were found to travel faster than twelve pigeons released at the same time.

The Pope is about to issue a *motu proprio* condemning recent feminine fashions, the abuse of jewellery, and the enjoyment of excessive luxury.

The famous Tugela River, in South Africa, is said on one occasion to have risen 40 feet during a single night, owing to thunderstorms on the mountains.

The oldest of our Australian colonies is New South Wales. It was discovered by Captain Cook in 1770, and was first occupied by settlers eight years later.

Stag-hunting, which lasts only two months in England, is the shortest of the regular hunting seasons; hare-hunting, continuing for eight months, is the longest.

Table Mountain, at Cape Town, is a magnificent natural curiosity. It is nearly four thousand feet in height, and has a level top about three square miles in area.

In production of wheat per given area Belgium and Holland stand first, Great Britain and Ireland second, Germany third, Canada sixth, and the United States tenth.

In China many of the natives are dressed in dogskin. There are various establishments where dogs of a peculiar breed are bred in large numbers for their shaggy coats.

The most expensive watch made in Switzerland cost £140. This watch had a split second hand, and struck the hour if needed. It also had in it a tiny musical box, which played three tunes.

A scientist has discovered that chloroform and ether have a wonderful power in awakening the vegetable kingdom. While they put the animal world asleep a closed flower can be reopened instantly by either of these agents.

Carrier pigeons in China are protected from birds of prey by an apparatus consisting of bamboo tubes fastened to the birds' bodies. As the pigeon flies the air passing through the tubes produces a shrill whistling sound, which keeps the birds of prey at a distance.

A staff doctor of the London hospital says there are two chief predisposing causes to appendicitis. One is luxury. The other is a sedentary life. A man who eats too much is a likely subject. A man who doesn't take exercise is a likely subject. And when you have the two causes operating at once there is, of course, very grave danger of the disease.

An American trader has to change his tactics to get the full advantage of every opportunity that comes along. American business consists of taking advantage of a series of opportunities. In this country it consists chiefly of satisfying wants that are more or less consistent. The disadvantage of that is that the latter leads to routine, and routine leads to sleepiness.

Begin Reading this Great New Serial To-Day



PEOPLE YOU MEET HERE.

Little Nellie is an unhappy child. She is cruelly neglected, and her father being paralysed and dumb is unable to protect her from the persecutions of

Maria Smith, her stepmother, and his supposed wife, Maria really being the wife of

Mike Foster, a scoundrel and jail-bird. Nellie having been left a fortune by her grandfather, Maria and Mike plot to have her removed, and to put their own child,

Bessie in her place. Bessie hates Nellie, and is never tired of ill-treating her. Nellie's father, however, has a firm friend in

Lilian Dale, daughter of the trustee of Nellie's estate. Lilian is becoming suspicious of Mike and Maria, and is fast falling in love with John Smith, the afflicted owner of Rose Farm. But

Sir Lester Roberts desires to make her his wife. He threatens to expose Mr Dale as not being the legal heir to the money left by his father, knowing that an elder brother, William Dale, a drunken reprobate, is alive. Mr Dale thought his brother was dead, but for the sake of his daughter's social position promises to urge her to marry Sir Lester, and so save the family name. Sir Lester is jealous of Lilian's interest in John Smith, who is meantime in great peril. Maria drugs

Will Adams, a young burglar who has befriended Nellie, and sets fire to the farm, hoping thus to be rid of the father and child. Will Adams pluckily rescues them, but falls down unconscious. Now is Mike's chance! He determines to take Nellie and Bessie away to London before help arrives. Once there Nellie will be put out of the way, and Bessie will be brought forward as Nellie Smith, the heiress. Bessie, so he will say, has perished in the fire at the farm.

Poor **John Smith** meantime lies uncared for on the grass. He hears all the vile conspiracy, but is powerless to prevent its being carried out. Suddenly he hears the faint pattering of horses' hoofs and human voices giving forth the alarm.

"Oh, God!" he prays, "send them in time—send them to save my child!"

THE LITTLE OUTCAST

OR, NELLIE'S STEP-SISTER

By the Author of "Little Meg."

God help her, outcast lamb; she trembling stands,
All wan her lips, and frozen red her hands;
Her feet benumbed, her shoes all rent and worn—
God help thee, outcast lamb, who stand'st forlorn.

* The Flight. *

It was old Dr Jones who first noticed the distant burning house.

Returning late from a patient, his gaze was caught by the glare in the sky.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "It is Rose Farm," and, galloping back to the village, he gave the alarm, and soon gathered a band of men who were willing enough to lend assistance to poor John Smith and his little daughter.

When they arrived on the scene they saw at once that nothing could be done to save the house. Maria ran toward them wailing and wringing her hands.

"Bessie! My child—she's still in there! She's being burnt to death!" she screamed. "Save her! Oh, I shall go mad if she isn't saved!"

"Where is she? What part of the house?" asked one of the men hoarsely.

"Up there—that's her bedroom—over the porch!" Maria gasped. "I've tried to get to her, but I can't—I can't. In helping to save my husband I have lost my child—my own dear child!"

She fell to the ground, covering her face and sobbing hysterically. No one guessed she was merely acting a part, and a chill of horror swept through each heart as the impossibility of entering the house became apparent.

The men rushed hither and thither, fetching ladders, ropes, water, only to find themselves beaten back by the flames on every side.

Will Adams was found lying insensible across the path, and for several minutes Dr Jones, after hastily tending the paralytic, was occupied in bringing the lad back to life.

Meanwhile Maria continued to behave like a mother maddened with fear and grief, and when the old doctor asked where little Nellie was she sobbed out—

"My brother took her into London this afternoon. Miss Dale wanted Nellie to go and stop with her, and as the child was so much better I let her go."

"Humph!" grunted the doctor. "She wasn't fit to travel, but under the circumstances it is just as well that my orders were ignored for once."

"It isn't!" she wailed. "If my brother hadn't been away this dreadful thing wouldn't have happened. It was all his fault." She pointed down at the lad whose burns he was temporarily bandaging. "It's him that set the house on fire. He overturned a lamp while we were sitting together in the parlour. The place began to burn like a bit of paper. We tore upstairs to carry John out, and when we'd saved him Will fainted, and I couldn't get up to Bessie. Oh, my child, my child!"

Poor, wretched John, hearing all this, knew the worst.

"Mike has escaped without being seen," he thought in utter despair. "God in heaven, why can't I speak and tell the truth? Dr Jones believes all Maria is saying, and Nellie—little Nellie—there's not one soul to help her now!"

What words can describe the agony of this man as, a few minutes later, he and Maria

and Will were being driven away from all that was left of his once prized and peaceful home?

For his sake a neighbour placed a couple of rooms at their disposal for the night, and the old doctor remained with them, dividing his attentions between the three—the paralysed farmer, the supposed grief-stricken mother, and the lad who had been so seriously burnt as to make his recovery doubtful.

And no one dreamed that Mike Foster was steering his way cautiously along the quiet lanes which led to the main road to London, and that in the bottom of the cart lay Nellie and the child who was said to have perished in the fire.

Little Nellie knew nothing of that long drive into the city (for she was more dead than alive), but Bessie was only too conscious of its every detail.

Mike's constant reminder of her coming good fortune alone kept her quiet under the sacks he had thrown over her.

After this dreadful night was gone she would be Alexander Smith's heiress, and that stupid Nellie would have nothing, and, telling herself this, Bessie bore all the worry and discomfort without complaining.

Nor once did she bestow a pitying thought upon the poor little martyr at her side. She had been brought up to hate and despise her step-sister, and she had inherited Maria's greedy lust for riches together with her cruel and callous nature. What wonder, then, that she should be so indifferent to little Nellie's sufferings? The fault was more her mother's than her own.

Dawn was breaking over the city when at length Mike brought the cart to a standstill, and bade Bessie alight.

Pale and trembling, she did so, and saw with not a little disappointment that the house they were entering was a dirty, ramshackle old place in a narrow alley.

Mike carried Nellie up a flight of carpetless stairs, and Bessie followed, groping her way in the dark.

The inmates of the house were sleeping. Nobody stirred.

"I suppose it's Uncle Mike's own place," she thought, and would have been considerably surprised had someone appeared and told her that Mike was her father, and that the house was inhabited by a gang of thieves and pickpockets, most of whom had been trained by him.

He pushed open a door on the first landing, laid little Nellie on a couch, and lit a candle.

"Now," he said to Bessie, whose dismayed gaze was wandering round the grimy parlour, "wait here while I go and wake one of the girls. This brat mustn't be allowed to die. We shall want her later. But don't forget—from this minute you are Nellie and she is Bessie—d'you understand?"

* The Sacrifice. *

Sir Lester Roberts waited in the library for Mr Dale's return.

"Fate has played into my hand," he mused. "Dale is at my mercy, and knows it. But how will he manage Lilian? What argument

THE LITTLE OUTCAST—Continued.

can he use that will be strong enough to make her consent to marry me?"

The unhappy lawyer had asked himself the same question when, half an hour ago, he had gone up to the drawing-room.

"I can't do it! I can't force my child into a marriage so distasteful to her!" he inwardly cried. "She has been right all along. Roberts is not a suitable husband for any good girl, but, God knows, I never guessed he was as bad as he is!"

For a moment he was tempted to tell Lillian everything, but the desire speedily faded. It would be useless to argue that his father had intended the money for him—had died a sudden death the very night he had written making an appointment with his lawyers for the drawing up of the will. Useless to argue that William Dale was a drunken scoundrel, unworthy even of their charity.

He did not doubt what she would reply. The money was legally William's, and he, who had stolen it, must give it back. She would say this, and she would add that though it meant comparative poverty to them, right must be done, and at once.

"No, I cannot tell her," he thought. "I would sooner die than let William squander all that money away. It was meant for me, and I'll keep it—keep it for Lillian."

In his extremity he tried to find excuses for Sir Lester's cowardly threats.

"He loves my girl—he's mad to get her. How can I blame him—I, who knows what a jewel she is? He'll be good to her, and as Lady Roberts and with plenty of money to continue her noble work, she cannot fail to be happy. Yes, I will keep my secret, and she shall marry him. It is best so—best so!"

As he crossed the threshold of the beautiful drawing-room Lillian, who was sitting by the fire, started up with a cry.

"Father, are you ill?"

"No, girlie, no," he answered. "But I—I've had bad news."

"Oh, my poor dear," said the girl softly, drawing him into a chair, and sinking in her favourite attitude at his feet. "Tell me all about it. Is that the reason Sir Lester called? Is it he who brought you this bad news?"

The lawyer nodded, and looked away. He could not meet those pure, lovely eyes. He hated himself for the lies he was about to breathe to her.

"I won't go into details, Lillian," he said. "It's just this. Through something that occurred years ago—something in which I was not really to blame—I find myself faced with ruin."

"Ruin! Do you mean disgrace?" asked the girl in a rapid, incredulous voice.

He nodded.

"You wouldn't understand," he continued. "Yet it is possible for disgrace to fall upon a person even though he has always done what he considered the right thing. You mustn't think, dear—"

"Oh, I couldn't think you had ever done wrong," she broke in. "But ruin—disgrace—oh, my poor, darling father, surely it can't be as bad as that?"

"The position is worse than I dare tell you, child," he groaned. "Rich though I am, money will be of no avail. There is only one man who can help me, and he—he will, if you marry him."

Lillian stared up at him blankly.

"Sir Lester," she said.

"Yes," he answered.

"Why, in what way can Sir Lester save my father from disgrace?" questioned the girl, her heart beginning to beat painfully.

"By keeping silent," was the reply in low, strained tones. "He alone knows of it. If he speaks I am a lost man—my good name, everything I possess depends on his silence."

"But you are innocent!"

"I cannot prove it, and without proofs my bare word counts for nothing."

"Sir Lester is a friend of yours. Does he know the facts?"

"Yes, he knows all."

"Why, then, should he speak?"

"It is a matter of business. To-day he has learned that by giving information to certain

people it will benefit him financially. There is no reason why he should remain silent unless—unless he is to become my son-in-law."

A bitter little laugh escaped Lillian.

"I see," she said. "So Sir Lester shows himself in his true colours at last? He would betray a friend for the sake of money!"

"Put it the other way," said the lawyer huskily. "He will save that friend for the sake of the woman he loves."

"Exactly. He offers you your freedom at the price of your daughter," cried the girl, rising to her feet. "Oh, he is all that I thought him, and worse—worse! Father, I will go down and speak to him myself on this subject. Yes, he shall prove now just what his so-called love for me is worth."

"Lillian!"

Mr Dale thrust out an appealing hand. She looked back at him. His haggard face and twitching lips brought quick tears to her eyes.

"Don't worry, dear," she said quaveringly. "I know that, whatever this thing may be, you are guiltless, and if Sir Lester's silence depends on me I will buy it—at any cost."

"Wait—after all, I had better tell you—"

"No—what you have already told me is sufficient. Do you think I could doubt you—you, my own true, dear father? The whole world might rise up here and condemn you, and I wouldn't believe you capable of a false word to me."

With a smothered groan the man buried his face in his hands, and ere he could speak again Lillian went swiftly from the room.

Every nerve in her tingled with indignation and scorn against Sir Lester.

She ran down to the library and stood before him, white and beautiful in her simple evening frock, but with eyes so full of anger and mouth so set with determination that his arrogant smile of greeting instantly vanished.

A storm of reproaches broke from her.

"You who call yourself my father's friend should be the last to threaten him!" she cried fiercely. "You know that his trouble is not of his own making, yet you dare to come here and persecute him as though he were covered in guilt."

"Has your father told you the facts?" asked Sir Lester.

"I refused to listen to them. He is innocent. Nothing else matters. But I understand that it will pay you to publish those facts, and since apparently you need money I now demand your price. My father is a rich man. Let him have the chance of buying your silence."

"My price is you, Lillian," said the Baronet quietly. "I have already told Mr Dale—as his son-in-law only will I consent to keep his secret."

"This is preposterous—a man you know to be innocent—"

"I do not know it. I have nothing but his word to go on," he interrupted cunningly.

"But as your husband I will do my best to believe in his innocence."

Lillian's hand went to her leaping heart.

"You are wicked!" she cried passionately.

"If you really loved me you would not try and force me by such means."

He took a step nearer, and touched her quivering shoulder.

"It is because I love you—because I see no other way to get you—that I have taken this course," he said beneath his breath. "You have driven me mad with your cold, scornful ways. Long ago I swore to win you, and by Heaven I will! Hate me, despise me, shudder at my touch if you like, I will take you, hate and all. You will have to come to me, Lillian. You will have to give in, or by this hour to-morrow your father's name will be a by-word all through the city. The whole country will call him—a thief!"

Lillian reeled back with a strangled cry. He slipped his arm around her, holding her in a tight, cruel grip.

"A thief!" he repeated. "Now, will you refuse? You, who are so ready to give a helping hand to a fallen stranger, do you really hesitate to save your own father from prison?"

"Prison! Ah, no, no, no! You are saying this to frighten me. I can't—I won't be-

lieve it! Let me go!" she gasped, struggling to free herself.

"It is true," he said, his hot breath burning her cold cheek. "You and I alone can save him. Will you refuse, Lillian? Will you refuse?"

"No; I consent!" The words came from her in a choking sob. "I will marry you, Sir Lester, and may God forgive you for this. Let me go! Let me go, I say! You have won! Let me go!"

With a low, triumphant laugh he kissed her full on the lips, and released her.

"You will learn to love me," he said. "I am content to wait."

Lillian stumbled blindly from the room, and fled up the stairs, to sink, weeping, at her father's feet.

Sir Lester lingered a while, but neither of them came down, and presently, shrugging his shoulders, he took his departure.

"So far, so good," he pondered. "I have managed Dale and Lillian all right. Now, I must arrange with that old drunkard. He'd better stop in my house. He'll be as docile as a child so long as he has enough to drink. As for my debts—well, Dale can settle those in course of the week. I can bleed him all I like after this."

* An Awkward Question. *

As had been arranged, Mike Foster returned to Rose Village first thing in the morning.

When he alighted from the train one of the porters who recognised him as the unfortunate John Smith's "brother-in-law" informed him that the farm had been burnt to the ground in the night.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mike with an amazement which might have deceived anyone. "But my sister and the others—are they safe?"

On being told that Mrs Smith's daughter Bessie had perished in the fire he looked so shocked and grieved that the porter regretted having broken the news with such abruptness.

"Mrs Smith and her husband are at Hill Cottage," he added. "They weren't hurt much, but the lad who was stopping there last night, he's been badly burnt, and isn't expected to live."

"What! You mean my young friend Will? Dear, dear! Who could a-dreamt such a thing would happen. I must go to my sister at once. Hill Cottage, did you say? Let me see! Isn't that the white house at the end of the village?"

"Yes—Mrs Miller's. She took Mr and Mrs Smith in. The lad's there as well."

"Has the body of my poor niece been discovered?"

"No, and never will, Mr Foster. The farm was burnt to a cinder. Everyone's saying what a lucky thing John Smith's own little girl was away, else she too might have been burnt."

Mike wiped his eyes, sniffed once or twice, and went out into the village. Everyone was discussing the fire. For the time being people forgot their dislike for Maria and her "brother," and were generous in their expressions of sympathy for the loss they had sustained.

"I suppose there'll have to be an inquest on the ashes," pondered Mike. "What a farce! A bally nuisance too. But it's best all round that Bessie should be believed dead."

Hill Cottage was a pretty house standing in a well-kept garden and orchard. Its owner was a middle-aged widow who before Maria had come upon the scene had often visited John Smith and his motherless child.

When she heard that Rose Farm was on fire she had sent her stableman along with her old pony chaise and a message that if shelter were needed for John Smith he could come to her.

She had scarcely bargained for Maria and the unknown boy Will Adams as well, but husband and wife, of course, could not be

THE LITTLE OUTCAST—Continued.

separated, and the lad, Dr. Jones said, would be conveyed to the county hospital in the morning. So she had taken all three in for the night.

Mike Foster was a stranger to her. "What a horrible-looking man," she thought as he introduced himself, and inquired for Maria. "If all Mrs. Smith's relations are like that the less I see of her and them the better."

"I will tell your sister you are here," she said, and hastened out of the room.

Mike took a quick panoramic glance about him. It was evidently the dining-room he was in, and on the sideboard were shining pieces of plate, which his professional eye valued as worth at least fifty pounds.

However, he could see nothing that he could safely take with the exception of a small solid silver salver, and this he unhesitatingly whipped into his pocket.

"The old woman will never suspect where it's gone," he assured himself. "Ten chances to one she'll blame the servant."

Then Maria appeared, and hurriedly they discussed the next move in their villainous game.

"Everything is all right," she whispered. "We don't need to worry about Will. He's, too bad to talk yet, and they're sending him to the hospital to-day—five miles off. Dr. Jones doesn't think he'll get over it."

"If he does I'll soon quieten him by threatening to do for Nellie," smiled Mike. "I only have to keep going to see him till we're sure."

"Well, now, look here," said the woman, "you get back to town quick, and take Bessie to Miss Dale. Say you've brought her because the place is burnt down. She'll be certain to have the child stop with her, and that's what we want."

"What about John?"

"I've telegraphed to Mr. Dale asking him to put off Sir Andrew Brend's visit to-day. No doubt he'll give you money to move John into town, for, of course, he can't remain in this house, and you must make that clear."

"It won't do to have the Dales running down here any more," observed Mike. "If Miss Dale hears about Will she'll go and see him in hospital. She's just that sort."

"You're right," nodded Maria. "But in order to move John we must have money. I haven't a penny. I've lost everything in that wretched fire. I wish we'd never done it."

"Don't you worry, my gal," whispered the burglar. "We'll be away from here before another day is over. Meantime I'll get back to town and take Bessie to the Dales."

His wife stared anxiously at him.

"Do you know, Mike, I almost wish we'd said it was Nellie and not Bessie who was killed last night. It might have been better for us to let John come into the money as we first planned."

"If you think that you're a fool," he answered roughly. "Things have altered a good bit this last week or so. John's likely to be cured, and the only way we can save ourselves when that happens is to buy his silence with Nellie's life. Pending that, we must make all we can out of the Dales. With Bessie in their house there'll be all sorts of chances. I guarantee Miss Dale's got a nice load of jewels. You wait, gal—you wait!"

While this conversation was taking place Lillian Dale was sitting alone in her dainty boudoir.

Maria's telegram lay on a table before her. It had arrived after her father had left for business, and the startling news it contained brought temporary oblivion of her own great trouble.

"Thank God John Smith and his child were saved!" she thought. "But Mrs. Smith's poor little Bessie—how awful she should have been burnt to death!"

Much as she disliked Maria, she pitied her intensely for losing her only daughter. She had never seen Bessie, but the idea of any child meeting with so terrible a fate filled her with pain.

"I must go down this afternoon and see what I can do for the poor woman," she said. "Something must be arranged about getting

Mr. Smith and little Nellie a new home, too. I will speak to father on the subject at lunch."

But Mr. Dale did not come home to lunch that day. Instead his clerk telephoned Lillian that he was called out of town on business, and would not be back until late at night.

It was not business, however, that kept the lawyer out all day. It was because the sight of Lillian's white face and haggard looks tortured him—because he feared he might again be tempted to confess his unhappy secret, and in doing so make her ten times more miserable.

No reference to last night had been made at breakfast. It had been a silent, hasty meal, and shortly afterwards Mr. Dale had departed for his office.

Sir Lester Roberts did not call during the morning, but Lillian was painfully reminded of his odious claim on her by a large bouquet of hothouse flowers and a card bearing the words—"To my dearest girl, from her devoted lover Lester."

"Take them away—put them where you like, but not in my rooms," the girl said to her maid, and, shuddering, threw the card into the fire.

On receiving her father's message she rang the bell, and ordered the motor car to be ready to drive into the country after lunch.

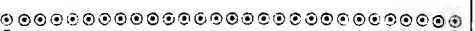
"Sir Lester would object, of course," she mused bitterly. "He will consider he has the right now to interfere with what he calls my ridiculous charities. But that is one thing he shall never do. He can make father's life and mine as miserable as he chooses, but he shall not prevent me from doing good where and when I wish."

Thrusting from her the memory of the man she despised—the sacrifice she was to make for her dear father's sake—she absorbed herself in the thought of John Smith and little Nellie, who were now homeless and more than ever in need of her friendship.

"Why shouldn't they come here?" she meditated. "There's that suite of rooms my governess used to have. Father wouldn't mind. And if Mr. Smith were with us he'd have a better chance to recover quickly."

The generous-hearted girl thrilled at the idea of thus being able to look after the paralysed man and his poor little child.

"Naturally Mrs. Smith would have to come too," she thought with a frown. "But not Mr. Foster—no! Sir Andrew will put in his own special nurse, and if Mr. Smith is here he needn't be troubled with that horrid man again."



THEN LET THE HEART BE GLAD.

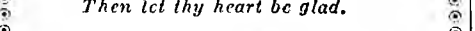
If counting o'er the vanished years
That mark thy life's brief span,
Thou findest they have brought to thee
True love for God and man,
Then let thy heart be glad.

If counting o'er thy treasures gone,
Thou findest yet a store
Of human love as strong and true
As in the days of yore,
Then let thy heart be glad.

Should thoughts of failure in the past
Bring thee a saddened mood,
Look in thy heart, and if there dwells
A stronger love for good,
Then let thy heart be glad.

If still the blessed power is thine
Another's heart to cheer,
If thou canst aid with heart and hand
The Master's service here,
Then let thy heart be glad.

If in thy later noonday hours
Thou still canst look above
And trust thyself and all thy cares
With Him whose name is Love,
Then let thy heart be glad.



But none of this could be arranged without Mr. Dale's consent, and so Lillian decided merely to drive down and bestow what comfort she could upon the mother who had lost her child, and incidentally see that little Nellie and her father were in good hands.

After making a poor pretence at a lunch she went upstairs to dress for the journey.

She had scarcely reached her bedroom when there came a loud peal at the front door bell.

Her heart beat with an uneasy thud.

"I hope that isn't Sir Lester," she said to herself. "He will ask where I am going, and—ugh! how I hate the very idea of seeing him now!"

Presently her maid entered. "If you please, miss, there's a Mr. Foster and a little girl called, and can you go down at once?"

"Mr. Foster! A little girl! It must be Nellie!" exclaimed Lillian, voicing her thoughts aloud. "Yes, Mary, say I'll be down in a minute."

Mike and Bessie had been ushered into the library, and there they waited for a space alone.

"You're sure you won't make no mistakes now?" whispered the burglar.

The child's plain little face beamed as she gazed around the handsome room.

"No fear!" she whispered back. "I say, uncle, what a fine house. Look at all them books, and ain't this furniture grand?"

"Mr. Dale's a very rich man," said Mike. "I've heard he's got pictures that's cost a small fortune."

And while he spoke his cunning eyes swept from one thing to another—the bronzes on the carved oak mantelpiece, the glistening ornaments on the writing cabinet, the rich Persian rugs on the floor.

He stepped over and examined the locks on the window, and uttered a smothered laugh at the simplicity of them.

"The dining-room must be opposite this," he speculated. "There'll be something worth swiping in there. I must get the boys on to this—as soon as Bessie's been here long enough to tell us what's what."

At that moment the door opened, and Lillian Dale glided in.

"How do you do, Mr. Foster?" she said, without, however, extending her hand. "I am sorry to hear such bad news from your sister. I was going to see her this afternoon."

"Very good of you, I'm sure, Miss Dale," said Mike, "but Maria's too cut up to see anybody. We're in a fearful muddle. We've lost everything, you know; and we thought perhaps you wouldn't mind having Nellie for a day or so till we can fix up something."

"Then this is Nellie?" murmured the girl as he pushed Bessie forward.

She took the child's hands eagerly, and drawing her from the shadows into the bright light of the fire, looked at her intently.

"Fortunately she was able to travel. She's wonderfully better," went on Mike. "I was saying only yesterday you'd hardly know she'd been sick."

But Lillian was not listening. With a bewildered air she was staring into Bessie's grinning face and at the black, lank tresses of hair which were hanging down her shoulders.

"Nellie—this little Nellie!" at last she said, lifting her astonished eyes to Mike's. "But old Mr. Smith told us little Nellie had blue eyes and golden hair."

Blue eyes and golden hair—and this child had green-brown eyes and hair as black as ebony. Was she dreaming? How could this ugly, healthy, black-haired sprite and dainty, beautiful golden-haired little Nellie, so described by her grandfather, be one and the same?

It was an awkward moment for Mike Foster. In their hurried scheming and arguing he and Maria had overlooked the fact that the old corn merchant might have given his friends a faithful account of little Nellie's appearance, and he was at a loss to know what to say.

Will he be able to explain away the difference? Is Bessie to take Nellie's place in Lillian's home and heart? Next week's fine chapters tell you how Mike meets this crisis that threatens his schemes.

Saved from the DEADLY CLUTCH OF BRONCHITIS!



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THE HUE AND CRY.

Gentleman Dick Tells of a Stern Chase by Detectives.

"The pitcher goes to the well once often." That was what I said to "Pam" when I realised that Detective Branston had recognised me, and that it was to be a duel between us. Of course, "Pam" laughed at my fears, and declared that we were a match for all the 'tocs of London. With the proceeds of the diamond robbery we could afford to lie low and have a good time, but I thought it best that we should separate until we saw how the land lay.

"Pam" and I removed to a quiet hotel in Euston Road, while Joe and Jim slipped away to Brighton for a week. But if I thought that I had put Branston off the scent I was mistaken, for I found out that I was being shadowed, not only by Branston, but by two other 'tocs. Of course, the robbery made a big sensation in London, and the "hue and cry" was fairly up. The police gave out that they were completely in the dark as to the perpetrators of the daring robbery, and that they had no clue. Paragraphs to that effect appeared in most of the papers, and "Pam" gloated over it. But I was an older hand at the game, and I knew that the

Slueth Hounds were on the Scent, and that they were having a game of bluff, thinking to make me careless and betray myself.

I went out alone the following day, and while walking along Holborn I was conscious that I was being followed. I halted at a tobacconist's window, and through a mirror I caught sight of Branston on the opposite side of the street. He was not alone, and it was not a brother officer who walked with him. To my horror I saw that it was the jeweller's traveller I had robbed.

They were stalking me, and the game would be up if he was able to recognise me. At first I thought of making a bolt for it, but that would be a sure sign of guilt. An idea came to me. I deliberately crossed the street in front of them, and entered a restaurant which I had often patronised. I knew that Branston and the jeweller would follow, so I walked right through the front saloon and upstairs.

It was a slack time, for luncheon was over, and, fortunately for me, there was only the waiter in the little room. Luck again favoured me, for I recognised in him an old friend, Charlie B——, who had once been employed at a club which a few of my profession, self included, used to frequent.

"Charlie," I cried, "there's a couple of men downstairs I don't want to meet. Isn't there a back way out through the cellars?"

Charlie was all attention, and I slipped a sovereign into his hand.

"Get me out, and there's five more for you to-morrow," I said.

"Right you are, sir," he said. "This way—quick! I hear footsteps on the stair." He opened a side door, and carefully closed it behind him, shooting back the spring lock. It was

A Narrow Shave.

for as we stood behind the door I could hear Branston's voice. "Not here," he said to his companion. "He's as slippery as an eel, but he can't be far away."

He tried the door, but found it locked.

I was not out of the wood yet by a long chalk, and with Branston on the premises I calculated that it would not be safe to leave the place.

"I must hide somewhere," I whispered to Charlie as we descended a narrow stone stair. "Does this lead to the cellars?"

"Yes; but you can't hide down here," was the reply.

We had reached the cellar, and I had a look round. I saw a way of escape if the coast was clear, for there was a trapdoor by which the boxes and barrels were lowered from a backyard.

"Are these barrels all full of liquor?" I asked.

"No. There's three dummy ones," was the reply.

In a moment I had removed the lid of one, and slipped in.

"I'll stay here until it's dark," I said. "You'll earn a fiver if I manage to get out through the trapdoor."

Charlie lightly fixed on the lid, so that I could pull it down at the least sign of danger. He promised to report to me what was happening, and I settled down to put in the most uncomfortable time I had ever had in my life. I've been in a few tight places in my time, but

That Barrel was the Limit.

It had been used for port, and although I like a glass now and again the smell from that cask almost made me sick. I sat cooped up there, scarce daring to move, until I became quite cramped and stiff. Still, I consoled myself with the thought that anything was better than a prison cell.

In about an hour's time someone came into the cellar, and I heaved a sigh of relief when I heard Charlie whispering to me that he believed the coast was clear. Branston had searched every nook and cranny upstairs and downstairs, but had neglected the cellar. I suppose he argued that I could not possibly be there.

"There was an open window in the back saloon, and he thinks you left by it," said Charlie.

That was welcome intelligence, and with Charlie's help I crawled out of the wine cask. I almost fell, so cramped and sore was I, and if Branston had appeared at that moment I was done for. I could have offered no resistance. I stayed in that cellar until it began to grow dark, and then with Charlie's (the waiter) assistance, I clambered up through the trapdoor, and reached the courtyard at the back. It was now an easy matter to get out, for there was an entry which led into the street.

In five minutes I was on my way to Euston Road, but I went warily, for I felt sure Branston would be on the watch. I was right, for as I approached the hotel I met "Pam." He was in a state of great excitement.

"The 'tec has been here, and the traveller we robbed was with him. They asked the proprietor about us, and if you had returned to the hotel. There's another 'tec left in the hotel, and you mustn't go in."

Things were indeed serious, and there was nothing for it but flight. I told "Pam" of my afternoon's adventure, and the "Kid's" face grew grave. We debated our position, and "Pam" was eager for me to go to Joe and Jim, but

If I was to Sink

I didn't want to take my pals down with me. I told "Pam" to return to the hotel and get my money.

"Don't trouble about the travelling bags," I said. "I've got to travel light to-night."

"Where you go I go, Dick," said "Pam," but I shook my head, and told him that he must stay behind for a bit, and wait developments.

In a quarter of an hour he met me on the street, and handed me the money. I told him that I intended to make for Birmingham, and lie low, and as I had not much time to catch the train I said goodbye to "Pam," wondering if I would be lucky enough to see the "Kid" again.

I reached the station, and found I had ten minutes to wait. Now, I should have kept my eyes open in the booking hall, but I thought I had thrown Branston off. I booked first-class to Birmingham, so that I might have a compartment to myself.

I was looking out of the carriage window to spot a paper boy, when to my consternation I saw Branston emerge from the booking hall. I watched him enter the same train, and then

I realised that he had been too smart for me. I sat back in the corner of the carriage, wondering what I should do. Clearly Branston thought that I had not twigged him, and I saw his game.

Immediately the train arrived at "Brum" I would be arrested on suspicion. They would bring the jeweller through and any other witnesses they had to identify me. I could have left the train at that moment, but Branston would be watching me. I sat still, and the train started. It was no pleasant journey I had that night, I can tell you. As the train rushed on I

Wondered What Would Happen to Me

at the journey's end. I asked myself the question—Why did not Branston arrest me before the train started, and the only answer I could supply was that he had not sufficient evidence to connect me with the affair. He had made up his mind that it was my work, for it was just the sort of thing "Gentleman Dick" would do. That is how the detectives make smart captures. They know that every "crook" has his special lay, and when a crime takes place the 'tocs know that there are only a few capable of committing it. Some of the class may be in prison, and they are out of count. Now, I was a free man at the time of the jewel robbery. I was in London at the time, and Branston argued that I was the most likely man. My only chance lay in the possibility that I had left no clues behind.

The train rattled on, and once when we stopped I was tempted to sneak out, but a glance out of the window told me that Branston was on the watch.

However, I had hit on a plan to give Branston another surprise, and I carried it into execution as the train approached Birmingham. When a train approaches any large centre where there is a lot of traffic it always goes down to half-speed. I was not going to risk jumping from the train, and perhaps smashing myself up on the track, but, cautiously opening the door on the off side, I stepped out. I left the door open, and, grasping the rail, I walked along the footboard. Mine was the second last compartment of the coach, and I had to pass a carriage in which there was an old lady and gentleman. They were too busy with their luggage to notice my face at the window. I reached the buffers, and

Hanging On for Dear Life.

I stood up. You may have noticed the steps at the end of each coach used by railway servants when they wish to get on the roof. That was my plan, and I groped for the steps. The train rattled over the points, and had I not gripped the rail firmly I would have been dashed beneath the wheels.

At last I reached the roof, and lay down flat. The train slackened speed. Slower and slower it went, until at length we were in the station. I never budged from my perch, and, being on the far side of the sloping roof, I could not be seen from the platform. The passengers bustled out, porters grappled with the luggage, and then I heard voices directly below me. I recognised Branston's voice.

"Confound it! He must have left the train," he said. "See, the door is open!"

"Why did you not nab him in London?" asked, probably a Birmingham officer.

"Because I wanted to make no mistake. I want to know if he has any of the diamonds."

"Well, he's given you the slip. We had better send men out to watch the line."

I smiled as I lay aloft, and then the train began to move. As I had anticipated, it was shunted into a yard, and in less than twenty minutes I was down from the precious perch, and making my way out of the railway station. I had reached Birmingham in safety, and so far the game was in my hands.

Gentleman Dick's adventures will be continued next week.

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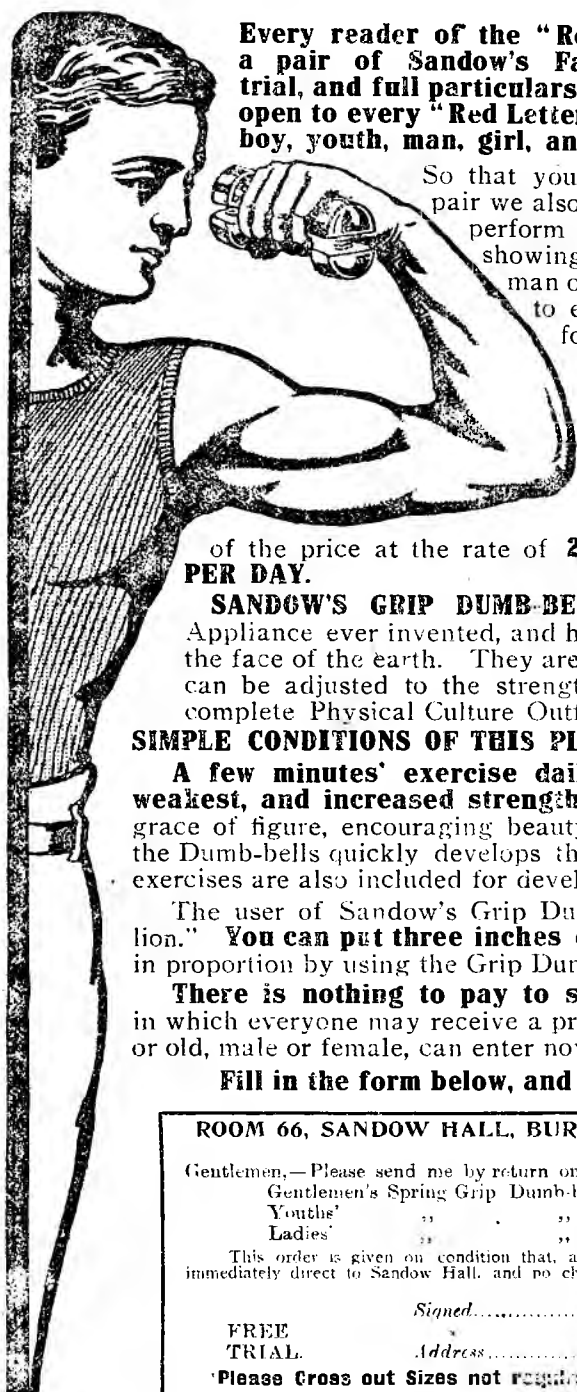
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COLLIER JIM'S LASS



PEOPLE YOU KNOW.

Elsie Warren is the pretty blind wife of Collier Jim, for marrying whom she has been cast off by her father.

Ralph Harwood. Elsie is supplanted at the Manor House, Mr Harwood's home, by

Frank Hewitson, her cousin, who hates Collier Jim. Jim has been thrown out of work by the fatal explosion in the Seaham Pit, and Hewitson offers him work in his own colliery. Jim accepts, but Hewitson runs some tubs down on him in an attempt to kill him. He is saved, however, by little

Benny Brown, who throws him out of the way of danger, but is badly hurt himself. Hewitson is short of money, having been robbed of a large sum by

Sam Ford and Jacob Scarthe, two ruffians. Sam loves

Mollie Marley, Elsie's friend, but his advances are indignantly repulsed. Sam waylays Mollie, and drags her into the dirty hut he occupies. Mollie escapes, and tells her brother,

Chris Marley, of the assault. Chris is furious, and leaves the cottage to have revenge on Sam Ford, who is spending the money he stole from Hewitson freely. The latter is angry at Elsie's marriage, as he hoped by wedding her himself to gain Mr Harwood's wealth. Mr Harwood sends Frank Hewitson to Elsie to ask her to give up her little baby Mary, never to see her again. Elsie and Jim indignantly refuse to part with their darling child.

Jim then tells Hewitson of how he was attacked by Sam Ford and Jacob Scarthe when they discovered he had overheard their plot to rob Hewitson. The latter is furious, and persuades Jim to accompany him to Ford's house. There they find Ford lying dead, he having been stabbed by Scarthe after an angry discussion. They discover the brooch snatched from Mollie Marley in her escape from Ford's clutches in the dead man's hand, and Hewitson sees a chance for having revenge on the girl for her stinging remarks concerning the accident in the Hewitson Pit.

He informs the authorities and they decide to arrest Mollie, who has been terribly upset at the murder, fearing that Chris is the culprit, he having left her to punish Sam Ford. The police finds Mollie in

Elsie's home, and Inspector Gibbons lays a hand on her arm.

"I arrest you, Mollie Marley," he says to the terror-stricken girl, "on a charge of wilful murder of Samuel Ford."

Arrested.

In the momentary hush following the grave, stern words which fell from the Inspector's lips, the look in Mollie Marley's staring eyes, the expression on her pale, drawn face, was not of terror, but of amazement.

The paralysing fear which had gripped the girl, driving the blood back upon her heart in suffocating pressure, when she heard the police-officer's voice at the door, had vanished even as he spoke the grim words of arrest. For Mollie had anticipated some sharp inquiry as to her brother's whereabouts, some announcement of the dreadful charge to be laid against Chris. And since all her dread had been for her brother alone, a great surge of relief mingled now with the dumb astonishment, in which she realised that she herself was the object of official suspicion.

Through some extraordinary error, which Mollie could not for the moment fathom, she was held to be guilty of Sam Ford's death; and so the terrible danger which had threatened Chris was meantime averted. Of the possible consequences to herself she did not now stop to think; it was enough to know that her brother might after all escape.

Jim Warren had turned aside, with a catch of his breath, as the Inspector advanced to lay his hand upon Mollie's shoulder. Every moment since his discovery of the murdered man on the previous night he had been expecting this, and his only wonder was that Frank Hewitson, in possession of fatal evidence against Mollie Marley, had not brought about her arrest earlier. He stood with hidden face, speechless in his distress; and the first to break the palpitating silence was his blind girl-wife.

"Murder!" gasped Elsie. "Murder! Oh, Mollie, Mollie, what is this?"

With her golden hair falling unbound about her shoulders, just as she had risen from a brief, troubled slumber after her night's vigil by Baby May, the blind girl tottered forward to grasp Mollie Marley's arm.

"What is this, Mollie?" she cried again. "What does he mean? Can I be dreaming still? Sam Ford murdered, and you, Mollie—you accused? Surely there is some great, some terrible mistake? Oh, tell me—tell me that it is not true!"

A quick shiver passed through Mollie Marley's frame; she shook off her momentary stupor, and turned to the slim, trembling girl by her side. And as she looked into Elsie's sweet face, white and strained now with horror and appeal, hasty words of reassurance and hot denial sprang to her lips. But she checked them swiftly. She must be silent, make no denials, nor strive in any way to clear herself of guilt. Through her and for her alone Chris had sinned. It was her story of Sam Ford's insolence and insult which had aroused his passionate anger and sent him forth to the quarrel with its dreadful result. And in response she must not seek to divert suspicion from herself and possibly cast it back upon him, but if need be endure the punishment which he had earned for her sake.

And so Mollie Marley bit her lips to force back any unwary utterance, and only pressed a passionate kiss upon Elsie's quivering mouth. But her silence, marked significantly by the keen-faced Inspector, and observed also, with sinking heart, by Jim Warren, increased the blind girl's bewilderment and alarm.

"You do not speak—you do not answer me!" she burst out, clinging to the dark-

haired lass. "But it is impossible—it cannot be true that you have done this thing! Tell this man that he is mistaken—tell him to go—"

"Hush, hush, Elsie dear!" cried Mollie wildly. "You do not know—you do not understand—and I cannot explain! Jim!" she swung round in choking appeal to the young miner. "For pity's sake, take her away!"

"Yes, Elsie, lass!" Jim Warren crossed quickly to his wife and slipped an arm about her shoulders. "Come away—come back to the other room and lie down!"

"No, no!" For once Elsie Warren resisted her husband's counsel and control. "I cannot leave Mollie like this! I am blind and in the dark; I see nothing and hear so little, but now I must know more, I must understand. Mollie Marley charged with murder, and does not deny it. It is too awful! Mollie, Mollie, at least tell me what it means, tell me all the truth—"

"It is my duty to warn you, Mollie Marley," interposed the Inspector's deep, deliberate tones, "that anything you may say now will be taken down in writing and used in evidence against you. I think that you had better accompany me without further talk or delay."

"Yes, yes, I will come!" exclaimed Mollie hurriedly. "But first, tell me this—have you found proof, evidence, to justify this charge against me?"

Inspector Gibbons hesitated a moment before he replied. "Yes," he said slowly. "I should not have taken this step without such proof. We have made discoveries which appear to point conclusively to you, and to you alone."

The look in Mollie Marley's dark eyes now puzzled the Inspector for long afterwards; it almost appeared to him that she welcomed his words. However, it was but a fleeting glance he caught, for she had turned again to Elsie Warren, and gently sought to release herself.

"Elsie, dear," she cried brokenly, "you must not keep me—I must go with him. It is for the best—that is all that I can say. I am sorry that you should have known—so soon; I would have kept it all from you if I could. Don't fret yourself, dear lass, but think the best you can of me, and pray—pray for me always. Good-bye now—and God bless you!"

She crushed the perplexed, weeping young wife to her bosom in a close embrace, then slipped away, and with pale but firm face and steady eyes crossed to the waiting Gibbons.

"I'm ready for you now!" she said calmly.

"Mollie! Mollie!" sobbed blind Elsie, but Jim Warren took her up in his strong arms and bore her into the inner chamber, while Mollie Marley walked quietly out of the little cottage by the Inspector's side.

It was a hard task for the young miner to soothe and comfort Elsie, parrying her eager, tearful questions since he dared not tell her all he knew. But at length, worn out, Elsie fell into a deep slumber, and as Baby May lay peacefully asleep also, Jim stole out noiselessly to the fresh air. As he stood by the garden gate Dr Deans came along the village street and pulled up at sight of him.

"Well, Warren," he said, with a sharp but kindly glance at the young man's slightly haggard face, "you're not looking quite yourself this morning. I'm afraid last night's affair has upset you."

"That's true, doctor," acknowledged Jim with a short sigh, and, adding that he had since had little sleep, acquainted the medical man of Baby May's sudden and alarming attack.

"But why didn't you send for me, Warren?" exclaimed the doctor. "Croup is a perilous thing to trifle with."

"Because I knew you already had your hands full down at Sam Ford's, and because when I reached home the danger seemed past.

COLLIER JIM'S LASS—Continued.

Mollie Marley had done all she could, and little May was breathing easily again."

"Well done, Mollie!" said Dr Deans. "I'm on my way to a case now, Warren, but I'll look in and see the little one later."

"Thank you, doctor!" returned Jim warmly. "You've been a good friend to us—and so has poor Mollie. We can never forget what she did for us last night, and I wish to Heaven I could help her now in her trouble."

Dr Deans glanced at him closely and curiously. "What do you mean, Warren? Mollie Marley in trouble—"

"Then you haven't heard, doctor?" Jim Warren's look and tones revealed his surprise. "Don't you know that the lass is suspected—ay, and arrested, here in my own cottage an hour ago—for Sam Ford's murder?"

The worthy medico's startled eyes flashed with anger and indignation. "Great Heavens!" he ejaculated. "The fools—the blundering fools! Mollie Marley responsible for Sam Ford's death—Mollie Marley a murderer—they're mad to dream of such a thing! I'd stake my last farthing the lass had nothing to do with the affair."

Jim Warren's heart warmed at the other's swift and generous defence of the girl, but he shook his head sadly.

"I wish I could believe that too, doctor," he said, "but I—I can't!" Then, impulsively, he laid a hand upon Deans' arm. "Listen to me, doctor. I know you feel friendly towards the lass, and I can trust you. Things are blacker against Mollie Marley than you think, and she's in terrible danger. When Mr Hewitson and I came upon Sam Ford down yonder last night we found a brooch of Mollie's lying by his hand—"

"But that proves nothing, after all," interjected Dr Deans hastily. "The man might have picked up the brooch somewhere; he might have stolen it from the girl—it might have come there in a score of ways."

"Ay, doctor," resumed Jim Warren, "but there's more, and worse, to follow. I was passing Ford's cottage myself early last night when I saw a lass rush away from it, making across the garden to the road. She didn't notice me, but I could see her plain enough—and 'twas Mollie Marley! I called to her, but she paid no heed, and flew away like a wild thing towards the village."

Dr Deans' intently eager face was grave and concerned now.

"Merciful powers!" he muttered. "Is it possible? Warren, you've told no one else of this?"

"Ay, I have," answered the young miner bitterly, flushing with shamed remorse. "Last night, like a fool, before I'd time to think, I blurted out to Frank Hewitson what I'd seen, and that 'twas Mollie's brooch we'd found, and he vowed he'd tell the police all. That's why they've arrested the lass now, doctor—because of what I told him, though I'd ha' cut my tongue out rather than do the lass injury!"

Dr Deans stood plucking at his brown beard, his eyes narrowed in rapid thought.

"Warren," he exclaimed quickly, "what time was it that you saw Mollie Marley leaving Ford's cottage? I warn you to be careful before you answer—I want you to tell me exactly."

The young miner considered for a few moments. "'Twas barely eight o'clock," he replied. "For I went on to Seabam Harbour, and as I came into the town the clocks were just striking the hour."

The medical man drew a sharp breath, and his eyes glistened.

"You're certain of that, Warren?" he cried. "You are making no mistake? You could swear to that time, if necessary?"

"Ay, I could swear to it," returned Jim, something in the other's manner communicating a thrill of inward excitement to him. "But—why do you ask me that?"

"Because I may—I shall want you to swear to it," said Deans impressively, with a new ring in his voice and the shadows lifting from his brow. "Warren, the day after tomorrow the inquest on Sam Ford's body is to be held, and you must promise me to repeat everything you have just told me!"

The young miner's face fell, and he eyed the

(Continued on next page.)



IS THAT YOUR CONDITION?

Perhaps you don't feel right-down ill, and yet you are not "up to the mark"! You have occasional headaches, perhaps—a little dizziness, some pain after eating, or wind in the stomach! You are "all out of sorts." It isn't right that you should be like that, and it isn't necessary!

Your stomach is at fault. Take a few doses of Mother Seigel's Syrup, after meals, and you will soon be as well as you wish. The herbal extracts of which Mother Seigel's Syrup is made will tone up and strengthen your stomach, and thus banish your ailments, increase your vitality, and make you fit and well. Buy and try a bottle of the Syrup for yourself to-day!

INDIGESTION
PAINS AFTER
EATING
BILIOUSNESS
WIND
HEADACHES
CONSTIPATION
SLEEPLESSNESS

MOTHER

SEIGEL'S SYRUP

WILL CURE YOU

The 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/1½ size. Sold also in tablet form, price 2/9

With Care.

The village Sunday school treat was in full swing, and after a rollicking time the youngsters were now engaged on a heavy tea. Little Johnny, though unaccustomed to very rich fare, had been tending to his "Little Mary" until he could not accommodate another mouthful, and he was consequently feeling slightly uncomfortable. "Shall I lift you down, my little man?" was the gentle inquiry of a lady helper who had noticed Johnny wriggling about on his seat. "Yus, please'm," assented Johnny, whose distended anatomy made him hold himself as a stiff poker: "yer can lift me down, but," and here his appealing look was truly pathetic. "please don't bend me!"—Joseph Close, Brandon.

Not Likely.

"Well, did you like the theatre?" asked the mistress of a servant to whom she had given a ticket. "I did that, mum, and it was fine." "But why did you not see the play out? You are home early?" "Indeed I did, mum. There were grand ladies in the boxes and elegant gentlemen next me, and I had a lovely seat, and enjoyed myself looking at the picture as much as anybody. But when they took the picture up and I found myself looking into a gentleman's house, and some ladies came in and began discussing family matters I came away. It wasn't for the likes of me to sit and listen to family secrets. I hope I know my place better than that, mum."—Walter Davies, Netherton.

Mrs. MABEL THACKWELL saved her child's life by obtaining "Scott's" Emulsion when the Doctor said her little girl was suffering from

Consumption



Mrs. Thackwell writes from 126, Lewis Street, Newport, Mon., July 31, 1911: "My little girl, aged 9, had to give up school, was frightfully weak and low spirited. She had a dreadful cough and profuse night sweats. I gave her Scott's Emulsion with most remarkable results. I firmly believe my child is now quite cured of consumption, and I have Scott's Emulsion alone to thank for it. She is perfectly well and strong." This is the result in all cases of consumption when

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is given so soon as the disease is recognised. This unique quality of Scott's Emulsion—the power to cure—is attested by reports of many thousands of Doctors and Nurses. Among all emulsions and in every civilised country SCOTT'S has always held and still holds the world's record for cures in cases of consumption. Therefore, don't ask for "emulsion" at the chemist's, insist on "SCOTT'S Emulsion," by insisting on SCOTT'S you are insisting on a cure!

Send for free sample bottle—enclose 3d. for postage and mention this paper. SCOTT & BOWNE, LTD., 10-11, STONECUTTER ST., LONDON, E.C.

COLLIER JIM'S LASS—Continued.

other uneasily. "What?" he stammered. "Give my testimony against Mollie Marley, tell them that I saw her—"

"Yes. Witness on oath that you saw her flying away from the cottage—and when. The police will insist on your giving evidence, anyhow, to support their case, but I shall want you there for a different reason." Dr Deans thrust out his hand to wring Jim's fervently. "Do not fail to be at the inquest, Warren; tell the whole truth, and, between us, please Heaven, we'll save Mollie Marley yet."

 * "I Have a Few Words to Say to You!" *

"Chris!"

Jim Warren sprang up from his chair by the fireside, where he was sitting with Elsie, for the door of the little cottage had been thrown open hurriedly, and Chris Marley stood there. He was in his working clothes, his face and hands still black with the dust of the pit, and in their grimy setting his eyes glittered with fierce excitement.

"Jim!" he gasped out as he staggered forward and dropped heavily into a chair. "I needn't ask if you know what's happened—I can see that in your face!"

"You mean—about Mollie, lad?" faltered Jim Warren.

"Ay, I mean about Mollie!" cried Chris Marley convulsively. "My little sister—the best and bonniest lass in all Seaham—accused o' murder and clapped in gaol! In Heaven's name, Jim Warren, what does it mean—how could they do it? Curse them that's brought shame and sorrow on her that wouldn't hurt a fly, and blackened her name and mine wi' their cruel lies! 'Tis not but that Sam Ford deserved it—it was in my own heart last night to lay hands on him for his treatment o' the lass, but, thank God, I changed my mind and ne'er went near him. But now they've taken Mollie—blamed her for killing the low cur, though she's innocent as a babe unborn. Curse them, I say, that's done this thing—"

"Hush, Chris, lad; hush!" pleaded Jim Warren soothingly. "Heaven knows I'm sorry for thee, but you must bear up like a man. How did you hear the news? I didn't think you'd be home from the pit yet, and I meant to come and break it to thee myself."

"I stopped work early to-day," answered Chris hoarsely. "But when I got home I found the door locked and the cottage empty. I'd seen the neighbours staring at me and whispering, but I thought nowt of it until they told me—" he forced back a fierce sob—"I told me that the police had taken Mollie away. I could scarce believe it—I told them to their faces they were lying—but I rushed off to the police, and learned that it was true. 'Tis a wonder they did not lock me up, too, for I was nigh mad wi' anger, and swore they must gie the lass up to me. But they got me away at last; and I could not go home to you empty house, thinking o' Mollie lying in the cells for murder, and so I've come here to you—"

Chris broke off, bowing his working face in his toil-stained hands, with hot, passionate tears of bewildered grief and resentment trickling through his fingers to the floor. Jim Warren stood looking down at him, awkward and silent. But Elsie, who had listened with her sweet, blind face straining forward, tremulous with pity, now dropped upon her knees before the distressed young fellow, and gently drew his trembling, begrimed hands into the soft clasp of her own slim white fingers.

"Chris! My poor Chris!" she murmured. "You did right to come here to us—to us, who are your friends, and Mollie's, to the end. She saved our darling's life last night, and so I know, whatever may look dark and dreadful against her, that she is innocent. She could not have come here as she did to toil with me over Baby May with her hands dipped in the blood of any fellow-creature, however vile he might be. I am puzzled and troubled, too; but still I feel, I know, that Mollie is guiltless, that Heaven will bring the truth to light, and all will be well again. Mollie

asked me to pray for her; and I shall pray for you, too, dear Chris, that you may have strength and courage to be patient until this dark cloud of shame and terror passes away."

As Elsie spoke on in her low, gentle voice the passionate tremors which shook Chris Marley lessened, the jerking sobs which swelled in his throat ceased. He bent a look almost of dumb worship upon the blind girl, and raised her fingers reverently to his lips.

"Thank you," he said huskily. "Thank you. I have been talking and behaving like a mad fool, but I shall be stronger and more sensible now. But there's one man I shan't easily forgive"—his eyes flashed and his breath came quickly again. "I forced the police to tell me that it was Frank Hewitson who first led them to suspect Mollie—it was he who set them on her track. And, by Heaven, I'll repay him for it; he shall be sorry yet."

"Listeners seldom hear well of themselves, they say!" interposed a cool, sarcastic voice from behind, and, turning hastily, Jim Warren and Chris saw Frank Hewitson himself standing in the open doorway. "And apparently I am no exception to the rule," he continued with a wry smile.

"I don't care what you may have heard; it's only the truth," cried Chris Marley, shaking off Elsie's timidly restraining touch and springing fiercely to his feet. "You sent my sister to the cells, and I say you shall answer to me for it."

"As to that," returned Hewitson with cold contempt, "I shall answer only to the authorities for having done my duty!"

"Your duty. Was it your duty to cast black shame and guilt upon an innocent lass, who had no more to do wi' Sam Ford's murder than yourself?"

"Naturally, that is your opinion. But I and Jim Warren here"—Hewitson swept out his hand towards Jim, standing by, pale and troubled—"know better; as you will be compelled to admit yourself when we come to give our evidence in Court on the matter."

"What!" ejaculated Chris Marley, clutching Jim's arm and staring at him aghast. "You, lad? You are going to give evidence against the lass, against Mollie?"

"Stop a bit, Chris, and hear me!" intervened Jim Warren quickly. "And you, Mr Hewitson, listen too. I must go to Court, sure enough, but what I've got to say may help Mollie Marley and not harm her. I can't explain how, but I've been telling Dr Deans everything, and he says that I must be at the inquest without fail for the lass' own sake, and that between him and me we'll clear Mollie's name and set her free."

The light of glad relief succeeding angry and startled suspicion on Chris Marley's face, like sunshine breaking through a thundercloud, was not reflected in Frank Hewitson's thin featured, austere countenance. He looked crestfallen and discomfited, but after a few moments' embarrassment shrugged his shoulders and spoke sneeringly.

"That seems very strange, and somewhat incredible. I fear Deans has been giving rein to his imagination. However, I decline to discuss the matter here and now, and I advise you, Chris Marley, to keep a more civil tongue in your head in future."

He ostentatiously turned his back upon the angry-eyed young fellow, and addressed himself to Jim.

"Warren, I only called in passing to inquire if you had received instructions as to resuming work at the pit. Walters spoke of finding you a place in the main seam—"

"Yes, Mr Hewitson," answered Jim. "The manager has given me a fresh start, but I'm to go on nightshift for a time, and I begin work again to-night."

"Ah!" Frank Hewitson nodded, and after a brief word to Elsie, who was silently busy-ing herself over Baby May and made no response, he left the cottage.

Absorbed in thought, he made his way towards Seaham Harbour, and, reaching his office in a street facing the docks, passed through to his private room. Then a muttered exclamation of surprise and satisfaction escaped his lips. For seated there awaiting him was a squat, powerful figure with a weatherbeaten, pock-marked face, and Frank

(Continued on next page.)

A WOMAN'S SIMPLE INJURY.**ZAM-BUK CURES A CRIPPLE WHOSE LEGS WERE POISONED 20 YEARS.**

A simple injury, aggravated by the foolish use of a "cheap" ointment, so crippled Mrs C. Brown that she had to give up a profitable laundry business.

"While hanging out clothes twenty years ago," Mrs Brown, who lives at 17 Exeter Terrace, Salisbury, told a reporter, "I slipped from a stool and knocked my left leg against the edge of a metal bucket. The skin was torn away, leaving a long nasty wound, which wouldn't heal. Later the whole limb became inflamed and swollen, and a discharge ran from the wound. I very foolishly tried a home-made preparation, which set up fermentation. Sores broke out all over the limb, and then my right leg became ulcerated as well. Both legs were black with disease, and skin and flesh seemed quite rotten.

"I had finally to give up my laundry, as I could scarcely move about. I was often in such awful agony that I bit my pillow and screamed out. If it hadn't been for the kindness of friends I really don't know what we should have done, for I was positively helpless. Then I was an inmate of the Salisbury Infirmary, and afterwards had treatment at the Southampton Hospital. But my legs simply wouldn't heal.

"A neighbour at last persuaded me to try Zam-Buk, and she was kind enough to come in every day and dress my legs with the balm, after washing them with Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap. I can't describe the relief Zam-Buk gave me! I had known nothing like it for nearly 20 years. Careful perseverance with Zam-Buk showed me that it was actually healing my legs. The great sores stopped throbbing and running, and began to close up, after discharging all corruption. Both legs healed up, and over every sore Zam-Buk grew splendid new skin."

Wheat Meal Scones.

One pound fine wheatmeal, half-ounce cream of tartar, quarter-ounce bicarbonate soda, three ounces margarine or butter, three ounces moist sugar, half-pint of milk.

Method.—Sieve the powders into the wheatmeal, rub in well the sugar and margarine, and mix the whole to a nice dough with the milk. Divide into twelve-ounce pieces, roll them up round, flatten out to the size of a five-inch plate, cut into four, put on tins, wash tops with milk, bake in hot oven. A thoroughly wholesome scone.

BAD LEG CURED AT 73 AFTER MANY YEARS' TORTURE.

Wonderful success of a new method of curing ulceration.

SPECIAL FREE TRIAL OFFER.

A huge ulcer, nine inches long, nearly four inches wide, full of foul discharge and inflammation, and very deep. Agony all day long, year in and year out, and no rest at night. Unable to wear a boot—could not go out of doors—growing steadily weaker every day. Ointments, medicines, and treatments of every kind utterly failed—the case was getting desperate.

Then just a few drops of a gentle, cooling, healing remedy. The effect—like magic. Irritation and pain gone—sweet, refreshing sleep at night, and in due time a complete cure—the bad leg made thoroughly strong, sound, and well.

This was the experience of Mrs Stratford (aged 73 years), living at 97 Foxbery Road, Brockley, and this wonderful healing experience can be yours. You can try this wonderful remedy free to-day, if you send two penny stamps (for postage, packing, &c.) to Dr D. Dennis (Dept. 156A), 66 Shoe Lane, London, E.C. You need not—must not—suffer any longer.

GAINS 2 STONE 10 IN 40 DAYS.

Remarkable Results of the New Tissue Builder Sargol, in Many Cases of Run-Down Men and Women.

Prove It Yourself by Sending Coupon Below for a 2/6 Packet Free.

"My word. I never saw anything like the effects of that new treatment, Sargol, for the building up of weight and lost nerve force. It acted more like a miracle than a medicine," said a well-known gentleman yesterday in speaking of the revolution that had taken place in his condition. "I began to think that there was nothing on earth that could make me fat. I tried tonics, digestives, heavy eating diets, milk, stout, and almost everything else you could think of, but without result.



SARGOL WILL MAKE YOU NICE AND PLUMP.

"I had been thin for years, and began to think it was natural for me to be that way. Finally I read about the remarkable results brought about by the use of Sargol, so I decided to try it myself. Well, when I look at myself in the mirror now I think it is somebody else. I have put on just 2 stone 10 during the last month, and never felt stronger or more 'nervy' in my life."

Sargol is a powerful inducer of nutrition, increases cell growth, makes perfect assimilation of food, increases the number of blood corpuscles, and as a necessary result builds up muscles and skin, healthy flesh, and rounds out the figure.

For women who can never appear stylish in anything they wear because of their thinness, this remarkable treatment may prove a revelation. It is a beauty-maker as well as a form builder and nerve strengthener. Men increase their nerve power as well as adding many pounds of good healthy flesh.

It will cost you nothing to prove the remarkable effects of this treatment. It is absolutely non-injurious to the most delicate system. The Sargol Company will send to anyone who sends name and address a free 2/6 package of Sargol, with instructions to prove that it does the work. They will also send you their book on "Why you are Thin" free of charge, giving facts which will probably astonish you. Send coupon below to-day, with your name and address.

FREE SARGOL COUPON.

This Coupon entitles any thin person to one 2/6 package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Food (provided you have never tried it, and that 3d is enclosed to cover postage, packing, and so forth). Read our advertisement printed above, then put 3d in stamps in the letter to-day with this Coupon, and the full 2/6 package will be sent you by return of post.

Address: THE SARGOL COMPANY, Dept. 356, 124 HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

Very Strengthening Jelly for Invalids.

Have one ounce each of tapioca, arrowroot, rice, and barley, the thinly pared rind of a lemon, and boil all these in a quart of water till reduced to a pint. Strain through muslin, taking care that all the glutinous part is pressed out. Sweeten to taste; add the juice of the lemon and a glass of sherry or brandy. Let it boil up once more and it is done. This jelly is not clear, but it is most strengthening, and may be eaten warm or cold.—E. M.

COLLIER JIM'S LASS—Continued.

Hewitson swiftly turned to lock the door behind him and slipped the key into his pocket. "Ah, Scarthe," he said, "you are here, I see! Good! I have a few words to say to you!"

"I'll Give You Another Chance."

Jacob Scarthe looked up at his employer with something approaching a scowl on his unprepossessing countenance.

"What's the meaning o' that, Mr Hewitson?" he grunted, with a nod at the locked door.

"It is merely a precautionary measure, Scarthe," answered Frank Hewitson grimly, as he seated himself at his writing-desk opposite the seaman. "It simply means that I do not intend you shall leave here until I have acquainted you with certain discoveries I have made, and received some satisfactory explanation from you."

"Discoveries?" Jacob Scarthe fidgeted in his chair. "What are you driving at, Mr Hewitson?"

Frank Hewitson suddenly leaned forward, his steely-blue eyes boring into Scarthe's, and struck the desk with his lean hand.

"I'm driving at this," he snapped harshly, "that you are a scoundrel, Scarthe! Perhaps I have always known that, but you're worse even than I thought—a rascally traitor and thief—"

"Stow that, Mr Hewitson!" Scarthe snarled, his pock-marked visage crimsoning with anger. "I ain't to stand your slinging ugly names at me!"

"Neither are you paid to play the highway robber, you treacherous blackguard!" retorted Hewitson hotly. "Let's have no more beating about the bush, Scarthe. I know now that it was you—along with that drunken fool, Ford, who, doubtless you are aware, has already met his deserts—who attacked me in Dawdon Dene and stole the bag of money for the colliery pay."

"It's a lie—it's a lie, I tell you!" Pale now through his amazed consternation at Frank Hewitson's knowledge, Scarthe choked out the words thickly. "You—you must be mad, Mr Hewitson, to believe that of me! I know nothing of the affair—I had nothing to do with it!"

"Spare me your denials, Scarthe; they are so much waste of time and breath!" The mineowner's hard, curt tones beat down the other's stammering protests. "You will understand that for yourself when I remind you that young Warren—Jim Warren of Seaham Colliery—overheard you and Ford planning the whole dirty business one night at the Feather-Bed Rocks. You did your best to silence him finally then, but he recovered, and now he has told me everything."

"Jim Warren!" The name escaped Jacob Scarthe in a hissing whisper; his yellow teeth gnawed at his under-lip, and his powerful fists clenched in his paroxysm of rage. "Jim Warren!" broke from him again in concentrated malevolence of fury, and then, realising that his employer's piercing scrutiny was upon him, he checked himself.

"Confound it, Mr Hewitson," he blustered, with a lurid oath, "are you going to believe a stupid yarn like that? Surely, after you've known me all these years, you won't credit such a cock-and-bull story, invented by that young fool for some purpose of his own? If it were true, why hasn't he told it before—"

"That he has satisfactorily explained to me," interrupted Hewitson sharply. "Once more, Scarthe, give up your lies and protestations—they will do you no good. You and Sam Ford stole the money, and you must either return it or go to gaol. Warren's story is enough to convict you any day, and it means three years' hard, at least, for assault and robbery!"

"Return it?" In the midst of his guilty fear and confusion, Scarthe laughed out bitterly and harshly. "Believe me or not, I

(Continued on page 53.)

Apple Dumpling, Jam Roll, Fig Pudding,

in fact every kind of suet pudding, to be thoroughly enjoyed, should be dry and crumbly. Suet puddings will be like this if one part of

"PAISLEY FLOUR"
(Trade Mark)

The SURE raising powder

is well mixed, dry, with every eight parts of ordinary flour before adding the other ingredients, and the pudding is steamed instead of boiled.

For successful home baking use always Paisley Flour. In 7d., 3½d. and 1d. packets.

For Asthma SUFFERERS

Instant relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup and Whooping Cough by the use of **POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE**, in 1/- Tins. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send Post Card to **POTTER & CLARKE**, Artillery Lane, London, E. Mention paper.

Instant relief

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As an Advertisement, splendid Sewn **BOOTS**—Button or Lace, Black or Tan, Gent's 5/9, Super-fine quality 6/9, Lady's 4/9 and 5/9, Smart Shoes 3/9, sent you for 9d deposit (privately packed), and on paying last of weekly instalments of 6d. A polishing outfit is given FREE. Cash prices 3d less, gift included. Children's Boots 3/9 and 4/9. A bona fide offer to show our splendid value. No references required, or enquiries made. Send size, 6 P.O. and 3 stamps. **Makers' Alliance** (Dept. 4), 164 Strand, London.

Ready-to-Hand Gum.

If you wish to stick anything, and have no gum in the house, try the following recipe:—Take a small piece of cold potato which has been boiled, and rub it up and down on a piece of paper with your fingers for about five minutes. It will become the right consistency, and stick as well as the strongest gum.—Jane Chalmers Mowat, Aberdeen.

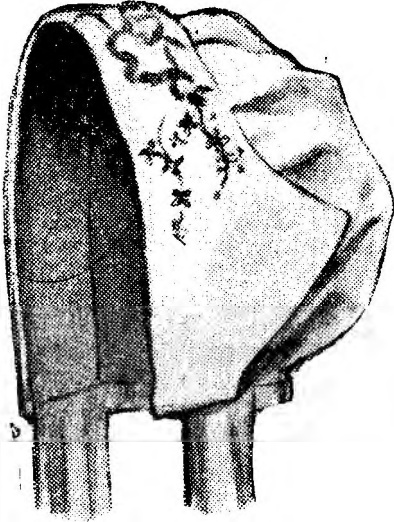
FOSTER CLARK'S CREAM CUSTARD

This new Custard makes a rich creamy Custard in a few minutes by just adding milk and sugar. 6½d. tin makes 12 quarts. 1d., 3½d. & 6½d. sizes.

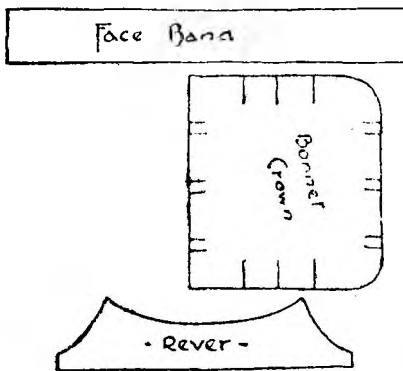
Making and Mending at Little Cost.

Useful Hints for Housewives.

The little bonnet you see illustrated on our page this week is a shape that is suitable alike for the tiny girl or the big one, summer or winter. For a baby's size take a piece of



material, either woollen or silk or linen or muslin, according to the season, about 10 inches deep and 14 inches wide, round off the top corners, make a box pleat in the centre, with two small pleats at each side; make three small pleats across the sides, and at the bottom make box pleat and small pleats to correspond with the top. Face in the neck part with a narrow crossway strip of material. Take two strips 14 inches long and about 3 inches wide, turn in the edges, and tack together along the centre, with wrong sides together; into one side insert the face part of the bonnet, and into the other side the rever, to make which take two strips of material



same length as face band, and about 4 inches wide. Hollow out the centre a little to form points at each end, interline with muslin or calico, and sew round on the wrong side. The revers may be covered with piece lace, or embroidered in any favourite colour they look very pretty. For a baby a frill or lace or silk is a nice finish, and lawn strings are most suitable, but for a girl strips of material about 3½ inches wide, narrowly hemmed, and for the large size the measurements, of course, must be extended.—E. L., Newton-le-Willows.

Knitted Lining for Muff.

Sometimes the lining of a muff wears in holes before the muff is anything like done. By following these directions such a muff can be renovated into practically a new one. Take one ounce and a half of Berlin wool to match colour of muff, one yard of narrow elastic, one pair of bone needles (No. 8). Cast on 40 stitches. First row, knit plain;

second row, purl. Repeat these two rows until 60 rows are knitted. Join by picking up stitches of first row one at a time, and cast off with one from needle. Run a piece of elastic round each end and stitch together, then sew in muff. This makes the muff warmer and more comfortable than when first new. I have done this myself, and can answer for the result.—F. C., Bolton.

A Perfect Cure for Corns.

Having tried many remedies for a most painful corn, including a cutting operation by a chiropodist, without success, I thought I would send "Red Letter" readers similarly troubled an effective cure I discovered lately. Soak one core of garlic in vinegar for half an hour, then tie garlic fairly tight on corn and let it remain on an hour if possible. Afterward soak foot in fairly hot water and the corn will come out quite easily. It's now fifteen months since I tried this remedy, and there has never been the slightest sign of the corn since. Garlic may be had from the greengrocer by the pennyworth, and a small core is sufficient.—Mrs C. R., Old Swindon, Wilts.

Hints to Sufferers from Chilblains.

Wear warm woollen underclothing and keep the ankles and wrists warm. On coming in with damp, cold feet the best and safest way is to wash them in hot water, drying briskly and thoroughly with a rough towel, and putting on dry woollen stockings. Chilblains, once formed, should be promptly treated to prevent their breaking. Painting freely with tincture of iodine and then shielding with a bit of plaster is the best treatment if on the foot, care being taken not to wear shoes which will rub or press on the part. If on the hands or ear, white iodine or hazeline may be painted on, or the part may be rubbed with camphor liniment. If in spite of precautions the chilblain becomes a blister, the blister should be pricked with a clean needle to let the water out, and then a piece of lint spread with resin ointment bound firmly over the place. Peruvian balsam is also very healing for chilblains, and when there are bad, broken chilblains, it is well to give a little iron or port wine, or add more milk to the usual diet.—G. F., Battersea Park, S.W.

Make Your Own Embrocations.

Everyone should always have in store one or two tins of a good ointment. It is handy for a cut finger or sprain. Now, to buy a good ointment you must pay at least 9d or even as much as a shilling. This, of course, mounts up in a mere working man's wage. The following is an excellent and cheap ointment:—Take pennyworth of beeswax, pennyworth of vaseline; melt together in the oven (after being first placed in a jar). When they have melted to a liquid add pennyworth of Swallow's oil and pennyworth of eucalyptus oil. Then pour into small tins until cool, when it will be ready for use. This only costs fourpence, and will fill four tins exactly the same size as some of the tins you buy. Twice the amount can be made by doubling the quantity of the ingredients. You will find this ointment invaluable.—E. C., Bolton.

Another way of making embrocation:—Procure half a pint of spirits of turpentine, half a pint of white wine vinegar, one ounce of camphor, and whites of two eggs. Dissolve the whites of the eggs in the vinegar, then add the camphor and turpentine. This is a splendid embrocation. It will cost about 9d, and is equal to a bottle costing 2s.—Mrs Moore.

To Mend a Hole in a Window Pane.

Cut a piece of mica a little larger than the hole. Take the beaten white of an egg, dip the mica into this, and place it over the hole.

CONSUMPTION.

When your doctor and the specialist have told you that they can do no more for you. Sanatorium treatment, open air, and change of climate failed to give you relief, and the disease is slowly but surely devouring all except your soul and bones, send a postcard to Mr Chas. H. Stevens, 204 Worple Road, Wimbledon, for particulars of his newly-discovered cure for Consumption and records of the wonderful recoveries it has brought about. He will also send you a list of absolutely cured patients, whom you can communicate with personally, and some of them have never ever seen Mr Stevens.

This article is not intended to give false hopes to anyone, but to spread the good news that a positive cure for Consumption has really been found, although, owing to the red-tape of the Medical profession, it has not yet been officially recognised.

Mr Stevens is willing to send a supply of it to anyone suffering from the disease on the "No Cure, No Pay" principle.

This makes an excellent mend if you do not wish to have a new window pane at once.—E. B., Coventry.

The half-crown prizes in our "Latest Household Discovery" Competition have been awarded to Mrs F. Miller, 22 Ancona Road, Harlesden, N.W.; Mrs Ben Beddon, 2 King Street, Suttleworth, Hedgesford, Staffs.; E. Litherland, 27 Brookfield Street, Earlestown, Newton-le-Willows; Miss F. Charnock, 263 Danten Road, Bromley Cross, nr. Bolton; Mrs C. Roseblade, 41 Brunswick Street, Old Swindon, Wilts; Gertrude Furness, 10 Peveril Street, Battersea Park, S.W.

DANGER OF NEGLECTED OBESITY.

That there is great danger to health in neglecting obesity every authority admits. The heart is the first organ seriously affected, but in course of time there is a general organic disturbance; the entire system is congested, especially the digestive machinery, and there is trouble without end. Why risk these evils when there is so pleasant, so harmless, so reliable a remedy for over-fatness as Marmola Prescription Tablets? Compounded of the principles enumerated in the world-known Marmola Prescription (but in dry, condensed form) these little tablets are of full strength and reducing efficacy, and, taken regularly, are capable of removing many pounds' weight of superabundant fat in quite a short time—both the internal excess of hampering fat and the disfiguring excess under the surface. The face is rebeautified by this elimination of puffing-out fat, the figure is greatly improved, the waist and hip measurement corrected, while the limbs regain their slender mould. The dose is one tablet after each meal and one at bedtime. Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by chemists, price 3/6, or, post free, of the Marmola Company (Dept. 72A), 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

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**THE ROYAL CARD CO. (Dept. 16),
Kew, London**

COLLIER JIM'S LASS—Continued.

vow I never touched a farthing of the coin—not a single farthing. It was that cur Ford who—"

He stopped short, realising his error, but Hewitson took him up quickly.

"Ah! so you admit, at anyrate, that Sam Ford had a hand in it? But you want to persuade me now that he secured the spoil and you went without your share? Bah! I know you better, Scarthe—and you must either hand over the cash or go to prison."

"Well, then, I must take my chance of that," growled Jacob Scarthe with a kind of savage recklessness. "For you can't get back a penny piece from me—I haven't got it, and never had. . . . But if I ever have the chance I'll get even with Warren for this—"

He relapsed into unintelligible mutterings, while Hewitson watched him thoughtfully. The seaman's dogged refusals in face of threatened punishment had convinced the astute mineowner that it was useless to press further at present for the restoration of his lost money, and other plans and schemes, suggested partly by Scarthe's concluding words, were crowding into his crafty brain. He sat restlessly fidgeting his long, shaven chin, then leaned forward to speak abruptly.

"I don't intend to lose my money, or what's left of it; understand that, Scarthe," he said. "But I don't suppose I'd get it back any faster by sending you to gaol, as you deserve; so I've made up my mind to give you another chance, another alternative. I'll say nothing to the police about this affair if you'll promise me your services—if you'll undertake to help me in a particular way!"

Jacob Scarthe glanced up from under his heavy brows sharply. He had more reason than even Frank Hewitson suspected for not wishing to get into the hands of the police at present, and he was willing to promise a good deal to escape that risk.

"Yes, Mr Hewitson," he gasped. "I'm agreeable—it's a bargain, if you like. What do you want me to do?"

The other man hesitated; it was difficult to express himself clearly, yet with discretion.

"You have no love for Jim Warren, Scarthe, I can see," he said jerkily. "Well, neither have I. My reasons are no concern of yours, but in more ways than one he is an obstacle in my path, and—well, I should not be sorry if he disappeared—permanently!"

A thin, cold perspiration had broken upon Frank Hewitson's brow; he wiped it away hurriedly and nervously, then his furtive glance sought Scarthe's, and the men's eyes met and held each other during a long pause. In that meaning gaze the seaman saw his revengeful hatred against Jim Warren gratified, and the chief witness against him regarding the robbery removed, while Frank Hewitson was picturing his pathway clear to marriage even yet with Ralph Harwood's daughter, and his inheritance of her father's wealth secured.

"All right, guv'nor," responded Scarthe huskily at length. "I'm your man. If the job can be done safely and easily—"

"I believe it can—and speedily too! Come nearer, Scarthe, and be careful how you speak. Walls and doors have ears sometimes, and we must not be overheard!"

Jacob Scarthe obeyed, and with heads bent closely the two men whispered and muttered long and earnestly together.

"Well, goodbye, Elsie lass! I hate leaving you by night more than I can say, but I couldn't refuse this chance of work again. We need the money badly enough; the few days' wages I earned are almost gone again, but if I get steady work now we'll soon get over our difficulties."

"So kiss me again, dear lass, and let me go. Mrs Matthews next door has promised to look in and see that you and Baby May are all right, and I'll be back myself bright and early in the morning."

Jim Warren bent over his blind young wife, kissing her fondly, and Elsie's arms clung to his neck.

"Goodbye, dear, dear Jim!" she murmured.

Jim lifted the sleeping infant from her knee to press his lips to the tiny face, laid her down again gently, and with a final kiss on Elsie's golden head, let himself out of the cottage

and set off on his long, dark tramp to Hewitson's Pit, two miles away on the moor.

His eyes were very tender, and a lump in his throat kept him silent as he thought of his sweet-faced girl-wife's parting words, but when he left the village behind and struck into a footpath leading to the moor he squared his shoulders, and stepped out smartly, whistling cheerfully as he strode through the darkness.

The path grew more quiet and solitary as he proceeded, winding through clumps of gorse and furze across the open moor. Jim Warren had reached half-way towards the pit when from behind one such clump a massive head, covered with shaggy, iron-grey hair, rose cautiously to peer through the gloom at the young miner as he passed.

"Ay, it's him—it's Warren, right enough." Then a squat-built figure detached itself from the shadow of the bushes, and hastened with amazing swiftness and stealth upon Jim Warren's track.

But suddenly a dried stick on the path snapped beneath the feet of the pursuer, and Jim, startled, swung round sharply.

"Who is it? What do you want?" he demanded, suspecting evil, but the other, without reply, flung himself forward, seizing the young miner by the throat in a stifling grasp. Then, as Jim Warren struggled desperately to release himself, a heavy cudgel in his assailant's free hand was swung aloft, to descend with cruel, stunning force, and Jim dropped limply to the ground without a groan.

Jacob Scarthe stood over him, breathing quickly, and darting furtive, searching glances into the darkness around.

"That's so much," he panted. "Now to finish the job and get away."

He picked up the unconscious young fellow in his muscular arms as if Jim were a child, and, leaving the footpath, set off at a half-run across the moor. After a minute there loomed up through the blackness irregular mounds and heaps of stone and ashes, half-covered now through process of time with grass and furze, and in their midst, rising black and square, a palisading framed of once-stout timbers, but now mossed and rotting. It was the shaft of an old, long-disused mine, fenced around thus at the mouth as a protection for the unwary, and its dark bowels, many fathoms below, abandoned to decay and foulness and the gathering flood.

Jacob Scarthe came staggering through the heaps of rubbish, and dropped his burden with a breathless oath.

"This is the spot!" he gasped. "Hewitson was right—nothing could be better. Now, Jim Warren, curse you—here goes!"

He paused only for a few seconds to fill his big chest with great gulps of air, then seizing Jim Warren's limp form in his powerful grasp, with a mighty heave flung him clear over the rotten palisading into the old mine-shaft!

Next week's fine chapters will tell you how the news came to poor blind Elsie, and of the dramatic happenings that followed.

Oatmeal Biscuits.

One pound fine oatmeal, quarter pound white flour, four ounces margarine or butter, four ounces castor sugar, a pinch of salt.

Method.—Mix the oatmeal and flour together, rub the sugar and margarine well in, add the salt, and mix the whole up to a nice dough with milk. Let it lie for a quarter of an hour, then roll out to an eighth of an inch thick, and cut out with any size cutter; put on greased tins; bake in hot oven. All wholemeal can be used instead of oatmeal and flour.

Aerated Fruit Bread.

One pound flour, half-ounce of cream of tartar, quarter-ounce bicarbonate soda, four ounces margarine or butter, eight ounces moist sugar, eight ounces currants, two ounces finely cut peel, four ounces sultanas, little essence of lemon, half-pint milk.

Method.—Sieve the powders in to the flour, cream up the margarine and sugar, add few drops essence of lemon and the milk, stir up gently, then add the flour and fruit, and mix the whole to a nice cake batter. Fill into greased tins any size, dredge sugar on top, bake in moderate oven. Makes a perfect fruit loaf.

BE HAPPY.

The Best Passport to Success is a Smiling Face.

What makes a man happy or unhappy, as the case may be, is not his circumstances but his Nerves. With well-fed nerves he can enjoy his fortunes and endure his misfortunes, but with weak or overstrung "Nerves" he is, of necessity, miserable at the best of times, and unbearable at the worst.

If your Nerves are not as good as you would wish, try a cup of Vi-Cocoa, night and morning, regularly. Begin to-night. You'll be surprised at the difference it will make in your health and happiness in a very short time.

Dr Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is the ideal beverage, being wonderfully soothing to the Nerves, as well as strengthening to the body. It puts a man right, keeps him right, and makes him feel right—right with himself and right with his fellows. Thus it makes him happy.

Give Vi-Cocoa a trial. Never mind what you've been drinking at breakfast or supper in the past, start drinking Vi-Cocoa to day—you'll feel the benefit of it at once.

Do not ask your grocer for "Cocoa"—ask for



it makes all the difference. Every grocer sells Vi-Cocoa in 6d packets, and 9d and 1s 6d tins.



To Whiten a Ceiling.

When a ceiling gets black just over the gas bracket, and you don't want to whitewash the whole of it, apply a coat of starch and water with a piece of flannel. Let it dry, then brush off with a soft brush. The blackness will have disappeared, leaving no marks whatever.—P. King, Caldicot, Mon.

EYE TROUBLES

AND HOW TO CURE THEM.

Are your eyes weak and watery? Are your eyelashes thin, and do they come out? Are your eyelids sore and tender? Have you styes or ulcers on your eyes, or any other eye complaint? If so, mention the "Red Letter," and send a postcard immediately to Stephen Green, 210 Lambeth Road, S.E., and receive a copy of a valuable illustrated book, "How to Preserve Your Eyesight." It tells you all about that extraordinary remedy, Singleton's Eye Ointment, that has been curing eye troubles for more than 300 years. You can obtain Singleton's Eye Ointment from your chemist or drug stores in one of the ancient pedestal pots for 2s. Get a pot to-day, or send for booklet, which will interest you.

DR HENRY'S HEALTH TALKS

Practical Advice for those Out-of-Sorts.

I told you last week what to do to avert **A Rheumatic Attack.**

To allay an attack is often most difficult. There are remedies innumerable, but not one certain cure.

A favourite drug nowadays is aspirin—two five-grain tablets twice a day between meals. Another drug now frequently prescribed is salicin, in like doses. Both act speedily when they hit the case—in a couple of days, say. Similarly as regards sodium salicylate, in the doses mentioned. Drop either of them if the pains are not allayed within forty-eight hours.

Iodide of potash is yet another drug which sometimes acts speedily, a good form in which to take it being:—Potassium iodide, two drachms; infusion of calumba, six ounces. Dose, two teaspoonfuls thrice daily between meals.

An old-fashioned remedy is kerosine—a teaspoonful in water every other night. Many years ago a Brighton lady became quite famous owing to the cures she brought about by

Horseradish-and-Gin.

Scrape a large stick of horseradish, infuse it in a pint of gin for twenty-four hours, and then take a wineglassful night and morning. Believe me, a very good combination, being stimulating, warming, and diuretic.

The more old-fashioned "Chelsea Pensioner" has like virtues. Originally it was a so-called nostrum or secret remedy, but the then Lord Amherst, whom it cured, gave a large sum of money for the right to make the formula public (those were the days, you know, when good remedies were recognised, no matter whence they originated).

The precise formula is (it has been imitated by the medical profession):—Powdered gum guaiacum, one drachm; powdered rhubarb, two drachms; cream of tartar, one ounce; flowers of sulphur, two ounces; one finely-powdered nutmeg; and one pound of clarified honey. Mix thoroughly, and take an ounce night and morning. Try

The Chelsea Pensioner

(so called because it benefited so many Chelsea hospital pensioners), or try horseradish-and-gin. Or you may try Epsom salt—a teaspoonful night and morning in an ounce of peppermint-water. I have known that to do a lot of good—particularly when the bowels were inactive.

By the way, when there is much constipation, this mixture, if taken in ounce doses night and morning, so as to keep the bowels quite loose, may be as good as anything:—Glauber salt, one-and-a-half ounces; carbonate of magnesia, one drachm; and peppermint-water up to eight ounces.

Certain drugs and combinations of drugs are thought to be especially efficacious in

Particular Cases.

For instance, when the attacks are in the large joints, this mixture (dose, two teaspoonfuls twice a day between meals) is often advised:—Powdered gum guaiacum, one drachm; potassium iodide, one drachm; tincture of colchicum seeds, three drachms; syrup, two ounces; and cinnamon-water up to six ounces.

When the pains are shifting, or when they have settled in the foot, wrist, or hand, you may get relief from:—Tincture of cimicifuga, three drachms; water up to three ounces. Dose, two teaspoonfuls thrice a day between meals. A medicine which is most appropriate in the rheumatism of women.

Again, if the sufferer is a delicate female, or when the pains are shifting or in the knee, ankle, or instep, tincture of pulsatilla often proves quite useful—thirty drops in four ounces of water. A teaspoonful may be taken every ten minutes for the first hour, and hourly afterwards.

And this mixture is good

When the Pains Are Stabbing and Stitching—more, perhaps, in the muscles than the joints:—Tincture of bryony, half-drachm; water to four ounces. Dose, a teaspoonful every hour.

In rheumatism, outward treatment is always called for. Hot poppyheads fomentations afford ease. If there is much inflammation frequently sponge on hot vinegar-and-water (equal quantities). A good embrocation is composed of:—Compound camphor liniment, one ounce; tincture of cantharides, one ounce; and soap liniment, two ounces.

A very powerful cream for stubborn cases (it will redden the skin; take care it does not break it) is this:—Lanolin, one ounce; cajeput oil, five drachms; and liquid potash up to two ounces. To be mixed by gentle heat. And here, too, is a

Good Lubricant—

Ichthyol, one drachm; salicylic acid, one drachm; and vaseline, one ounce. If there is very much pain you may deaden it by:—Liniment of belladonna, six drachms; compound camphor liniment, one ounce; and chloroform up to two ounces.

But to avert rheumatism is the thing. Follow the instructions I gave you last week. Keep your blood alkaline. Don't let acid accumulate.

"Constant Reader" has had her

Tonsils

removed—an operation that is as often as not unnecessary. Yes, and as often as not bungled, although quite simple. Since it was performed my correspondent is "very coarse in her speech," and also "seems to have a full throat now; and it seems very tight."

She asks me what she should do? The doctor who operated on her ought to be best able to answer that question. I refuse to interfere. But I will say this—No one should allow their tonsils to be cut away until a throat specialist advises the operation. The general medical practitioner is far too prone to advise elimination—perhaps in order to "keep his hand in," so to speak. Similarly in piles, in varicose veins, in varicocele, and in ear noises even. The surgeon's knife is becoming a menace.

"J. R." wants to reduce his

Fat Nose.

The following mixture may have some effect if well massaged into the nasal organ nightly:—Potassium iodide, ten parts; glycerine, one hundred parts; powdered soap, five parts; and essence of almonds, fifteen parts. Any chemist will make up an ounce or two.

"T. S. T.," for the psoriasis, should read my recent reply to "Sufferer" (Sep. 9).

"Miserable," for the nasal catarrh, should refer to my "Everyday Ailments," or write me privately.

"Miss Winifred," whose "nice shiny black hair" has lost its lustre, is getting lighter and rustly-looking, and is dandruffy and falling, may use, by soft toothbrush, this lotion nightly:—Cantharides tincture, two drachms; glycerine, two drachms; liquid extract of witch-hazel, one ounce; and triple rosewater, up to two ounces. And once a week she should

Shampoo

her head with an infusion of soap-bark—a quart

By writing to Dr William Henry, care of "Red Letter" Office, 170 Fleet Street, London, E.C., and enclosing one shilling in stamps along with a stamped addressed envelope, you can have a private reply to any medical query. Other replies are given in the "Red Letter."

of boiling water poured on a handful, and, while yet lukewarm, strained and used. The bark is only a copper an ounce.

"A. Howard," for the palpitation, should refer to my penny handbook, "Everyday Ailments" (post free threehalfpence from "Red Letter" publisher), and on the other matter she may consult me privately, as I cannot go into it here. Perhaps she is anæmic.

"T. W.," for the falling hair, may try this lotion, applying some to the scalp nightly by soft toothbrush:—Oil of cloves, half-ounce; oil of amber, half-ounce; and toilet paraffin, one ounce. She works in a factory, and asks me if I "think the heat has anything to do with it?" Yes, such is very detrimental to hair-growth by, for one thing, drying up the follicles—the tiny tubes out of which the hair grows.

"A Fifer" asks me if "there is any cure for his little boy's

Congenital Cataract."

I am afraid not. Has he read my recent article on cataract (Sept. 2)? Anyhow, he must trust to the eye-surgeons who have the case in hand.

"J. Beach," for the blackheads which "constantly appear in his ears," should squeeze them out carefully by watch-key, or get somebody to do it for him, and then paint on a saturated solution of boric acid in alcohol—an ounce of which any chemist will make up.

"Carnation," for the bladder weakness, should get my private advice, as there are several causes of the condition. Sometimes it is due to sheer habit. Sleeping on the back favours it.

"Niece" had better have faith in the doctor. Perhaps cod-liver oil with iron would benefit internally, and, as a lotion, equal parts of distilled vinegar and liquid extract of witch-hazel might do good. And, of course, rest horizontally is most necessary in a

Bad Leg.

"H. S." wants "a good thing for blueness after shaving." He should drop into the shaving-water a pinch of powdered boric acid, and after shaving dab on triple rosewater. Perhaps he is using a too strong soap. White Castile soap is a very good one.

"Mother of Three" is bothered by a bad breath. Such may be due to the stomach, bowels, teeth, or nose. I cannot advise without further particulars. A mouth-wash that would disguise the trouble is composed of:—Rosewater, four ounces; camphor water, one ounce; and tincture of myrrh, one ounce. And formamint lozenges are very good.

"Jas. Brown" has "constant pains starting on the left side of his back and continuing right down to his left leg." He has in vain tried a lot of things. Is it

Scoliosis?

Such is very apt to be obstinate. Perhaps he lives in a damp house. I rather think that Rutherglen itself is a damp locality. Anyhow, he may gently rub in a little of this liniment:—Menthol, four drachms; chloroform, four drachms; liniment of aconite, six drachms; and liniment of camphor, up to two ounces.

Hot brine baths might benefit, and, especially as he is constipated, he may take the famous "Chelsea Pensioner" mixture, the proper formula of which is:—Powdered gum guaiacum, one drachm; powdered rhubarb, two drachms; cream of tartar, one ounce; flowers of sulphur, two ounces; one finely-powdered nutmeg; and one pound of clarified honey. Well mix. Dose, two tablespoonfuls night and morning. No alcohol, except a little well-diluted De Kuyper gin occasionally, which is excellent for the kidneys. As much fatty food as can be digested. Woollen underwear.

"Peter Piper" I cannot treat here, but I could do so privately.

MISCELLANEOUS SALES.

ADVERTISEMENTS may be inserted in the "Red Letter" under above heading at the Prepaid Rate of TWOPENCE per Word per Insertion. All Advertisements should be forwarded to F. E. Potter, Ltd., Koh-i-Noor House, Kingsway, London, W.C.

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£250; or should such holder, as a fare-paying passenger, be drowned by an accident to a passenger steamer plying directly between points in the United Kingdom.

£100 will be paid to the legal representative provided that notice of the accident be given within seven days from the occurrence of the accident in case of injury, and within fourteen days of this accident in case of death, to the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, 35 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C.

Provided also that the person so killed or injured had upon his or her person, or HAD LEFT AT HOME, this Coupon Insurance Ticket, with his or her usual signature written prior to the accident on the space provided below, which, together with the giving of notice within the time, as hereinbefore mentioned, is of the essence of the contract.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and carries the benefits of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, ACT, 1890," Risks 2, 3, 5, 6.

This Corporation admits that the purchase of this paper is the payment of the premium under the Act. No person can recover under more than one Coupon Insurance Ticket in this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature..... This Coupon Insurance Ticket, subject to its terms and conditions, is applicable to Railway Services Travelling in Railway Passenger Carriages and Post Office Officials travelling in Railway Sorting Vans.

This Insurance extends from and to include, WEDNESDAY, the 11th Day of Oct., to the MIDNIGHT of TUESDAY, the 17th Day of Oct., 1911.

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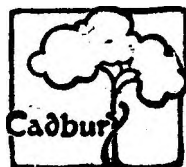
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