

THE MYSTERY CLEARED UP;

OR, THE HERITAGE OF MADAME
VALTA.

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd)

"He must be there," is admirable. "Railing is not answering. If he is not here you know where he is, for you cannot deny that he came here."

"I do deny it on the contrary. I deny it absolutely."

"You deny it, I affirm it, and I wish to know what you have done with M. de Carnoel."

For a few moments the colonel did not reply, and when he did, it was in a serious and injured tone. "Sir," he said slowly, "I should be justified in cutting short such an interview as this, but I have friendly relations with M. Dorgeres, and I content myself with reminding you of the very singular nature of this summons which you have addressed to me in my own house. Assuredly you do not hope that I shall submit to you, and do not pretend to constrain me to answer you?"

"No, I shall take other means to attain my end. If necessary, I shall have recourse to the commissary of police."

"This passes all bounds," said M. Borisoff. "I have listened patiently to absurd questionings. I cannot tolerate threats, and beg you to leave my house."

"Is it your last word?" asked Maxime, red with anger.

"Yes, sir, and I should have spoken it sooner, for this conversation has lasted too long."

"Very well. I know what remains for me to do, and have nothing more to say. You cannot tolerate threats; I cannot tolerate offensive language. You have spoken of my questionings as absurd. Tomorrow I shall send you my seconds."

"I am ready for them," replied the colonel, turning his back on Maxime, who went out furious.

The calm which M. Borisoff had maintained during their interview was on the surface, and when Vaeil saw his master again he discerned that a storm was brewing.

"Do you know what this scoundrel has said to me? He has summoned me to render up M. de Carnoel. He affirms that he was seen to enter here a month ago—in a carriage. He is, you see, well informed."

"It must have been that child—and yet no—since he has lost his memory. If he had told it immediately, M. Dorgeres would not have waited so long to set these proceedings on foot."

"It matters little how he got his information. He has challenged me and threatened me with the commissary of police. I scoff at his challenge and his threats. However, we must take the subject into consideration. And first I cannot release the Carnoel, neither can I keep him here longer. I don't intend to run any risk of being brought before their tribunals. M. de Carnoel will leave here to-morrow evening. Let the carriage be ready at nightfall. Be sure and telegraph to our agents to have the relays ready as far as Strasbourg."

"Your excellency, it shall be done."

"Now I am going to make a last attempt to induce him to capitulate. Go and announce to him my visit."

Vaeil bowed and went out. His master was decidedly in an ill-humor, for he walked up and down with long strides, gesticulating and even doubling his fist at his invisible enemies.

"Cursed be the day when I came to Paris to watch over the intrigues of a few undiscoverable knaves! In Russia one has at least power, and is not afraid to arrest suspected creatures. If I do not succeed in my mission, the great chief will say I am a blockhead. I should like to see him here in my place. Come! this Carnoel shall pay for the others," concluded M. Borisoff as he pushed open with violence the door of a gallery leading to the library in which Robert was confined.

Robert de Carnoel was not expecting a visit from his jailer—Robert de Carnoel had ceased to expect or to hope.

The first days of his captivity had been passed in fearful agony. He had frequent interviews with the colonel, who amused himself by torturing him with accounts of the project of marriage formed by M. Dorgeres, and the progress which Vignory was making in the heart of Mlle. Alice.

The apparition of the first night was not renewed on the night following. Robert passed several hours uselessly before the window panes. The child did not reappear on the wall. But that was no reason for despairing. If the brave boy proposed to deliver him either by force or stratagem, he must take time for the execution of so difficult an enterprise.

A week passed, then two, and then three, and there was no sign of Georget. Soon the colonel also ceased to visit him, abandoning him to the care and vigilance of his subalterns. And Robert, left to his reflections, confined in complete isolation, little by little came to believe that there remained to him not a single chance of safety. Abandoned by all, he had accepted his destiny, and had arrived at that stern resignation that is born of despair. He spoke no more, and forced himself to think no more.

It will easily be believed that in this frame of mind he received with indifference the announcement of the colonel's visit.

The intendant, Vaeil, who brought it, received no reply, and when M. Borisoff entered M. de Carnoel did not deign to rise and receive him.

"It is a long time since I have seen you," said the Russian, taking no notice of the prisoner's attitude. "I have given you time to reflect on the proposition I made, and which I do not withdraw. I gave you a month for consideration, and this month will expire to-morrow. I come to know if you have decided to speak?"

"I have nothing to say to you."

"I must remind you that if you consent to name your accomplice you will be free that very instant, and that I will undertake to reinstate you in the eyes of M. Dorgeres."

"It is very tempting, but I repeat that I am innocent, consequently that I have no accomplice, and that I shall not buy my liberty at the price of a lying confession."

"I know what restrains you. You believe Mlle. Dorgeres to be irrecoverably lost to you. I am about to put you in possession of the facts—to tell you how matters stand."

"Spare yourself the trouble; you will obtain nothing from me."

"No matter, it is well you should know all. I told you of the project of M. Dorgeres to give his daughter to his cashier, whom he had just made his partner. Now the marriage is decided. Your friend Vignory has been accepted by Mlle. Alice. To tell the truth, I did not think she would decide so quickly. It was your prolonged absence which led to this result. Had you listened to me it would have been in your power to reappear and cut short your rival's matrimonial campaign; to-day it would be more difficult. Early in February Mlle. Dorgeres will become Madame Vignory."

"Why, then, fatigue me with your solicitations? Were I free to-morrow the marriage would take place none the less. I should not try to hinder it."

"You would be wrong. There is still time to do so. Mlle. Dorgeres has consented against herself. She has grown weary of the war, when after days of waiting you did not appear to confound your calumniators. It would be easy to explain your silence. You might say that you were ignorant you had been accused. It would be plausible, since the theft was known only to three or four persons. You might add that you had just heard these reports; you might have learned them from some one who was interested in you—this groom, for instance, who was in the waiting-room when the theft was discovered, an urchin named, I believe, Goerges or Goerget."

At this name Robert could not suppress a slight movement, which

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did not escape the quick eyes of the colonel.

"I mention this child because he took an interest in you," he resumed. "It seems he saw you when you were brought here by my steward, and came to inquire for you."

"If he knew I was your prisoner," said Robert, not without an effort, "he would not have kept it a secret, and some one would have been found to deliver me from your power."

"It is quite probable, but on that day he had a fall, from the effects of which he is and will remain an idiot."

This time Robert turned pale. He understood now why Georget had not reappeared.

"I tell you this," resumed the colonel, "that you may not build on the hope of being succored by this gamin. And that reminds me that I made a mistake in advising you to say you were informed by him of the remarks of which you have been the subject. But you might designate another, M. Maxime Dorgeres, for instance. He also is interested in your behalf."

"I scarcely know him," said M. de Carnoel, impatiently. "Listen to me, and when you have heard me through, I have not another word to say. You are convinced, are you not, that I have loved, that I still love Mlle. Dorgeres?"

"I am sure of it."

"And the offers you have made me are sincere? You are prepared, if I accept your conditions, to restore my liberty, to support my cause with M. Dorgeres; you will even go so far as to declare that you have discovered the real culprit?"

"I have promised you that I am ready to do it," said M. Borisoff, quickly, satisfied that he was gaining the desired end.

"And you think that, given this new situation, M. Dorgeres, to repair his wrongs toward me, would feel it his duty to accord me the hand of his daughter; that Mlle. Dorgeres, who has not ceased to love me, would be happy to become my wife; that my revival would remember that he had been my friend and would not seek to dispute with me the heart of Alice? You think, in short, that it rests with me to pass from the depths of misery to the extreme of happiness?"

"For this dream to become reality, you have only to name your accomplice."

"Do you think I should hesitate if I had one?" asked Robert, in a voice which vibrated. "You have, then, never loved, since you suppose that a man could sacrifice his love to some sentiment of keeping faith with conspirators. Had I stolen your casket for the purpose of delivering up your secret papers to the revolutionists of your country, I would go myself and recover it from them, if it was necessary, in order to marry the woman I loved. I would brave their vengeance and risk a thousand deaths sooner than refuse the happiness you propose to me. You see, then, that I know nothing, and that you will gain nothing by tormenting me further. Do with me as you please. You may kill me. You will extract nothing more from me."

The colonel knit his brows and bit his mustache. For the first time since he had secured the person of M. de Carnoel he asked himself if he had not made a false move in arresting him.

CHAPTER IV.

Is there any one whose curiosity has not at times been aroused by some woman who had passed him? She is young, she is pretty, she is alone, and she walks with a hurrying step. She has an object, and she sees only this object. Is her walk to end in a romantic denouement, or simply to conduct her to her dressmaker? This is the question that puzzles the curious who follow her with their eyes. Before the problem can be solved, she is already far off. She has disappeared without leaving any more trace of herself than a bird in its passage through the air.

The old Parisian recognizes quickly enough the English or American girl who goes out without a chaperon for the pleasure of going out, of tossing her blonde hair in the wind, and laughing in the face of those whom she observes to mistake her for a seeker after adventure.

But the morning after Maxime Dorgeres' attack upon Col. Borisoff, it was unquestionably a French girl who, toward twelve o'clock, passed up the Avenue de Friedland, and a French girl young and pretty. A thick veil was drawn over her face, and she evidently did not wish to be recognized. At times she turned as if to see if she was not followed, and appeared uncertain of her route, for she stopped frequently to look at the houses and cross-streets. Evidently she sought for some indication which she did not care to ask of passers-by.

At length she observed an errand porter whom she decided to approach.

"Could you tell me where to find the house of a lady named the Countess Yalta?" she asked, in a scarcely audible voice.

"The Countess—Yalta? Ah, yes, the Russian princess who rides her horseback dressed like a man? You are there, mademoiselle. There is a little door on the avenue fifty steps from here, but if you're not a friend of the house it's no use to ring; they wouldn't open to you. The great entrance is on Rue Beaujon, there—to the right. There is no mistaking it; it's gilded from top to bottom."

(To be continued.)

SEVEN YEARS OF ECZEMA.

Then After \$500 had been Spent in Vain, Two Bottles of D.D.D. Cured.

Mrs. Horace Martin, of Sharbot Lake, Ont., writes: "My husband had eczema for seven years. He spent hundreds of dollars but could not get cured. He was almost wild with the pain and itching."

I saw D.D.D. Prescription advertised in the paper. I sent and got a bottle and it gave my husband relief at once. He has used a second bottle and is entirely well. The two bottles of the D.D.D. which my husband used have done him more good than the \$500 he spent before."

Do you suffer the torments of skin disease, or do any of your family or friends? What's the use? D.D.D. Prescription will—do for anyone what it did for Mr. Martin.

For free trial bottle of D.D.D. Prescription write to the D.D.D. Laboratories, Department W.L., 23 Jordan St., Toronto.

For sale by all druggists.

RUSSIAN POLES IN ENGLAND.

There was a time when the needs of the British Postoffice in the way of poles to support the overhead telegraphs of the United Kingdom were met solely from Norway. But to-day Norway's tallest pines are not forthcoming in sufficient numbers to meet the demands of the expanding service—demands averaging 50,000 poles per annum. Sweden was duly laud under contribution, and now Russia has become a valuable source of supply. It was in 1905 that this source was opened up by the present Comptroller of Stores, who visited Russia for the purpose. The poles come not only from the forests that feed the Baltic ports, but from those in the White Sea hinterland.

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Why not buy a Western Canada Farm that will pay for itself in 4 or 5 years. Choicest new lands and a few great bargains in improved farms. Apply immediately. Farm Lands, 301 Kennedy Building, Portage Avenue, Winnipeg.

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TO STOP A HORSE KICKING.

A reader asks how to stop a horse from kicking in harness. He has a single driver that occasionally kicks, and desires a remedy. The following plan will be found effective:

Some years ago the writer saw demonstrated a contrivance for stopping kickers that was about as effective as anything that could be devised. It punished the kicker automatically. Every time he made an effort to dust his heels in the driver's face he had his head yanked up so suddenly that the hind feet were promptly returned to terra firma, and after about three attempts to kick, of which the first only was a genuine effort, the kicker settled down and behaved himself. We have seen this used on violent kickers, and invariably with success.

The contrivance is made thus: Tie a steel ring securely to the top of the bridle, having it directly over the horse's poll; tie another ring similarly to the crupper, about four inches back of the highest point of the rump. Get two pieces of quarter or half-inch rope, each piece about 21 feet long. Tie one end of each piece to the bit-ring, one on each side, carry the ropes through the ring at the top of the bridle; run one through each of the rings on the back band, then both through one ring on the crupper. Now pass each rope down and tie to the shaft or cross-bar. Be careful to have the ropes so tied that the horse can move without danger of his movement causing the ropes to jerk on the bit. Then wait for him to kick. He will be a badly-surprised horse when he tries it.

As soon as the head goes down and the rump goes up in preparation for dusting off the heels in the driver's eyes or demolishing the dashboard, something is going to happen on the bit that in the kicker's experience never happened before. If the ropes are properly attached, the horse has changed his mind before he gets his heels up very high. Keep the ropes on him till the habit is thoroughly broken.—Farmer's Advocate.

FARM NOTES.

Select for fall plowing the stubborn, refractory clay soil, and on all fields not fall-plowed have cover crops growing, to be plowed under in spring.

Chemical or commercial fertilizers are marked by a high degree of availability. In a majority of cases the actual plant food is largely at once soluble in water. For this reason such manures give immediate results, except when seasons are very abnormal or the tillage very low grade.

If the farmers of our country would make their stables so warm that water would not freeze in them in an ordinarily cold night, one third more animals could be kept on the same feed as now used. Tar paper and cheap lumber do not cost so much as hay and grain to keep up animal heat. While paper and lumber cost only once, feed costs every winter.