

The Black Bag

By Louis Joseph Vance
(Copyright 1908, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

ing about. Once something scraped and bumped on the floor, as if a heavy bit of furniture had been moved.

Again there was a resounding thud that defied speculation, and this was presently followed by a dull clang of metal.

Eventually—it was not really long—there came the quick rush of Mrs. Hallam's feet along the upper hall, and the woman reappeared, one hand holding her skirts clear of her pretty feet as she descended in a rush that caused the candle's flame to flicker perilously.

Halfway down "Mr. Kirkwood" she called tempestuously.

"Didn't you find it?" he countered blandly.

She stopped jerkily at the bottom, and after a moment of confusion "Find what, sir?" she asked.

"What you sought, Mrs. Hallam."

Smiling, he bore unflinching the prolonged inspection of her eyes, at once somber with doubt of him and flashing with indignation because of his impudence.

"You knew I wouldn't find it, then, didn't you?"

"I may have suspected you wouldn't."

Now he was sure that she had been searching for the gladstone bag. That evidently was the bone of contention. Calendar had sent his daughter for it, Mrs. Hallam her son. Dorothy had been successful. But, on the other hand, Calendar and Mrs. Hallam were unquestionably allies. Why, then—

"Where is it, Mr. Kirkwood?"

"Madam, have you the right to know?"

Through another lengthening pause while they faced each other he marked again the curious contraction of her underlip.

"I have the right," she declared steadily. "Where is it?"

"How can I be sure?"

"Then you don't know!"

"Indeed," he interrupted, "I would be glad to feel that I ought to tell you what I know."

"What you know?"

The exclamation, low spoken, more an echo of her thoughts than intended for Kirkwood, was accompanied by a little shake of the woman's head, mute evidence to the fact that she was bewildered by his finesse. And this delighted the young man beyond measure, making him feel himself master of a difficult situation.

The woman would have led again, but young Hallam cut in none too courteously:

"I say, mamma, it's no good standing here palaverin' like a lot of flats. Besides, I'm awfully knocked up. Let's get home and have it out there."

Instantly his mother softened. "My poor boy! Of course we'll go."

As they passed out Kirkwood shut the door, and at the same moment the little party was brought up standing by a gruff and authoritative summons:

"Just a minute, please, you there!"

"Ah!" said Kirkwood to himself "I thought so. And he halted in unfeigned respect for the burly and impressive figure, garbed in blue and brass, barring the way to the carriage.

Mrs. Hallam showed less deference for the obstructionist. "The assumed hauteur and impudence of her pose were artfully reflected in her voice as she rounded upon the bobby with an indignant demand, "What is the meaning of this, officer?"

"Precisely what I want to know, ma'am," returned the man, unyielding beneath his respectful attitude. "I'm obliged to ask you to tell me what you were doing in that 'ouse. And what's the matter with this 'ere gentleman?" he added, with a dubious stare at young Hallam's bandaged head and crumpled clothing.

"Perhaps you don't understand," admitted Mrs. Hallam sweetly. "Of course—I see—it's perfectly natural. The house has been shut up for some time and—"

"Thank you, ma'am, that's just it. There was something wrong going on early in the evening, and I was told to keep an eye on the premises. It's my duty, ma'am. I've got my report to make."

"The house," said Mrs. Hallam, with the long suffering patience of one elucidating a perfectly plain proposition to a being of a lower order of intelligence, "is the property of my son Arthur Frederick Burgoyne Hallam of Cornwall. This is it."

"Beg pardon, ma'am, but I was told Colonel George Burgoyne of Cornwall."

"Colonel Burgoyne died some time ago. My son is his heir. This is my son. He came to the house this evening

to get some property he desired and, it seems, tripped on the stairs and fell unconscious. I became worried about him and drove over, accompanied by my friend Mr. Kirkwood. The policeman looked his troubled state of mind and wagged a doubtful head over the case. There was his duty, and there was, opposed to it, the fact that all three were garbed in the livery of the well to do.

At length, turning to the driver, he demanded, received and noted in his memorandum book the license number of the equipage.

"It's a very unusual case, ma'am," he apologized. "I 'opes you won't 'old it against me. I'm only trying to do my duty."

"And safeguard our property. You are perfectly justified, officer."

"Thank you, ma'am. And would you mind giving me your cards, please, all of you?"

"Certainly not." Without hesitation the woman took a little hand bag from the seat of the carriage and produced a card. Her son likewise found his case and handed the officer an oblong slip.

"I've no cards with me," the American told the policeman. "My name however, is Philip Kirkwood, and I'm staying at the Pless."

"Very good, sir; thank you." The man penciled the information in his little book. "Thank you, ma'am, and Mr. Hallam, sir. Sorry to have detained you. Good morning."

Kirkwood helped young Hallam into the carriage, gave Mrs. Hallam his hand and followed her. The man Eccles shut the door, mounting the box beside the driver. Immediately they were in motion.

CHAPTER XII

THE American got a final glimpse of the bobby, standing in front of No. 9 Froggall street and watching them with an air of profound uncertainty. He had Kirkwood's sympathy therein, but he had little time to feel with him, for Mrs. Hallam turned upon him very suddenly.

"Mr. Kirkwood, will you be good enough to tell me who and what you are?"

The young man smiled his homely, candid smile. "I'll be only too glad, Mrs. Hallam, when I feel sure you'll do as much for yourself."

She gave him no answer. It was as if she were choosing words. Kirkwood braced himself to meet the storm, but none ensued. There was rather a lull, which strung itself out indefinitely to the monotonous music of hoofs and rubber tires.

The carriage stopped before a house with lighted windows. Eccles jumped down from the box and scurried to open the front door.

They were returned to Craven street! "One more lap round the track!" mused Kirkwood. "Wonder will the next take me back to Bermondsey Old Stairs."

At Mrs. Hallam's direction, Eccles ushered him into the smoking room, on the ground floor in the rear of the dwelling, there to wait while she helped her son upstairs and to bed. He sighed with pleasure at first glimpse of its luxurious but informal comforts and threw himself carelessly into a heavily padded lounging chair, dropping one knee over the other and lighting the last of his expensive cigars with a sensation of unmitigated gratitude, as one coming to rest in the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. He was very sleepy.

Through the halls, on the stairs, there were hurrying and scurrings of feet and skirts, confused with murmuring voices. Presently, in an adjoining room, Philip Kirkwood heard a maidservant wrestling hopefully with that most exasperating of modern time saving devices, the telephone as countenanced by our English cousins. Her patience and determination won his approval, but availed nothing for her purpose. In the outcome the telephone triumphed, and the maid gave up the unequal contest.

Later a butler entered the room, a short and sturdy fellow, extremely ill at ease. Drawing a small taboret to the side of Kirkwood's chair, he placed thereon a tray, deferentially imparting the information that "Mrs. Hallam 'as thought 'ow as Mr. Kirkwood might care for a bit of supper."

"Please thank Mrs. Hallam for me," Kirkwood's gratified eyes ranged the laden tray. There were sandwiches biscuit, cheese and a pot of black coffee, with sugar and cream. "It was very kindly thought of," he added.

"Very good, sir; thank you, sir."

SHE HAD THIS SORE FOR FOUR LONG YEARS!

NOW ZAM-BUK HAS HEALED IT

You can't equal Zam-Buk for sores of all kinds, whether recent or of long standing. That is the opinion of Mrs. Wilson, of 110 Wickson ave, Toronto. Mrs. Wilson says:

"About four years ago a sore spot appeared on the right side of my face, just about the angle of the jaw. This spot increased in size until it became about half an inch in diameter, and very troublesome. I went to a doctor, from whom at different times during fifteen years I had received treatment, but the ointment I got did not have any good effect on the sore. I had it cauterized, tried all kinds of poultices and all kinds of salves, but it was no good, and this continued for four years. A sample of Zam-Buk was one day left at our house and I used it.

"Although the quantity was so small, it seemed to do me some good, so I purchased from Mr. Bauld, druggist Scollard and Yonge streets, a supply of Zam-Buk. Each box did me more and more good and to my delight, before I had been using Zam-Buk three weeks, I saw that it was going to heal the sore. In less than a month it was healed. It has now been healed for almost a year, and at the present time the only trace of it is a small patch of skin a little whiter than the surrounding tissue. If Zam-Buk can heal a sore of this kind, which had defied all treatment for four years, I am sure it must be a thing needed in scores of homes."

Try; Zam-Buk for eczema, ulcers, sores, bad leg, varicose ulcers, skin eruptions, face spots, baby's rashes inflamed places, piles, blood poisoning and all skin injuries and diseases. 50c. all druggists and stores or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse "just as goods" and imitations.

The man turned to go, snuffing soundlessly. Kirkwood was suddenly impressed with his evasiveness. Ever since he had entered the room his countenance had seemed turned from the guest.

"Eccles!" he called sharply at a venture.

The butler halted, thunderstruck. "Ye-es, s-sir?"

"Turn round, Eccles. I want a look at you."

Eccles faced him unwillingly with a stolid front, but shifty eyes. Kirk-



wood glanced him up and down, grinning.

"Thank you, Eccles. I'll remember you now. You'll remember me, too, won't you? You're a bad actor, aren't you, Eccles?"

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir," mumbled the man unhappily and took instant advantage of the implied permission to go.

Intensely diverted by the recollection of Eccles' abortive attempt to stop him at the door of No. 9 and wondering, now that he came to think of it, why precisely young Hallam had deemed it necessary to travel with a body-guard and adopt such furtive methods to enter into as well as to obtain what was asserted to be his own property, Kirkwood turned active attention to the lunch.

Thoughtfully he poured himself a cup of coffee, swallowing it hot and black as it came from the silver pot, then munched the sandwiches.

It was kindly thought of, this early morning repast. Mrs. Hallam seemed more and more a remarkable woman with each phase of her character that

she chose to disclose. At odds with him, she yet took time to think of his creature needs. Women, he propounded gravely, are queer. There's no telling anything about them.

One of the most unreadable specimens of the sex on which he pronounced this highly original dictum entered the room just then, and he found himself at once out of his chair and his dream, bowing.

"Mrs. Hallam."

The woman nodded and smiled graciously. "Eccles has attended to your needs, I hope? Please don't stop smoking." She sank into an armchair on the other side of the hearth and, probably by accident, out of the radius of illumination from the lamp, sitting sideways, one knee above the other, her white arms immaculate against the somber background of crimson.

She was very handsome, indeed, just then, though a keener light might have proved less flattering.

"Now, Mr. Kirkwood?" she opened briskly, with a second intimate and friendly nod, and paused, her pose receptive.

Kirkwood sat down again, smiling good natured appreciation of her unprejudiced attitude.

"Your son, Mrs. Hallam—"

"Oh, Freddie's doing well enough. Freddie," she explained, "has a delicate constitution and has seen little of the world. Such melodrama as tonight's is apt to shock him severely. We must make allowances, Mr. Kirkwood. I think," she said deliberately, "that it is time we came to an understanding."

Kirkwood agreed—"Yes," affably.

"I purpose being perfectly straightforward. To begin with, I don't place you, Mr. Kirkwood. You are an unknown quantity, a new factor. Won't you please tell me what you are and— are you a friend of Mr. Calendar's?"

"I think I may lay claim to that honor, though"—to Kirkwood's way of seeing things some little frankness on his own part would be essential if they were to get on—"I hardly know him, Mrs. Hallam. I had the pleasure of meeting him only this afternoon."

She knitted her brows over this statement.

"That I assure you, is the truth," he laughed.

"But I really don't understand."

"Nor I, Mrs. Hallam. Calendar aside, I am Philip Kirkwood, American, resident abroad for some years, a native of San Francisco, of a certain age, unmarried, by profession a poor painter."

"And?"

"Beyond that? I presume I must tell you, though I confess I'm in doubt." He hesitated, weighing candidly in the balance with discretion.

"But who are you for? Are you in George Calendar's pay?"

"Heaven forbid!" piously. "My sole interest at the present moment is to unravel a most entrancing mystery."

"Entitled 'Dorothy Calendar,' of course. You've known her long?"

"Eight hours, I believe," he admitted gravely—"less than that, in fact."

"Miss Calendar's interests will not suffer through anything you may tell me."

"Whether they will or no, I see I must swing a looser tongue or you'll be snowing me the door."

The woman shook her head, amused. "Not until," she told him significantly.

"Very well, then." And he launched into an abridged narrative of the night's events as he understood them, touching lightly on his own circumstances, the real poverty which had brought him back to Craven street by way of Froggall. "And there you have it all, Mrs. Hallam."

"It is so like Calendar," she exclaimed, "so like him that one sees how foolish it was to trust—no, not to trust, but to believe—that he could ever be thrown off the scent once he got nose to ground. So if we suffer, my son and I, I shall have only myself to thank!"

Kirkwood waited in patient attention till she chose to continue. When she did, "Now for my side of the case!" cried Mrs. Hallam, and rising began to pace the room, her slender and rounded figure swaying gracefully while she talked.

"George Calendar is a scoundrel," she said, "a swindler, gambler—what I believe you Americans call a confidence man. He is also my late husband's first cousin. Some years since he found it convenient to leave England, likewise his wife and daughter. Mrs. Calendar—a countrywoman of yours, by the bye—died shortly afterward. Dorothy, by the merest accident, obtained a situation as private secretary in the household of the late Colonel Burgoyne of The Cliffs, Cornwall. You follow me?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"Colonel Burgoyne died, leaving his estates to my son, some time ago. Shortly afterward Dorothy Calendar disappeared. We know now that her father took her away, but then the disappearance seemed inexplicable, especially since with her vanished a great deal of valuable information. She alone knew of the location of certain of the old colonel's personal effects."

"He was an eccentric. One of his peculiarities involved the secreting of valuables in odd places. He had no faith in banks. Among these valuables were the Burgoyne family jewels—quite a treasure, believe me, Mr. Kirkwood. We found no note of them among the colonel's papers and without Dorothy were powerless to pursue a search for them. We advertised and

Doctor Kenny

has, through his thirty years experience as a veterinary, found no preparation equal to

Kenny's Condition Powders

for putting a horse into condition by natural means. It is an ideal tonic. It improves digestion; it purifies the blood.

SOLD ONLY AT

Dunoon's Drug Store

employed detectives, with no result. It seems that father and daughter were at Monte Carlo at the time."

"Beautifully circumstantial, my dear lady," commented Kirkwood to his inner consciousness. Outwardly he maintained consistently a pose of impassive gullibility.

"This afternoon for the first time we received news of the Calendars. Calendar himself called upon me to beg a loan. I explained our difficulty, and



"Scotland Yard," he told her bluntly.

he promised that Dorothy should send us the information by the morning's post. When I insisted he agreed to bring it himself after dinner this evening. I make it quite clear?" she interrupted, a little anxious.

"Quite clear, I assure you," he assented encouragingly.

"Strangely enough, he had not been gone ten minutes when my son came in from a conference with our son—"

To be continued.

WANTED

WANTED—A good girl for general housework, good wages. Apply to MRS. SUTCLIFFE, 68 Bond-st., or to J. Sutcliffe & Sons, store, Kent-st., Lindsay.—wtf.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—On South East corner Glenelg and St. Lawrence-sts., comfortable two storey house on 1/2 acre lot; 8 rooms, pantry and summer kitchen; hard and soft water in latter; bath; good cellar and modern conveniences. Also good stable. For further particulars apply to MRS. W. F. O'Boyle, on the premises or to box 226, Lindsay P. O.—wtfdtf.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Seven roomed brick house with 1/2 acre of land; hard and soft water. Apply to Mrs. A. White, 27 Victoria-ave., Lindsay.

FARM TO RENT

FARM TO RENT—Two hundred acres, being lots 3 in 8th Con. and 4 in the 9th Con. of the Township of Emily. Will be rented either together or separately. On lot 3 there are a good log dwelling, a log barn, stable and shed and a never failing well. On lot 4 there are a good log barn and stable. A never failing creek runs through this farm, making it a first-class pasture farm. Fall ploughing practically done on both places. Apply to Mrs. Jos. R. Lucas or Mr. Thos. Morrissey, Downeyville.—w3.

FARM FOR SALE

FARM FOR SALE—100 acres in the Township of Elton, lot 6 con. 11, 65 acres cleared and tillable and balance pasture and poplar swamps. Well watered by two wells and never failing spring. One mile from school, church, store and P.O. Log barn, and house, and log outbuildings. Will be sold cheap as proprietor is going west. Apply to DOUGLAS SPENCE, Hartley P.O.—wtf.

FARM FOR SALE

FARM FOR SALE—Lot 11, con. 11 Emily; 200 acres more or less; 140 acres cleared, balsam, tamarack swamp. New frame house and frame barn 36x80. Small orchard well watered, 5 miles from the town of Lindsay. Property of DENNIS SOULLY. Price right for a quick sale. Apply to Elias Bowes, Real Estate Agent, Lindsay.—wtf.

Consisting of 100 acres, more or less barn only, known as the Wilson Farm, being Lot 1, Con. 8, Eldon, on the Town line between Mariposa and Eldon, 1 mile east of Grass Hill station. This Farm will be sold at a bargain on easy terms. Immediate possession. For further particulars write D. McEACHERN or F. A. WILSON, Executors of the H. Wilson Estate Cannington, Ont.—wtf.

FARM FOR SALE

FARM FOR SALE—Improved farm of one hundred and fifty acres, more or less, being composed of the South Half of Lot Twenty (20) in the Tenth and the West part of Lot Twenty (20) in the eleventh Concession of the Township of Ops. This land is good clay loam, suitable for any kind of grain, drained, and all cleared but about Fifteen (15) acres of pasture, through which there is running water. Situated three miles East of Lindsay, on good gravel road. There is a frame dwelling, kitchen and woodshed. Large frame barn 45x75 feet with stone foundation and stable for all kinds of stock. Apply to MOORE & JACKSON, Solicitors, Lindsay, Ont. or A. BLACKWELL, 1 Notre Dame Street, West, Montreal.—wtf.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT

FOR SALE OR TO RENT—Part of lot 21, con. 7, Ops, just east of town, containing about 3 1/2 acres of good land, well drained. There is on the premises a one storey frame house, good stable, driving shed and hen coop. Good well, 1/2 acre of good bearing orchard, 1/2 acre of new strawberry bed. Will also sell cheap 1 good cultivator, wagon, disk harrow, berry boxes, crates, stands, etc. everything necessary for the cultivation and growing of strawberries, also a mare and colt. Apply on the premises or address JAS. MAHER, P. O. box 292, Lindsay, Ont.—wtf.

FARM FOR SALE

FARM FOR SALE—Lot 15, con. 2, Fenelon, containing 93 1/2 acres, more or less, adjoining the village of Islay. 90 acres cleared and about 4 1/2 acres hardwood bush. New frame barn 50x65 on stone wall with first-class stabling complete, cement floor. Log house, well finished inside, partly plastered and partly boarded. School post office and blacksmith shop within a few rods of farm, 6 miles from Cambray station. Grass Hill and Cameron grain markets. The property of JOHN R. COWISON. For further particulars apply to Elias Bowes Real Estate Agent, Lindsay.—wtf.

FARM FOR SALE

FARM FOR SALE—50 acres being S. W. 1/4 of lot 9, con. 8, Ops. There are on the premises good farm buildings and a never failing spring; land is first-class. This property will be sold on reasonable terms. Apply GEO. MARTIN, Fenelon Falls, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE—100 acres, east half lot 16, con. 9, Ops, all cleared, good frame house and frame barn with stone stabling. 5 miles from town of Lindsay; the Hooley property. Terms easy: wants to sell at once. For further particulars apply to ELIAS BOWES, Real Estate Agent, Lindsay.—wtf.

Live Stock Insurance

I am agent for the General Live Stock Insurance Co. of Montreal, and can take risks on all kinds of live animals. Dr. Broad, office 46 Peel-st.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT

FOR SALE OR TO RENT—White brick house 8 rooms summer kitchen, wood shed, hard and soft water, 1/2 acre land, good garden full of small fruit and asparagus bed; good spot for retired farmer. Convenient to Collegiate Institute and public school. Apply at this office.—d2w1.