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#### Six Lars Left Track

4 G. T. R. freight cars left the Santiago siding, near the a bridge Friday evening. No damthe done, however, and the aux-Illand the cars in position to-

James Connolly and daughter, have returned from a visit Matires in Detroit.

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weeks holidays with his par-Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Paton.

ad Mrs. W. R. Jackson, and a rea in town to-day.

# O JOSH SOCKS DE HISTORICO EN SOCKS DE HISTOR The Cableman

MAN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

#### WEATHERBY CHESNEY

and fill the billet of energetic manager, hao and beans as we do. I had to buy

on a partnership basis. There's noth- chickens and fresh meat for him

find him; the sennor sees that a new,

man of some force of character.

us his room."

stiff hood.

moved."

ed for them?"

Bernardo?" he asked.

"We also are anxious to find him,"

The room was almost exactly as

Mona had described it, bare save for

a litter of books on the table, and a

pile of English newspapers on a chair

exclamation and pointed to a thing

that was hanging on a hook behind the

Scarborough turned to the padrao.

"No, senhor, they are my wife's."

"How do they come to be here?"

the national costume, and the padrona

brought these for him to see. I do not

know why they have not been re-

"How many days is it since he ask-

"Seven or eight, senhor."

Bernardo ever wear these?"

dren in the streets if he had.'

"Yes, senhor."

out his hand.

man, laughing. "No, senhor;

"No, senhor, not well enough for

that. When he came to my house first

ever, and very soon he was able to

sound like Spanish; but no, not as well

hope you will get your money."

"I am happy to have been of ser-

Senhor Bernardo, perhaps, in the

course of conversation on more impor-

tant things, he will remind him that

"I will if I get the chance." said

When they were in the street again,

and on their way back to Montagu's

Cenuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

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See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

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FOR TERPID LIVER.

FOR CONSTIPATION

FOR SALLOW SKIN.

FOR THE COMPLEXION

Very small and 23 casy

to take as sugar.

house Scarborough said to Vorney.

my bill is still unpaid."

"Did these things belong to Senhor

"Senhor Bernardo was interested in

"It's monstrous." "Not at all," said Varney, unblush- I do not know myself." ingly-he knew that his friend was | Scarborough stepped back from the chaffing him-"I've got a little capital, little door, and came nearer to the you know; my mother's money didn't | pedrao. go in the smash. Mr. Davis says that | "It would be to your profit to know?" with a few more glass-houses for the he asked meaningly. pines, and an energetic manager to | "Certainly, senhor. I should present look after them, the trade with the my bill. The few things he left in his Covent Garden can be worked up in a room will not repay me for what I few years to something pretty big. spent on his meals. He had a dainty I'm going to supply the glass-houses, stomach, and would not dine on bacal-

ing monstrous about that, it's a mere | daily," complained the padrao, indigbusiness arrangement, and the sug- nantly. gestion came from him. What do you think of it?" "When is the wedding?" was Scar- cal Scotchman was something of an

borough's answer.

Varney laughed. "You've put your and lupin beans; he hated them both finger on the weak spot," he said. himself. Also it gave him an added "We haven't settled that yet, because respect for him as an antagonist; for we didn't feel justified in doing so to insist on getting his daily chicken was away for about half an hour. without consulting Muriel on the sub- or steak in a place like this must have. When he returned he told them with hooks as Chartered Banks iect first. I'm pretty sure she likes meant a struggle, Scarborough knew. great give that he had met a real oriprejudices, which she thinks are principles, before she can be expected to marry a fellow like me. dared to ask her yet, and Davis thinks

I had better wait a bit.' "He has swallowed his prejudices, it

"Oh, he hadn't any. Curiously enough, I'm rather a favorite with him. Anyway, he's keen on the scheme; but of course if Muriel says no, it won't come off. That's down in our agree-

"You've got an agreement already!" by the window. But almost as soon as they entered, Varney smothered an "Yes, in black and white. about you, old man? When's your wedding coming off?" "I don't know," said Scarborough, door. It was a long blue cloak, and "Like you, I haven't dared to ask yet. near it on another chair was a large

That's our venta, I think." They had arrived at the wine-shop which Mona had described. Through the open front they saw a long counter running across the breadth of the shop; behind it were half a dozen geat barrels, and leaning in picturesque attitudes against the counter were three or four men, drinking the red wine of the district and smoking maize-husk cigarettes.

"Walk on a bit," said Varney. "Don't go in yet." They went on a few yards, and then

Varney said: "I fancy I have met your Scotchman. Can you describe him?" Scarborough gave him the descrip-

Varney came in, and added: "You came across him during the time he was Carrington's clerk, I sup-

tion which Mona had given before

"No, I've met him in the island. was your speaking of John Knox a while ago that made me think of it. borough to himself, and then added I won't waste time in telling you about aloud: "There is one thing more. it now, but if we don't find our friend Does Senhor Bernardo speak Portuupstairs studying theology. I think I guese well?" can give a guess where we can put a hand on his shoulder. Let's go back and ask for him. Got anything in native of the islands?" your pocket, in case there's a row?"

"My fists," said Scarborough. "I'm pretty handy with mine, too," he knew only his own English tongue. said Varney, "but if Miss Carrington and Spanish, which he said he had She was anxious that you shouldn't stand Spanish if it is spoken slowly. get hurt, and I feel absurdly respon- and can make himself understood in sible for seeing that you don't. Noth- return; so we were able to converse. ing to do with me, of course; but I The Senhor Bernardo is clever, how-

"I don't believe there's the slightest speak Portuguese without making it risk," said Scarborough. "And if there is, we've got to take as a native of the islands." t? Right you are! Come on."

CHAPTER XX.

Varney Volunteers for Sentry-Go

The two young men went into the venta. An animated discussion, which was in progress between the proprie-

tor and three men, who were leaning over the counter, was broken off suddenly at their entrance. Varney stayed near the door, to watch the vice," he said. "If the senhor finds street, in case the inn had some other exit, which the man they were seeking might think it prudent to make use of suddenly. Scarborough went to the counter and asked in Portuguese for the Senhor Manoel Bernardo, the Scarborough, laughing. name which Mona had been told to

One of the loafers laughed, and the landlord frowned heavily. "The Senor Manoel Bernardo," he

repeated, sullenly. "What do you know of him, Senhor?" "Very little," said Scarborough, smiling. "But I have come to improve

my acquaintance. Will you tell me where I can find him?" "No. Senhor." Scarborough shrugged his shoulders.

"Doubtless you have a reason for refusing," he said quietly. "I have. A good one," said the Pedrao, and the loafer who had laughed

before did so again. "Then," said Scarborough, "I and my friend will go upstairs to the room which he hires from you. I shall be obliged, and it may save us all some trouble, if you will show us the way." As he spoke, he moved towards a small door in the side wall, and signed

to Varney to close up. This time it was the landlord who laughed, and said:

"You can go up if you like, but he isn't there. Are you friends of his?" "I don't think we can claim that honor," said Scarborough. "But we are very anxious to meet him."

"So am I, Senhor." Scarborough looked at him sharply. "He owes you money?" he asked

CARTER'S FOR HEADACHE, at a venture "Sim, senhor-a month's rent of my room and other things. He left me suddenly three days ago, without paying his bill, and I have not seen him Charlie Paton is home for a since. We were talking of him when you entered, as possibly the senhores may have gathered from the fact that Pedro"-he indicated the loafer who had laughed-"was amused when you Herbert and Henry, of Mount nardo. I said I had a good reason for not telling you where you could

"Now, Phil, you don't understand the nas," said Varney.

"How and when?"

"The day before vesterday I was there with Muriel and her father." San Miguel. They had taken food with 'wholly out of the game. them, and made a day of it, and it was while they were lunching under a tree by the roadside that Gillies had passed. He was riding a donkey in the universal fashion of the islands, perched senhor."

But there was something in the ac-Scarborough repressed a smile. It cent with which the words were spoamused him to learn that the theologiken that made the pine grower say misunderstanding between them was suddenly:

epicure, and refused odorous salt cod "That man isn't what he pretends to be. I'm going to speak to him. I'm interested in human curiosities."

He got up and followed the man, and Moreover, he had not even paid for ginal.

them. It was a small thing, but it "I thought the fellow wasn't an indicated that Andrew Gillies was a Azorean," he said. "He's a Scotchman, though what he's doing masquerading in that get-up, I can't imagine. he said to the defrauded and indignant if he were an American or a journalist padrao. "Take us upstairs and show I should say he was studying the habits of the people with a view to writing a "Certainly, Senhor. It is just as he book, and had adopted native costume and ways so as to get a closer view; do you think he and I have been talking about?"

> 'a'ful expense of foreign travel,' as he is a Scot," said Varney. "The frivolity of women if my father

chose the subject," said Muriel. "Neither. We discussed apostolic ! Scotch Kirk has got it through auld Johnnie Knox, as he called him. haven't spent such an interesting half

hour for a long time." Later in the day they came across the man again in the village of Furnas. His donkey was waiting for him outside the door of the inn, and he himself was inside having a meal. Davis left the other two to amuse themselves by wandering about the village, whilst he went in to continue the discussion on apostolic succession with the man who had interested him

Scarborough turned to Varney, and so much. in a low tone of excitement, said in "Now," said Varney, when he had Ryan or Miss de la Mar. English: "We've found our hooded come to this point, "he's our man, isn't woman, Phil!" And then again in Porhe? It was your saying to Miss Cartuguese to the innkeeper: "Did Senhor rington that perhaps you would discuss John Knox with him that made me remember him. He's hunting for "The capote and capello?" said the the diamonds, and he's doing it on a donkey, because he looks like an would have been mocked by the chil-Azorean naturally, and every second Azorean peasant you meet is riding "Nevertheless he did," said Scarone. What did you find out in the venta?"

Scarborough told him, and at the end Varney said: "Well, if Carrington's 'enemy who is "Well enough to be mistaken for a

well known to me,' the hooded woman, the man in the boat, Mrs. Carrington's burglar, and Andrew Gillies, are one and the same person, he's a pretty lively fighter. But will the dates fit?"

"Yes," said Scarborough. "You met is right, he's the sort of chap who learned to help him in his business in him the day before yesterday, the that I shouldn't, and they fought it might carry a gun for emergencies. London. But a Portuguese can under- Ring-Rock business was yesterday, out, and that pale fragile little girl and the theft of the letter was this there scored a complete victory. I diamonds should be sent to the liquiisland like that. I don't see where we are to put our hands on his shoulder, asked Scarborough with a smile, in the pound." as you said."

"In the Furnas district," said Varney. He'll go báck there." "Why?"

Scarborough nodded, and then held where he thinks the stones are, or he wouldn't be pottering about there on finish, to cut up the disorganized "Many thanks for your courtesy. his donkey. That was where Mona Senhor padrao," he said. "You have met Carrington, you remember, so it's helped me more than you know, and I a likely enough place. But as Gillies has that letter now, we shall have to The man bowed, with the natural be energetic. Are you on duty topoliteness which is instinctive with the night?' islanders of the Azores in all ranks of

"Yes, from midnight till eight." "Then I shall have to take first watch in the country. I'll go and have supper at the Casa Davis, strap a sleeping bag on my handle-bars, and eagerly. ride on afterwards to Furnas. It will be no hardship to spend a night in the open in this weather."

"But why not go to the inn?" "Better not. Gillies might be there, and there's no need to alarm him. he knows where to look for the diamonds we had better let him do it, and watch for him in the process. I'll camp out. I know the very place-a stack of maize cobs on the hill-side, from which there is a wide prospect. Muriel and I sat there for an hour. I know the trick of waking at daylight, so if Gillies and his donkey are

in evidence in the morning, I shall be ready for them." "Right," said Scarborough cheerfully. "I'll ride over and join you after breakfast. I'm on duty for the next week, so I shall be able to take the day watches, if you will do the nights. It won't matter about my being sleepy in the instrument room; there's not often much coming through, and if a busy spell did come, the other man would wake me. How about you,

though?" "Oh, I shall be all right," said Varney. "I'll start now, and you had better go back to the Chinelas and see that the girls are all right. I suppose Mona will stay the night there. We'll tell Montague that she won't return to-night, or he'll fidget. Better tell her, when you see her, to keep her eye on Mrs. Carrington, and if she sees anything suspicious, she should send a message to you. And there's another thing: when you ride over to join me to-morrow, bring the scratched stone with you, and stop at the Casa Davis on the way. Davis knows the island very well, and he may be able to make a shot at the meaning of 'ache-bluen. drip."

"Right," said Scarborough, "I will." "Then, I'll be off. Ta-ta, old man; and keep your eyes on Mrs. Carrington. We've rather left her out of the reckoning, but she's a factor that will have to be counted. Don't let her steel a march on you."

, THE MARKET

Scarborough smiled. He did not lingo, so I shall have to tell you what | think that Mrs. Carrington was likely the padrao and I were talking about. to be very dangerous now. By allow-But first-where did you see Gillies?" | ing her husband's letter to be stolen "In the geyser country, near Fur- from her, she had let the best card in the whole game slip out of her hands and he therefore rather despised her powers as a fighter.

His judgment in the matter was He went on to explain that Davis premature. He was to learn shortly and his daughter had taken him to see that Rachel Carrington was most of the geysers of Furnas, which make all to be feared at that moment, when one of the show places of the island of to others it appeared that she was

#### CHAPTER XX. An Eavesdropper

it was nearly nine o'clock when sideways, and holding on to the cross Scarborough rode up the gravel path bars of a great wooden framed sad- to the door of the Chinelas again. He dle, which rested on two straw pads. had been on duty from seven till ten He was dressed like a peasant of the that morning; then had come the mescountry, in a blue blouse and tight sage from Elsa, the ride with her into trousers; and, with a maize husk Ponta Delgada, the visit to the venta cigarette between his lips, and a pillow in the north road, and the ride back; covered with a piece of bright carpet he had had a tiring day already, and under him for a seat, he looked the he was due for duty again at midpart to perfection. Davis hailed him night. But he hardly knew that he with a "Viva!" as he passed, and was was tired. The joy of at last doing answered with a surly "Bonas dias, something, the knowledge that Elsa was now co-operating with him in the fight, instead of tacitly putting obstacles in his way, the hope that now the at an end a closer understanding would follow in its place, when he had put to her the question he was hundering to put-these things had been tonics, and would have been enough to counterbalance the fatigue of even greater exertions.

He hoped to be able to get an hour's sleep yet, before he had to begin his watch in the instrument-room; but first, as Varney had said, he must see

that the girls were all right. He found them together in the drawing-room and it seemed to him that Elsa's stiffness with the other girl had worn off considerably since the after-Had anything happened to bring them closer together? Or was but I don't think he's either. What it simply that Mona's sunny nature had melted a coldness that was mainly artificial, and her persistent offering "The crops or the weather, or the of friendship had broken down the barrier which Elsa's sensitive fancy had set up?

Scarborough, seeing them, sitting together, in outward amity at least, had the thought borne in upon him succession, and he claims that the irresistibly that they were surely and obviously meant to be friends. The very difference in the types of their beauty made them such admirable foils to each other-Elsa's the delicate, dainty beauty of carved ivory, and Mona's the vivacity of flashing brown eyes, black hair, and rich creamy coloring. The one was an anemone of the woods, fragile but exquisite; the other a rich blossom of the sunlight.

headache," said Elsa, "and Mona is going to stay with me for the night." Scarborough noted with pleasure

that she said Mona, and not Miss "What has happened?" he asked

smiling. Mona caught his meaning at once. "Oh," she said, "we've been through battle together since we saw you. We went into it Miss Carrington and Miss Ryan, and we came out of it Elsa

and Mona. Are you pleased?" "Very," he answered. "But against whom was the battle? Not against each other?"

"No," said Elsa, "against mother." "That is why she has gone to bed with a headache," said Mona laughing. "It was a hot engagement, you know, and she was utterly routed. She objected to my presence in the house, and Elsa stuck up boldly for me, and for the rites of hospitality, and said I should stay. Mrs. Carrington retorted

"Five pounds to nothing you didn't."

"Oh, I chipped in with a remark or two towards the end," said Mona gaily, "I couldn't resist it, you know. But "Because, for some reason, that's Elsa bore the real brunt of the battle; mine was only a cavalry pursuit at the forces of the enemy, and drive the victory home. I think Mrs. Carrington's headache is probably rather bad. At least that is the only reason I can think of to explain why she made the mistake of losing her temper and blurtign out something that we very much

wanted to know." "She told you what was in the letter that was stolen?" cried Scarborough

"She admitted that it contained a plan of the place where the diamonds are hidden," said Mona, "and she seemed to think that it was Elsa's fault that it had been stolen. I didn't follow her reasoning there, and I took the liberty of pointing out some of her mistakes. In the first place I reminded her that she went to an hotel, instead of coming straight home; secondly, she put the plan in her purse instead of handing it over with her other valuables to the cashier to keep; thirdly, she had a large cup of coffee sent up to her the last thing at night, and didn't suspect that someone had been paid to put an opiate into it, until she awoke next morning about eleven to find that the plan was gone. Of course the man in the small boat had shadowed her from the Ring-Rock, and by sleeping in the hotel she gave him his chance. After all that, instead of abusing herself for her folly, she abuses Elsa. The unreasonableness of this was also one of the things I took the liberty of pointing out to her."

"On what grounds does she blame

you?" Scarborough asked Elsa. "Because I hid that stone jar at the Ring-Rock at all," said Elsa, "But never mind that. We found out from her that the plan was not complete, because it gave no indication of where be found. Father said he dared not put that information in the letter, behands, but that he would convey the asked. knewledge to her in some other way. She believes that I have that know-

from her purposely." "Well, so you are," said Scarbor- make a regular picnic of it." Scarborough shook his head. ough, smiling. Elsa sprang to her feet.

"The scratched stone!" she ex-

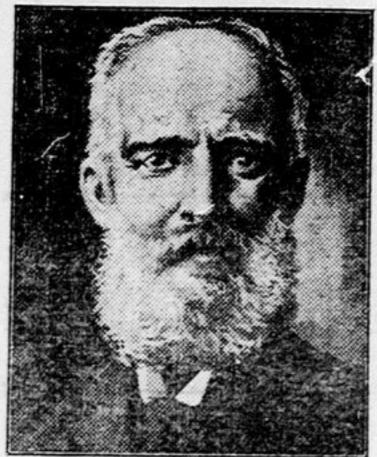
the way, that lock of yours hadn't been tampered with?"

claimed. "Blue-N. drip!"

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"Good. Will you give me the stone to keep for you?"

Elsa unlocked the desk and took the stone out. "But, after all, it's unintelligible," she said. "What does 'ache -blue-N. drip' mean?" "I haven't an idea," said Scarbor-

ough. "But if we had the full text, including the words that that idiot of a bean-seller rubbed out with his blouse. "Mother has gone to bed with a I haven't a doubt but that it would prove to be the message that Mrs. Carrington wants." "Well, now," said Mona approvingly,

"I think that's sense, and I'm surprised Elsa and I didn't think of it. Do you know it seems to me rather a pretty tion amongst the widows and orphans situation. The man who stole the in England; it was a touching scheme, plan won't be able to use it, because but it was not the one which Mrs. Carhe hasn't the scratched stone; we have rington proposed to see carried out. the scratched stone, but it's no use to us because we can't interpret it without and did not mind in the least that she the plan; and your mother, Elsa, has had gained it by admitted eavesdroplost the plan, and never heard of the ping, she was really tired. Moreover scratched stone. It rather looks as her headache had not benefited by though the diamonds stood a good chance of staying undisturbed where they are for a year or two. You and I needn't have bothered about deciding what we were going to do with them when we got them!"

"Have you been doing that?" Scarborough asked with some amusement. "Oh, yes, we've settled it all! There were rather a lot of people who suffered in the Carrington and Varney smash, you know, and most of them eron is really necessary, as Elsa's were poor. We had decided thatt he morning. But if he did get about the was proud of her. It was glorious." dator in bankruptcy, to be turned into "Did you sit quietly by and listen?" a small dividend of something or other

said Elsa to Scarborough. "Isn't it needed, so I will retire. You have splendid of her? She says that the

"Oh, no, it isn't splendid, or heroic or anything of the sort," Mona cut ir before Scarberough could answer "Don't run away with that idea, Elsa I've got two reasons, both are very ordinary ones. The first is that I've got a feeling that I should hate to touch a penny of the money which the man who stole it from me lost his life in defending. That's silly perhaps but I can't help it. The second is that I don't need it."

"Not just now," said Scarborough "But if you grow tired of your wander ing life with the circus-troupe-"

"Oh, don't bother!" said Mona "I've got plenty of money, I tell you; but it's a theme I don't want to dis cuss just now. I have a reason for that, too, which I shall perhaps teil you some day, and perhaps not. It all depends upon whether something I

The others noted with astonishment that she was blushing, and Elsa began:

"Why, Mona-"Change the subject, please!" said out, after all?" Mona with a laugh. "Mr. Scarborough. you haven't reported what you and say you are coming, I have no doubt Phil found at the venta."

Scarborough told them the result of make your own arrangements." the visit to the venta, and of Varney's Mrs. Carrington gave him a quick suggestion that the Furnas district glance. should be watched night and day, in order to catch the man Gillies. Of a fool! I admit that I hoped you were. course Gillies knew nothing about the Good-night." scratched stone, and if it was he who had stolen the plan from Mrs. Carring- and Mona jumped up and opened the ton, there was still that link missing long French windows that led to the in his knowledge; but it was also pos- garden. sible that he had other reasons for "Elsa and I will see you on your way knowing, or guessing, the place to to the Cable station," she said to Scarwhich the plan referred, and so could borough. "There are no keyholes in do without the stone. Anyway Var- the open air! Never mind your hat, the place to which it referred was to ney was quite right in saying that he Elsa. It's warm." must be watched.

cause it might get into the wrong lieve Phil in the morning?" Mona an open space of the road. "Yes."

ledge, and that I am keeping it back and I will go with you, and we'll call ache patient is double that distance on the way for Miss Davis. We will away. Our voices won't be heard.

swarm. Phil suggests, and I think he's be done?" "Exactly," said Scarborough. "By right, that as Gillies seems to know "I think," said Scarborough. "that ---- and he ready to come in at the

last minute. So you see, we ougners to frighten him yet."

"Exactly," said Mona. "But that's fust what I meant by suggesting a picnic. If he sees you and Phil mooning about here, he'll know that you are watching him; and you may be sure he will see you. But if we all go, he'll think it's just a picnic party, and we shall be able to explore the whole neighborhood without exciting his or

anybody else's suspicions." "And Mrs. Carrington?" said Scarborough. "Who's going to stay and watch her? I had counted on you for that duty, you know."

"I forgot about her," said Mona ruefully.

"I don't think it will pay to forget her."

As he said this, the door of the room opened suddenly, and Mrs. Carrington herself stood smiling on the threshold.

"No," she said, softly, "it won't do to forget me. Elsa, introduce the young man to me."

Elsa had jumped up, and was gazing at her mother with a look of mingled contempt and anger.

"Mother!" she said scornfully. "You have been-" "Listening," said Mrs. Carrington calmly. "Yes, child, I have. Do you

expect me to be ashamed of admitting tt? Don't be foolish. Introduce me." Elsa stood where she was, and made no movement to do so. Mrs. Carrington laughed.

"Very well," she said. "I must introduce myself. I am Rachel Carrington, the woman who retired to bed with a headache, utterly routed after a battle of words with two young girls. But even after a defeat the enemy sometimes rallies, you know, and while I have been standing behind that door I have rallied considerably. You, I presume, are Mr. Horace Scarborough, the young man who, my husband informed me, would very possibly be my son-in-law one day."

"Mother!" cried Elsa again. Mrs. Carrington laughed again. "Elsa's blushes suggest that I am indiscreet," she said mockingly. "But, Horace, if I am to be your mother-inlaw, you ought to have the opportunity of knowing something of me. I snall join your picnic to-morrow, and we can enjoy a talk together. You don't look pleased. Surely the arrrangement is a good one. It will obviate the necessity of leaving anyone here to watch me!

She threw herself into a chair, and her mocking laughter rang out again.

CHAPTER XXI.

A Letter of Introduction

Mrs. Carrington was enjoying the situation. These young people were really delicious. They thought they had outwitted her, and were discussing gravely what they meant to do with the diamonds when they got them. The stones were to be handed over to her husband's creditors, for distribu-

But though she enjoyed her triumph, half an hour's crouching with her ear to the keyhole of the door. She expected to spend an energetic day tomorrow, and she did not think she was likely to gain any other information to-night, so she sacrificed present gratification to future profit, and an-

nounced that she was going to bed. "Really to bed, this time," she said. "But don't go, Mr. Scarborough, on that account! I don't suppose a chapfriend is with her. No doubt that was why Mademoiseulle Mona de la Mar-I have got your professional name right, my dear, have I?-that, no doubt. is why Mademoiselle Mona de la Mar "She resigns all her own claim," insisted upon staying. I am not

arrangements to make for to-morrow. poor people suffered more than she I am afraid I have complicated them somewhat." "You have," said Scarborough, quietly. She was trying to anger him, he thought; but he was not even annoyed; and he rather admired the

woman's impudence. She was a type that he had not met before, and he realized for the first time the tremendous advantage that a simple shamelessness gives a plotter who has brains to use it effectively. Mrs. Carrington had the gift of shamelessness, but she also undoubtedly had the gift of brains. She was an added difficulty of course, but his hands were not tied by misunderstanding now; he was free to grapple with difficulties, and he rather welcomed them as adding zest to the

"I should like to hear what you mean to do with me," she said sweetly. "I am coming to your picnic, but I realize that I shall not be very welcome. very much want to happen, does hap. I am an unfortunate complicationhow are you going to deal with it?"

Scarborough smiled. "I don't think there is anything to be gained by saying," he answered. "You hope to be able to leave me

"Oh, no," said Scarborough. "If you that you will . But you will probably

"Young man," she said, "you are not

She swept smiling from the room.

When they were clear of the house

"You are going to ride over and re- and the trees round it, Mona halted in . "I think this will do," she said. "There isn't a hedge within futy

"I can improve on that plan. Elsa yards, and the sick-room of our head-But speak without pointing at things. There's a bright moon, and an intelli-"Too conspicuous," he said. "We gent observer can deduce a good deal shall frighten our man if we go in a from gestures. Now, then, what's to

more than we do, we should let him you two had better give up your plan go ahead without interference for the of going with me to-morrow; stay

(To be continued.)