

PROFESSIONAL BRETHREN

BY GEORGE E. WALSH

Copyright, 1904, by F. M. Duckles & Co., New York

CHAPTER VI.

It was daybreak before I recovered from my fright, cleaned my clothes and returned to my quarters in the barn. John was not up yet, and when he finally came down to the stable I was busily engaged in grooming the horses. The experience of the night had left me a trifle pale and agitated, for in all my experience I had never been quite so near death's door. But John's was an unsuspecting nature, and I had nothing to fear from him.

"You're an early bird to get back so soon in the mornin'," he said, "an' your work half done, too, before breakin'."

"I got a lift most of the way out," I answered. "I caught a milk wagon coming this way."

"You're always lucky. Now, if that had been me I'd tramped all the way an' never met a soul unless it was somebody to hold me up."

"Hold you up?" I said disdainfully. "A man of your size and age afraid of being held up by highwaymen?"

"I never have been, but there are so many burglars goin' on round here that it makes me feel creepin' like when I'm out on the road after dark."

"I hadn't heard of many robberies," I replied; "none except that of the Stetson mansion the day before Mr. Goddard engaged me."

"Well, you haven't heard everything then. That was the fifth or sixth in four weeks, an' they have had four more houses entered since then."

This was genuine news to me, and I was interested. John continued: "They are sick ones, too, for they never leave any trace behind them. Them detectives from the city don't seem to be able to do anything. They must come from the city over night an' get back again afore mornin'. But they can't find any of the stolen goods—not in any of the pawnshops. It's a fine mystery of a hangin' over the place. You can't tell which house will be robbed next. The servants are all talkin' about leavin', an' nobody feels safe. I ain't sayin' that I'm not glad that I'm livin' out here over the barn instead of in the house. They never bother the stables, an' I suppose I'm all right."

"But you'd go to Mr. Goddard's assistance if an alarm was given at night?" I said.

"I ain't employed for that," John replied evasively, shifting his eyes from object to object. "I've got a wife an' child to look after, an' there ain't no reason why I should get killed to save my master a few dollars."

"No? Well, I'd go as soon as I found he was in trouble."

"Well, you haven't anybody dependent upon you," he answered.

"That's true." Then I added: "You say most of the houses around here have been entered in the last month or two. Has Mr. Goddard's been robbed?"

"No; his an' Dr. Squires' are 'bout the only ones that haven't been robbed."

"That's curious," I reflected aloud.

"Not at all. We expect the robbers any night here, an' that's why the servants all threaten to leave. The robbers wouldn't take the trouble to break into Dr. Squires', fur there ain't nothin' in that old place to take. He's too poor to have anything valuable around."

Breakfast at this juncture interrupted John's talk, and we had no chance to renew it that morning. But about noon the subject was recalled to me rather forcibly by the appearance of Mr. Goddard. He looked troubled and dissatisfied. He came into the barn dressed in his ordinary morning smoking jacket.

"John, I've got to make some change here," he said. "My butler has become frightened over the recent robberies and won't stay, and the rest of the servants are up in arms too. They all talk of leaving. I must have some manservant in the house who isn't afraid of every little sound and ready to jump at his own shadow. Now the question is, who shall I install there?"

He looked significantly from John to me.

"I have a family to look after," John began to stammer, and as he spoke a look of annoyance swept across Mr. Goddard's face.

I did not let him finish, for I knew that he would only get himself into deeper water by displaying his cowardice. As a good, faithful coachman and kindly husband John was a success, but as a man of courage he was a total failure.

"If you have no objections, sir, I would like to offer myself as one willing to live in the house and look after things," I said modestly. "I don't think you will find me afraid of anything or anybody that may attempt to enter your house."

I could not help noticing a pleased expression on his face, although at first I expected he would resent my intrusion. I recalled the old, but sometimes erroneous, saying that "there's honor even among thieves," for in spite of what he knew about me he was willing to trust me. There was certainly a very peculiar relationship springing up between us.

"Thank you, William," he answered. "The change will be agreeable to me. You will have quite a responsible position, and I will have to trust some-

to your honesty and tact until the burglar scare passes away. It seems strange that the gang of thieves cannot be caught. I would give considerable money as a reward just to break them up, for they are making the life of our neighbors miserable out here."

"Do you think that there is a gang of them?" I asked boldly.

"Certainly," he said, without hesitation. "How else could the robberies be committed with such success? Why, have you any reason to believe otherwise?"

He looked sharply at me, and my eyes wandered from his as I answered: "No, except that I believe a gang could not operate as successfully as one good skilled professional robber. Where there are too many one or more will get into trouble sooner or later, and they will squeal upon the others."

"That's very true, very true," he said reflectively. "I had never thought of that, and yet, yes, Jenkins, the detective, came to that conclusion some time ago, but I doubted the idea. Maybe there is more in the idea than I thought. I will think about it, and if such a man is really terrorizing the neighborhood I should like to see him captured. I believe I will offer a reward myself for his capture."

"It would be a good idea," I replied, "for you would probably never have to pay the reward."

"Well, because a man sharp enough to evade detection all this time is not likely to be caught by somebody working to get a reward."

"That may be, but I shall offer the reward at once. I'll make it a thousand dollars for the man's capture and another thousand for his conviction."

"That ought to be sufficient to tempt any confederate to squeal and turn state's evidence."

"It might be, but I should hate to see the money go to a confederate, for it is my private opinion that a man who tells of his comrade in crime for a reward is worse than the man who is captured. He is not only a criminal himself, but a coward and traitor."

Mr. Goddard's eyes flashed sharply as he spoke, but I turned away without further remark. I knew for whose benefit the words were spoken. Did he think for an instant that I would turn traitor and claim the reward which he had offered for his own capture and conviction? And yet how easily I could do it? He had placed himself in my power, and now he seemed to challenge me upon my honor to betray him.

But, then, he had saved my life once, and he undoubtedly knew human nature well enough to satisfy himself that there was no danger of my betraying him. He had in reality made a coup d'état in rescuing me from the fangs of the savage Dane the night before. He could easily have stood aside and let the hound finish me, placing me beyond all possibility of ever afterward annoying him, but his interference, coupled with my sudden change of position which brought me daily in closer contact with him, convinced me that he wanted to use me for some purpose. Either he had some object to attain through me or he wished to make me his confederate in order to dispose of the goods he must have collected, for I had no doubt that the series of robberies in the neighborhood had been committed by him.

What his purpose was I felt curious to know, and I looked forward to future developments with considerable interest.

CHAPTER VII.

I FOUND my new position much more to my taste than the one I had been serving in. I had complete command of all the silver and valuables of the house, and it was a satisfaction to look at all this wealth even though I had no right in any of it. The curious circumstance that I should ever be placed as a guard over so much treasure amused me and induced speculation in my mind about the uncertainties and inconsistencies of life. A man of my profession must of necessity be something of a philosopher. How else could he accept the continual risk of capture and conviction and silence all qualms of fear and conscience when engaged on delicate and dangerous jobs? There are ups and downs in every life, I suppose, but none more so than in that of the professional burglar.

The second day of my installation as butler in the house was marked by an interesting event. Dr. Squires and Miss Stetson both appeared at lunch.

This meeting was not premeditated by my master. It was apparently purely accidental.

About noon the two visitors appeared at the house on horseback. My master did not see them at first. He was smoking in his dressing room when the clatter of horses' hoofs on the hard gravelly drive attracted his attention. I was passing through the room at the time, removing the remnants of a late breakfast.

"Who's that coming, William?" he asked.

I was near the window and, looking out, replied: "Miss Stetson, sir, and I think the man they call Dr. Squires. I've never met him, but from what John said I judge it is—"

A sudden exclamation from my mas-

ter interrupted me, and I turned in time to see his face deathly pale. He recovered himself immediately, however.

"Dr. Squires and Miss Stetson, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

Then with admirable composure and with great tact he said:

"Oh, yes; I forgot to tell you, William, that they were coming here to lunch today. Have a good lunch for them at 2."

Then he hurriedly changed his coat and appeared in the courtyard in time to greet the guests. Through the open doors I could hear their voices.

"How do you do, Charles? Ready for early visitors? I didn't believe you were up yet?"

It was the loud, gruff voice of the doctor. Then a feminine voice said apologetically, I thought:

"Good morning, Charles! I was out riding this morning with my man, and we met Dr. Squires. He insisted that we should come around here. So I consented provided he would promise to make you go off for a ride with us."

"Yes, that was the agreement, and to make my word good you must get ready and go."

"Well, I hadn't thought of going out this morning, but I will accompany you if you will both agree to come back here and take lunch."

"That's the man of business," laughed the doctor. "He exacts a fee for everything he gives. He won't even ride with us, Miss Belle, unless we swear to return and lunch with him. Well, as for my part I agree to it, for Charles always tempts me with his good lunches."

I could not hear the replies as they moved into the parlor, but I knew enough to convince me that my master was very sensitive about his jealousy of the doctor, and that not even to me would he admit it.

A few minutes later I saw them going off together, Miss Stetson riding a sea roach, with the doctor mounted



"Good morning, Charles," on a fiery, coal black steed on her right and my master on her left with his fine white Arabian mare. It was a spectacular sight to watch them, knowing as I did something of their lives. I wondered when such would select in the end—the black or the white?

Promptly at 2 they returned, a little fatigued by the ride, but jovial and in excellent spirits.

When the doctor came into the dining room, I scrutinized him carefully. He gave me no particular notice, and this left me to myself to examine him. My distant view through the fieldglasses had been pretty correct, but on closer examination he revealed the most distinct features of his face—his coal black, brilliant and restless eyes. These eyes never laughed, not even when he was convulsed with merriment. They were always cold, penetrating and, as I thought, sardonic. They seemed to repel and fascinate at once. They easily dominated everything that came under their sway.

He was talkative and lively to a degree, forming the life of the party, but the eyes that so attracted seldom took notice of me. An uncontrollable desire to have them centered on me for an instant to fathom their meaning seized me. To accomplish this I spilled some of the salad dressing on his coat sleeve. He turned a wrathful look at me, and I had one long, steady gaze into those eyes. So intent was I that I forgot to be confused at my mishap. The incident occupied only a minute, but in that short space I had read the character of the man.

"What sort of servants do you have here, Charles?" he broke out savagely when the dressing filtered down from his coat sleeve to the floor.

My master looked annoyed and quickly apologized.

"He is a new man, doctor, and you must overlook this accident," I said. The conversation flowed on freely after that, and the mishap was soon forgotten.

When the wine and cigars were brought, they retired to an open balcony just off the dining room. Through the open window I could still hear their talk. Most of it was of little consequence to me, but finally the words of the doctor made me prick up my ears.

"By the way, Charles, you spoke of a friend of yours, having a couple of Dane hounds for sale. Can I secure them for a nominal price?"

"Yes, I can get them and make you a present of them. But why do you want two more? You have two of the finest Danes I ever saw."

"No, I haven't any."

"Haven't any?" ejaculated both my master and Miss Stetson.

"No; they are both dead," replied the doctor slowly.

"Why, how is that? What killed them?"

"They simply died. My man overfed them, I imagine, and they both died yesterday of convulsions."

"How strange!"

"No, not strange at all. I told my man that he would kill them if he fed them too freely while they got no exercise."

"You don't think he poisoned them?" asked Miss Stetson.

"No, certainly not. I attended them



LOVE

Often leads to poverty. No real woman ever sold her heart for the luxuries of life.

But many a woman who has gladly faced poverty for the man she loved, may well doubt her wisdom when pain becomes the mate of poverty. If she were rich, she thinks, she could find a way of cure. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is within the reach of every one. It lifts the burden of pain which weighs down those who suffer from womanly diseases. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"You have my heartfelt thanks for your kind advice to me," writes Mrs. Geo. Fletcher, of 100 Victoria Avenue, Galt, Ontario. "Was troubled with catarrh of uterus for over a year. The doctors said I would have to go through an operation, but I commenced to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery, also his 'Lotion Tablets' and 'Antiseptic and Healing Suppositories.' Now I am completely cured. I am glad to say my medicine has made me a new woman."

Weak and sick women, especially those suffering from diseases of long standing, are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and absolutely confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are easy and pleasant to take. A most effective laxative.

bodies afterward. There was no sign of poison in their stomachs."

Then he made arrangements with my master to secure the two hounds from his friend.

I did not listen to the descriptions of the new hounds or to the terms of the agreement. My mind was more concerned about the doctor's reason for concealing the attempted robbery of his house. Why did he lie about the death of the two Danes and why did he not report the facts of the case to the police? These were questions that I could not dismiss from my mind, although I tried to be convinced that it was natural for such a man as Dr. Squires to hush-up anything like a sensation. It would only attract people to his workshop, which he wanted to keep quiet and exclusive.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE visits of Dr. Squires at my master's house were not as frequent as I could wish for my purpose, but this did not by any means argue that they did not meet often. On the contrary, I found that Mr. Goddard had almost daily meetings with the doctor in his office and that the latter was subjecting him to a course of treatment for the mysterious disease that had been inherited from past generations. Curiosity to know what this complaint was and what Dr. Squires was prescribing for his cure possessed me, and (like my other fits of inquisitiveness) I determined to satisfy it upon the first possible occasion.

About a week after the occurrence just related I was called into my master's room. He had not yet risen from his bed, and I knew by the pallor of his face that he was not as well as usual.

"William, I want you to take a note for me around to Dr. Squires. I cannot keep my appointment with him this morning."

"Yes, sir," I said, waiting for him to give me further instructions.

He closed his eyes for a moment as if wincing from some secret pain.

"I do not feel like writing," he said a moment later. "You can take a verbal message, William, can't you?"

"Certainly. I will repeat it word for word."

"Well, I believe you are to be trusted. I have taken a great fancy to you. My other man I never felt that I could trust, and, if he had been honest, he was always so stupid that he would get everything mixed up. But I think you are gifted with more than ordinary intelligence."

I simply bowed my head and made no comment.

"And as modest as intelligent," he added, with a faint sign of a smile. "Some day maybe you can help me in a higher way than at present."

"I should be delighted to do anything for you, sir," I answered sincerely. "You will find me faithful enough to trust with anything—secrets or anything."

He looked long and inquisitively at me and then said, with the most imperturbable smile on his face: "Do you know that I sometimes fancy I've seen your face somewhere before—that is, before you came into my employment?"

I knew that this was a test question, and I answered it accordingly: "Probably. We often meet faces by chance in the world and forget them until reminded of them by some later incident."

"Yes, true. You're quite a philosopher, too, William."

"Enough to accept life as it comes without a demur," I answered.

"Well, that is more than I can do sometimes. But to return to business. You know that I have appointments with Dr. Squires nearly every day. Well, this is one of the mornings, and I do not feel energetic enough to keep it. Go and tell him that I cannot come before tomorrow. If he sends any answer back, remember it and tell me. That's all."

He dropped his head back upon the pillows and closed his eyes. I withdrew as quietly as I could.

I took one of the horses from the stable which John said needed exercise, and I cantered slowly down the road toward the doctor's house. As I approached it I looked with interest at various objects that had become indelibly impressed upon my memory from the experience of that eventful night when I attempted to enter the house. I had by no means given up all idea of exploring the interior of the haunted house, but was merely postponing the second trial for a more opportune time. Meanwhile everything about the premises assumed some special importance to me.

I wished very much to see the interior of the house in the daytime, and I determined to force an entrance at all hazards. I feared the doctor would come outside on the piazza or that his servant might insist upon taking the message in to the doctor. To avoid this, if possible, I stopped some distance from the place, hitched my horse to a tree and approached the house on foot, keeping well in the shadow of trees and shrubberies to prevent anybody seeing me.

I succeeded so well in this ruse that I reached the piazza without being discovered. The bell, which I rang, echoed throughout the gloomy interior of the house so discordantly that it made one think of ghosts and departed spirits. I seemed to hear the scurry of footsteps, as if the bell had given the alarm to innumerable rats and mice, but a moment later I was satisfied that the noise was made by human feet.

The doctor's servant—a dark, dried up specimen of a mummy from India—glided toward the door, making the scuffling noise with his sandals. The man's eyes were small and beaklike, and his arms and fingers were long and bony, but they were nevertheless strong and active. He shuffled toward the door with an anxious look on his face. He was evidently disturbed by the thought that somebody had approached the house without attracting his attention.

He refused to open the door more than a foot and stood there making a guttural sound as if trying to ask my errand.

"I have a message for Dr. Squires," I said.

He stuck out a long, bony hand as if to take the letter which he supposed I had. At least he could hear and was familiar with the English language. I also believe that he could speak and that his dumbness was merely pretended. But there is no way to make a man speak if he doesn't want to, or at least not under ordinary circumstances, in a civilized country.



"What business have you to force your self into anybody's house?"

"It is not a letter," I added as he held out his hand for some time. "I have a message to deliver—a verbal message."

He shook his head and withdrew his hand.

"Let me in, and tell the doctor I want to see him."

Again he shook his head and made an inarticulate guttural sound.

I was getting impatient at the delay and the man's stubbornness. Placing a foot in the crack of the door, I held it so that he could not slam it in my face.

"I tell you I have a message from Mr. Goddard, and I must see the doctor," I said in decided tones. "Will you let me in or must I force myself in?"

I could see that the man was in a quandary. He wanted me to stand outside while he went and told the doctor, but I had no intention of retiring. He motioned for me to remove my foot, but I answered him blandly: "Not until I see Dr. Squires. You may as well go first as last and tell him that Mr. Goddard has sent a messenger to see him."

Gradually the wrathful, beady eyes shifted from me to a seat in the hall. He was evidently deliberating upon the best step to take, and I could see the line of his reasoning.

"Let me stand in the hall until you go and call him," I said, "or I will take that seat there and wait."

This time my proposition was accepted. The man shook his head affirmatively, pointed to the chair and then cautiously opened the door. I stepped in and made a move to take the seat, but I had no intention of staying in the hall after once gaining an entrance. When the man turned his back upon me, I quietly followed him to the doctor's office. He made some signs to somebody in the room, and I heard the gruff words of the doctor:

"Who is it that Charles has sent?"

I stepped to the doorway and replied: "It's his butler, but this copper-colored servant of yours refused to admit me. I had to force myself in."

The servant started around as if to clutch me by the throat, and the doctor smothered an exclamation that sounded very much like an oath.

"What business have you to force yourself into anybody's house?" he demanded in a rough voice.

To be continued.

FINE DINNER WARE NEW TOILET SETS AND CHRISTMAS CHINA CAMPBELL'S CHINA HALL.

We are direct importers and sell at closest profits. Give us a call. You can find many suggestions for an acceptable Christmas Gift.

OUR GROCERY STORE IS COMPLETE WITH
CHRISTMAS GOODS
AND STAPLE NECESSARIES.

It pays to buy the Best, especially when we can almost always sell you as cheap as inferior Goods cost you.

ARCH. CAMPBELL,
GROCERIES: KENT-ST. CHINA HALL: WILLIAM-ST.

ARE YOU A PRISONER?

THOUSANDS of men are prisoners of disease as securely as though they were confined behind the bars. Many have forged their own chains by the vice of early youth, exposure to contagious disease, or the excesses of manhood. They feel they are not the men they ought to be or used to be. Their vigor, and vitality of manhood are lacking. Are you nervous and dependent? Tired in the morning? Have you to force yourself through the day's work? Have you little ambition and energy? Are you irritable and excitable? Are you sunken, depressed and haggard looking? Memory poor and brain fogged? Have you weak back with dreams and losses at night? Deposit in urine? Weak sexually?—you have

Nervous Debility and Seminal Weakness.

Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT is guaranteed to Cure or No Pay. 25 Years in Detroit. Bank Security. Beware of quacks—Consult only established, reliable Physicians. Consultation Free. Books Free. Write for Question Blank for Home Treatment.

Dr. Kennedy & Kergan,
148 GHELBY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

PUMPS!

Do you want to buy the best pump in Canada? If so, get one of the Denis Patent Pumps. They draw water fast and work easy. We manufacture these pumps in different sizes in wood and iron, and will guarantee satisfaction with them in any depth of well up to 150 feet.

For Pumps, Pump Fixings and Repairs, also Windmills Call on—
SYLVESTER BROS. M'F'G CO., Lindsay.

J. J. WETHERUP,

Sole Representative of
**MASON & RISCH PIANOS AND
PIANOLAS.**
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
**PIANOS and
ORGANS.**

I recommend the MASON & RISCH Piano, the PELL and DOMINION Pianos and Organs.

A FEW SECOND HAND ORGANS FROM \$10 TO \$25.

Examination of Instruments respectfully solicited, and any information respecting MASON & RISCH PIANOS will be most cheerfully given, either by J. J. WETHERUP, Lindsay, or by

L. LOCHHEAD, N.A. District Superintendent,
Mason & Risch Piano Co., Ltd., 32 King Street West, Toronto.

SEWING MACHINES—The Rotary Standard, The New Williams, The Domestic and The Wheeler and Wilson.

All Instruments and Machines will be sold on most liberal terms.

I have six to—lets for sale in a nice walk of the Market.
J. J. WETHERUP, LINDSAY

The Canada Life Assurance Co.

A Business Proposition.

We offer you a better investment than Government Bonds

Better for three reasons.

1st.—Canada Life 5 per cent. Gold Bonds yield a much higher rate of interest than Government Bonds.

2nd.—They are paid for by instalments—thus placed within the reach of men without capital.

3rd.—They are insured. That is, should the investor die after paying only one instalment on his bonds, all his future payments to the Company would be immediately cancelled and the benefits of his investment would at once become available.

Adc to all these advantages the very material one that the investor or shares in the surplus earnings of this leading Company, and you have an opportunity for safe and profitable investment rarely equalled. A handsome booklet, giving a full explanation, will be sent on request.

W. R. WIDDESS.
AGENT, LINDSAY.

Advertise in the Weekly Post.