THE MYSTERY CLEARED UP;

OR, THE HERITAGE OF MADAME YALTA.

CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd)

"That M. Dorgeres should have suffered himself to be carried away by his bourgeois prejudices," she went on; "that he should even have seized on the single pretext which offered to break a project of marriage that displeased him, need not greatly astonish us. He wished at any price to get rid of M. de Carnoel, and did not hesitate to dishonor without hearing him. Your uncle is an honest man in the strictest sense of the word, but there are sentiments he is incapable of appreciating. As to the Russian, who is in truth only a spy, it might well be expected that he would throw himself with ardor on the first trail pointed out to him, and in default of any other victim pursue M. de Carnoel without respite or scruple. But there is one whose conduct in this sad case is absolutely inexplicable."

"Who?" stammered Maxime, more and more out of countenance.

"The cashier, Vignory," said Madame Yalta.

"Vignory!" exclaimed Maxime. "I assure you his conduct has been unexceptionable. He defended M. de Carnoel warmly."

"Were you present when the scene occurred?" asked Mme. Yalta, coldly.

"No, but Vignory told me himself the same day, and he is incapable of lying. Besides, how could he do otherwise than defend M. de Carnoel, who was his most intimate friend?"

"And his successful rival."

"That is not exactly the word. He had long had an inclination for my cousin, but he perceived that Robert de Carnoel and Alice loved each other, and kept himself aloof. He is the most modest and also the most loyal of men. Had it been in his power to save the honor of M. de Carnoel, he would have done it."

"Really? He is, then, deficient in intelligence?" asked the countess abruptly.

And as Maxime, stupefied, made no reply, she went on:

"He is stupid, then?"

"Stupid, why?"

"I did not think I should need to explain. Here is a man who hears his best friend charged with an infamy. He knows a fact which would change entirely the whole face of things. The accusers are ignorant of it. He has only to speak to modify their ideas. It was even probable that in bringing together and comparing different circumstances his friend's innocence would be apparent. And this man is silent!"

"What do you mean?" stammered Maxime.

"M. Vignory is cashier. On arriving one morning he finds the safe open. He sends for M. Dorgeres, who cries out: 'It is M. de Carnoel!' And M. Vignory does not reply: 'No, it is not he. An attempt has been made before this to open the safe. A woman has left her hand there. M. de Carnoel had nothing to do with this first attempt since he was passing the evening with you; therefore M. de Carnoel took no part in the second.' What would your uncle have opposed to this statement? Assuredly he would not have persisted in accusing his unfortunate secretary on the pretext that he had ill chosen his moment for leaving the house."

"I do not know," murmured Maxime, feeling all the justice of the countess' reasonings. "My uncle is very determined in his ideas, and had resolved to get rid of M. de Carnoel. I doubt if his opinion would have changed. It is none the less true that Vignory would have done better to speak—to tell the whole truth. He failed through want of presence of mind; it is pardonable under circumstances that must have so disconcerted him."

"I do not believe it. It was through fear of compromising himself. He was afraid of being reproached—for, between ourselves, he well deserved it; for the fact of his having been silent as to the severed hand in inexplicable and unpardonable."

"I had something to do with the part Vignory took; I had begged him to keep silence, and having always exercised a certain influence over him, he consented."

"Once more, you were not M. de Carnoel's friend. Moreover, you could not foresee that he would be accused. But your Vignory has only to open his mouth for the affair to wear quite another aspect. With a word he could put his friend outside the case, and this word he took good care not to pronounce. The intention to injure is evident. In acting thus this man yielded to a base sentiment—jealousy."

"I should be pained to believe it. I think that even now if I asked him to relate to my uncle the adventure we concealed he would not refuse."

"Take care you do nothing of the sort. This tardy confession would not benefit M. de Carnoel, and it is of great consequence to me to act without the knowledge of the future son-in-law of M. Dorgeres. If you persist in your generous design to aid me to find M. de Carnoel, I must exact of you a promise to make no sort of confidence to Vignory."

"It will be very easy. He thinks only of his approaching marriage and recent elevation to the partnership with my uncle; so much so, that when I took Georget there yesterday, he received me almost coldly. I understood, from his attitude that this old story interested him no longer."

"He is not aware, I hope, that you know, or think you know, that M de Carnoel is Borisoff's prisoner?" asked the countess, quickly.

"No," replied Maxime, earnestly. "'It was after a visit to the office that I passed with Georget by the Russian's residence. We parted almost angrily, and I have no need of your instructions in order to be reserved on this point."

"Thanks. I see that I may count on you. However, I shall not put your services too much under contribution, at least at present. The first point is that Borisoff should be reassured. He must hear no more of you. He will think you acted yesterday without consideration, and that you will not return."

"It is a painful enough role that you impose on me," said Maxime, with a smile that was rather forced.

"Why? Your altercation with the man did not go far enough to render a meeting the necessary consequence. And you have certainly on cause to fear any provocation on the part of Borisoff. He wishes only quiet."

"Since you wish it I resign myself not to disturb him. But may I ask how I can be permitted to serve you?"

"By abstaining from taking any measures."

"What! you will not allow me to assist in the delivery of M. de Carnoel?"

"If I succeed it will be to you I owe it, for without you I should not have known that M. de Carnoel was Borisoff's prisoner. But it is I alone who can act effectively—I alone in all the world."

"In the condition you are in!"

"Some one will take my place. I shall not appear, but will direct all. You do not understand. It is however, impossible for me to say more. Moreover, you will not remain long in uncertainty. At this moment, after the warning you have given, the colonel is making his arrangements to rid himself of M. de Carnoel. I cannot affirm that he will not kill him, but assuredly he will not keep him at his house. I have not an instant to lose. In three days from now you shall know whether I have succeeded."

"How shall I know?"

"By coming to see me. If my servants tell you I do not receive, insist on speaking to my femme de chambre who has always shown you in. She has my orders, and will admit you."

"At least if Dr. Villagos does not oppose it."

"Villagos! yes, you are right; he might do so; above all if he suspected M. de Carnoel to be in question."

"And his authority would certainly be stronger than mine."

"I will indicate to you how to make him yield. You have the ring I gave you yesterday?"

"I shall never be separated from it until you reclaim it."

"Show it to the doctor in case he undertakes to hinder you from seeing me—in that case only."

"And like Madame Piriac, he will obey this talisman?"

"He will obey it. Perhaps he will ask some questions. Do not answer them. And now that I have said all," added the countess, "do me the favor to ring for my femme de chambre who will show you out. I am expecting this very Villagos, and do not care to have him find you here."

Maxime reached out his hand to the silken cord when a cry rang in his ears which proceeded from the chamber in which Alice had taken refuge.

"Do not ring," said the countess, quickly, who had started at this cry.

"It was, I thought, a woman's voice," said Maxime.

"It is a woman, but why she calls so I cannot tell."

"I did not think she called. It was rather a cry of fright or of surprise. If she wanted aid she would have repeated it."

"There is nothing to hinder her from coming out. The door communicating with my chamber is not locked. Some one is concealed there who wished to avoid meeting you, but who will forgive me for disregarding a childish fancy. Enter, I beg, and bring with you the person you will find there.'

Maxime, completely puzzled, obeyed without comment. He opened the door and found himself face to face with Alice Dorgeres—Alice, pale, agitated, trembling.

He was undoubtedly the more astonished of the two, for he had no suspicion that his cousin was in the countess' house, while Alice, on the contrary, was very well aware of his presence there.

"Well, yes, it is I," he said, laughing. "You cried out so that Madame Yalta was frightened, and wished to know if you needed assistance. Speak. What has happened?"

"Nothing," stammered Alice. "A nervous shock. Take me away."

Maxime took her by the hand, and led her to the countess' bedside.

"Mademoiselle," she said, in a voice serious and agitated, "you could not remain longer in that room, which I regret having made you enter. But it is better you should go out with your cousin than to be surprised by my physician, whom I am expecting, and who has forbidden me to see any one to-day. It is important to us both that your visit should remain unknown; and it is probable that we shall not meet again unless the situation should be altogether changed. I have said all I had to say concerning M. de Carnoel. Your cousin knows more, and is a position to advise you if you need advice. Soon, I trust, the truth will appear and M. de Cornoel will speak for himself. Before we part, mademoiselle, I ask only one thing, that you will speak to no one, under any pretext whatever, of what you have seen or heard here—to no one, you understand—neither now nor ever."

"I will be silent always," murmured Mlle. Dorgeres.

"I rely upon you, mademoiselle," said the countess. "M. Dorgeres, be so good as to ring."

The duenna appeared, and Maxime, leading Alice, followed her.

They walked side by side in silence until they reached the end of Rue Beaujon, when Maxime said abruptly:

"Why did you not confide in me? Had I known you had decided to see the countess, I would have spared you the embarrassment of going alone."

"My resolution was taken last night, and I wished to execute it immediately. It was the conversation with you yesterday which led me to wish to interrogate for myself this great lady who comes so late to the succor of the absent. She swore to me that she would save him. What is her vow worth? Does she even know whether Robert de Carnoel is in Paris; whether he is alive?"

"She did not know, when you arrived. She knows now."

"How is that?"

"You did not hear our conversation?"

"You do not ask that seriously?"

"It is absurd, I confess. It is not your habit to listen at doors. Well, it is I who have just informed the countess that Robert is not dead and that he has not left Paris."

(To be continued.)

TO A VISITOR.

Matthew 25: 40.

In days of weary weakness,
And night when I was sad,
With Christ-like love and meekness
You came and made me glad.

And often now with pleasure
Your visit I review;
For gratefully I treasure
Your words so kind and true.

Long may your days be lengthened
By Him to whom you cling:
Long may your soul be strengthened
For service for your King.

His sacred word obeying,
May you His servant be
Until you hear Him saying
"Ye did it unto me."

T. WATSON.

Granthurst, Ont., 1910.

Bobby—"I've been an awful good boy since I started going to Sunday-school, haven't I?" Mother—"Yes, dear, you've been very good indeed." Bobby—"And you don't distrust me any more, do you?" Mother—"No, dear." Bobby—"Then why do you hide the jam?"

"WHY BE SO THIN?"

Thinness is Embarrassing, Unhealthy and Not Natural—Formula Now Used Which Adds From One to Three Pounds a Week.

Every one ought to have some extra flesh on the bony structure of the body, both for the sake of health and self-esteem.

Most thin people are sensitive to the harsh, unfeeling criticisms which are constantly being hurled at them by the more fortunate well-figured persons.

Every one pities a thin, bony horse, but horses don't know it—while thin people are both pitied and ridiculed. It ought not to be so, but it is.

A well rounded figure, be it man or woman, excites admiration; not only for the figure but for the bright eyes, pink cheeks, red lips, and vigorous carriage which accompany a well-nourished body.

Strength, health, beauty and sound flesh abound, if the blood and nerves get enough nourishment out of the food eaten.

This prescription aids nature; helps absorption, digestion and assimilation; helps distribute the blood and nerve elements which make sound flesh. Get the ingredients and make it at home, and see how very fast you gain in weight.

In a half pint bottle, obtain three ounces of essence of pepsin, three ounces syrup of rhubarb. Then add one ounce compound essence cardiol, shake and let stand two hours; then add one ounce tincture cadomene compound, (not cardamom). Shake well and take a teaspoonful before meals and one after meals. Also drink plenty of water between meals and when retiring. Weigh yourself before beginning.

AT THE BATHS.

Robust Old Gentleman (to sick lady)—"When I came here first, I hadn't strength to utter a word, I had scarcely a hair on my head. I couldn't walk across the room, and had to be lifted from my bed."

Sick Lady—"You give me hope, kind sir. How were you cured?"

Robust Old Gentleman—"I was born here."

BE READY TO CURE HORSE AILMENTS,

Because a farmer has to work with his horses and have their services nearly every day in the year, it is absolutely necessary that he be posted on their common ailments and know how to treat their injuries.

It is not out of place to suggest that it is wise to have such a thoroughly good and reliable horse remedy as Kendall's Spavin Cure constantly on hand.

Kendall's Spavin Cure is now and for a long series of years has been a standard horse remedy. It can hardly be too strongly recommended.

In this connection, we want to commend to our readers an excellent little book called "A Treatise on the Horse and His Diseases." This book and Kendall's Spavin Cure ought always go together. The book can be had free at the drug store where Kendall's Spavin Cure is sold or it may be secured by writing to the Dr. B. J. Kendall Company, at Enosburg Falls, Vermont, U. S. A., if you enclose a two-cent stamp to pay postage.

WISDOM.

Jane—"Henry, what would you do if ye should go to the post-office, buy a stamp, ask the man to stick it on for you and he refused?"

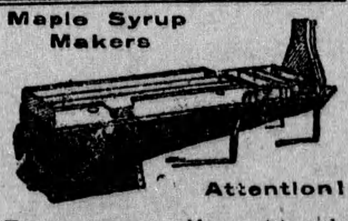
Henry (who is very serious)—"What would I do? Stick it on myself."

Jane—"I should stick it on the letter."

A USEFUL INVENTION.

One of the latest inventions along the lines of gas and gasoline engines is a harvester engine. This consists of a 2½ h.p. air cooled engine which operates the machinery of the binder, and relieves the horses of so much work. This outfit will doubtless be a very familiar object on the Western plains in the near future. (It is manufactured by the Gilson Manufacturing Co., Port Washington, Wis., and Guelph, Canada.)

Maple Syrup Makers



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IN A COMET'S TAIL.

Earth's Inhabitants Likely to Spend a Few Hours.

Camille Flammarion, the eminent French scientist, writes the European edition of The New York Herald, giving some interesting facts regarding Halley's comet, which is approaching the earth at the rate of 115,000 miles an hour. On April 19, it will arrive at its greatest proximity to the sun, and a month later, on May 19, at 2 o'clock in the morning, Paris time, it will pass directly between the earth and the sun. The Pacific Ocean, Asia and Australia will be in full daylight at the time. The nucleus of the comet at that time will be 15,000,000 miles distant from the earth, and as the tail of the comet has a length of more than 15,000,000 miles, it will reach to our globe and beyond. The result will be that for several hours the earth will be immersed in the great gaseous caudal appendage.

Halley's comet, says M. Flammarion, is not a big comet like those of 1811, 1858, 1861 and 1882, for instance. It is a medium sized comet. But its former appearances show that it is extremely variable. In 1456 it stupefied all beholders. In 1682 there was nothing extraordinary about it, especially as it arrived after the prodigious comet of 1680. In 1759 and 1835 it scarcely impressed anybody but the astronomers.

We can as yet affirm nothing as to its extent this time nor as to its chemical composition. What is most probable is that our terrestrial globe will traverse this gaseous tail as a cannon ball traverses a light fog, this tail, being, so to speak, immaterial, especially at such a distance from the head.

Perhaps there will be noticed interesting electric and magnetic phenomena, manifestations of polar aurora, storms of a new kind, a shower of shooting stars, ethereal glimmerings in the upper regions of the atmosphere, while the observers on the other side of the globe study the passage of the nucleus before the solar disc.

It is probable, however, that the elements in the comet's tail will be so rarefied that, though living for a short time right inside it, the inhabitants of the earth will be unable to discern any difference.

ITCHING ERUPTIONS QUICKLY COOLED

Just a few drops of the famous D. D. D. Prescription applied to the skin will take away instantly the worst kind of an itch. We positively know this.

Oil of wintergreen, a mild, soothing liquid, combined with such healing substances as thymol and glycerine, will penetrate to the inner skin, kill the germs, and heal. The D. D. D. Prescription, made at the D. D. D. Laboratories of Chicago, seems to be just the right compound, as thousands of remarkable cures prove.

Don't go on suffering from eczema or any other itching skin disease, when relief is so easily obtained.

Just write the D. D. D. Laboratories, Dept. W. L., 23 Jordan St., Toronto, and they will send you, free, a trial bottle. This sample will relieve the itching at once, and prove to your satisfaction that here at last is the cure for your torture.

Write for a trial bottle to-day.

For sale by all druggists.

If a man is too lazy to think for himself he should get married.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

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Rich Valley, Alta, May 20th, 1909

"I have used your Spavin Cure for a long time and would not be without it. Have killed a Bone Spavin by its use."

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SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

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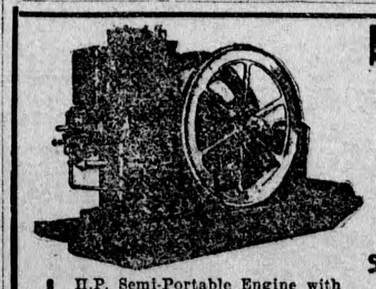

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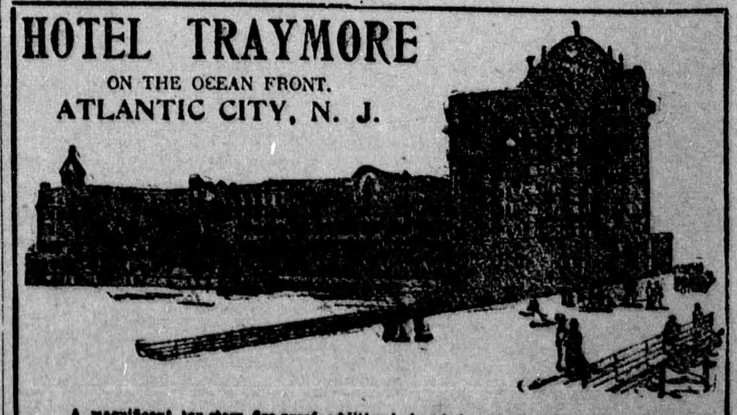

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