

# Prince Rupert's Ring;

OR, THE HOUSE OF THE  
SILENT SORROW.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

Bell's sanguine expectation that Van Sneck would be ready for an immediate operation was not quite correct.

"We shall pull him through, eh, Heritage?" said Bell.

Later on, in the course of a long interview with Marley, Bell and Steel opened the latter's eyes to a considerable extent.

"Well, I must congratulate you, sir," he said to Steel.

"But you never deemed me guilty, Marley?"

"No, I didn't," Marley said, thoughtfully. "I argued in your favor against my better judgment."

"When we have Van Sneck all right again, we'll be ready to ask for a warrant for the assailant. You'll let me know how the operation goes on?"

Steel promised to do so, and the two returned to Downend Terrace together. They found Heritage a little excited and disturbed.

"Do you know I have had a visitor?" he exclaimed.

"I'm going to guess it at once," Bell said. "Reginald Henson has been here. Did he happen to know that we had a kind of patient under the roof?"

Heritage explained that Henson seemed to know something about it. He expressed a desire to see the patient, but Heritage's professional caution had got the better of his friendship for once.

"It's a good thing you were firm," Bell said, grimly. "Henson watched Steel and myself out of the house. He wanted to see Van Sneck."

"Matter of philanthropy, perhaps," Heritage suggested.

"A matter of murder," Bell said, sternly. "My dear fellow, Van Sneck was nearly done to death in yonder conservatory, and his would-be assassin was Reginald Henson."

"I was never more astounded in my life," gasped Heritage. "I have always looked upon Henson as the soul of honor and integrity. And he has always been so kind to me."

"For his own purposes, no doubt. You say that he found you a home after your misadventures came upon you. He came to see you frequently. And yet he always harped upon that wretched hallucination of yours. Why? Because you were the Carfax family doctor for a time, and at any moment you might have given valuable information concerning the suicide of Claire Carfax. Tell Heritage the story of Prince Rupert's ring, Steel."

David proceeded to do so at some length. Heritage appeared to be deeply interested. And gradually many long forgotten things came back to him.

"I recollect it all perfectly well," he said. "Miss Carfax and myself were friends. Why, she showed me that ring with a great deal of pride, but she did not tell me its history. She was very strange in her manner that morning; indeed, I warned her father that she wanted to be carefully looked after."

"Did she say how she got the ring?" Steel asked.

"Oh, yes," he said, presently. "She said it was a present from a good boy, and that Reginald Henson had given it her in an envelope. I met Henson close by, but I didn't mention the ring."

"And there you have the whole thing in a nutshell!" Bell exclaimed. "Nothing of this came out at the inquest, because the ring story was hushed up, and Heritage was not called because he had nothing to do with the suicide. But Henson probably saw poor Claire Carfax show the ring, and he got a bit frightened, and he kept an eye upon you afterwards. When you broke down he looked after you, and he took precious good care to keep your hallucination always before your eyes."

"You are quite right there," Heritage admitted. "He mentioned it this afternoon when I said I was going to take part in the operation on Van Sneck. He asked me if I thought it wise to try my nerves

so soon again with the electric light."

"And I hope you told him he was talking nonsense," Bell said, hastily. "There, let us change the subject. The mere mention of that man's name stifles me."

Morning brought a long letter from Chris Henson to David, giving him in detail the result of her recent interview with John Rawlins.

Heritage appeared to be ready and eager for the work before him. A specially powerful electric light had been rigged up in connection with the study lamp, and an operating table improvised from the kitchen.

"I fancy everything is ready now," Bell said, at length. "After dinner to-night and this thing will be done. Then the story will be told."

"Mr. Reginald Henson to see you, sir."

A servant looked in with this information and a card on a tray. There was a slight commotion outside, a vision of a partially wrecked bicycle on the path, and a dusty figure in the hall with his head in his hand.

"The gentleman has met with an accident, sir," the parlormaid said. Henson seemed to be knocked about a great deal. He was riding down the terrace, he said, when suddenly he ran over a dog, and—"You must stay here till you feel all right again," David suggested. Presently Henson professed himself to be better, but every time he moved he suffered exquisite agony.

"Hadn't we better send him to the hospital?" David suggested.

"What for?" was Bell's brutal response. "There's nothing whatever the matter with the man. He is shamming."

Despite his injuries, Henson ate a hearty dinner, partaken of on the dining-room sofa.

"And now, do not let me detain you, as you have business," he smiled. "I shall be quite comfortable here if you will place a glass of water by my side. The pain makes me thirsty. No, you need not have any further consideration for me."

He lay back with his eyes half closed. He seemed to be asleep.

"I fancy we can leave him now," Bell said, with deep sarcasm. "We need have no further anxiety. Rest is all that he requires."

## CHAPTER XL.

Once the trio were in the operating-room Bell gave one rapid glance at Heritage.

"Now go and fetch Van Sneck in," Bell said.

The patient came at length. A moment or two later and he was gone under the influence of the ether administered by Bell.

A case of glittering instruments lay on the table. The strong electric light was switched on and hung just over the head of the unconscious patient.

Heritage made an incision. Bell was watching in deep admiration, yet the big electric light flittered for just a moment, and Heritage stood upright.

"Don't be a fool," Bell said, sternly.

The knife was cutting deep, deeper—

A snarling oath broke from Bell's lips as the light flickered again and popped out suddenly, leaving the whole room in intense darkness. Heritage cried aloud. David felt a hand guiding his fingers to the patient's head.

"Press the sponge down there and press hard," Bell whispered. "It's a matter of life and death. Another minute and Van Sneck would have gone. Heritage, Heritage, pull yourself together. It was no fault of yours the light went out—the fault is mine."

Bell stumbled down the kitchen stairs and returned with a candle. The electric lights were out all over the ground floor with the exception of the hall. One of the circuits had given out completely, as sometimes happens with the electric light. Bell leapt on a table and turned the hall light out. A second later and he was dragging the long spare flex from the impromptu operating room to the swinging cord

over the hall lamp. With a knife he cut the cord loose, he stripped the copper wires beneath, and rapidly pointed one flex to the other.

"It's amateur work, but I fancy it will do," he muttered.

Snap went the hall switch—there was a sudden cry from Heritage as the big lamp over the head of Van Sneck flared up again. Bell raced into the study and shut the door.

"A trick," he gasped. "The light was put out. For heaven's sake, Heritage, don't get brooding over those fancies of yours now. I tell you the thing was done deliberately. Here, if you are too weak or feeble, give the knife to me."

The request had a sting in it. Heritage pulled himself together.

"No," he said, firmly. "I'll do it. It was a cruel, dastardly trick to play upon me, but I quite see now that it was a trick. Only it's going to make a man of me instead."

It seemed a long time to David, looking on, but it was a mere matter of minutes.

"Finished," Heritage said, with a triumphant thrill. "And successful."

"And another second would have seen an end of our man," Bell said. "He's coming round again. Get those bandages on, Heritage. I'll look after the mess. Give him the drug. I want him to sleep for a good long time."

"Will he be sensible to-morrow?" David asked.

"I'll pledge my reputation on it," Bell said.

Van Sneck opened his eyes and stared languidly about him. A little later and he lay snug and still in bed. There was a look of pleasure in the eyes of Heritage.

"I've saved him and he's saved me," he said. "But it was touch and go for both of us when that light failed. But for Bell I fancied that I should have fainted. And then it came to me that it was some trick, and my nerve returned."

"Never to leave you again," Bell said. "It tried you high, and found you not wanting."

"Heaven be praised," Heritage murmured. "But how was it done?"

Bell's face was stern as he took the kitchen candle stick from the table and went in the direction of the dining-room.

"Come with me, and I'll explain," he said, curtly.

The dining-room was in pitchy darkness, for the lights there had been on the short circuit.

Henson looked up from his sofa with a start and a smile.

"I am afraid I must have been asleep," he said, languidly.

"Liar," Bell thundered. "You have been plotting murder. And but for a mere accident the plot would have been successful. You came here to stifle the light at the

## BRAIN WORKERS

who get little exercise, feel better all round for an occasional dose of


# "NA-DRU-CO" Laxatives

They tone up the liver, move the bowels gently but freely, cleanse the system and clear the brain. A new, pleasant and reliable laxative, prepared by a reliable firm, and worthy of the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark.

25c. a box. If your druggist has not yet stocked them, send 25c. and we will mail them.

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, MONTREAL, 21

## COLT DISTEMPER



Can be handled very easily. The sick are cured, and all others in same stable, no matter how "exposed," kept from having the disease, by using SPOHN'S LIQUID DISTEMPER CURE. Give on the tongue or in feed. Acts on the blood and expels germs of all forms of distemper. Best remedy ever known for mares in foal. 50c and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$11 dozen, of druggists and harness dealers. Out shows how to position throat. Our free booklet gives everything. Largest selling horse remedy in existence—15 years. Distributors—ALL WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.


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

## MAPLEINE

A flavoring used the same as lemon or vanilla. By dissolving granulated sugar in water and adding Mapleine, a delicious syrup is made and a syrup better than maple. Mapleine is sold by all druggists. If not send 50c for 2 oz. bottle and Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle, Wa.

## Here's a Home Dye

That ANYONE Can Use.



HOME DYEING has always been more or less of a difficult undertaking—Not so when you use

## DYOLA

Send for Sample Card and Story Booklet to The JOHNSON-RICHARDSON CO., Limited, Montreal, Can.

JUST THINK OF IT! With DYOLA you can color either Wool, Cotton, Silk or Mixed Goods Perfectly with the SAME Dye. No chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods you have to color.

when he saw Bell had everything. "I buy two Rembrandts from a workman who not know how much they be worth—fifteen marks I pay. I work in with Henson all time and he say we not sell two, we sell one to Littimer. Littimer pay us big price.

"I have trouble when I am a boy with police and Henson give me away and they catch me and he take my Rembrandt.

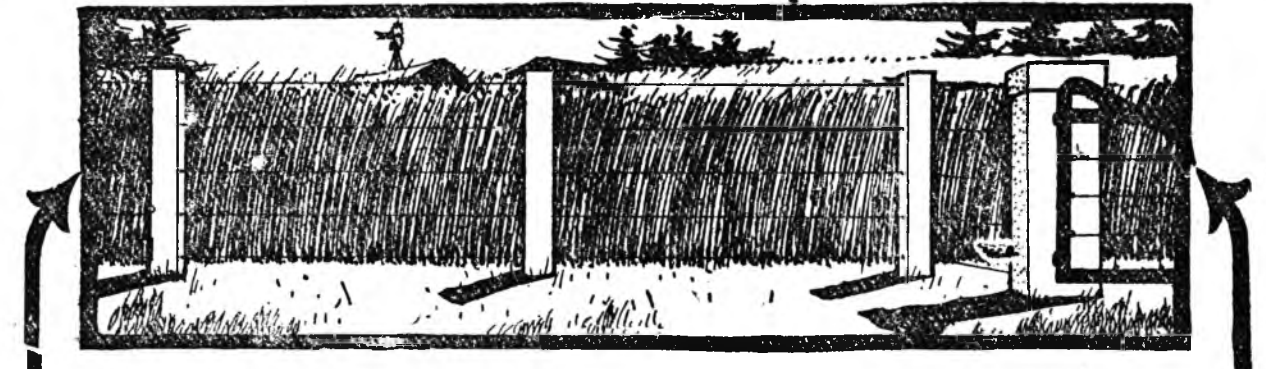
"Not long ago I buy cigar case at Walen's for Henson and he not pay me back the money. I know he try to have something on Mr. Steel, so I write to Mr. Steel asking him to see me. Ach! Henson get the letter and he forge Mr. Steel's name to a note and tell me to come.

"When I go to Mr. Steel's house, Henson let me in. I am drinking and I not see him till I am inside. Then he draw a knife and I know he wants the Prince Rupert ring. It is in my pocket and I take it out and drop it while we fight. Then he cut me and I know no more."

(To be continued.)

## Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents



## Concrete Fence Posts Like These

are slightly, strong, permanent. Concrete is, in many localities, cheaper than wood, for fence posts, and more durable than stone, brick or iron. Our book, "What The Farmer Can Do With Concrete" is sent FREE.

It tells how to make, not only fence posts, but walks, curbs, horse blocks, barn foundations, feeding floors, well curbs, drinking troughs, silos, dairies, and many other farm utilities where cleanliness, strength and durability are required. Many of these things are simple and inexpensive to make, and may easily be put together in your spare time. The book carefully and simply tells all. The regular price of the book is 50c. We are distributing free, a limited number, however, and charging up the cost to advertising. That's why you get your copy free, if you sign the coupon and send it to-day. Do it now.

You may send me a copy of "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete."

Name .....

Address .....

## CANADA CEMENT CO., Limited

30-35 National Bank Building MONTREAL

## Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents