

# THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

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**THE JOB DEPARTMENT** Is completely stocked with all NEW TYPE, thus affording facilities for turning out First-class work.

**W. IRWIN**  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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**Drs. Jamieson & Macdonald.**

**OFFICE AND RESIDENCE** A short distance east of Knapp's Hotel, Lambton Street, Lower Town, Durham. Office hours from 12 to 2 o'clock.

**J. G. Hutton, M. D., C. M.**

**MEMBER COLLEGE PHYSICIAN** and Surgeon, Ontario. Office hours 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. Residence and office, Old Bank buildings, Upper Town, Durham. Telephone No. 10.

**Arthur Gun, M. D.**

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## Dental Directory.

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Ten minutes later he appeared in the library. He was a man past middle age, stout of figure and stern of feature. I realized that he was a man not easily turned from any course which he considered just. He bowed stiffly upon entering and said:

"I haven't the pleasure of knowing you, I believe."

I was dressed in a new suit of clothes, and I flattered myself that I would pass for a gentleman among strangers.

"No, sir, but that is not necessary," I said briskly and with the air of one of authority. "I have come to talk with you about last night's robbery."

He started visibly and then said smilingly:

"Ah, I see! You're a detective!"

I made no direct reply to this, but added:

"I think the robbers who have recently been terrorizing the neighborhood will soon be cornered."

He smiled again and said:

"Possibly. I know something about it that may lead to important results."

"I know that," I answered, "and that is why I have come thus early to see you."

"How do you know it?" he responded.

"That isn't the point. I not only know that you know a good deal about it, but I know exactly the information that leads you to think you can expose the robbers."

He looked inquisitively at me and then said frowningly:

"What is it that I know or that you think I know?"

I looked around the room as if I expected somebody might be listening.

"We are alone," he said shortly.

"You recognized the burglar last night before you shot at him," I said impressively.

He gave a startled look at me and stammered:

"Who told you—has my wife told anybody—she was the only one—"

"Never mind that," I replied, waving my hands. "I know. That is sufficient for my present purpose."



work with me and do as I tell you, we can face him with his guilt in spite of all his skillfulness."

"Anything that you think best. Propose your plan."

"Well, first, I want you to keep the matter strictly quiet and not mention to a living soul that you recognized the burglar last night. Let the detectives work on the case as usual, but warn your wife not to commit herself. Is she brave enough to do this?"

"Yes; Ellen is only too ready to shield Mr. Goddard. I cannot convince her that I was correct in recognizing him."

"So much the better. Let her continue to think so and pretend that you think you might have been mistaken. Then next Tuesday night I shall ask you and another person who is more interested in Mr. Goddard than yourself—Miss Stetson, in short—to accompany me to one of your neighbor's houses. He will be away that night, and I will show you some of the secrets of his little game that he conceals in his house. When he returns late at night, we can confront him with the crime. I shall then leave it with you and Miss Stetson as to what course to pursue. If we arrest the man, Mr. Goddard will have to be implicated; if we banish him from the place with the threat of exposure, we can shield Mr. Goddard and give him another chance. That, in short, is my plan. Will you co-operate with me?"

"With pleasure. It's an admirable arrangement. I believe we ought to give Charles another opportunity. I can hardly find the heart to have him arrested."

"Well, I leave that entirely to you and Miss Stetson."

"And Miss Stetson will agree with me."

I said nothing in reply, but after giving a few more directions I withdrew, promising to call for him on the evening specified to conduct him to the house of his unknown neighbor.

## CHAPTER XIX.

**W**ITH the danger of exposure of my master removed, I returned home with a lighter heart. I reached there in time to have the lunch served to him. He had not noticed my absence, and I congratulated myself upon a shrewd piece of work. I had at last determined to bring matters to a climax.

It was two days after this before I got the opportunity to call upon Miss Stetson. I wanted to redeem her promise made on the day of her horseback accident.

I had learned through an accident that Dr. Squires would be away on Tuesday and that he would not return until late at night. I did not know what his mission was or where he was going. All that concerned me was that he would be absent and the house would be left in charge of his old servant.

It was the knowledge of this that made me anxious to appoint Tuesday for the little experiment I had in mind.

When I reached the Stetson mansion, I was informed that Miss Stetson was engaged. The servants knew me by this time, and while they did not exactly treat me as one of their number they did not accord me all the courtesy due a gentleman. I was told to take a seat until the person who was with Miss Stetson had gone.

My name was not even carried up to her, but I was too much preoccupied with my thoughts to resent this incivility, and I made the most of it by taking a comfortable seat in the waiting room. This room opened right off the front parlor, and just back of that was the library.

For some time I remained seated there busily occupied with my own thoughts, but as time passed I became restless and anxious to make a change.

Not hearing any voices, I rose from my seat and walked quietly into the parlor to look at some of the beautiful pictures hanging on the walls. This liberty, I knew, Miss Stetson would not resent.

As I stepped into the parlor I heard the sound of voices proceeding from the library. I would have retreated to the waiting room if the voice of Dr. Squires had not arrested my attention. I could not resist the temptation to listen to him, for, knowing what he was, I thought anything was fair enough for him, and I played the eavesdropper.

The portieres between the parlor and library were drawn, and through their thick folds I could just catch the words of the two. The first words of the doctor informed me that I had reached the place at a critical moment.

"Miss Belle, you do me injustice to say that I do not like pleasant surroundings and that I am not like other men in my tastes. No man appreciates a home more than I do."

"I did not mean to insinuate that, doctor," Miss Stetson replied. "I merely said that I thought it so strange you should like to live in that old deserted, haunted mansion."

"I do not like to live there. It was not a matter of choice with me. I was poor and had to in order to carry out my experiments."

"But couldn't you find more congenial quarters without going to any more expense?"

"No—that is, none that would suit my purpose."

There was a short pause, then the doctor continued:

"But, Miss Belle, my time in the old haunted mansion is short. I'm going to leave it. My fortune has improved, and I shall seek better quarters."

"Has your discovery proved successful so that you can realize some money on it?" she asked eagerly.

"No, not exactly that," he stammered. "But I have been fortunate

in another way. A distant relative has died and left his money to me. It is not much, but enough to keep me in comfort for the balance of my life. It will amount to about \$100,000."

"Indeed! I'm so glad to hear it, doctor. Nobody will congratulate you more heartily than I, for I think you deserve it."

"It is kind of you to say it," he said slowly, "but there is one other thing necessary to complete my happiness."

Another pause followed in which I could imagine their exchange of looks.

"I would not mention this, Miss Belle, if I did not have your own word for it that you would never marry Charles," the doctor began again in a labored voice. "But when you told me that you would not marry him I thought that there was no longer any reason why I should curb my own love for you. Miss Belle, I loved you before that, and I love you now. I am no longer poor; I'm not rich, but I'll have a competency enough for both of us. I love you, and your love alone will make me happy."

I trembled more than the doctor to catch the reply.

"Please don't talk to me like that, doctor," she said in a voice that had a piteous ring to it. "It is impossible."

"Why impossible? Nothing is impossible," he answered fiercely. "I've learned to believe that anything can be accomplished if we but will it. Why can you not love me and marry me?"

"You do not understand, doctor. Please do not mention it again. It is very—hard for me to say this."

"But will you not give me your reasons?" he continued passionately. "You will not marry Charles?"

"No, never."

"Not even if I cure him of every taint of leprosy?"

"No; I would be afraid to. I would forever think of it—dread it—believe that it would show itself again in our children."

"Then why cannot you love me—marry me?"

There was a slight rustle of her dress as if she had risen to face him. Then she replied slowly, but calmly:

"Because, doctor, I still love Charles. I cannot marry him, but that does not alter my love for him. I still love him and always shall love him. Is not that an answer to your question? Would you ask me to marry you when you knew I loved another man?"

An almost inarticulate sound escaped his lips. He arose from his seat. I heard him move toward the portieres, and I withdrew rapidly to the waiting room.

There was a murmur of their voices for a few moments, and then the portieres parted and they entered the parlor. I coughed purposely to attract their attention. Miss Stetson moved toward me, and I arose to meet her.

"I fear the maid did not send up my name," I said in reply to her inquiring look. "She said you were engaged and that I could wait here."

"Have you been waiting long?" she asked.

"No; only half a minute," I replied boldly.

"You have a message from Mr. Goddard for me?"

"Yes, a private one, but I can wait." The doctor walked out of the parlor and gave me a close, scrutinizing glance, but I was absorbed in studying the ceiling and did not meet his eyes. He passed toward the front door and bid his hostess good day. Then I walked into the library to take his place.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## They Paid the Price.

The corporation of the city of Glasgow wanted to purchase the Whistler portrait of Carlyle and in due course waited on the master of the gentle art of making enemies about the price (1,000 guineas). They admitted it was a magnificent picture, but "Do you not think, Mr. Whistler, the sum a wee, wee bit excessive?"

"Didn't you know the price before you came to me?" asked the master with suspicious blandness.

"Oh, aye, we knew that!" replied the corporation.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Whistler in his suavest tones, "let's talk of something else." And as there was nothing else of interest to detain the "corporation" they paid the price and—trust a Glaswegian—made an excellent bargain.

## Corrosive Ink.

With an impatient grunt the book-keeper threw away his pen and put a new one in the holder. "It's terrible," he said, "how ink corrodes pens. In six or seven hours a new pen will begin to scratch. It keeps me busy changing the blamed things, let alone the expense. There's money in it for the man who will invent a noncorrosive ink." An old man, a bill collector, remarked to him: "My young friend, I'll tell you a sure way to stop your pen from corroding your pen. Take a few rusty iron nails and put them in your ink well. The ink's corrosive acid will play itself out on the nails, and in consequence your pen will escape. A pen that only lasts you a day now should, with my method, last at least a week."

## Hospitality Pays.

Cities and communities frequently expend large sums of money in entertaining conventions, conferences and other public gatherings, both because of a spirit of hospitality prevailing or through a sinister desire to "advertise the city." After the affair is over and the visitors have gone their several ways the people ask one of the other, "Does it pay to spend money thus?" There never was a case of public hospitality that didn't pay, if not in dollars and cents, in the extension and broadening of that finest of all sentiments the brotherhood of man.

# WEAKNESS

**PECULIAR TO MEN AND WOMEN**

It is sad to contemplate the unfortunate condition of so many men of our day and generation. At 30 they feel 50; at 40 they feel 60, and at 50 when they should be in the very prime of life, they are almost ready for the grave. The fire of youth has gone out, the fountain of vitality is exhausted. Premature old age! No matter what produced it, whether evil habits in youth, later excesses, or business worries, the one thing for you to do is to get back the vim, the vigor and vivacity of manhood. Don't lose your grip on life. There are yet many happy, golden years for you if you only get help. We can and will not only help you, but cure you to stay cured. Curing diseases and weaknesses of the nervous and sexual system has been our exclusive business for the past 30 years, during which time we have cured enough fallen men to make an army. OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT will restore to you what you have lost.

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