



CHAPTER VII. THE RESCUED ONES.

The second letter was dated "At Home" the evening before, and thus ran:— My Dearest Harold,—How you must have been astonished this afternoon when you discovered that the runaway team was ours! You believed that mother and I were on the Continent, where we expected to remain for a year more and where you were to join us in the autumn. Instead we were in the same city with your precious self.

plial. No names were given, and no more was printed. I began to feel vexed. It looked as if fate was trifling with me. What ought to be a very simple matter was becoming a difficult one. Some baneful influence was intervening to work my discomfiture.

JEANETTE.

The emotions caused by the reading of this letter drove all thoughts of "Budd" of Chicago from my mind. In one sense the lady's missive was a revelation. She was devotedly attached to Harold. Probably the two were engaged. It was his impatience to see her that had led him to sail for Europe six months sooner than had been his intention, and as was understood by the young lady herself.

And yet, in one sense, how could I help it? I would have to call upon her, for a failure to do so would be beyond explanation. I might stave off the meeting for a day or two because of the accident, but only for a very brief while. Within the next few days I must pay my respects to Jeanette.

But, confound it! What would she think of my behaviour in her presence? Of necessity there would follow hundreds of trifling references whose meaning would be as hidden from me as from the man in the moon. She would be mystified, puzzled, shocked.

Ah, ha! I had it. Happy thought! My violent fall in the park had affected my brain most peculiarly. While everything else was clear, my memory had been so jarred that it was at fault. The wheels had slipped a cog. I found it impossible to recall many past occurrences. I hoped to recover in time, but the specialist whom I consulted said the strange affliction might remain for a year.

Meanwhile my friends must pity and have patience. The refuge which had so suddenly presented itself promised to open the way for escape from other disagreeable entanglements. It might enable me to shake off Mr. Budd of Chicago.

Having hit upon this providential refuge, there was no reason why I should not call upon Jeanette at once. I would do so.

But hold! Where was her home? What was her full name? Surely there should be no difficulty in learning all that. She had dated her letter simply "At Home," for surely she had the right to assume that that was sufficient for her lover.

No help to be obtained here. Ah, why did I not think of it before? The newspapers must have an account of the accident yesterday in the park, with the names of all concerned. That would give the clue.

Three of the leading dailies were delivered at the rooms of Harold, in addition to two afternoon journals. It was hardly to be expected that the account of the accident would be in the afternoon papers of the same day. Nevertheless I searched them carefully. Neither contained a word about the runaway in the park.

And now that I am fairly caught I must make a confession. Of course it was my intention to stay abroad for the whole time fixed upon last autumn when we left home, directly after father's death. Mother's health seemed to require it, and, as you know, she was following the advice of her physician. But about a month ago she began to feel homesick. She longed to be among the familiar scenes in New York. She repressed her yearning for a time, until it became so strong that she was wholly miserable. Finally she declared she could stand it no longer and telegraphed to Liverpool for a cabin.

Unwittingly to confess that I was secretly pleased? No, for it would enable me to see you months sooner than either of us expected. In my heart I was glad, as I know you would be. I decided to surprise you. I would let you know nothing of our change of plan until after our arrival home. Then I would send you a note inviting you to call.

But what was my scheme, which was spoiled by the affair of this afternoon. Strange that you should appear at the critical moment. But it was so ordered of Providence. To be the means of saving mother's life, and she knows it, and would have saved mine but for the fall from your horse. My heart stood still when I saw you go to the ground with such awful suddenness, but they said you were not badly hurt. The news we got from the hospital was that you were doing even better than was expected.

Oh, how glad and thankful I am! You will soon be yourself, and of course will take the first opportunity to call upon your impatient but devoted

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And that opened up the all-important question as to how I should conduct myself in her presence. There seemed really but one course to follow. It would be unpardonable for me to deceive her. She was the betrothed of Harold, not of Harmon, Westcott! I must apprise her of my personality before our parting reached an embarrassing point for her.

It was contrary to the agreement between Harold and me, which was that not a living soul should become acquainted with the truth, but the most peculiar situation warranted this break of my pledge to him, and he would thank me for it.

And how absurd the thought! Evidently all I had to do was to enquire the names of the ladies in the carriage, and they would be given to me. But to make enquiries of my acquaintance would expose me to ridicule, for it was inconceivable that any jar which a lover might receive would cause him to forget the name and home of his betrothed.

After perplexing thought I telephoned to the Central office to send me one of their best detectives. He arrived within the following half-hour—a small, wiry, sharp-eyed fellow in a business suit of gray, and with the name of Covey Cone.

"Mr. Cone," said I, placing a \$100-bill in his hand, "the fact that you have been sent in answer to my demand is evidence that you are the man I want and know how to keep a secret."

"I have never been accused of being any other sort of personage," "Very well. Yesterday I received a shock—was thrown from my horse in the park while attempting to stop a runaway team."

"Dangerous business; better leave that for the policemen. They expect it. They're trained to it, and generally get there."

"Se here, Mr. Cone, I want you to look at me closely."

"That's what I've been doing ever since I came into the room, though I've seen you often enough to make it unnecessary, but it's a habit of mine."

"Do you notice anything peculiar in my appearance?" "Why should I?" "Nothing different in my voice or looks from what you have always seen?"

"Nothing. What's up?" "A strange thing has happened to me. That fall I got yesterday seems to have played the deuce with my head."

"I noticed that you hardly seemed to recognize me as I entered."

"I am subject to the most unaccountable lapses of memory. I couldn't place you at first. I find it difficult even now to see everything as it is. That is my apology for whatever you observe strange in my behaviour."

"It will soon come all right," was his cheering response. "Doubtless. Meanwhile I wish you to ascertain the name and residence of the two ladies who were in the carriage yesterday when the team ran away."

"The ladies' names," replied Detective Cone, with a laugh. "How soon do you wish it?" "As soon as convenient, though there is no pressing need."

"I have a little matter on hand which may keep me employed to-morrow, but if I find myself detained I will have the knowledge secured by another."

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"Famous" Baseburner. The Handsomest and Best Working Stove of this Class in America. The construction of the flues gives it a greater heating capacity than any other. Entire base radiates heat. Made in two sizes, with and without oven. Oven is made with three flues same as a cooking stove. Double heater attachment by which heat can be carried to upper rooms. Beautifully nickled. A Triumph of Art and Utility. THE McCLARY MFG. CO., LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.

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(To be Continued.)

MESSAGE TO MEN

Proving that True Honesty and True Philanthropy still Exist.

If any man who is weak, nervous and debilitated, or who is suffering from any of the various troubles resulting from youthful folly, excesses or overwork, will take heart and write to me, I will send him confidentially and free of charge the plan pursued by which I was completely restored to perfect health and manhood, after years of suffering from Nervous Debility, loss of Vigor and Organic Weakness.

I have nothing to sell, and therefore want no money, but as I know through my own experience how to sympathize with such sufferers, I am glad to be able to assist any fellow-beings to a cure. I am well aware of the prevalence of quackery, for I myself was deceived and imposed upon until I nearly lost faith in mankind but I rejoice to say that I am now perfectly well and happy once more and am desirous therefore to make this certain means of cure known to all. If you will write to me you can rely upon being cured and the proud satisfaction of having been of great service to one in need will be sufficient reward for my trouble. Absolute secrecy assured. Send 5c silver to cover postage and address Mr. G. Strong, North Rockland, Mich. 135 p&w.

And yet there are thousands of babies who never get the fat they should in their food or who are not able to digest the fat that they do get. Fat is a necessity to your baby. It is baby life and baby beauty. A few drops of Scott's Emulsion for all little ones one, two and three years of age is better than cream for them. They thrive and grow on it.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

Plumbing and Heating.

The undersigned has opened a shop on Great George Street for the purpose of doing general Plumbing, Gasfitting, Steam, Hot Water and Hot Air Heating. Being equipped with the latest appliances known to the trade and employing workmen who understand every detail of the business he can guarantee first-class work in all its branches. Estimates furnished at short notice. See him before placing your orders. It will be money saved. Don't forget the place, opposite Victoria Cafe.

G. McINNIS

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Buy your tickets for Boston by the fast Steamer Halifax. W. W. CLARK, Ticket Agent.

Application for Registration of Thoroughbred Stock.

Horses—The American Trotting Register Association. Cattle—The N. S. Register, New Edition. Swine—The Dominion Breeders' Association. For entry forms and full information, apply to A. McNELL, Ch'town, sept 7 d5i w6i.

CURTAIN RAISERS.

Felliot Paget will sail for America next month. She will take Elita Proctor Otis place in "The Sporting Duchess."

Brandon Thomas, who has not been heard from since "Charley's Aunt," has lately finished a new comedy of London life.

The original of "I'm a lawyer, and my name is Marks," of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" fame, is living quietly in Kansas City at the advanced age of 83.

Ida Mulla has accepted for early production in New York a one act musical comedy entitled "The Red Sourette," by Richard Burke Hennessy.

The average royalty paid to the author is 5 per cent on gross receipts reaching \$3,000 a week and 8 per cent when the gross receipts reach \$5,000.

E. S. Willard has enlisted a new leading lady for his next tour of the United States, Miss Keith Wakeman, who is an American with a brief London career.

Miss Frances Graham Mayo, who created the part of Roxey, the beautiful southern girl in "Pudd'nhead Wilson," will remain in the same capacity this coming season.

The success of "Secret Service" in London will doubtless open the way for other American plays. Louis Nethersole has purchased the London rights of Edward Milton Royle's "Friends."

HORSES AND HORSEMEN.

There is not a 2:10 trotting stallion on the Pacific coast. Frank Bogash, 2:06 1/4, is the fastest hobbled pacer of the year to date.

An offer of \$12,000 was made for Grand Baron, 2:18 1/4, at Cleveland and refused. Bob Fitzsimmons, the boss bruiser, is going on the running turf with a string of horses.

A yearling pacer by Grand Baron, 2:18 1/4, worked an eighth at Grandview, Ill., recently in 1:54 seconds.

It looks as if Milton S., 2:08 1/4, will be one of the great pacers this year. His owner received \$2,525 for his share of a recent stake.

Oakland Baron, 2:11 1/4, seems to have regained the magnificent form which he had as a 2-year-old, and he will probably be a 2:10 trotter.

A greengrocer in Eighth avenue, New York, has a horse so thoroughly imbued with the kleptomania habit that he has been obliged to put a muzzle on the animal.

It is at last definitely decided that this is the last season the Fleetwood track will stand. The march of civilization has doomed the historic, odd shaped track, and in future New York lovers of harness racing will have to seek new quarters.

ANIMAL ODDITIES. The hogfish, or myxine, has a custom of getting inside the eel and similar fishes and entirely consuming the interior, leaving only the skin and the skeleton.

When bees swarm, queens, workers, drones and all take wing, rise high in the air, abandon home, kindred, everything forever, and nothing can stop them.

Cats can smell during sleep. When a piece of meat is placed immediately in front of a sleeping cat's nose, the nostrils begin to work as the scent is received, and an instant later the cat will wake up.

The carp's teeth are set back on the pharynx, so that it may be literally said to masticate its food in its throat. The carp, too, is about the only cnd chewing fish, the coarsely swallowed food being forced up to these throat teeth for complete mastication.