

Rheumatism.

is Uric Acid in the blood. Unhealthy kidneys are the cause of the acid being there. If the kidneys acted as they should they would strain the Uric Acid out of the system and rheumatism wouldn't occur. Rheumatism is a Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills have made a great part of their reputation curing Rheumatism. So get at the cause of those fearful shooting pains and stiff, aching joints. There is but one sure way—

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BECAUSE people who buy them and want more. The first sale is not the only sale we wish to make.

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BY FRED WHISHAW.

SYNOPSIS.

The hero of this story, Boris Landrinof, is a young Russian, who was sent to England to be educated. He is hastily summoned home by his mother owing to the sudden disappearance of his father, Count Landrinof. Shortly after, in London, he is astonished when a friend tells him he has just seen his father. Accompanied by this friend he returns to Russia. Boris discovers a clue, and sets out in search of two men who have as he suspects abducted his father.

Which words of Percy's pretty accurately described what I did do. Then I begged Percy to watch the door of my prisoner's room and the passage while I went down to consult with Borofsky and to fetch my checkbook and writing materials.

I think I never saw any man quite so overpowered as Borofsky when I detailed the whole of the student episode, beginning with the chase and ending with the little rascal's statement of terms.

"Five thousand rubles? Nonsense, my good sir! We'll have this secret for nothing!" exclaimed Borofsky. "We have the fellow in the hollow of our hands. Don't you see he is in terror of his life from Andre? For heaven's sake, my good man, since Providence has put this trump card in your hand, play it to the best advantage! If you'll excuse my saying so, you don't deserve your good luck today. That chase was the cruelest thing in shadowing I ever heard of and ought to have ended in utter failure, and now you wish to pay 5,000 rubles for a secret (if he really has one) which we can easily extract for nothing. It is ridiculous!"

Poor Borofsky was a little put out, it seemed, that all the luck had gone my way and not his. It was rather hard upon him. But there was only one course open to me.

"I have promised the fellow his five thousand," I said. "He wanted ten thousand, but I beat him down the other five thousand by threatening him with Andre. I dare say we could squeeze the information out of him by frightening him, as you say, but it's just as well to have his good will. We shall be more likely to learn the truth."

"Oh, don't flatter yourself," laughed Borofsky scornfully. "He will tell you what he chooses—no more and no less, and the more we frighten him the more he would feel inclined to divulge."

"He shall have the money," I persisted, "because I have promised it!"

"Very good," said Borofsky, shrugging his shoulders. "If you prefer it so. It is your money you are throwing into the gutter, not mine. It would not be your fault if I were to go straight to Andre now and tell him we had caught this little rascal and knew all his secrets!"

"Borofsky!" I interrupted him. "You shall do nothing of the kind. When I have performed my engagement with the student, we will consult

THE WEDDING RING.

Death lurks in every place in this "vale of tears." There is no happiness, no joy, no gaiety, no success, no sorrow and no failure that may not secrete him. A favorite hiding-place for death, where women are concerned, is in the very happiness and rapture of wifehood and the sacred joy of motherhood. But too frequently there is death in the embrace of love, and the first touch of baby-fingers is succeeded by the chilly grasp of the grim destroyer.

If wives and mothers would only resort to the right remedy when they suffer from weakness and disease of the delicate and important feminine organs that are baby's threshold to life, there would be fewer husbands bereft, and fewer homes saddened by an infant's loss. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes the feminine organs strong, healthy and vigorous. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. It banishes the maladies of the period of suspense, and makes baby's entry to the world easy and comparatively painless. An honest druggist will not try to induce a customer to take an inferior substitute for this great remedy, for the sake of extra profit.

"Mrs. Seagle was a great sufferer from a combination of female diseases, a few years ago, from which she has been entirely cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Geo. A. Seagle, Esq., of Box 130, Wytheville, Va. "She is thoroughly convinced that there is no medicine on earth equal to the 'Favorite Prescription,' and she doesn't hesitate to say so. She has recommended it to her lady friends, and in all cases, where it has been given a fair trial, it has given entire satisfaction."

In cases of constipation and torpid liver, no remedy is equal to Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate and invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. They never fail. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe. An honest dealer will not urge a substitute upon you.

again, but meanwhile you shall not breathe a word of all this to Andre. You are a very good detective, Borofsky, but you require to be more of an English gentleman in some matters. You don't understand the meaning of the words 'noblesse oblige.'"

Borofsky flushed, but replied with assumed indifference:

"Not being one of the noblesse, I may be forgiven!" he laughed. "But go your ways, spend money how you like. It does not matter to me. Only don't let this rascal go until we have verified his information. Meanwhile I shall not tell Andre, since you desire secrecy."

"I insist on secrecy!" I said. "Excuse me, Borofsky, but I will have my way in this. However, I shall take your advice about retaining my prisoner for awhile. That is a good idea, and I thank you for it."

Then I returned to my prisoner. I wrote out the check and handed it to him; further, I made out, at his dictation, the form of guarantee he required that, in so far as I and my household were concerned, the secret of his presence in this house and of his connection with certain affairs presently to be mentioned in private conversation should never be revealed.

Then came the crucial moment.

"Now, my friend," I said, doing my best to maintain a decent display of calmness and dignity, though, as a matter of fact, my knees shook and my hands as well, and my tongue was dry, and my heart and pulses were all a-trob with the tension of the moment—"now, my friend, I have performed my share of the agreement. The time has come for you to perform yours!"

"Good!" said the student. "I see that I am dealing with an honorable man, and you shall see that you are in the same position. My story may be rather a long one. A bottle of that very delicious wine which was served to me with my meal would assist both reciter and listener. Shall I ring the bell?"

Another five minutes of agonizing suspense.

The little wretch waited for the wine. I could have kicked him, without mercy, into a pulp. Then he poured out a glassful for himself and another for me, drank half of his own, sighed, finished his glass, replenished it, set it down at his elbow, settled himself in his chair and said:

"You are anxious to get to business, I see. Well, I will put you out of your misery in one word. I know where your father is, and, for all I know to the contrary, he is alive and well."

"Thank God!" I ejaculated. "Where is he? Tell me! Can I get at him?"

"Hush!" he said. "You go too fast! It is a good story, and I shall enjoy telling it from the beginning."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE STUDENT'S STORY.

"This man Andre," continued the student, "is, as you have rightly concluded, your father's brother. His real address is Siberia. Ask your friends, the police, and they will tell you that this is so. Indeed they will assure you that our good friend is still enjoying a dog's life in the mines, somewhere near Sakhalin."

"Very well. But, as you are aware, he is nothing of the sort. He is here and engaged in certain very important and very secret arrangements, as to which I may have more to say at a later period, supposing that it should be worth your while to come to terms with me."

"Well, then, in order to be here your respected uncle must have first left Siberia. He did so. He left the mines without permission of the authorities. In a word, he escaped and came to St. Petersburg. Capital—a very well conceived and cleverly executed escape, as to which I may some day, over another bottle of wine, amuse you with the details, but at present I desire to come quickly to the main interest of the story."

"Cleverly as friend Andre escaped, however, the police—for once in their lives—showed some little sagacity in following up the matter. They could not catch him on the spot, neither could they find him through all the thousands of miles that lie between Sakhalin and St. Petersburg, but by some chance they found him in St. Petersburg itself shortly after his arrival here. Very unlucky this, as you will admit."

"Well, they shadowed him, having once got upon his scent, and, though Andre was clever enough to keep out of their clutches, the position became strained, and a meeting of certain people was held in order to devise some means of relieving the strain."

"One of the bloodhounds died about this time. By bloodhounds I mean those who did the shadowing and hunting for the authorities. He died of loss of blood

induced by a rent in his carcass made by some sharp steel substance, such as the blade of a knife."

"He was murdered, you mean," I interrupted in disgust. "God forgive us for harboring in the house such rascals as Andre and yourself and for dealing with you instead of handing you over to justice, as we ought to do."

"You are positively rude, my friend," continued the student, "and extremely unjust besides, to one of us, at any rate. Andre may be all you imply, but then he is a near relative of yours and entitled to indulgence from the respectable members of his family, but I—what ill do you know of me? I am an innocent lamb, incapable of hurt or harm. I am telling you a picturesque story of the adventures of this near relative of your own. What have I to do with it? I am a narrator only."

"Stop," I said. "What has all this to do with my father? You are not to suppose that I shall submit to be put off with your conceitedly told yarns about others unless they carry substantial information as to my father and his whereabouts. The check can be stopped and you arrested!"

"And you can do just what the bloodhound aforesaid did," my companion laughed, "and that is, lie down in some dark porch or gateway, with a big hole in you, and take your last look up at the stars while your blood runs over the pavement. But surely we need not quarrel over a grievance which does not exist. I am coming to your precious father in a minute or two."

"Go on, then," I said. I was beginning to loathe the sight of this little toad of a man.

"Well, the bloodhound died, as I say, but another was put upon the scent, and, when he died, a third, and still they would not let Andre alone, though they could not catch him."

"Then, at last, one of us—I mean, one of the body of men and patriots who were privileged to call themselves the friends of Andre—hatched a very brilliant plot for the relief of Andre and for the getting of him safely over the frontier, which—ardently as our friend desired to go abroad for the good of his health and for the advantage of certain projects in which he was interested—had been hitherto quite impossible, owing to the care with which the authorities had laid their plans to prevent it."

"The railway stations bristled with gendarmes and ununiformed police—spies, in fact—and the frontier was guarded as though it were a powder magazine and some one had threatened to put a match to it."

"Now, this was the plan, and you must listen very carefully to it, for I am pledged to interest you, and the 5,000 rubles in my pocket have been paid me for what I am going to tell you next."

(To be Continued.)

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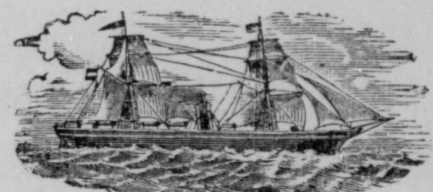
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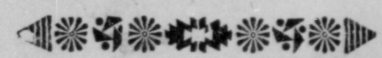
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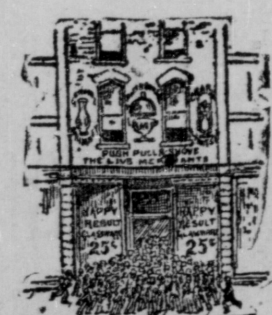


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