



(Continued.)

CHAPTER VI.
A LETTER.

Again my horse Jack showed his devilish temper. Urging him as I might, he would not place me beside the heads of the running horses. When at their launches, he began falling back.

But I saw that one of the gallant policemen, who have done yeoman service so many times in similar cases of peril, was on the other side of the frenzied animals, had seized the bit of the horse nearest him and was fighting like a tiger with the furious beast.

But my interest centred in the middle-aged woman, who was not only struggling to leap from the side door of the carriage but in the act of doing so.

"Save her, oh, Harold, save her, or she will be killed!" called the daughter, in agony, still clinging with desperate but waning strength to the loved form. I was directly beside the woman and, extending my left hand, gave her a shove so violent that she fell backward into the lap of the daughter, who flung her arms about her mother and held her motionless.

But in the act of leaning over to make my push effective the infernal Jack made a quick shy to the right. That brute knew that it was not his master who was in the saddle and resented it. As he swerved, the girl snatched and out went upon the gravel with a force that it would seem ought to have driven the breath of life from my body.

And it came mighty near doing so. There was a shock as if I had been struck by an express train, and all became darkness and oblivion.

It was some two hours later that my sense came back to me. I was lying on a cot in the hospital, with my head bandaged and a nurse patting, flitting back and forth down my left side. The physician who had examined my hurts was gone, but one of the sweet-faced nurses was seated in a chair, looking kindly into my face. Meeting my enquiring stare, she said, in her low, soft voice:

"You had a severe fall."
"Yes, it is a wonder I was not killed. Do you not wonder I have any bones broken?"

"The doctor said not. You are suffering from severe bruises and the shock."

I moved my limbs. The sharp twinge made me wince.

"I would not do that," gently remonstrated my attendant. "It only adds to your suffering and can do no good."
"Tell me how the people in the carriage fared. They were in great danger at the time I was flung from my horse."

"The policeman managed to stop the carriage before anything serious occurred. The coachman had both legs broken and is in a dangerous condition, but neither the daughter nor her mother suffered injury."

"Thank God for that!" was my fervent exclamation, as I settled back on my pillow.

My attendant gave me a soothing lotion, and I soon sank into a refreshing slumber, which lasted until the following morning.

By that time I was astonished at my own condition. The physician made another examination and pronounced me free from serious injury.

"I was afraid of a fracture of your left leg, but I find it all right. You have been pretty well bruised, and will be stiff and sore for several days, but there is nothing beyond that. By the way, are you the possessor of a remarkable degree of strength?"

I flushed, but answered:
"Yes, I am said to be unusually strong. Why do you ask?"

"Your muscles are not abnormally large, but there is something very peculiar about them. They are literally as hard as iron. I never saw anything like it."

"I have devoted no more of my life to exercise than do many young men, but nature gave me great muscular power from the first."

"I heard, Mr. Westcott, that at your club last week, you nearly killed a professional pugilist, knocking him off the stage and half across the room."

"Yes, that was cleverly done, though it is I who say it, but there's a good deal of humbug about these professional pugilists. They acquire a certain degree of skill, and their reputation is their capital. They indulge in excesses and dissipation and go back as fast as they went forward. This fellow thought he had an easy thing in me, and was careless. He gave an opening, and I took advantage of it. That's all there was to it."

"Nevertheless, it was a marvellous performance. I should hate to run against your fist, Mr. Westcott."

"There is no danger of that," I remarked, with a laugh, turning in bed with so little inconvenience that I immediately sat upright. "But did you attend the ladies who were in the carriage?"

"No, I am not their physician, but I understand they were not injured, though the elder would have leaped to certain death had you not thrust her back when she was in the act of doing so. The ladies—"

The medical man paused, and I understood why. He did not know their names, and halted for me to prompt him. But I was silent, for I was as ignorant as he.

who were the names of the children? Evidently they were old acquaintances of Harold, for the younger addressed me by his name. The circumstances were not favourable, and I did not get a good view of her face, though I saw enough to show that she had an unusually attractive personality.

"It is odd that Harold told me nothing about her, but he gave little information of his female friends. The most particulars which I received were concerning Mrs. Murphy."

It was all-important that I should know something about the two whom I had attempted to rescue, with the result that the job was completed by the policeman.

"It will be easy enough," I reflected, as I began adjusting my garments, which the attendant, with some gentle protestations, placed within reach.

A few minutes later I went out from the hospital. I would not use a carriage, for that would have been a confession of weakness, and for the same reason I refused to accept the cane that was offered to me. It took some resolution and compression of the lips for me to walk with my usual gait and without the appearance of suffering, but I succeeded, and it was a good thing for me, for the exercise did wonders in limbering the muscles, so that when I reached my apartments scarce a trace of my hurts remained.

It was to be expected that before Harold left the country he arranged matters so as to prevent any letters falling into my hands whose secrets he wished to keep. I know that he sent out many missives which presumably were for that purpose, for it was understood that whatever missives reached his rooms were to be opened by me, and I was to do with them as I saw fit.

When I passed into the attractive apartments, I found two letters which had come during my brief absence. The writing, of course, was unfamiliar, but a glance showed that one was from a woman and the other from a man.

"That," I mused, holding off the delicate white envelope, with its pretty superscription, is from the young lady whom I tried to help yesterday. Something tells me that it is the opening of an era in my life. I will leave it to the last, and meanwhile find out what this fellow is driving at."

It was an ordinary envelope, the direction in an ordinary business hand, and I sat down, with my elbow leaning on the table and my side toward the light, crossed my legs (somewhat gingerly) and deliberately read the following astounding missive, which was dated two days before in the city of Chicago:—

Dear Jed,—All promises well, but matters are still in a delicate situation. Some of the farmers have settled in Kansas and will reap good crops if the grasshoppers don't bother them. The same is true of the Dakotas, of Texas, and the south-west. Maybe the good work will extend to California. We're sure to win in the long run but it's expensive. Only the true stuff can be used at this stage of the game. Send ten thousand by return mail to my address at the Auditorium. BUDD.

I read this extraordinary missive through several times, until every word was impressed upon my memory. I turned the sheet over and looked at the other side. Not another word was written, nor was there the slightest clew to the identity of "Budd" of the Auditorium hotel, at Chicago. I held the envelope up to the light, but nothing was there to enlighten me. The direction was to Mr. H. O. Westcott, so there could be no doubt that it was intended for the owner of these rooms, who was then upon the ocean, and that it was in accordance with our understanding that the letter was opened by me, and was to be disposed of by no other person.

But what in the name of the seven wonders could it mean? Except for the closing sentences, I would have been unable to make even a conjecture. The "true stuff" could signify nothing else but good money, for it was followed immediately by a demand for the remittance of a large sum.

Admitting all this, which was unquestionable, the references in the opening of the missive must be to bad money. The "farmers" were the counterfeiters that were being sent into different parts of the West, and consequently the "grasshoppers" must be the detectives or officers that were sure to be hot on the trail of the "shovers of the queer."

Such was the interpretation I put upon this remarkable document which had come into my hand, and the more certain did I feel that I was right, though never forgetful of the possibility that I might be wholly wrong from the beginning. Often, after a theory is once formed, all subsequent discoveries seem to fit it exactly, until the final discovery knocks everything to smithereens.

Here, as I viewed it, was a clear indication of some illegitimate scheme afoot in which Harold Westcott held a personal interest. No criminal would dare make so direct a demand upon him for money unless he had solid foundation upon which to base the demand. Harold was one of the principals.

All of which confirmed a shadowy suspicion that had never been wholly absent from me—namely, that the man had cogent reasons for wishing to "disappear" for a year other than the one he gave me. Surely a person who has an abundance of money and who leads an upright life has no cause to fear a residence in New York.

My reflections awoke a resentful feeling toward Harold Westcott. His conduct was cowardly in thus enticing another into a trap in order to avoid the penalty he himself had incurred. Suppose worse came to worse, and I fell into the hands of the law officers, I could not deny my identity. The only possible doubt of that was in the mind of the vicious brute Jack, and his testimony would hardly avail me.

Could it be that I was in error, and that the scheme was a lawful one? The best way out was to ascertain the truth. I would write to "Budd," telling him that before complying with his request I must have more particulars.

I pondered for a few minutes, and then wrote such a telegram. The only way to address it was to "Budd, Auditorium hotel, Chicago." It was so addressed, and asked him to give more particulars. With some hesitation, I appended the following:—"Have met with an accident; brain hardly clear; instruct me how to address you."

The message was gone, and, reflecting but a moment upon it, I awoke to the fact that a second letter lay before me awaiting attention.

"Ah, now we shall see what the grateful young lady has to say!"

(To be Continued.)

USE *AAA*
Baby's Own Soap
and you'll know why we recommend it
BE SURE AND GET THE GENUINE.
The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mrs. Montreal.

We wish we could make everybody believe that promptness is prevention; that there should be no delay when you are losing flesh and when you are pale, especially if a cough be present. The continued use of Scott's Emulsion in the early stages of lung affections does prevent the development of Consumption. Your doctor will tell you this is true and we state it without wishing to make any false claims or false promises. Free book tells more on the subject.
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
CHARLOTTETOWN
—TO—
BOSTON
Buy your tickets for Boston by the fast Steamer Halifax.
W. W. CLARK,
Ticket Agent.

FIREFLY FLASHES.

The Method by Which the Insect Emits Its Beautiful Light.

"By what process do fireflies produce the beautiful flashes of light?" That is a question frequently asked, and as entomological books fail to give a satisfactory reply the following explanation may be interesting:

I have made a special study of the light, and carefully examined the mechanism of the illuminating segments in both male and female specimens. The light emitted, when tested by the spectroscope, gives a brilliant spectrum, which is continuous through all the colors from the red to the violet rays. The illuminating organs consist of distinct spherical cells, each one of which is about 1.2000 of an inch in diameter, and the beetle has power to illuminate one or many of these cells at will, producing light of corresponding intensity. The cells contain a fluid saturated with phosphorus, and the covering of the cell is so thin that atmosphere coming in contact with it may affect the contents.

It has been suggested that the beetle produces the flashes of light or renders the phosphorus suddenly luminous by electricity—by the injection of warm fluids—or by friction. But it is certain that the flash of light is made in another way. We may clearly trace a connection between the spiracles and trachea (spiral air tubes) of the beetle and each of the illuminating cells, and find that the little creature renders the phosphorus contained in the cells luminous by forcing air upon them. The cells when thus excited emit light from their surface.

We may imitate the act of the beetle by dissecting one and placing the illuminating organ under a microscope, covered by a thin glass cover. When the cover is lifted so as to admit a little air, the cells become luminous.

We may add that the name "firefly" is a misnomer, as the "lightning bug" is a true beetle, belonging in the natural order Coleoptera, and in the family Lampyridae.—D. K. Winder in Detroit Free Press.

DEADLY KIDNEY DISEASE.

The Only Way to Avoid The Great Destroyer.

Once clear to the individual that kidney disease is a result of uric acid and oxalate of lime, which have their place in the human system, hardening and forming into stone-like substances, and the folly of treating such a disease with any medicine other than a liquid and one that will dissolve these solids, there will be little trading with pills, powders and remedies of this character which can not possibly effect a permanent cure. The success of South American Kidney Cure is due to the fact that as a liquid it immediately reaches the diseased part, and dissolves these alkalies and hard substances. It never fails. Sold by Dr. S. W. Dodd and Geo. E. Hughes.

REMOVED

We have removed our Shoemaking and Harness Business from Kent Street TO GREAT GEORGE STREET, opposite Stanley's Livery Stable, where we are prepared to do all kinds of work in both lines. Repairing promptly attended to. Your patronage respectfully solicited.
W. W. RODD, Shoemaker.
C. E. RODD, Saddler.
P. S.—A first class Livery Stable in connection.
CHARLES E. RODD, Proprietor.
sept 2—d&wlm

Victoria Cafe

Great George St.
Scene of attraction during these hot days.
Nice drinks of all kinds to refresh the tired and weary.
Nice Lunches, beautiful strawberries and cream.
JOHN P. JOY
VICTORIA CAFE
Gt George St....

FARM RESIDENCE FOR SALE

For sale by private contract, that beautifully situated property of the late George Dixon, situated in West Royalty, 3 miles from Ch'town, consisting of 25 acres of splendid freehold land, well fenced with cedar posts and rails, and in a high state of cultivation. On the premises are a good dwelling house, furnished from cellar to garret, good stable, coach house and all in good repair, also a bearing orchard. There is a never-failing well of water in the yard, and a fine spring of water at the shore. For further particulars apply to Mrs. Dixon on the premises, or to the executors, JOHN BELL, F. H. HORNE, dy 2wks & w.

HEAVY STEEL PLATE Range..
For...
Coal or Wood.
Made in various styles, from the ordinary family to the largest hotel size.
Are constructed in the most substantial manner and after the most approved patterns.
ARE STRICTLY UP TO DATE IN EVERY PARTICULAR.
It will pay you to investigate the good points of these ranges before purchasing others.
The McClary Mfg. Co., LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG and VANCOUVER.
If your local dealer cannot supply, write our nearest house.

If Horses Could Talk
What a hum there woudn the streets about the wonderful way in which
Quickheal--
cures Scratches, Galls and Sores.
Every man who owns a horse should try it.
SOLD EVERYWHERE



SWEATERS

Men's and Boys' Bicycle Hose.

Good Stock and selling cheap.
J. HARRIS **LONDON HOUSE**

Salute the Colors.

We make it comfortable for our patrons by selling them cheerful shoes. Ours are that kind. Saug, trim looking attractive shapes that are liked immensely as our sales show.

Men's Lines of Colored Shoes for Summer wear

Our Ladies, Oxfords are marvels of beauty and good value. Misses' and Children's in all styles. Men's Bicycle Shoes, a complete assortment of all staple lines. Great variety. Low prices.

Weeks & Warren

Sunnyside Shoe Store.

There Are Two Ways

--- To be economical

ONE is by spending little money.
ANOTHER is by getting the best goods for your money
When you buy HERE you practice both.

Our Line—Furniture.

"We Furnish Homes."

JOHN NEWSON.
Newson Block, Victoria Row.