



CHAPTER X. "BUDD."

The physician's prescription was a pleasant one, and promised a relief from one horn of the dilemma. My old home was in central New Jersey, but it was not advisable to go thither, since I meant to bury myself from all who knew me. For several weeks at least I would not write to Jeanette, hoping that in the meanwhile she would learn the truth through the real Harold Westcott.

When the inevitable explosion came, I desired to be beyond reach. With an endless number of refugees to select from, it did not take me long to fix upon my temporary home. It was advisable that it should be near the metropolis, so as to receive my mail at the earliest moment, and be within quick call in an emergency. I sent a note to the postmaster, asking him to forward my letters to Englewood, N. J. Neither he nor any of his clerks would reveal the address, which he might be wormed from one of the attaches of my apartments.

My present problem was to check-mate Mr. Covey Cone. There could be no question that he was shadowing me, and, if he suspected my intention, would follow me wherever I went. He must be dodged. To escape awaking his suspicion, I took no luggage with me, except a few articles in my pockets. After reaching my destination it would be easy to procure what I needed.

Englewood (clearly incorporated as a city) was at that time a small, pleasantly situated town in Bergen county, on the Northern railway, about fourteen miles north of Jersey City, and famous as being the first settled portion of the State, a few Dutchmen having crossed over from Manhattan island as long ago as 1618, and erected a few cabins back of the Palisades.

My resolve was not to leave the city if I discovered Cone or any one shadowing me. I may as well confess that I was beginning to feel uncomfortable about the Chicago end of the business. That the peril was a serious one could not be doubted. How deeply Harold was involved was to be learned, but surely it was to a grave extent.

And whatever threatened him threatened me. It might be twenty years in Sing Sing, or some United States Penitentiary, for the laws against counterfeiting are severe. Suppose I were caught in the toils, Harold would take precious good care not to give me the opportunity to vindicate myself. Resentful and timid, I ventured from the house on the forenoon of the bright May day, dressed in a business suit and swinging a cane. I had previously looked out from my window, and had seen nothing of Cone or any one who seemed to be watching the building.

There came no nothing when I stepped out of the door. I saw you to draw freely upon my bank account to whatever extent you desired. I place myself unreservedly in your hands, as you have placed yourself in mine, and we in each other, and as for Samson—hang it, what is the head and tail of this confounded business? This is something like theophany, and yet it isn't either. H. O. W.

This was exasperating, for it postponed if it did not exclude the recourse upon which I had placed so much dependence. But another fact was noticeable. No line had come from Miss Lawrence. That was hard to understand. Perhaps Dr. Shippen had advised her not to intrude until my freakish memory was able to serve me as it should.

The question now resolves itself into this:—How long will it be before Harold Westcott discovers that Miss Lawrence is not in Europe, but in New York? For when that knowledge comes to him then the end will be near. The last letter written by her had been received by him. It was sent from London shortly before she sailed for home. Naturally he would go to that city to find her. Failing there, he would soon obtain trace of her. Once the suspicion formed that she had returned with the purpose of surprising him it would be, the easiest thing in the world to learn the truth, for the lists of passengers that had left Liverpool by the Cunarders would tell the story.

Thus the matter presented itself to me as I sat in my room in the Englewood hotel. But for that shadow of "Budd" in the background the whole problem would be solved, but what a baleful part was to be played by him in the drama beginning to unfold itself!

I was eager to do something, but could not. It was mine to wait until perhaps the demand would come with the suddenness of a cyclone. On the following day another letter was forwarded to me, and it was a stunner:— Chicago, May 11, 1896.

H. O. Westcott.—Your telegram was a surprise, for it was the first time you had dared to address such a thing to Budd here at the Auditorium. It took some d—d sharp lying for me to get hold of it, but I managed it at last. Your story of having received a thump which knocked what little brains you had due gaily west would have been too thin but for your telegram. That showed you were the d—d fool that Jake always insisted. But I suspect you are trying a little trick to get out of sending the money you owe us. However, it won't work. As soon as I got your message I wrote to you explaining matters and said if the money was not sent by return mail I would be in New York by the limited to hear what you had to say about it.

The money hasn't been sent. So I'll be there. Here at last was something definite. I had learned the initials of "Budd" even if I did not know his Christian or given name. Furthermore, I was correct in my supposition about the letter which Detective Cone was clever enough to divert from my hand. Evidently, too, Mr. T. D. felt pretty certain of his man. He indulged in no argument or appeals, but wrote as if he had no doubt of his mastery of the situation. Inasmuch as I had failed to comply with his demand he had started for New York to find out the reason why and to corral me.

The date of the letter and his announcement of taking the limited made it probable that he was already in the metropolis. What would he think and do when he went to my apartments and was told that I had gone away for an indefinite time? He would believe I fled to avoid him and his anger would be intensified.

But there is no way that he can get trace of me," I reflected. "I don't know whether I would prefer to meet him or not. On the whole, I fancy I would like to encounter him in some place where we would be free from interference but it would help me."

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ters "Greatly if I knew something more about the confounded business"— A tap, tap, sounded on the door. "Come!" The boy who gingerly entered handed me one of the hotel cards. "Man downstairs wants to see you." The card contained the single word: "Budd!" How in the name of the seven wonders had he traced me to my hiding place? I was stupefied, and stared at the bit of pasteboard as if doubting the evidence of my own eyes. "What shall I tell him, sir?" "Send him up! Send him up!" "This means business," I muttered, glancing round the room. "Budd" would not come all the way from Chicago unless he thought it worth his while. I shall have some trouble in pacifying him, but if I don't do it in one way I will in another.

I knew from the rapid, heavy tramping along the hall that the man was angry. He rapped sharply on the door, and hardly waited for my response before he shoved it open and strode into the room. He was fully a head taller than I, with a massive frame, broad shoulders, of thin build, but evidently an unusually powerful man. He was handsome, with his dark mustache and short brown hair, well rounded face, fine teeth and glittering eyes.



"Well!" he exclaimed in a bass, guttural voice.

His square jaw disclosed his bulldog determination, and I could well understand why Harold Westcott would go to Europe to avoid meeting with this dangerous individual.

The glitter of his light gray eye showed that my caller was mad "clean through." He paused in the middle of the room, and, without offering his hand, looked me fiercely in the face, as if he expected to hypnotize me, but I coolly surveyed him without any evidence of fear.

"Well!" he exclaimed, in a bass, guttural voice. "Did you come all the way from Chicago to say 'Well'?" Sit down and say what you have to say or get out, or if it suits you better, I'll take you by the neck and heels and throw you out."

The gray eyes flashed fire. "You'll throw Tom Discoe out, eh? It's worth coming 1,000 miles to hear you say that. It gives me just the excuse I wanted."

(To be Continued.)

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Source of Heat in the Body. An important source of heat in the body is due to the friction of the blood as it circulates in its vessels. All of this resistance, which is overcome by the heart, is transformed directly into heat. We may calculate the amount approximately. It is supposed that 6192 kilogram meters of blood is expelled from the left ventricle at each stroke, and at 72 strokes a minute this would give 44,3124 kilogram meters per minute. If we suppose that the right heart does one-quarter the work of the left, or about 10 kilogram meters per minute, we have for the total work per minute 54,312 kilogram meters, which corresponds to 128 calories per minute.

This is perhaps a rather high estimate for ordinary conditions, but where the heart is forced to pump a much larger quantity of blood in order to maintain the normal temperature this estimate is probably much exceeded at times. Since this friction takes place largely in the most constricted portions of the circulation, it would be natural to expect that the blood which had been driven through the capillary system of a gland would issue much warmer than it entered, and such we find to be the case. Thus the blood of the hepatic vein has been observed to be 40.73, while that in the right heart was 37.7. In the muscles no contraction can take place without an increased flow of blood through them, with a simultaneous constriction of the capillaries, which would naturally give rise to a considerable production of heat, a fact constantly observed.—Sanitarian.

Curious Facts About the Toad.

The toad lives 10 to 40 years, does not begin to produce young until the fourth year, but then lays over 1,000 eggs a year. It has lived two years without food, but cannot live long under water. It never takes food or motionless food. It takes its food by means of its tongue alone, and it operates this so rapidly that the eye cannot follow its motions. It captures and devours bees, wasps, yellowjackets, ants, beetles, worms, spiders, snails, bugs, grasshoppers, crickets, weevils, caterpillars, moths, etc. The stomach that doesn't flinch at yellowjackets, wasps, blister beetles and click beetles or pinch bugs would seem to be prepared for anything in the insect line, and it doubtless is. In 24 hours the toad consumes enough food to fill its stomach four times. A single toad will in three months devour over 10,000 insects. If every ten of these would have done 1 cent damage, the toad has saved \$10. Evidently the toad is a valuable friend to the farmer, gardener and fruit grower and can be made especially useful in the greenhouse, garden and berry patch.—Galveston News.

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